

one cracker and a small slice of raw bacon. "My lads," began the colonel, in his usual quiet tone, "it is necessary that I should tell you the state of affairs. Our rations and ammunition cannot last us another twenty-four hours. If relief does not come before 9 o'clock to-night it will be imperative for some one to break through the enemy's lines and try to reach the general, who, I believe is encamped somewhere on Cache Creek. Now, I want a volunteer. Who'll go?" And as he finished, for an instant a stillness fell upon the men, but was almost immediately broken by a shrill, boyish voice, followed by the deep bass of old Jack Jones. "I'll go, colonel," they chorused. Here, again, the owner of the falsetto voice spoke up: "Let me go, colonel; Jones has a family; I hain't," he concluded, as he rose to his feet and revealed the little, slender form of Willie Scott, the trumpeter and life of the troop.

DESPATCH-BEARER.

He shone so fiercely hot on the August 1871, that the leaves folded themselves in protest and the birds crept under the shade of the oaks in their endeavor to screen themselves from the fiery orb. But the firing had no effect upon a troop that stood upon an overturned log which formed part of some knoll that had been upheaved about five hundred yards from the creek. He was shading his eyes with his hands as he looked along a trail which ran away from the camp.

At half-past eight, boy," he said, and turning to old Jones he whispered, "Your chance may come yet, my brave fellow." "I hope so," replied the old soldier, and walking away from the spot, Jones threw himself down by an upturned wagon utterly inconsolable. It was a dark, hot, oppressive night. Not a star could be seen; the black, heavy clouds stretched themselves like a pall over the camp as the trumpeter, leading his horse, passed through an opening in the breastwork and set out upon his perilous ride.

Mind and write to my mother, Pete, if I don't get through," he whispered to his comrade as he passed out. "Nover fear, Bunkie, but—" and here his comrade's voice grew a little husky—"for God's sake get through." "I'll try," was the response, as they squeezed each other's hand and parted. Soon the watchers in the camp lost sight of the boy. The sound of his horse's hoofs grew fainter and fainter, and then died away, but still they leaned over the breastwork, straining their eyes in the darkness as they tried to catch a glimpse of their young hero. Nearer and nearer the trumpeter approached the Indian sentinels. Sometimes he would stop, listening intently, then move on, only to stop again and press his hand over his horse's mouth when he fancied he heard a noise. Suddenly a confused babel broke out upon his right and a lurid glare shot skyward. Upon the brow of a hill scarcely a mile away he saw the Indian band dancing and yelling around a fire like a horde of demons.

The night in a hospital tent there stood a number of soldiers around the couch of one on whom death had cast its shadow. There was a sorrowful look upon the faces of the watchers as they silently awaited the issue. At last the boy opened his eyes and he looked around; then, as a smile of pride lit up his face he murmured as his eyelids slowly drooped, "I got through." The angel beckoned, and the two went hand in hand into the silent land.

With a fierce exclamation the trumpeter drove his spurs into his horse's flanks, and discharging his revolver at the Indian, rode madly forward. Pressing his knees well into his horse's sides, with his reins firmly held in hand, he dashed down the hill, closely pursued by the Indians, who, upon the report of the fire-arm, had instantly flung themselves upon their ponies and started in the chase.

Now began this race for life. Never was a steeple-chase harder ridden. Away they flew over hill and through divide, their horses snorting and panting with the violence of the exercise; over the rocky beds of dried-up rivulets, through clumps of scrub oak, the young trumpeter now pulling up so abruptly as almost to unseat himself as in the darkness he dashed against a tree; then leaping over the fallen timber that lay across his path and spluttering through the mud-holes in which his horse sank to the girth. Still he pressed on, while the enemy came thundering in the rear, making the night resound with their war-whoops and drooping an occasional shot whenever they thought it would tell. A stern chase is proverbially a long one, and undoubtedly it would have proved so in this case had not the boy's horse in crossing a piece of rough ground stumbled. He would have fallen had not been instantly checked up. By this accident the Indians were enabled to gain some distance, when they opened fire with a surer aim.

Bang! bang! and the bullets whistled uncomfortably close to our young hero's ear. Spurring his animal, he sought to get out of range, and nobly did his faithful friend respond. Bang! bang! the guns rang on again, and the boy felt a stinging sensation in the left shoulder, his horse arched and fell uselessly by his side. The agony of the wound was intense, the motion of the horse rendering it more so, but still he retained his seat, knowing that upon his ability to get through rested a hundred lives. Bearing now a little to the southeast, he struck the trail and furiously dashed along it. The sound of his pursuers grew fainter, then ceased, but he did not seem to hear, for a strange dizziness came over him, and he swayed in his saddle like a drunken man, clutching at the pommel, he murmured as he thought the night grew darker, "O God, let me live an hour, only an hour!"

ceased, but he did not seem to hear, for a strange dizziness came over him, and he swayed in his saddle like a drunken man, clutching at the pommel, he murmured as he thought the night grew darker, "O God, let me live an hour, only an hour!" So the night sped on. Sometimes the horse would relapse into a trot, and again resume his swinging lope. "Oh, that morning would come; that night would fold up its funeral garment, and the glad sunshine smile upon the earth once more!" How cold the night seemed to the boy here as he, half-fainting, sat in the saddle with his head upon his breast and the warm blood trickling from his wound.

