

## TYBURN'S WAITING.

The train was rounding the curve between the tunnel and Basic. As it passed the dirt hole which sloped an eighth of a mile up the mountain side several passengers rose leisurely and began to remove their baggage from the racks. One woman was already at the forward door of the car, where she had hurried as soon as the train emerged from the tunnel. She held by the hand a boy of nine or ten. Both appeared a little frightened.

As the train swung round toward the station the door opened suddenly and a man came in from the smoker. His baggage lay on the end seat, and he had picked up and thrown an overcoat across his arm before he noticed the woman and child whom the opened door had forced back. He swung the door shut with a quick thrust of his foot.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I did not notice you were there."

"Oh, 'twas nothin'," the woman answered. "I seen you comin' an' just stepped back. The train stops at Basic City, don't it?"

"At Basic, yes. The 'City' has not been used much since the boom broke." He gathered up his umbrella and valise, and placed his suitcase near the door, where it would be convenient the moment the train stopped. "You have not been here lately?"

"Not in more'n ten years. It was a busy place then, buildin' goin' up everywhere, an' streets full of carriages, an' folks that was buyin' an' sellin' land. I lived just in the aisle of the mountains before it started—when there wa'n't but two houses an' a depot. My folks are still there, I s'pose."

There was a slight break in the voice, and for the first time he looked at her, and with surprise. The weak, tired woman had quivered like that of an old woman, and the face had been half hidden by a sunbonnet. Now, as it was raised for a moment toward him, he saw that she was scarcely more than a girl, but, oh! so pitiful and wan and wistful, in spite of the joy of homecoming which was shining in her eyes. The cheeks were sunken and colorless, and the eyes were encased by rings of toil and inadequate nourishment; but behind the dark circles and colorless cheeks he could see the ghost of what had been unusual beauty a few years before.

"You live here?" she asked timidly, as she saw the more kindly look come to his face.

"Yes."

"Then maybe you know some of my folks?" eagerly. "Mose an' Sarah Hinky, in the aisle of the mountain just up the railroad? Ma ain't more'n forty-five, an' pa 'bout the same. They can't be dead."

"Mose Hinky," repeated the man, musingly. "Seems to me I have—oh, yes, they moved from here seven or eight years ago. I believe I heard, but about their daughter, I heard." Then, cautiously: "Are you the girl? Why did you not write?"

The sunbonnet sank a little.

"They couldn't have read if I did," the quavering voice said, brokenly.

"An' I never learned how to write, either. Our folks never set much by books. But I—fellowed 'em just the same, livin' in the same house. An' my yary Creevy, is she here? She used to be my girl friend."

"Yes; she married the foreman of my factory, and her brother Tyburn drives for me. I expect he will be at the station waiting. Here we are now."

As he spoke the train came to a stop, and he placed a restraining hand upon the woman's arm to keep her from lurching forward. Then he helped her to the platform.

Tyburn was at the foot of the steps. "Give me your bag, Mr. Healy," he said. "The carriage is just the other end of the depot. We'll—Then he caught sight of the face inside the sunbonnet. "Kitty," he exclaimed, "he's calculated. Where'd you come from?"

"Over the mountains—to see my folks," she answered. "An'—an' this gentleman says they're gone."

"Yes, a long time ago," harshly. "No; he died 'most a year ago. I started home just as soon as I could make money 'nough to pay for the buryin' an' get here."

Tyburn's eyes went over her swiftly, then he caught one of her hands and examined in his and held it up so he could examine the swollen, discolored knuckles and horny fingers.

"Darn him!" he said, fervently, under his breath. "Did he make you do this?" Then, waiting for an answer, as though conscious of the people around: "Here, come 'round to the end of the depot, Kitty. I want to talk a little."

He turned and strode to where he had left the carriage, forgetful of his employer's presence. The woman followed slowly. Mr. Healy hesitated a moment, then went briskly to the corner.

"Tyburn," he said, "I have a number of telegrams to send off, and may be detained a half hour or more. In the meantime you would better take this lady to her destination. She does not look very strong. Then come back for me."

Tyburn scarcely appeared to hear him.

