waiter, a slender, light - whiskered young man, with a very effeminate voice; "they eats just nothing at table, and they never hardly speak to

each other, and they look so sad."
"I'll tell you what I'm thinking it is," said McNamee, in his bluff, hearty way, "that Miss Calvert never got properly over the fright it gave her to be on the trial for that man that was

'Why, surely, John !" chimed in the laundress, "you don't think Miss Calvert was any way concerned in that

"I'm not saying what I think," re-plied John, "for it isn't our place, as servants, to think anything about our masters and mistresses, only I revolved it in my mind when Miss Calvert said on that inquest that she had known the murdered man."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then the laundress again spoke. "There must be some dreadful mystery in it, any way, when Miss Calvert wouldn't tell what she knew about the

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poor murdered gentleman."
"That's a fact," responded the under-waiter, staring hard into the fuming contents of the glass he held, while with the other hand he affectionately fondled his whiskers.

I wonder if the man that came here asking all them queer questions about Madame Bernot had anything to do with it?" said the chambermaid, a -cheeked, pleasant-faced girl, who had been assisting cook in preparing

a new supply of refreshments.
"Tut, tut," said Hannah Moore, bringing down the knife with which she had been slicing a loaf of homemade cake on the table with a slap, and becoming very red, "sure he was only a poor beggar asking a crust for God's sake. What would he have to do with the like of that?"

When was this-when did this happen?" asked John McNamee, put ting down his glass that he night give the greater attention to the expected reply; and his fellow help put their glasses down, and disposed themselves also to listen with marked attention.

The rosy-cheeked chambermaid was about to answer -- to relate the circumstances, making much of every detail that might heighten its interest, but the cook interrupted with an abrupt and somewhat angrily spoken :

"It's just nothing at all, but one evening long ago, at the time of the inquest over that poor murdered creature, an old beggarman came here to the basement door. Rosie there "pointing to the somewhat chagrined
chambermaid—" and myself were the
only ones in the kitchen; Rosie opened the door to him and let him in to have a bite and a sup in God's name. He was tattered and dirty looking enough, but seemed very thankful for the cup of tea and bit of cold victuals we gave him, and, by-and by, while he rested, he asked a few questions about the He said he had read of the murder, and how the young lady of the house was mixed up with it someway ; and Rosie there answered all the questions he asked; and she told him about Madame Bernot and her sick ness, and about Miss Calvert and Mr. Hubert, and sure there was no harm in that, for there was nothing to tell but what the world might know. Now that's all there's in it. The beggar went away, and we never laid eyes on him since, and even Rosie thought no more about it, whatever put it into her head to-night," and the cook resumed of slicing the cake with a very self-satisfied air.

Everybody had listened with attention, and now everybody turned to John McNamee, as the tacitly acknowl-edged head in the company, to know his opinion of what cook had related.

"I have only one thing to say," he said, taking up his glass slowly and looking round at his companions, "and that is that we trouble ourselves no further about what doesn't concern us. Mr. Hubert Bernot and Miss Mar garet Calvert have been a kind master and mistress to us; we'll think only of that and mind nothing else, and, now, here's to their long life and prosper-

He held his glass aloft, his example being immediately followed by his fel low-servants, and, in a few moments, each one with a right good will, had drained his or her tumbler to the toast

The cook's good humor shone forth again, and she eagerly seconded the suggestion for a song which the headwaiter pompously made, and, in the midst of a love ditty by the chamber. maid, who had quite recovered from her little chagrin of the earlier part of the evening, a carriage stopped be-fore the door. The singer ceased suddenly and the help looked at each other

in a bewildered way.
"Something has happened," said McNamee, rising, and that instant the door-bell was violently rung.
"Let me go," interposed Hannah

Moore, thrusting herself before the coachman, who was already on his way, and ere he could prevent she was hurrying up the stair which led to the front entrance. They crowded into the passage way, and one or two of the more curious ventured upon the stair, and with strained ears, listened for the slightest sound that might betray what was taking place above. They could distinguish Hubert's voice, and even Margaret's low tones came to them, but that was all; they could make no sense

of what was said. to them, wearing a grave, sad face.
"Miss Calvert was taken ill," she

said, "and they have come home in that French Madame's carriage." Annie Corbin, hastening to ascend to

her mistress.

sitting room, waiting while John at-tended to the horses, and separated only when they had, over another of cook's bumpers, wondered what could be the cause of Miss Calvert's evidently failing health.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"OLD CHARLEY."

