

A Question of Time.

(Continued.)

"It is a very long one," said Reggie critically, when it was submitted for inspection; "you should make them very short."

"It's the address, you know," said Hubert lamely, "that has to be so very plain. Now come and let us put it up."

They adjourned to the field behind the cottage, and after a few ineffectual attempts they managed to fasten the paper to the top of the clothes-pole.

"That's all right now," said Reggie, "do you think we ought to call 'are you there?'"

"Are you there?" cried Elsie at the top of her voice.

"Don't, Elsie; we know he's there. Priscilla said so, and it's not like a telephone, you know. We won't get an answer till to-morrow, I expect, so we may as well go now."

That night their father was moving about the house the whole night through, while the terrible cough, always worst from midnight to dawn, sounded hollow and ominous in the silent house. Hubert covered his head with the bedclothes that he might not hear it, his little heart aching like to break with sorrow and compassion. Poor father! and to think he couldn't have a little brandy when the doctor had ordered it, or any nice things to make him strong. The child turned and tossed about in his bed in apprehension and misery; what would they do if their father died? Was there nothing a little boy could do to save him? Oh, if God would only help them! What a pity it was that they had not known about him sooner, then their father could have sent him a proper message—he would have known just what to say.

Next morning Priscilla told the boys that they must start off at once for the town to fetch their father some medicine. That meant a three mile walk there and back. They had been out early into the field to see if there was any sign of an answer for them from God; the paper was gone, they noticed, and that made them feel more hopeful. "I told you the air would carry it," said Reggie, "so it has."

"We shall have to get Elsie to watch here until we come back," said Hubert. "It will take us about three hours to fetch the medicine, and perhaps the answer might come while we are away. Listen, Duckey," he said to his sister, putting his arms round her; "we want you to stay here until we come back. God might send somebody with an answer, so there must be someone here to see about it. If anybody comes, ask him who he is and take him to Priscilla."

"Yes," said Elsie.

"You won't be frightened and run away, will you?"

"It won't be a great big, bity beast, will it?" she asked doubtfully.

"No, of course not. Now you won't run away, will you. It would be very rude."

"No, I'll stay here all the time," said the child.

Hubert put on her a little old cloak and a woollen tam-o'-shanter, and left her on guard at the pole, while he and Reggie hurried off toward the town.

Redland Manor had been in the market some time; it was a very desirable little piece of property in some respects, but it did not let well chiefly because the house was old-fashioned, the owner being too impetuous to fit it up with modern conveniences, and bring it up to the standard of comfort demanded in these times. A picturesque old house it was, low and rambling, standing in about ten acres of ground, with a large walled garden behind, with wide mossy paths and a bowling-alley like a piece of emerald velvet, set round with high hedges of clipped yew. From this a stretch of rich pasture land sloped towards the sea, and near the left hand corner of its furthest boundary Redland cottage, a cosy little dwelling with a thatched roof, nestled down snugly with its back to the north wind. The owner, anxious to sell, was overjoyed one day to receive an offer for the property from a community of French monks, who were being driven from their country by a hostile government. The transfer was quickly effected, and soon busy hands were at work on the building, while strangely-clad forms moved about among the quaintly-trimmed greenery of the old-world garden. This fine winter morning, while little Elsie waited faithfully by the clothes-pole, Father Louis, the head of the community, wishing to hire some workmen, set out for the village via the green fields of the manor, and past Redland cottage. Over soft springy turf, and along hedgerows still flaunting their autumn bravery of red and gold, he took his leisurely way, with observant look and appreciative air. It was a fair scene—the sea was shining in the morning sun, a calm blue expanse under a cloudless sky, with a fringe of white surf breaking on the yellow strand or racing among the rocks under the red sandstone cliffs. The air was warm and balmy, and he reflected that whatever charges might be brought against the English climate, round Redland they had all the climatic advantages of the Riviera. As he crossed a low stile, something white lying on the grass in front of him arrested his attention, and as he looked a little puff of wind tossed it up almost to his feet. It was a sheet of paper with handwriting on it in large distinct characters. He picked it up and read it; then he wiped his spectacles and read it