Would Cache never appear? But just as the rosy fingers of the morn'g crept up from the east he saw with his dying eyes the long black shadow of the timber that studded the banks of the creek, and as his weary comrade uttered a joyful neigh a bugle-call rang out upon the morning air, the sound of which brightened up the boy's face.

The sound of the horse's hoofs brought a number of men outside their tents, who, seeing the pale, death-like face of the despatch-bearer and the limp arm hanging by his side, knew instinctively what was the matter. The latter, seeing the men around him, drew out his blood-soaked despatch, and hoarsely whispered: "The general—dispatch—quick!" "The general—dispatch—quick!" would have fallen from his horse had not a trooper rushed forward and catching him in his arms lifted him tenderly to the ground.

With the break of day the Indians, uttering their wild war-whoops, had charged upon the camp. Bravely had they been repulsed, only to come again and again until their superior numbers should tell upon the white men. Now they were upon the ramparts, and the defenders, almost all of whom were grievously wounded, but who seemingly felt not their wounds in the presence of the enemy, heroically disputed every step. At last, just as a portion of the breastwork had fallen in, and the Indians sprang like panthers at their prey, on the little square of white men who had hastily collected around their wounded, resolving to die as men, with their faces to the foe, a ringing cheer was heard and the relief force came thundering down the slope. And as the clear, rapid notes of the "charge" echoed across the plains, each drop of blood in those trooper's veins jingled exultingly against its neighbor as they dashed among the foe. There was a crash—cheers—a volley of musketry, and the Indians were flying across the prairie, pursued by the troopers whose carbined sabres were busy converting, as an officer of the regular army once said, bad Indians into good ones by giving them the route to the happy hunting grounds.

The fight was over, and a portion of Colonel Mack's command was saved. That night in a hospital tent there stood a number of soldiers around the couch of one on whom death had cast its shadow. There was a sorrowful look upon the faces of the watchers as they silently awaited the issue. At last the boy opened his eyes and he looked around; then, as a smile of pride lit up his face he murmured as his eyelids slowly drooped, "I got through." The angel beckoned, and the two went hand in hand into the silent land.

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Why There are not More Converts.

With regard to the difficulties which keep Protestants from coming into the Catholic Church, it is sad to say that many of them have a dread of examining her claims, for fear she might prove to be true, and that they would be conscientiously forced to come into her, thereby injuring their prospects in life. Another difficulty is the refusal on the part of Protestants to obey any authority in religious affairs. This is a great obstacle to their conversion. They must be shown the necessity for authority, and that without it the kingdom of Christ could not stand. They must be shown that whatever authority the Bishops and the Pope claim over Englishmen, that it is exercised for the good of the Church, and that they claim the same spiritual authority over all nations of the earth. The Church is a society embracing all nations, and authority is essential for the well-being of society.

A third obstacle is the scandal which bad Catholics give. When Catholics, who claim to have the best form of religion, lead bad lives—lives out of harmony with the doctrine of their Church—the bad example given has a very bad effect. Bad Catholics, who neglect the sacraments and Mass, who get drunk, and curse and swear, are literally rocks of scandal to the minds of Protestants.

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CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, WINNIPEG.

Address of President O. H. Kennedy.

Gentlemen.—You re-elected me President of this society, for which, at the outset, I take the liberty of thanking you sincerely. Surely you must not have given it your earnest and careful consideration when the choice fell upon one void of the ability that should be possessed by a presiding officer. One consolation is that, if I lack the ability, I possess the ambition, energy and good-will to further the interests at stake in the Catholic Truth Society, and thereby the interests of the Church to which we belong. To His Grace Archbishop Langevin I extend the grateful thanks of this society, for his kind words of encouragement and Archbishop Bleehich which we now enjoy and to which we attribute much of the success of our society during the past year.

To the Jesuit Fathers for the assistance they have rendered, words of thanks would be hardly adequate to express my feelings, and in saying so I voice the sentiments of this society. To the Fathers of St. Mary's, of the Immaculate Conception, and all the clergy, who have expressed their appreciation of this society and extended words of encouragement, thanks, from the bottom of my heart, are sincerely extended. To the officers, and, more especially, to the secretaries, who were so instrumental in bringing the society to the standard to which it has now attained, for their untiring work, energy and zeal, as their modesty will not admit of praise from me, I tender my sincere gratefulness.

The object of this society will be to improve the mental, moral and social condition of its members, to make them content with their position in life, and reclaim the erring, the lukewarm and the indifferent, by precept and example; to keep young men from joining secret societies; to further the dissemination of Catholic truth, the promotion and circulation of Catholic literature, and to explain, through the press and other modes of circulation, the doctrines of the Church, more especially when her teachings are assailed and misrepresented.