An Elect of the Slave Days. BY REV. L. H. GACHE, S. J.

In 1852 I was in charge of a parish in Louisiana. Among my parishion-ers was a pious widow, whose only son,

a youth of about twenty-two, and the chief support of his widowed mother, was taken off by an almost sudden death. I called upon the good lady to offer my sympathy and what consola-tion I could give. As I was taking leave after my visit, she said: "Father, I have an old slave who

has always been uncommonly good and faithful. He is very old, and, morefaithful. over, he is blind and unable to do any work. He spends his time in sleeping and praying. I should be very glad if you could do something for him. He has always been a good, faithful servant, as I have said, but, besides, he is a truly wonderful man-remark able in particular for his great piety and love of prayer. Even from early youth until he lost his sight in his old age, as soon as he finished his work in the field, instead of joining the others who were chatting and laughing while they rested after work, he was accus tomed to go alone to the edge of a wood that skirted the field, and there he knelt in prayer until the bell sum-moned the field hands to dinner or supper. He has always been so much respected by his fellow-servants that they have never made any unpleasant remarks about his conduct. His mas ters, too, have always esteemed him highly, and no one remembers that he ever gave cause of complaint to anyone. Would you like to see him?

Of course, I was not only willing, but eager, to meet this phenomenal slave, and I was immediately led to his cabin in the yard. I found the old man seated on a chair at the foot of his bed. A large crucifix was hanging about his neck. His huge head would have been repulsive but for the gleam of virtue and holiness that brightened and in some way beautified his face I understood at a glance that I was in the presence of an extraordinary man. When we entered, Mrs. F. said to him: "Charley, would you like to see

Father N.?"
"Ah, madam," he answered, "you know that I cannot see. All that I can do is to talk. I shall be glad to talk with Father N. if he will be so kind as to talk with me."

With pleasure," I said. "But first let me ask, how old are you?"
"Oh, Father," he answered, "I do not know exactly how old I am, but I have been in the world a long time. I was born in the island of San Domingo, and when I was about twelve or fifteen I was brought to the United

States by the family I belonged to on that island. I have been with the same family ever since. "I am told you pray much. Do you

know many prayers? "I know only the prayers my mother taught me. I felt a desire to know the prayers he

used, as I feared they might contain some superstition or false doctrine. Accordingly I asked him to recite them He began by blessing himself with a

big sign of the cross, and then he recited the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, and, I think, the Apostles Creed Then followed a prayer to Oar Lady, which I never heard before and have not heard since, nor have I ever been able to find it in any book; but it was a most beautiful prayer, something like the Memorare, and, in my estimation, not much inferior to it. I have always regretted not having taken it down in writing.
Of course, there was nothing wrong

in these prayers. I even noticed, not without some surprise, that the old man recited all his prayers without violating a single rule of French grammar or pronunciation. But Charley did not stop here. After saying the pray-ers he knew by heart he poured out a Bood of ejaculations, aspirations and invocations to the Mother of God, and

others, too.

As I was obliged to leave, I inter-

was much longer.
"Oh, Father!" he answered, "my prayer was finished when I stopped a few minutes ago. Now I am praying by myself." By which he meant extempore.

I was astonished at his improvisation, in which everything, even the grammer, was perfectly correct. I was curious to know what might be the extent of his religious instruction To my extreme astenishment I learned from him that he had never received any instruction at all. All that he knew was that there is one God, that the Blessed Virgin is the Mother of God, that we must love them and pray to them, and be good in order to avoid hell and go to heaven. This was the sum of his theology, which he had learned from his mother when he was a the Blessed Trinity, nothing about the Incarnation, the Church or the sacraments. He had never spoken to a priest, nor heard a priest speak to him. I was the first priest he had not hat French Madame's carriage."
"Then I shall be needed," replied nnie Corbin, hastening to ascend to er mistress.

"No; Miss Calvert said we were Lot"

The Blessed Trinity, nothing about the Incarnation, the Church or the sacraments. He had never spoken to a priest speak to him. I was the first priest he had a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead met. He had heard that there were some men called priests, who had something special to do with God and men; but he did not know what it was.