again and yet again, as hardly believing that he read aright. It was Hubert's message, when the night wind had torn from the pole and which some pitying angel now threw at the feet of the holy man. He quickened his steps; there was trouble at Redland cottage evidently. He had heard that the tenant there was ill, but no one had mentioned children. He soon came in sight of the house, and seeing a little child standing by a pole near the gate of the field, he went towards her. Elsie saw him coming. She had been expecting him. But oh! never in her life had she seen anybody like this, and she felt very much like running away. A great, tall, big man, with a queer, rough-looking gown, coming right down to his ankles and tied round the waist—certainly this was a strange man from a strange country. Feeling very frightened, she got behind the pole and peeped round; he was coming right up to her and he didn't look so very cross; she took her courage in both hands and went towards him.

"Are you him?" she asked timidly, her big grey eyes gravely scanning his face.

"Yes, I believe I am. Were you expecting me?" Father Louis spoke English perfectly.

"Yes, I've been waiting here a long, long time. Did God send you?"

"Yes, God sent me. I have only just had your message. When did you send it?"

"Oh, a long, long time ago; we put it on the top of the pole. Did you bring the brandy for daddy and the milk and some money for Priscilla to buy the dinners with?"

"That will be all right, little one," said Father Louis. "Shall we go and see Priscilla about it?"

"I am very glad you have come," said Elsie; "I was rather frightened at you at first, but I think you are all right. Come on." She took his hand and led him to the house. Priscilla was busy in the kitchen, but at the sound of voices and approaching footsteps, she went to the door and looked out.

"Now, the Lord be merciful to us," she cried, as she saw Elsie and her strange companion. "Who in all the world would be you, zur?"

"Oh, don't be alarmed," said Father Louis, smiling; "may I come in?" And bowing his tall head, he entered the low, old-fashioned doorway.

Priscilla, really alarmed, made a snatch at the child and lifted her into her arms, whereupon the stranger laughed.

"I am Father Louis, from Redland Manor," he explained; "I have come to inquire for Mr. Maitland, as a neighbor should do; I am his landlord, too, I believe."

His landlord! And wanting his rent! Priscilla's heart sank and a cloud of trouble passed over her face. It was true, then, about the "queer, outlandish furriners."

"Don't ee go fur to press us," she said anxiously; "there's not so much as a varden in house to get vittles and drink wi, leave alone rent. Do ee let the poor soul die in peace, zur; thee canst take aal thee 'ther' furnishings when ee have a buried un."

Father Louis looked at her so long and steadily he made her look at him, and she read a gentle reproach in his kind, compassionate gaze.

"Sympathy, too, a new element in his situation, which went straight to her brave, tried old heart. Her eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"So you've no rent for me," he said, sitting down on Priscilla's own chair. "That's bad! I shall have to take Elsie, then; and when he had made the woman smile and had seen her wipe her eyes with the corner of her apron, he proceeded to question her as to the exact state of affairs in the sad little household.

"And does the doctor really think he is dying?" he asked, when she told him of her master's serious condition.

"It be only a question of time, zo he do tell."

"And does any clergyman visit him? What is his church?"

"Church? Clargyman?" echoed Priscilla. "Lard love ee, zur, he don't go to no church, he don't believe in God or devil; an' them 'ther' poor children don't know as how it were the Lard as made 'em. Zeemin' to I this is a judgment on he, fur scarin' of the Almighty, fur the Lard He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' zo He did."

Dying and an atheist! The soul already dead! Father Louis rose to his feet with a new alert look on his face, a new light in his dark grey eyes. He must get to work at once. Truly, it was a question of time, and there was not a moment to be lost.

"I will go up and see him now," he said decidedly. "Will you please go and tell him I am coming?"

The woman looked alarmed. "He won't see thee, zur," she said.

"Well, we'll see!" And he motioned her gently towards the stairs and waited with his foot on the bottom step while she went up; but only for a moment. With a sudden resolve he followed her and entered the sick man's room in time to hear the emphatic "No!" which was to have prohibited his presence there.

"How do you do, Mr. Maitland?" he said, advancing towards the bed, when he had shut the door behind Priscilla. "I have taken a neighbor's privilege of coming to see you, hoping to find a friend as well as a neighbor."

