

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XVII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1896.

NO. 947.

## THE NUNS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

A Community of Canadian Origin—Sketch of its Foundation and Object—The Ottawa Branch.

(Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD.)

There are but few, if any, among our readers who have not heard or read of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, more especially of the virtues and holiness of the venerable Mother Foundress. In connection with the receipt of the Decretal, from Rome, approving of the rule or constitution of the Order, and the solemn Tri-annua, the 6th and 8th December, by which the auspicious event will be celebrated by the Sisters wherever they are established, some details on the foundation and progress of the Congregation of the Nuns of the Precious Blood will be appropriate and not devoid of interest. The fact, too, of the community being purely Canadian must enhance it in the estimation of native-born Catholics, and of every Catholic, for, are we not all Canadians by adoption, no matter what country gave us birth?

The Sisters of the Precious Blood is a contemplative order, the members devoting their lives to prayer, meditation and reparation to the Precious Blood of Christ, who, by His sacrifice on the cross, accomplished man's redemption. The object for which the order was instituted is suited, in a special manner, to the wants of the age, when millions not only neglect and spurn the religion founded by the Redeemer, but actually deny the Divinity of Christ Himself. The great evil of our times, especially in this New World, is that rationalism seeks to dominate social and intellectual life. To oppose and counteract this injurious tendency a great increase of devotion to our Divine Redeemer, which the Order of the Precious Blood cherishes, is most important and necessary.

Like the Order of Mount Carmel, the second Order of St. Dominic, the Ursuline and several other contemplative orders in the Church, that of the Precious Blood is a cloistered community, whose members have no intercourse with the outside world. The Apostolic spirit which they share with all these other communities has a special manifestation in their zeal for the distribution of Christian literature and the instruction of converts.

The Feast of the Precious Blood on the first Sunday in July and the dedication of that month, in a particular manner, to the honor of the most Precious Blood, was instituted by His Holiness Pope Pius IX. This great festival was established in a spirit of thanksgiving by that illustrious Pontiff, whilst in exile at Gaeta, upon the request of the saintly general of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood, Mortini, after the Pope had obtained from heaven the miraculous close of his tedious enforced sojourn from the Holy See.

About thirty-five years ago the Institute had its first beginnings at St. Hyacinth, P. Q. The Bishop of that See, the late Mgr. Joseph Larocque, after very mature deliberation, decided to act in accordance with the promptings of divine grace most evidently manifested in the person of Mile. Annette Gouette, a young lady of St. Hyacinth, held in very high respect in her native city and in Montreal, for her deep piety and prominent social standing. She received her education at Villa Maria, that far famed convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame, on the side of the Montreal mountain. While still a pupil, Mile. Gouette had received most special and unmistakable marks from Heaven, relating in a most extraordinary manner to the devotion of the Precious Blood. Under the zealous direction of the saintly Father Faber it had been extensively spread and practiced in England.

The supernatural manifestations of God's will concerning Mile. Gouette were examined by the clergy, amongst whom were the most distinguished members of the Canadian hierarchy. The first to declare that the soul so favored was beyond doubt called to establish a religious community of the contemplative order, devoted to the worship of the Precious Blood, was Monsignor Ig. Bourget, Bishop of Montreal. His Lordship earnestly besought Bishop Larocque, his former coadjutor, to hasten and realize the designs of Divine Providence upon his pious parishioner. This illustrious prelate, consequent upon still deeper reflection and more minute examination of the evidences from above, concluded to commence his arduous and holy work.

Accordingly on the morning of Sept. 14, 1861, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, the work of the Precious Blood was begun in the home of Mile. Gouette, who had with her three associates in her holy design. Mass was celebrated, and the touching ceremonies of so sacred an inauguration were witnessed by a large number of the clergy and of the modest dwelling, assembled within the convent, completed. When the ceremonies were alone in and the four Foundresses were alone in the newly consecrated enclosure, their newly prepared for that whatever had been prepared for their first convent meal. The charity of