"Kitty," he said, and now the anger in his voice was mingled with a yearning tenderness that brought a sudden mistiness to the woman's eyes, "you must write me a few things. Why didn't you write—or get somebody to do it for you? It almost killed your pa and ma."

"I—I did try, Tyburn, but he wouldn't let me, an' beat—"

She stopped suddenly, her lips closing quickly, as though to catch and hold back the escaping words.

"Beat you?" bitterly. "Go on."

But the woman shook her head.

"I didn't mean to tell that, Tyburn," she said gently. "I was thinking of ma an' pa. He was my husband. After a while—when he got hurt. An' he's dead now. We won't speak about him."

"Yes," savagely, "we will speak about him just this once, then forget

him for always. You were a plump girl when you went away from here, an' the basement in all the country 'round; an' now!" The abruptly: "A man who works hard out-ers all the time don't get hands rougher than yours. 'Twas field work?"

She remained silent.

"'Twas field work," he repeated relentlessly; and the hardest kind. An'—an' that devil kept you at it, an'—an' you, an' took every cent you made for whiskey an' other things. He was the beginnin' of that kind of man when here, only he wore good clothes an' girls couldn't see it. An' he wouldn't let you write home, an' beat you for tryin' to?" He looked at her inquiringly, his face lowering and baleful.

But the woman still remained silent, only now her head had sunk lower and the sunbonnet was drawn over her face. Tyburn's hand reached forward grimly to lift it, but she noticed that she was being touched, and she drew it away. He reached toward the cabin. He would reach it all right. Then she hurried down stairs. Mary met her at the foot.

"What do you mean, Kitty," she began wildly, "you're not goin' up there to him an' then come back to me an' the children? 'Most everybody dies of typhoid this year."

"That's all right, Mary," answered Kitty, soothingly. "I'm not comin' back. You wouldn't have Tyburn to be without a nurse, would you? Only you'll have to take care of my boy."

"But everybody dies 'most, an' you'll take it," remonstrated Mary, hysterically.

"I'm not afraid. My—my husband had typhoid once, an' I nursed him through the fever an' didn't take it. I don't believe I will now, an' I don't believe Tyburn will die. But I must hurry an' get things ready."

Tyburn did not die, but it was more than three months before he was able to leave his bed and totter across the cabin floor to a seat in the doorway. There he sat a long time, gasping for breath and gazing moodily at the distant mountain tops. Kitty came to him there after she had arranged his bed and tidied the room, and she said: "Don't look good, Tyburn," she said.

He did not answer at once, but presently turned to her with a dreary smile.

"I—I don't know as it does, Kitty," he replied. "You heard the doctor tell me it would likely be six months before I could begin to do any work, an' that my eyes an' hearin' wouldn't ever be quite so good again. That's just the same as I'm gettin' to be an old man. He said 'most every minute then added: 'An' that ain't all, Kitty. It'll take every cent I've got to pay the doctor an' for medicine. You see, before you came I never saved anything. I didn't feel any need. What I got I spent to help Mary an' the children. I've only been puttin' by the four months you was here, before I was sick. What's the use of my standin' by his side, her hand upon his shoulder, smiling down into his face?"

"Will you marry me, Tyburn?" he gazed at her stupidly for a moment, then his lips began to quiver.

"Don't, Kitty," was all he said.

"But I mean it, Tyburn," earnestly. "I said I would never marry a man to hamper him. But I'm strong an' well now, an' you're weak, an' the doctor says I can get all the work I want to do. I can be makin' money while you're growin' strong, an' lowerin' her voice a little, "I believe I've always loved you, Tyburn, always. That—that other was only a crazy spell. Why, Tyburn!" her voice suddenly catching and then breaking into sobs.

For the tears were streaming down Tyburn's face now. But he held out his arms.—Frank H. Sweet in *Saor* Stories.

## INCULCATING THE THOUGHT OF IMMORTALITY.

BY SISTER M. FIDES, CONVENT OF MERCY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

The religious teacher cannot too frequently, too deeply, too thoroughly out into the nascent minds of the children before her that basal Christian dogma—immortality. The mind strongly fortified with this belief differs essentially from the mind without it.

Most things of life are subjective, similar chances, vicissitudes, sorrows coming to different minds have results widely different; the chances, vicissitudes, sorrows being like nature, the results so different, the cause must be sought for in the medium mind, which—immortality. The mind strongly fortified with this belief differs essentially from the mind without it.