Having stated these objects I need hardly observe that the field of labor is great, and readily explains why this society meets weekly, and at each meeting a lecture or a reading on something of Catholic interest is given by one of the members. In the first place this will improve the mind; secondly, it has a tendency to regulate our morals; thirdly, it encourages sociability among its members; fourthly, encouragement is extended to make us contented with our position in life; fifthly, to reclaim the erring, the lukewarm and the indifferent, can only be done by members of this society, setting forth a good example and an encouragement to join our circle. By adhering to the foregoing objects we will attain another point indirectly—we will keep our young men from joining secret societies.

ST. ERNEST.

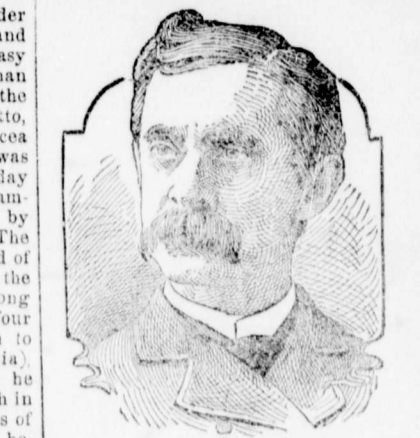
How the Great Saint Won His Title and His Crown.

The following account of a saint but little known was published for the first time in a late issue of the *Ohio Waisenfreund*, and is taken from an original manuscript sent to the editor of that paper from Antwerp by Rev. Mattagne, a Benedictine Father.

The Bollandists are an outgrowth of the Jesuits, and the order is named after John Bolland, S. J., who inaugurated the work of collecting the "Acts of the Saints." The French conquest of Belgium in 1794 interrupted the labor, which, at the suggestion of the Belgian government, was resumed by the Jesuits in 1837.

The kindness of a friend enables the *Columbian* to give this outline of the life of St. Ernest, which will soon appear as a part of Bollandist history: He was the Abbot of Zwiefalten, and martyr of Mecca, or Magon, in Armenia, Nov. 7, 1148. Beyond doubt there were two saints of this name, the first being Abbot of Norisheim and suffering martyrdom at Chorozaum about 1095; but, later, he seems to have been confused with the subject of this sketch, who was born, according to authentic documents, in the year 1112, and was of noble parentage. The boy's education was entrusted to the Benedictines of Zwiefalten, and by them he was trained in the love and fear of God. In early manhood he decided to abandon the world and to become a religious; and having taken his vows, he was received into the abbey where he had been educated, and where he diligently pursued his course in the sciences. His eminent virtues and great learning soon gained him the esteem and love of his co-religious, and when the abbacy became vacant in 1141, he was chosen by them to fill the place. The Benedictine abbey then comprised a two-fold community—a monastery and a convent; the former containing about seventy monks and one hundred and thirty lay brothers, and the latter sixty nuns. Thus on his assuming the office St. Ernest found the spiritual welfare of more than two hundred souls confided to his care. He discharged the duties of his high office with great zeal, and by his virtuous life set an edifying example to his large community.

About this time the great Abbot of Clairvaux preached a crusade, and the emperor, Conrad III., with his brother Otto, Bishop of Freisingen, determined to join the enterprise. Our saint also took the cross and accompanied the Bishop upon the crusade, which, like so many others, ended in defeat. In Asia Minor, the German army



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A Priest Fights Savages.

After many hairbreadth escapes by flood and fell, Bishop Hanlon and his missionaries safely reached Uganda, their land of promise, on the 1st of September. During the previous fortnight they had, according to the Bishop's account, some "terrible days' marches," and one of their soldier porters, an askari, who carried a tin case for Father Plunkett, was speared to death by wild Wandaudi robbers whilst at some distance from the party, but a caravan which was six days march behind them and was carrying much of their baggage as well as mails for the Church Missionary Society, fared more disastrously, twenty-four out of the thirty-one men who formed it being killed by the Wandaudi and the mails and baggage stolen.

A remarkable act of heroism was performed by Father Plunkett as his companions were crossing the Nozia river under the burning heat of an equatorial sun. Two native slave raiders, well armed with spears and shields and provided with chains and manacles for their intended victims, came up. They had with them one captive, a little girl of six or seven years old, who had a nasty spear wound at the back and in the lower part of her little naked body, inflicted by her captors in order to secure their prize without a chase. Father Plunkett's Irish blood was at once on fire at the outrage, and he boldly faced the slave hunters, disarmed them and rescued the suffering captive. Unfortunately the raiders subsequently escaped through the negligence of a Swahili soldier, but the liberated child was added to the Caravan as a first-class passenger and their horrid weapons were carried along as trophies.

In Uganda the brave missionaries received a hearty greeting from the French Fathers, and, judging by the disposition and expectations of the natives, there is good reason to believe that their labors will bear ample fruit.

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