some kind neighbors supplied for what was, doubtless, a providential oversight. As the Sisters have to depend solely on their support, their abundant proof that a special Providence supplies their wants. As an instance of this it may be stated that on the day when the venerable Foundress, Mother Catherine, and her companion Sisters entered the house in Brooklyn, N. Y., in which a branch of the Order was to be opened, they found the place unfit for human habitation on account of the accumulation of filth, vermin, and much more that was disgusting and disheartening. The good Mother and Sisters had no food nor a shed of furniture of any kind; not a bed to lie on, nor a blanket to cover them. As though their arrival had been made known along with their wants, by some supernatural agency—for there was no previous word of their coming—numbers of people, Protestants as well as Catholics, joined in bringing all kinds of provisions, furnishings, etc., so that what had been a dirty, dreary and desolate hotel, in a short time, through the aid and efforts of those good Samaritans, so wonderfully congregated, was turned into a cheerful, comfortable and well provided home. In another of the Monasteries, as the writer was informed by one of the Sisters, it frequently happened that on Saturday evening, at 5 o'clock there was nothing to eat for the next day, Sunday, in the house; but before 9 a sufficient quantity of food came in, to last for three or four days. The Sisters of the Precious Blood have no butcher, baker or grocer. They buy nothing; consequently, as above stated, they have to depend upon the aims of the charitably disposed of every denomination of Christians for the actual necessities of life.

All great works, since the coming of Christ, destined for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, must needs have the humblest origin. It is necessary they should begin as did our Blessed Saviour in Bethlehem, in a stable, with the Most High and the Angels as witnesses. Thus was inaugurated the work of the Precious Blood, which, to-day, is spreading its branches even to the Pacific coast.

The three young ladies who were associated with Mile. Gouette in the life of adoration, immolation, and reparation, which she was introducing into Canada, were residents of St. Hyacinth and members of the first families of the town. They began at once their austere practices, and very soon their numbers so increased that the cottage Monastery was too small for its inmates. Two years after the foundation, on the occasion of Mile. Gouette's profession—then Mother Catherine—Annette du Precieux Blood—the little community, numbering ten, moved to a large house a little farther away. Seven years later a wing of the present well-finished monastery was begun, and from year to year, through the assistance of the benefactors and the zeal of the faithful, the building advanced, the chapel was completed and richly decorated, and the edifice now stands as a monument of the charity and fervor of those interested in the spread of the devotion to the Precious Blood.

Several years after the foundation of the Order at St. Hyacinth, in August 1869, the late Archbishop Lynch succeeded in obtaining from Bishop Larocque a little colony of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, and established a branch of the community in Toronto. They first took up their abode in the convent, near St. Mary's Church, formerly occupied by the Ladies of Loretto. They had many difficulties and trials to contend against, but they have now the happiness of seeing their new and commodious monastery, on St. Joseph street, completed.

In June, 1871, the late Archbishop Bourget introduced the Sisters of the Precious Blood into his extensive diocese. About six years ago their fine stone monastery, near Villa Maria, on the mountain, was blessed by Archbishop Faber. The Ottawa house in which the writer is deeply interested, was founded on May 24, 1887. On the 23rd, eight Sisters arrived in Ottawa, having been preceded by the venerable Mother Catherine. After a most pious and cordial welcome by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, tendered them at the Basilica, they entered, the same evening, their humble enclosure on St. Patrick's street. A large number of the clergy and throughout the cathedral of the faithful thronged the cathedral on the occasion, and His Grace spoke most feelingly of the marvelous efficacy of the devotion of the Precious Blood, and of the benefit procured to the diocese by the presence in it of such a religious order.

Within the nine years and six months which have since elapsed, His Grace's anticipations have become very evident realities. A love of prayer, a confidence in prayer offered through the Precious Blood, have spread in the Capital and adjoining parishes in a most remarkable manner. Novenas have been made with the community, and the result is, that through their special favors have, time and again, been obtained. Could a few only of these pious relations between the cloistered nuns and the child of the world be recorded, they

would prove effectual in showing the large amount of good that may be accomplished through the invocation of the Blood of the Cross and of the Altar. Since its establishment in Ottawa the work of the Precious Blood community has grown rapidly. In May, 1888, the Novitiate was opened. There have been several beautiful ceremonies of Vestiture and Procession at the Basilica and the community now number twenty members. In the little cemetery, attached to the monastery, the remains of five of the Sisters repose. Great regret is expressed by the many who visit the convent on St. Patrick street, that the chapel should be so very small.