The child of the Catholic school and home, having within him the glad ringing dominant note of faith in the immortality of the soul, ought to be stronger in the battle of life, happier, more fitted to survive than his credulous companion unto whom all ends in chaos, all close down haphazard with the collapse of the bubble time.

Is this the case? The results of parochial schools in comparison with credulous schools are not yet mature enough to answer with a decisive yes; yet the trend of the day, the anxious awakening of good men to the results of godless homes and schools, make answer tentatively yes.

Chief, then, among the lessons of the classroom, in every grade from primary to academic, and at every seasonable time from day at school until graduation day, let the glad, hopeful note of the soul's immortality ring ever in the heart of the child; will he assimilate this truth; so will it grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength. And in the long life-way stretching before our schoolboy of today he will walk secure because of the hope that is in him, or stumbling he shall rise again and go on, only kinder unto others because of his own fall; confident, secure, and in the end, triumphant because of the faith that is in him—the glad, joyous faith, confidence, assurance of the immortality of the soul.—Catholic School Journal.

## CONVERTED BY HISTORY AND SHAKESPEARE.

A TALE FROM REAL LIFE BY REV. RICHARD W. ALEXANDER, IN THE MISSIONARY.

Once I knew her as an interesting child. She is now a charming woman. She is a convert to the faith, and, when I asked her how it was, she told me the story.

Of all her kin, she is the only one in the Church. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, are still living; and in her childhood a Catholic was spoken of with contempt and derision. She had not one Catholic acquaintance, nor any Catholic friends, but always something like resentment stirred her heart every time the faith was mocked. She wanted to defend what she knew nothing about, and every one told her so.

When she went to school study was delightful to her; her remarkable memory and logical brain, her versatile talents, even before she reached her teens, were a subject of pride to teachers and parents.

She began to study English history quite critically before she was ten years old, and at the same time studied Shakespeare's historical plays. A thousand questions rose in her mind as to the actions of Henry VIII. on the subject of his marriages, divorces, and wholesale wife-killing, and especially his rebellion against the Church, and her teachers' answers were not satisfactory. She decided in her childish mind that he was a monster, and when it came to the point of his assuming the supremacy of the Faith and becoming the head of the Episcopal Church of which she was a member her whole soul recoiled in horror from the thought.

She accidentally mentioned this to a teacher in the college with whom she was slightly acquainted, and when she found this lady was a Catholic, and agreed with her opinion, she opened her heart.

This woman was rather startled at the clear brain and logical mind of this little girl of ten, and rather shrank, (lest she should lose her situation), from the task of answering the thousand questions asked; but she gave Edith books, and once allowed her to go to Benediction with her.

The child was almost wrapped in ecstasy. Here, in this Church, she felt a joy, a satisfaction she found nowhere else. It was really the house of God. Her heart told her so, and many a time she stole there alone to pray. She read everything about Catholics she could find, always disdaining everything against the Faith, and boldly defending it in a way that startled her preceptors, and at home, while she was a good Church-going Episcopalian, no one dared to defame Catholic doctrine in her presence, and she was so clever at repartee that her opponent always got the worst of it. Shakespeare was her favorite author, and she began to be an amateur performer on the college stage. Time passed on, and one day, as she was making a visit to the Cathedral of her city, the Bishop passed through the nave. She knew him by sight, and followed him into the residence.

"May I speak to you, Sir," she said. "Certainly! My child," said the Prelate; "What is it?"

"Why, I love the Catholic religion, and I want to be a Catholic."

"And why? My little girl," said the surprised Bishop.

"Because there is nothing but contradiction in our religion," said the wise little lady. "There is no peace, for even our ministers do not agree, but when I go into your Church I feel as if I were in the house of God, and He was there, and, besides, Catholics all believe the same thing."

"What is your name, dear, and where do you live?"

"My name is Edith—and I live in—street."

"Are there any Catholics at home?"

Edith laughed.

Father would soon banish them if he were. He hated the name. I think he would punish me if he knew I spoke to you or came to this Church."

"And yet you want to be a Catholic?"

"Of course I do, Sir, and I'll be one some day."