Mr. Maitland looked at him for a moment in silence. It took a strong soul and a strong purpose to bear unflinchingly the look of concentrated hate and anger which flared up

evilly in his bright steady blue eyes. There was both mind and will shown forth in that purposeful glance, and Father Louis scented the battle from afar. He sat down uninvited by the bedside and braced himself for the conflict.

"Your business, sir," said the sick man, idly, "and as briefly as possible; to what am I indebted for this visit—you will pardon me, but I had almost said intrusion."

"I have told you my business, Mr. Maitland, is to visit the sick and afflicted wherever I find them; to be a friend to the friendless, and a protector to the helpless, for the love of God, whose servant I am. I have business, therefore, with you and your children, and you must let me help you through this heavy time; believe me, your trouble alone is the cause of my intrusion—had I known you were so ill I should have been here before; it is too much to ask you to regard me in the light of a possible friend?"

He bent over the bed and laid a strong, gentle hand on the white wasted one lying on the coverlet. While he spoke, the evil light faded out of the light blue eyes; there was interest gleaming in them now—an amused interest. Here was something altogether new to him in his experience of the genus homo, this huge, grizzly bear of a man, with the manners of a courtier; with eyes like a falcon, and a voice so deep and soft and thrilling that it was as welcome to the ear. He smiled a little grimly.

"A friend? That is a word without meaning for me."

"Indeed? Then we'll find another one."

"What would be your term for the sentiment I imply?"

"My good sir, let me inform you at once that I have spent my life in waging war against such as you; against your God and against your creed. If I believed in the existence of a God such as you preach, I should hate him as a cruel, ruthless monster, who could create poor human creatures to grind them in a mill of suffering, to saturate them with sorrow, and then mock their hopes of future bliss by an eternal torment of hell-fire."

"But I have never preached such a God as that—the monster you depict does not exist."

"I don't believe in your God, however He is depicted, and if you have come here to vex my ears with your worn-out superstitions, you will only be wasting your time and doing me a great disservice. As for a friend, a man who thinks only in scientific terms has no stomach for such meaningless words as friendship, love and sympathy and the like—nor does he recognize the emotions they describe; matter and matter only exists for him; but even if I did admit such a feeling as friendship, I could never entertain it towards one of your cloth and calling."

"But as friendship does not exist, according to you, you can therefore have no particular objections to my cloth and calling. I take it, then, you do not object to my company."

"Apart from your cloth and calling I have no objection to your company—indeed, I could even imagine myself grateful for it. It is a lonely business, this dying."

He sighed and turned away wearily only to look around again with interest at his visitor. Something about him pleased him very much—the look of strength in the great, well-knit frame, the suggestion of power in the massive head and clear, commanding eyes; the look of kindness on the dark face.

"What makes you think you are dying?"

"I feel weaker every day and every hour, and I know my life is slowly flickering out. If death were not such a horrible thing," and he shuddered, "I should almost welcome it, and the merciful oblivion it brings."

"Oblivion? Death is but the portal of the life eternal, where your soul will live forever in the full activity of all its wonderful powers. Death has no power over the soul of man."

"Death is annihilation. I do not believe in the existence of a soul; all such childish superstitions are hateful to me, so I beg you to spare me the mention of them."

The priest smiled sadly. "As a matter of fact," he said, "do you believe in anything at all? You say you would be grateful for my company, but I fail to see how we are going to entertain one another if we can never get on common ground—I might say solid ground—for negation is ever in the swamps, and the pursuit of your will-o'-the-wisps of 'don't believe' is a very undignified occupation, and one in which I never engage. If you have any beliefs, suppose you begin by stating them—do you believe, for instance, in your own existence?"

"I am unpleasantly conscious of the fact just at present," said the sick man ruefully, as he raised himself painfully to relieve an attack of coughing. "My beliefs, as you call them, if I have any, are purely in the domain of science, and between science and all religions which teach the belief in God as a Creator, or first cause, there never can be any agreement or common ground."