Naturally I asked him if he would not properly in the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dypepsia. little boy. He knew nothing about

to disturb ourselves, and on no account was she to be disturbed."

So they turned again into the cozy ought to do in order to go to heaven

when he died.

Oh, most willingly," he answered.

I will be delighted to know all that." I promised to return the next day, and I did not fail to keep my promise. I found my old and new pupil seated in the same place with his crucifix,

from which he never parted, though he did not know exactly what it was. But before going further I must say something about the manner in which the good old man spent his day, as I think it will not be uninteresting. He rose ordinarily about 6 or 6:30, then he prayed until breakfast time that is, about an hour or a little more. After breakfast he rested on his bed about one or two hours. After his rest he prayed again until dinner time. After dinner he took another rest of about two hours, and then prayed another two hours, and then prayed until the supper, after which he went ignorance. They have an absurd lidea of religion—they believe that it to bed and slept till morning. He was never tired of praying. Evidently he did not recite vocal prayers only. He made some kind of meditation taught

him by the Holy Ghost. Now to the object of my visit. When I entered his cabin Charley had just finished his afternoon nap. pegan to explain to him the mystery of the Holy Trinity, so far, at least, as it can be explained, especially to a man like him. I very soon understood that my task would not be so hard as I had expected. My old pupil was very far from being dull. He understood immediately all that I told him; better still, he not only understood, but re membered, so that I was never obliged to repeat the same thing. When I explained the mystery of the Incarna-When I

tion, he burst into tears.

"Ah, Father," he cried, "I loved God as much as I could, but if I had known this sooner I would have loved Him a great deal more.

When I came to the explanation of the Passion of our Lord, of which he had no knowledge, his surprise and admiration were unlimited. "Oh, how good God is!" he repeated, "how good God is! I am so sorry I did not know this before."

The explanation of the Eucharist made an impression no less deep on his ready mind. That Jesus Christ, the Son of God, after having died for us on the Cross, should give Himself to us in Holy Communion to be the food of our souls, was something that the beginning and at the end of the ravished him into a kind of cestacy.

"Oh, Father! Oh, Father!" he

But, then, you will say, "Religion

"Oh, Father! Oh, Father!" he cried. "How glad, how happy I am to learn all this!"

And such, in proportion were the sentiments excited in his heart by the explanation of the other dogmas of our faith. Not only did he believe, but he understood everything as well as a man in the prime of life and of ordinary capacity and education could have understood it; and, what was more remarkable, this old man, who was probably one hundred and ten years age, remembered everything so distinctly that, after four or five instruche was as well prepared for his first Communion as any young man I ever met outside our colleges.

But what a spectacle-I shall never forget it—when I gave him holy Com-munion! His cabin had been decked all around with white sheets by his pious mistress; a table had been pre pared with everything requisite for the ceremony, and my first Communicant, about one hundred and ten years old, was, if I remember well, seated at my right hand, for he was now unable to kneel. His huge head, deformed by a swelling of some kind, been repulsive, as I re marked, if the beauty of his soul had not been reflected in his countenance for the divine grace that adorned his interior illumined his face in such a manner as to give it a heavenly ap pearance and inspire veneration.

This was the last thing I had the pleasure of doing for my good old Charley; indeed, it was the last time I saw him. A few days later I was called away, and two or three months afterwards I heard that God had called the good all man to his recommend. the good old man to his reward.

It may be asked how this man, who was naturally so good and who be-longed to a truly pious mistress, was so entirely neglected in the matter of religious instruction. To explain this fact, and to remove the danger of scandal to which the narrative might give rise, I must state that the old man had spent his life on a plantation which was far from any church, and which, on account of the scarcity of priests in As I was obliged to leave, I inter-rupted him and asked him if his prayer in easy reach of any of them. More over, Charley had come to live with the lady at whose house I met him, only a few months before his death.

Whatever may be said or thought

of the owners of the old man, this much, at all events, we may learn from what we know of his life, that the Holy Ghost takes care of faithful souls that live true to the light of conscience and are careful to do what they know to be right and to avoid what they believe to be wrong.--Little Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs.