"Yes," said the Bishop, placing his hand on the child's head. "I think you will. How old are you?"

"Nearly thirteen."

"Well, suppose you wait a while. Suppose you wait just five years, and if you are of the same mind as you are now, come and tell me, and you shall be a Catholic."

"Five years?" said Edith aghast!

"Why, I'll be an old woman!"

The Bishop laughed a ringing laugh.

"You won't think so then, my dear, but you must wait till then, for I won't let you say anything to me before the five years are up."

"And what shall I do all that time," said Edith mournfully.

"Just what you are doing now. Going to school studying well, and trying to read the correct side of history as well as the side your text books

give you."

"I love Shakespeare," said the child, "and I am putting him in contrast with my English History. The books I study do not tell the truth about Henry the Eighth."

The Bishop looked startled at the little logician. She amazed him. It was either wonderful grace from Heaven, or wonderful precocity.

"Well, child, read other histories and be sure to say your prayers, and come back in just five years. And now good-bye, and God bless you Edith. I won't forget our bargain."

But, although this extraordinary incident did remain in the Bishop's mind for many days, at length it was forgotten.

Not so with Edith. She said in her heart, "I am a Catholic and have just five years to wait before I can tell them all."

She continued a brilliant course of study; was always first in her classes; and showed a remarkable taste for amateur theatricals.

When she was seventeen, after a course of study in New York, it was decided she had excellent talent, his triontic talent, and she began a stage career. At the first she seemed to win favor, but, after a few months as an actress, she found the life too hard, her nerves were unstrung, her health shaken, and she returned to her home; her ambition disillusioned, her heart disappointed.

She wanted to be an actress. She was nearly eighteen. During the past years she had never lost sight of the Bishop's words. The five years were now up. And she had read "English History," thoroughly, and had read books explanatory of Catholic doctrines. She had dived deep into all sorts of classic literature and with a wonderful memory had made herself perfectly at home with the classics, with all sorts of topics, and finished an extended college course. Her year on the stage had even made her more eager to be educated "all around."

She had a Catholic prayer book now, and a crucifix. She hesitated about a rosary, lest she might lose it somewhere.

The five years were up, and this extraordinary girl, who had no Catholic instruction, no Catholic friends, no home influence to help her, presented herself at the Bishop's house.

The Bishop had changed greatly in five years. So had Edith. She was a beautiful young woman and when she introduced herself as the little Edith—who had been directed by him to return to him after five years, he could scarcely believe his senses.

He remembered the circumstances perfectly, and asked her innumerable questions. She told him the story of her life simply. He was deeply interested. He had no objections to offer, but he gave her a little Catechism and appointed a time for her to return.

Edith returned at the appointed hour, with the whole Catechism memorized.

The Bishop asked her question after question. He even went into abstruse questioning. He could not puzzle her, nor shake her faith. He was conquered.

"Edith," he said at last: "You are a child of grace. God has done wonders for you. Go home and think over it all and to-morrow I will baptize and confirm you."

With delight, Edith returned home. There was no use saying a word about it at home. She made up her mind she would tell them the next day, after she was baptized, that she was a Catholic, and let come what might. She would face it. It was put out of the house she would be a teacher, and she felt she would be eminently qualified.

Next day she was baptized and confirmed privately in the Cathedral after the Bishop himself had given her some parting instructions for her first confession and first holy Communion which she was quite prepared to make in a day or two.

She went to confession to the Bishop, heard his Mass and received with tears of devotion her first holy Communion. She breakfasted with the Bishop and then went home, and by his advice declared she was a Catholic. Of course there was a storm, but Edith would take none of it seriously. She knew what she had done. She was ready to leave the house, and he laughingly told them she would go that day and finally she had it all her own way; embracing them all, through sheer happiness, and promising them heartily, to their horror, she would pray them into the Catholic Church.

She has not done this yet, reader, but she has radiated the beauty and loveliness of a noble womanly character by her fervent practice of the one true faith. She is the center of a circle who love her and look up to her, and, if her mission is not yet accomplished, she has before her a long life wherein to fulfill it.

"After all," she said smiling, "I guess my conversion is due, first to God's blessed goodness to me, and then to Shakespeare and English History."

But I replied, "To those who love God all things work together unto good."



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