THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.



there cught to be a special line of cars for the lower classes.' Take notice of the intellectual cul-

that adds misery and insult towards life. What does the world need todav ? Less of those 'haughty i en and more persons, both young and old. like the 'little angel,' to respect all persons, console and comfort the sorrowful in the hour of distress, to make life as cheerful and as bright as possible, and by these means a monument of good works will be performed that time caunot efface.

contemptuous conduct towards the poor

heart for him; and she resolved to restore him to life by the most assiduous care and fervent prayers.

She tock her place at his bedside, and left him neither day nor night. She dressed his wounds with the great est care : prepared bis medicines ; whispered words of hope in his ears. while at the same time she asked God to cure him. 'Mother, help me?' exclaimed the poor fellow in the midst of his excruciating pains; and he turned towards her, locks full of hope, as if he had the Biersed Virgin near him. Here I am, my son ' answered Sister Virginia, lavishing on him all the care and consolation of a mother to a suffering son. In a few days, the poor soldier became delirious with fever. In his raving he was restless, trying to jump out of bed, to re open his wounds; but Sister Virginia was always on the lookout to watch him, soothing him, giving him one drop at a time of some preparation to calm bim; and after doing all she could, she wept and prayed. Who could tell all that patient woman suffered during the three days and nights that this paroxysm lasted ! At last the crisis ended with a favorable turn; the pulsation of the patient became less rapid, the delirium ceased, the wounds assumed a healthy look; and hope once more brightened this bed of suffering. Sister Virginia watched this poor young man's restoration to health with the secret satisfaction of having done her duty. After the young soldier had recovered consciousness, was able to recognize his patient nurse, and noticing her wasted and pale face, he asked himsel: when it was he had seen ner for the last time; if it had not been for months, and even a whole year. Months, and even a whole year. 'Sister Virginia,' he said, 'when was it that I saw you lest? Where have you been all this time? Have you been sick? What is the matter 'Sister Virginia,' he said, 'when have recalled to life lay down on his bed and cried; he cried like a little child over his dead mother. with you?' 'Oh! it is only three days since you saw me, or rather ceased to recognize life to save that of brave soldiers ; and me. I have always been here, waiting on you; I have not been away an instant.' 'Only three days? but where was I all this time? An! Sister Virginia, I understand now. Fever made me unconscious; but since I see you and understand what you have done, I am not pleased.' And why so? Have you been want-be at home occasionally for aday. He'll ing anything? Why do you find fault tell you he had a headache-a turn of with me?' 'You have done too much for me; had a lump in his stomach and felt too you have been growing thinner every mis rable to move. The lump was prcb day, and this is painful to me, I assure you.' 'I have only done my duty; neither more or less.' 'Why do you not take some rest now?' 'And why did you not run away when the Austrian Uhlans rushed on you with their swords flashing in the

ner also a medal. The Sister thanked the prince, but when he was gone, 1 oking to the large crucifix hanging on the wall, she attached at the feet

C. M. B A. of Quebec.

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ture of these so-called 'aristocratic children.'

Education.

assure you.

heard so much.

All this conversation went on in a low tone, but the gentleman had heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pile fece and saw tears glistening in the eyes. Then he looked at the group of tinely dressed girls, who had moved as for away from the Plebeian as the limits of the car would allow. They were afraid. I suppose, they would get tainted if they sat too near the poverty-stricken children. The gentleman was angry. He longed to tell them they were vain and heartless, as they drew costly wraps closer about them, as if fearful of the poor children they were so much ado abcut. Just then an exclamation-they had reached Sherbrooke street-'Why, there is Ruth, wonder where she is going?'-caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car driver.

She, too, evidently belonged to the favored ones of fortune. Yes, she belonged to the class of those whose intellectual culture is not of the sham kind and whose home education was all that could be desired. Her dress was all that the most exacting votaries of fashion could require : but it was a marvel of grace and simplicity combined, and on her breast glistened the little cross of the Promoters of the Sacred Heart. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, who made room for her beside them. They were projuse in their exclama-tions and questions. 'Where are you going?' asked one. 'Oh ! what lovely flowers. Who are they for?' questioned another.