The hair, when not properly cared for, loses its lustre, becomes crisp, harsh, and dry, and falls out freely with every combing. To prevent this, the best dressing in the market is Ayer's Hair Vigor. It imparts that silky gloss so essential to perfect

"I HAVE NO TIME."

Out of ten persons who do not fulfiltheir religious duties, there are at least six or seven who will say to you when you speak to them about it, "I should be glad enough to do so, but I have no time, every one must gain their living. Religion is good for people with nothing else to do, who can live without working."

Nothing is more false than such reasoning as this, nothing could be more opposed to the spirit of Christianity; religion is made for all, even as God is the Father of all ; and if there were to be any distinction to be made amongst men, it would, unquestionably, be the poor and the insignificent who would take precedence in the sight of God.

idea of religion-they believe that it solely consists of a very great number of outward observances; and the daily work which is absolutely necessary to workmen in order to gain a living, being evidently incompatible with such practices, they solve the difficulty by the habitual words, which they lay down as an axiom, but which are in truth an unconscious blasphemy, "I have no time." But tell me, my friend, how much time do you need to love God? How much time do you need to think of Him sometimes during the course of the day; to ask Him to bless you, to crown your efforts with success, and to give you the rest of ness of earth? How much time does it take to keep from swearing honor your father and mother and law ful superiors - to abstain from drink ing-to pardon your enemies - not to return evil for evil — to bear with the faults of others? How much time does it take to be chaste and pure, to turn from evil thoughts, to avoid sinful conversation, to shun such and such a bad companion who would be sure to lead you into wrong? Does it take much time to repent when we have done wicked, foolish things? more, does it take much time to pray morning and evening? In five minutes, in ten minutes at the most, this great duty ean be perfectly fulfilled and where is the man who cannot, it if he so wills, spare some few minutes at

commands so many other things. You must hear Mass on Sundays and holydays. You must go to confession, and go to Communion; and does not all that take time? That is what I mean when I say I have no time. what do those who are quite as busy as you are, and often much more busy and still more in need of gaining and still more in heed of gaining a salary, and who yet do all that and more than that? I know some who never pass one week without receiving the sacraments. How do they find time to fulfil their duties? What they do, you can do. It is the will that is wanting. can do. It is the will that is wanting and not the time. The reason that you do not find time, just as they find time, is because you have not the deep conviction that they have of the vita necessity of religion. You consider the body before the soul, they consider the soul before the body. Not that they neglect their families and their own bodily requirements, no ; only they

know the value and the difference of things, and rule their lives according truth. What would you say if your employer attempted to deprive you of the time to eat? You would leave him and would say: First of all, we must ive. I say to you still more emphaticly: first of all even before the life your body, take thought for your out, which is the noblest part of yourelf; your soul, which makes of you a nan, since through the body we are only animals; it is the soul which nakes the man, and dis inguishes him om the beast .- Sacred Heart Review.

Punishment for an Unbeliever.

There is a man out in Cherry Hill, N. J., a hamlet a few miles from New York, who must be convinced that if only from his own purely materialistic point of view, it pays to speak respect one has doubts as to the Creator. therry Hill, it will be remembered, was he center of the cyclone which struck that vicinity recently. Several people were killed and the village was wrecked. It is said that August Munn laughed at some of his neigh-bors because they declared the damage the work of God. For his part he deared the destruction a proof that there was no God. His neighbors were very much shocked, of course, and although e did not spare himself in his efforts to help them they showed a disposition avoid him. His own barn had been torn to kindling wood and he set about rebuilding it. Last week a heavy thunder-storm came up and Munn's half-built barn was struck by lightning. This the neighbors interpreted as a special mark of the Almighty's disfavor and a just punishment for his unbelief. They refuse to have anything whatever to do with a man so singled out. In short a boycott has been declared against Munn and the prosperous little grocery business he has built up Munn has a large family dependent on him, but of course that doesn't count. The neighbors believe in the old Mosaic law of the sins of the fathers being visited on the children. The moral of this little story-but perhaps the moral is in the first sentence.

THE BEST is what the People buy the most of. That's Why Ho d's Sarsaparilla has the largest sale Or All Medicines.

GEN. BUTLER AND THE SISTERS.