"Indeed," said the priest quietly, "that is quite a new idea to me. I have been an ardent disciple of science all my life, and so far I have never been able to discover any antagonism between true science and the religion I profess. I say true science, for mark you, there is a false science, between which and the Christian teaching there is a great gulf fixed; for it is a false science that denies the existence of a God and the immortality of the soul; which argues from reason to unreason, from order to chaos, from purpose to an unknowable and undesirable goal."

Mr. Maitland laughed scornfully. "I see," he said, "your scientific researches are limited to such theories as will come into line with your

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Monday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald McShane, I.P.P.; President, Mr. W. P. Kearney, 1st Vice-President, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. E. McQuirk; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. W. Wright; Recording Secretary, Mr. T. P. Tansey; Asst. Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. D. Campbell; Asst. Marshal, Mr. P. Connolly.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Alexander street, at 3 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. J. J. Moran; President, M. J. O'Donnell; Rec. Sec., J. J. Tynan, 222 Prince Arthur street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 2.—Organized 18th November, 1888. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, every 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month for the transaction of business, at 8 o'clock. Officers—Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, W. A. Hodgson; President, Thos. R. Stevens; 1st Vice-President, James Cahill; 2nd Vice-President, M. J. Gahan; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Avenue; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 504 St. Urbain street; Treasurer, F. J. Sears; Marshal, G. I. Nichols; Guard, James Callahan. Trustees—W. F. Wall, T. R. Stevens, John Walsh, W. P. Doyle and J. T. Stevens. Medical Officers—Dr. H. J. Harrison; Dr. E. J. O'Connor; Dr. Merrill; Dr. W. A. L. Styles and Dr. John Curran.

WEDDING STATIONERY. Reception Cards, Announcements.

THE TRUE WITNESS. PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

WEDDING STATIONERY. Reception Cards, Announcements.

Correct Form, High-Grade Material, Best Workmanship, Prompt and Careful Attention to Orders.

THE TRUE WITNESS. PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE TRUE WITNESS. PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

NORTHERN Assurance Co'y OF LONDON, Eng. "Strong as the Strongest."

INCOME AND FUNDS, 1908

Capital and Accumulated Funds....\$47,410,000
Annual Revenue.....\$8,805,000
Deposited with Dominion Government for security of policy holders.....\$398,580

Head Offices—London and Aberdeen
Branch Office for Canada
88 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal
ROBERT W. TYRE, Manager for Canada.

MONTREAL CITY AGENTS
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT
ARTHUR BURNING, FRED. G. REID, 228 Board of Trade, 30 St. John St. Tel. Main 1743. Tel. Main 1222.
WILLIAM CAIRNS, 39 St. Nicholas St. Tel. Main 1539.
CHAS. A. BURNE, JOHN MACLEAN, 88 Notre Dame St. W. 88 Notre Dame St. W. Tel. Main 1539. Tel. Main 1539.
FRENCH DEPARTMENT
N. BOYER, GEO. H. THIBAUT, 88 Notre Dame St. W. True Witness Bldg. Tel. Main 1539. Tel. Main 5072.

religion. That is a very convenient attitude of mind."

"Not at all," said Father Louis cheerily. "I am ready for anything you try to like to bring along, and to follow it as a theory, as far as it will take us. We know just how far that is; at the portal of death they all fail us, leaving the materialist in baffled contemplation of his atom, which, as we are now told, shows signs of breaking up into stuff which is not ordinary matter. It seems that we don't know so much about the atom as we thought we did. Evolution, too. In Darwin we should have had a master builder if he had but sought and found a solid foundation for his fine temple of thought; if he had but built on the firm rock of truth; but no, it was the old story of a house built on the sand, and already the advancing tide of scientific knowledge is washing it away."

"Never!" said the invalid warmly. (To be continued.)

BUSINESS CARDS.

M. J. Morrison, J. Hatchett
MORRISON & HATCHETT
Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors.
5th Floor, Banque du Peuple Chambers, 97 ST. JAMES STREET.
Phone Main 3114.

Hon. Sir Alexandre Lacoste, K.C.
KAVANAGH, LAJOIE & LACOSTE
ADVOCATES, SOLICITORS, ETC.
7 PLACE D'ARMES
H. J. KAVANAGH, K.C., PAUL LACOSTE, LL.B., H. GERIN-LAJOIE, K.C., J. LEBLANC, LL.B.

