

Death.

Ah, fool! Ah, fool! 'Tis time to go Thy sun has set. Its fading beams Are lighting up thy years. There are no flowers, no flash of wings. Along thy life of tears. You spent your days with idle things. The bubbles of the hour. You had no hearth. No baby face; No love was thine. No broken heart Is bleeding, mourning at thy grave. You played the thoughtless, clownish part— Thou fool! Thou wast a slave! When light of life is burning low, Mine eyes are growing dim, I pray an honest tear will flow. Some voice cry, "Pity him!" I fear no death, I fear no life, I fear no fears of men, If I but have a friend or wife To kiss my eyelids when I sail across the seas of night Unto the shores of dawn, Where Angels with their wings of light Will greet me in the morn. —Walter J. McIntyre, in The Missionary.

The Fisherman's Will

(Continued) "I've heard, Monsieur le Recteur," and his voice now was quite respectful, "I've heard that there are plenty of others besides myself in sickness and misery just now. If that's the case your time must be filled up. What is it then that makes you come to a hardened old renegade like me? If it is to try to get me to go to Confession, I tell you once for all it's no good. If it's not that, then you are welcome to come and stay and come again."

There was a prayer of thanks in the Abbe's heart at even such a reception as this, and he did not fail to profit of the leave that it gave. He did not speak of Confession, or even of approaching death, but after doing what he could to make the old man more comfortable, he proposed the saying of one of those paternosters, the use of which old Yves had not denied.

Yves had never been really bad, only careless, first of his prayers, and later, after his wife's death, of the practice of his religion. He had got out of the habit of going to Mass, and from that neglect of the Sacraments had followed. Then knowing himself to be in the wrong, he had first merely shunned, and then turned bitterly against the priests. His son, as boy and as young man, had been brought up to hear the Church abused and the priests insulted. Now when the last day's of the old man's life were ebbing and calmed by the visits, the son-like care of the young priest, whom he had driven from his door with insults and abuse, he began gradually to realize something of the love of the Divine Master which prompted such return for injury. Before the end came he made the request the Abbe longed to hear, and asked of himself to be reconciled to the God he had insulted to the Church he had reviled.

He went to confession, and once again he received the Holy Eucharist, but there still remained something to be done. "You see, M. le Recteur," he explained, "I have not only offended God and injured myself, I have also injured my boy; for he has always heard me deny the truth, and mock at Church and priests, especially priests. Oh! it was the devil's work that made me feel such hatred towards the ministers of God. When he comes back from the fisheries I want you to tell him this. Tell him—No," the old man broke off, "you are too humble; you would not tell him in the way I wish. I am weak, but still I think I could hold the pen. Give me writing materials, M. le Recteur, and let me make my will for my boy. The old man, shook and trembled. It was only with a supreme, last effort that he feebly held and guided his pen, and this is how his last will ran: "My dear boy," wrote the trembling fingers, "my last thoughts go to you. I was

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't eat and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without it. W. A. Sawyer, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system. Wrong. We want priests—we want as many as we can have. He would have written more but his hand could no longer guide the pen. And thus death overtook him, his cold fingers holding fast the lasting testimony of repentance and faith. —Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

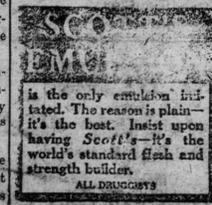
How Father Algernon Lost His Housekeeper

"When a pastor has office unsaid, returns to his hotel, from a long country call and finds that a drummer has dropped into his room to pass the time, he yearns for the quiet of a parochial residence. Father Algernon had the residence, but not its presiding genius. The work of taking a census of his extensive parish had made him acquainted with several women, whose outward appearance fulfilled all the requirements of the Council of Trent. Mary was his first choice—for there were, and perhaps will be, others. Age—superdulia; but the rest, even in the minds of the venerable Fathers of Trent, was guess work, as it has always been about every important woman since Eve answered the first door-bell. To tell the truth after age qualification, Father Algernon selected her for her cooking. He had sampled the good Mary's viands when he arrived unexpectedly at her place of employment, and she became his housekeeper for a brief time. Her downfall came about in this way:

One day, her maid, she drew a chair to the table, when Father Algernon was breakfasting, and placing her arms thereon for an extended talk, began: "I thought I would put you on your guard against Katie G. She is very gossipy and tells everything you say to her. She told Mrs. Casey about the fine prayerbook you gave her, and Mrs. Demers told Lizzie Duggan that Katie told her aunt, who told it back to me, that you tipped your hat to her, but didn't to Mary McIntyre; and Mrs. Casey told me that if I only knew what a talker Katie G. is, that I'd tell you and not have you making a fool of yourself."