Character is more unmistakably re vealed by the little acts of daily life than by the larger and more momentous enterprizes that engage public men. It is because of this truth that personal reminiscences—the memoirs of those who live intimately with pub-lic men-hold such fascination for the general reader, and possess so peculiar an interest for the historian. character of the late General Butler, for instance, has been persistently obscured by the war scribes. To the North he was the "bold, brave Ben;" to the South he was " Butler the beast. But if students of history would know the real man they must seek him in such incidents as that described in the Catholic Times. At the bombardment of Donaldsonville, the house of the Sisters of Charity was ruined by shells from the Union army, and the Sisters applied to the Federal commander for assistance. In a letter which has just been discovered General Butler ex pressed his deep regret that such injury should have befallen them, and then pays this tribute to the charity and de votedness of Catholic sisterhoods

"No one can appreciate more fully than myself the holy, self-sacrificing labors of the Sisters of Charity. them our soldiers are daily indebted for the kindest offices. Sisters to all mankind, they know no nation, no kindred, neither war nor peace. Their all-pervading charity is like the bound-less love of 'Him who died for all,' whose servants they are, and whose pure teachings their love illustrates

"I repeat my grief that any harm should have befallen your society of Sisters, and cheerfully repair it so far as I may, in the manner you suggest, by filling the order you have sent to the city for provisions and medicines. "Your Sisters in the city will also further testify to you that my

and soldiers have never failed to do to them all in their power to aid them in their usefulness and to lighten the burden of their labors"

These manly words reveal a high and chivalrous heart in General Butler, but they are also a new and notable tribute to the hely heroism which could call them forth. The work of the Sisters in uprooting prejudice during the late war, and illustrating by their sweet charity the "pure teachings" of Christ, will form one of the brightest chapters in the history of the Church in America.

Fatigue of a Missionary Life.

Rev. Samuel B. Hedges, C. S. P., in Donahoe's

No small part of a missionary's life is spent in a railway carriage. So weary does the missionary grow of constant railway travel that he gladly seeks other modes of conveyance if time, economy and convenience per-mit. He does not disdain the apostolic method of going on foot if the chance only presents itself.

Laboring in Norwich, Conn., and being obliged to journey to New Lon-don to get the boat for home, two of my companions made the journey between the cities on foot, while less fortunate was obliged to take the train and convey the baggage. this day that most charming walk of some fifteen miles or more is one of the pleasant reminiscences of a mis sionary expedition to New England.

A missionary generally begins operations in the fall, and what we familiarly term the "fall campaign extends from September till Christmas.

The first thing to engage a mis the scene of his labor is the erection of the mission cross, and the platform from which he is to speak. This at-tended to, and, weather permitting, be will ramble forth for exercise and fresh air, knowing well that these wil be denied him for the greater part of his stay. The hours of labor for a missionary will permit the reader to judge for himself what time may be devoted to recreation. They are from 4:30 a. m. till 7; then from 8.30 till 12; then from 3 p. m. till 6; and from 7:30 till 10. Till the work of hearing confessions begins, however, the missionary has from 9 till 12 and

from 3 till 6 somewhat at his disposal.
But the fatigue of all this, of travel and of the days of hard labor, fade away as a mist memory before the sun of hope that God blessed the work, that in the divine word spoken there was power to help many a poor soul toward the better life which is in God.

Dyspepsia Cured "My wife has been a great sufferer with dys-



her. At times the lightest food would distress her terri-bly. She could not sleep well nights and she said no one could tell how badly she felt. She was also troubled with sick headaches. She had tried different kinds of medicine, but none did her any good. At last Hood's Sarsaparilla was

Mrs. Otis Merritt one bottle did her so so much good that she took two more and new she is perfectly well. She is not now troubled

with any sick headaches nor bad feelings, can eat heartily and sieep well. To Hood's Barsaparilla belongs all the credit."
OTIS MERRITT, Addison, Maine. Hood's Pille cure headache and indigestion.

Sick Headache CURED PERMANENTLY Ayer's Pills Began taking Ayer's Pills

that I received permanent benefit. A single box of these pills freed me from headaches, and I am now a well man."

—C. H. HUTCHINGS, East Auburn, Me. Awarded Medal at World's Fair

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Best.



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