Bell Telephone Main 433.
JOHN. P. WHELAN
M. A., B. C. L.
Advocate and Solicitor.
93 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST MONTREAL.
Tel Main 2279.

MULLIN & MATHIEU
Advocates
Room 3, City and District Savings Bank Chambers, 180 St. James St. Montreal.
C. A. BARNARD, GABRIEL DESSAULLES
BARNARD & DESSAULLES
Advocates.
Savings Bank Building, 180 St. James Bell, Telephone Main 1679.

Atwater & Duclos.
ADVOCATES
Quarantine Building, 180 St. James St. A. W. Atwater, K. C., C. A. Duclos, K. C., F. J. E. Coulin.

COUIN, LEMIEUX, MURPHY, & BERARD
Barristers, Solicitors Etc.
Hôtel Lamer Gouin, K.C. Hon. R. Lemieux, K.C. L. P. Murphy, K.C. E. Berard, K.C. J. O. Drouin, K.C. E. Brassard, LL.B.
New York Life Building.
T. Brousseau, K.C. H. A. Cholette, LL.B. Thomas M. Tansey, K.C.

Brossard, Cholette & Tansey
Advocates, Barristers & Solicitors.
Phone Main 1490 160 ST. JAMES ST. Guardian Bldg. 1491

Frank E McKenna
Notary Public.
ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDING Montreal.
Stuart, Cox & McKenna Main 2874

Bell Tel Main 3552 Night & day service
CONROY BROS.
193 Centre Street
Practice Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters.
ESTIMATES GIVEN.
Jobbing Promptly Attended To.

LAWRENCE RILLY, PLASTERER
Successor to John Riley. Established in 1864. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to.
15 Paris St., Point St. Charles.

Tel. Bell Main 2784.
CODERRE & CEDRAS
Advocates
8 Place d'Armes Hill.
Montreal Street Railway Bldg.
EVENING OFFICES:
L. A. FICARD, Manager, 58 St. James St. 53 Church Street, Verdun.

THE PROVIDENCE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
52 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL
Subscription Required by Law: \$200,000.00
Reduced Rates. Losses paid Promptly.
We insure specially: Churches, Convents, Colleges, Stock, and Farm and Household Property.
AGENTS WANTED. Apply to L. A. FICARD, Manager, 58 St. James Street, Montreal.

SPECIAL OFFER
During the Month of September, 1908, or until our stock is exhausted.
FREE: Along with the regular premium we will give One Class Fruit Bowl on Stand to every one returning more than 3 Dozen 6 lb. empty XXX Self-Raising Flour Bags, and for less than 3 Dozen 6lb. Bags one medallion (picture).

Brodie & Harvie
14 and 16 Bleury St., Montreal

Synopsis of Canada North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION

In the Diocese of Northampton, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

This Mission of St. Anthony of Padua was started by me nearly three years ago by command of the late Bishop of Northampton.

I had then, and I have now, No Church, no Presbytery, no Doctress, no Grant, no Endowment (except Hope).

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 x 20 miles.

The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small. We must have outside help for the present, or hand down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little". It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent home for the Blessed Sacrament.

FATHER H. W. GRAY,
Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng.
P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

(EPISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION)
Dear Father Gray,

You have duly accounted for the means which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Blessed Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ,
† R. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

Catholic Sailors' Club.
ALL SAILORS WELCOME
Concert Every Wednesday Evening

All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit.
MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday.
Sacred Concert on Sunday evening.

Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.
On Sundays from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m.
St. Peter & Common Sts.

Established 1864.
C. O'BRIEN,
House, Sign and Decorative Painter.
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PAPER-HANGING

Whitewashing and Tinting. Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate.
Residence, 76 & 78 St. James Street, Office, 60 St. Charles street, east of Bleury Street, Montreal.
Bell Telephone, Up 200

THE HEART
Dear little garden, is fragrant, Happy with sun rose, My thoughts, like

THE HEART
Dear little garden, is fragrant, Happy with sun rose, My thoughts, like

THE HEART
Dear little garden, is fragrant, Happy with sun rose, My thoughts, like