"Woman, silence!" interrupted Father Algernon, pale with anger. "It is you who are the gossip. And to presume to criticize the action of your employer yes, of your pastor—" Some heated words followed this righteous indignation, and Mary discharged herself. Father Algernon was a Ballerini in his knowledge of theology, but a Simple Simon in the ways of women. Poor man! Thinking that restitution was due Katie G. for the slanderous remarks of his late housekeeper, he engaged her to succeed to Mary. Speedily there developed two factions in the parish, the "Marys" and the "Katie's." Katie always pecked out the parochial windows until she saw Mary coming to Mass on Sunday. Then she ran as far as the door, thence timed her gait to encounter Mary at the entrance of the church, where each Sunday an exchange of sweet sarcasm took place between the two.

This worthy interchange before Mass was nothing to the gossip after the "Katie's" got together, criticised the "Marys" and praised the pastor; the "Marys" criticised the "Katie's" and abused the pastor. Un-



happy man! If he could not, and would not, hear this small talk, all would be well. But Katie had the gift of tears, and Father Algernon that of sympathy. When he found her sobbing, as she took care she often did, his heart went out in pity to her; and on these occasions Katie managed to let glide into Father Algernon's unsuspecting ears all the sayings of the "Marys." Again he made the unfortunate mistake of noticing in his remarks from the altar this contempt in the parish teapot. Result, all the children of "Mary" faction were withdrawn from the intended entertainment on St. Patrick's Day. The "Katie" faction were long on talk, but short on children, so the next parish was asked to send its choir to give a concert and save the day. Now, if there is one thing worse than another, it is to insult home talent by the importation of foreign genius. The receipts showed this. But Katie's hour was approaching, fast and furious.

One evening, after waiting over an hour for a delayed train, Father Algernon postponed a visit and returned to his house. It was brilliantly illuminated. He slipped in quietly, and saw the parlor and his study filled with Katie's friends playing "forty-five." As he entered the room he found Mrs. Quinn vainly trying the door of the safe in search of the baptismal records to find out if Mary Murphy was not over twenty-five, and to satisfy Mrs. Murray's curiosity as to the date of James White's father's marriage. After a few moments of gasping suspense, Katie recovered her pose and invited Father Algernon to have a hand.

"Is there any one I can trust?" angrily exclaimed Father Algernon. "Is this the respect shown your pastor—to make a club room of his house?" Father Algernon's voice failed him. He opened wide the door and motioned them to be gone. There was no delay to see if hats were on straight.

The next Perpetua, by name Margaret, came from a distance, which fact, however, did not prevent a speedy acquiring of all parish knowledge. She was of middle age, her cooking was superlative, as were also the grocer's bills; her reticence was pleasing to the pastor; her prudence was evident in her ministrations in answer to the door-bell, which now rang less frequently than before. Father Algernon attributed this to the chilly feeling occasioned, by the difference between the "Marys" and the "Katie's," but grew wiser one day when he overheard this conversation at the door: "Is the priest in?" asked a man. "Maybe he is and maybe he isn't," answered Margaret. "I'd like to see him."

"What do you want with him?" "I don't think that's any of your business." "It is, I'm the housekeeper, and it's my business to know what you want before I'll trouble the pastor." "Suppose I want to ask him about marriage?" "Who's going to be married?" "I'll not tell you. But you'll be sorry if any one dies without the priest."

"Who's sick?" "I'll tell the pastor." "Tell me first." "All right. It was not a marriage, nor it wasn't a sick call, but it was about a matter of \$500 that my aunt was going to leave Father Algernon in her will, and she sent me to ask him would he take it and how does he spell his name; and now," said the man, as he turned to go, "you're the cause of his losing it." "Come back!" called Margaret. "I have that way with me just joking like. Come in and I'll call Father Algernon."

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"What?" gasped Father Algernon. "You shut the door in my face, and before John McKenna!" "Quite proper," answered Father Algernon in an icy tone. "He came on business that did not concern you."

"That makes no difference. I was insulted before him. Do you think I can't be trusted? If I was in the habit of listening, well and good. But to shut the door so that I could not hear what you were saying was just as bad as to say to John McKenna 'that woman is a gossip.'"

Father Algernon's astonishment was mistaken for weakness by Margaret, who waxed bolder and suggested that she should be treated as "one of the family."

Father Algernon sprang up from his chair and, with suppressed anger, exclaimed, "But you are not one of the family! You are a servant."

"I'm not a servant," indignantly exclaimed Margaret. "And what are you, pray?" "I'm the housekeeper!" And Margaret's regal chin pointed heavenwards. "A housekeeper," she continued, "is no servant. She is as good as any one in the parish, and just as well brought up. She'll go behind none of them, even of John McKenna and she'll not be pushed aside by priest or people."

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