'I'm on my way to Clare Dean's. She's sick, you know, and the flowers are for her.' She answered both questions at once, and then, glancing tc-ward the door of the car, she saw the pale girl locking wistfully around at her. Snamiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes; and then, forgetting that she. too, wore a handsome velvet skirt and a costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitting gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little ones. She laid one hand carelessly on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked interestedly of his sister. 'The little boy is sick, is he not? and he is your brother, I am sure ; he clings so to you.' It seemed hard for the girl to answer; but finally she said : 'Yes, Miss; he is sick. Dan has never been well. Yes, Miss; he is my brother. We're going to the mountain to see if it won't make to the mountain to see 11 it won't make Dany better.' I'm glad you are going,' the young lady replied, in a low voice, meant for no one's ears except those of the child addressed. 'I feel sure it will do him good; it's lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. But where is nour lunch? You ought But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a drive." What thoughtfulness on the part of this good Samaritan '

WALTER JONES.

Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum is sold by all good druggists. 10 cts. a bottle.

Who that in childhood has had the tearful eye of a mother bent for a mo ment reproachfully upon him, then silently averted, can forget it, when in manhood he enters the chamber of his own soul and stirs up bygone memoriee? His bosom seems again to quicken its remorseful throb ; the repentant tear springs to his eye as hastily as if the long past scene were present to him. With a keenness of regretful feeling that amounts almost to agony he bows himself, and the haughty, careless man of the world weeps alone over his early days-over the innocence, the kindness, the love that have fled from him. He thinks of hopes which his wasted years have blighted-or affection which his selfishness has ill repaid. He resolves to be a better man; his proud heart pours itself forth in silence and in prayer-the hallowed prayer which h mother taught his infant lips to murmur.

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the silver medal she had just received saying: 'Here is the true courage; all bravery comes from Him.' A month later the good soldier left

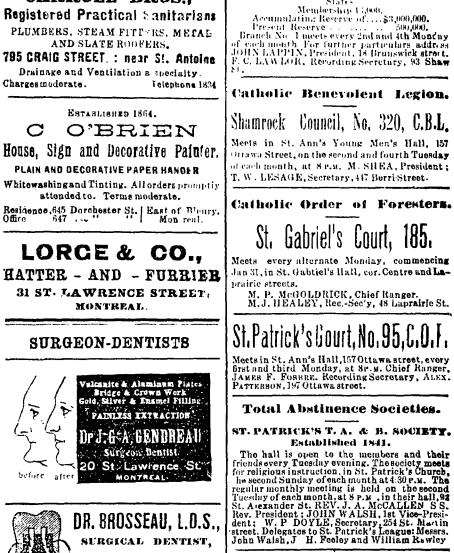
his bed; his wounds were healing up, and leasing on a crutch, he was able to welk about the wards and corridors. 'It is a .ea" miracle,' said those who Chargesmoderate. had seen him the first day he was brought to the hospital-'A rea miracle of charity,' be would add, and he looked about hoping to see the angel who had brought him to life.

But Sister Virginia had disappeared for several days, and she was not re-turning. 'She will take a rest,' thought her young friend, while trying to keep back a thought which made him anxious. 'Sbe will rest, the poor dear Sister! It was time. She has well de-served it!' And, indeed, Sister Virginia was resting, resting forever. One after-

noon there came from the yard to the hospital a slow and plaintive singing. All the convalescents and the patients able to get up looked through all the available openings. They saw and understood. No one moved or said a word ; all uncovered themselves, silent and affected. The singing continued, tender and sad, as if angels themselves were shedding tears; it was a procession of virgins following a collin covered with a waite cloth, on which had been placed a single wreath of white roses. Sister Virginia was on her way to eternal rest. She had also fallen at the breach, consumed by the fire of pa tience and charity, a victim to duty, faithful to her oath, she was going to receive the eternal crown of heroes.

All sent her a farewell from their in-

There is not a nobler and truer courage than that of a virgin who gives her the tears of heroes is the greatest honor that can be bestowed on her.





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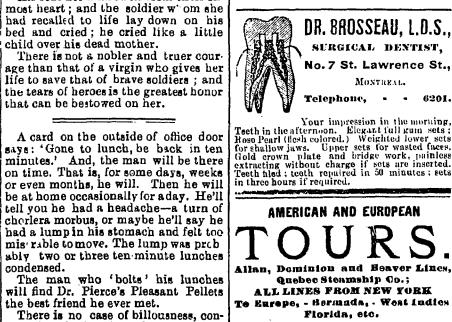
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