It is to be hoped that the Sisters of the community in Ottawa, as in Toronto, Montreal and elsewhere, will soon have a monastery worthy their sublime vocation. It is in contemplation to acquire a suitable site for the edifice which the liberality of benefactors and of the faithful, influenced by piety, will, assuredly erect, out of consideration for the inestimable treasure possessed in having amongst them the good Sisters, through whose self-sacrifice, fervent prayers and devotion so many spiritual favors are constantly received. Their means are very limited, barely what they have saved up from the alms contributed by benefactors. The future Monastery must, therefore, be the work of generous friends. It will be commenced next Spring. To conclude the few details of the establishment of the community of the Precious Blood, it may be added that, in May 1888, the Diocese of Three Rivers was favored with one, through the zeal of Bishop Lafleche. Some three or four years ago, Rev. Mother Foundress opened a Monastery near Portland, Oregon.

The monasteries and chapels of the Order, in St. Hyacinth and Toronto, are especially well equipped and beautiful. At the former the nuns publish a very interesting and well edited monthly magazine, *The Voice of the Precious Blood*, for the spreading of this great devotion. This monastery and all its affiliations are, as far as possible, centres of activity in the production and distribution of pious books and pamphlets.

The monasteries are maintained, like those of all contemplative Orders, by the alms of the faithful and the labor of the brains and hands of the religious. To the venerable Mother Foundress it is a great source of spiritual joy and happiness to see the Order which she established extending steadily, year by year, and becoming more and more respected and prized by those congregations whose happy privilege it is to have an institute of the Precious Blood in their midst. It is an additional cause for her delight and joy in her community, that the approval of the Church, through the Decretal, to which reference has been made, and the approbation of the Holy Father will have the effect of extending more widely and rapidly the spread of the Order and of inspiring all good Catholics with greater confidence, respect and veneration for its pious members.

It seldom happened that any Order has received the approval of the Holy See during the life time of its founder. Rev. Mother Catherine has the singular honor in this respect. The marked influence which she has exercised in the spreading of the devotion of the Precious Blood, so unthought of in Canada, before the foundation of her community, tends to prove that the blessing of God attends her work. The veneration shown to her wherever she goes or is known, the confidence manifested in her prayers and in her counsels, not alone by those living in Canada, but in the United States, considering her cloistered, retired life, attest her great virtues and sanctity. It would be painful to her, and contrary to the spirit of the Church in such matters, to dwell during her life-time on her personality and work. Suffice to say that her own qualities and the special method by which she sought to glorify God and save souls by increasing devotion to the Precious Blood have stood the most crucial tests.

J. G. M.

## IRISH DISUNION.

The London News says that there is a Farnell Legend in Ireland, like that of Frederick Barbarossa, to the effect that "the Chief" is not dead at all but is somewhere on the earth, "bidding his time to appear among the Irish people once again, and restore unity and force to their ranks." Then the News adds: "Has not one of their own poetesses—in some plaintively beautiful lines—foretold a resurrection for herself which may well be transferred to the Great Chief?"

Ab! the harp and the salve, and the shrouds of the dead and moldered, and I should hear the dead and moldered, and the grave-damps should not chill my bosom's burning. Ah! the tramp of feet victorious! I should hear them 'mid the shamrock and the mosses. And my heart should toss within the shroud and quiver as a captive dreamer tosses. I should turn and rend the cere-dresses round me, plant mine eyes in sorrow, and cry, O my brothers, I have also loved her in her lowliness and sorrow. "Let me join with you the jubilant procession; let me chant with you her story."

Then contented I shall go back to the shamrocks, now mine eyes have seen her glory!

The "poetess" referred to is Fanny Parnell, sister of the Chief. We doubt if anybody, in Ireland or elsewhere, believes in the fanciful legend; but if it were believed in: if it were true: nay, even if Parnell could come back from his grave, he would find it no easy task to restore unity and force in the Irish ranks. Disunion has been the bane of Ireland from its earliest day to the present. The loaded quiver of Discord which Moore's fancy saw buried in "the Boyne's ill-fated river," was only one of the weapons of that malignant genius. Irishmen are too prone to find causes for interceding strife in differences of religion, of race, of class or locality. One of the kindliest of Dublin's literary men gravely assured a visitor from America that he and so and so were very good friends, "though our families used to be at bitter feud once." On inquiry it was found that the family feud was of racial origin, one being Celtic, the other Danish. It was a feud of long lineage, several centuries old. They have similar hot tempers, hatred in Scotland and Kentucky, and Ireland is the only country in which they work serious disaster. Parnell's return would not cure the evil, were the legend a truth; but who who profess devotion to his memory would honor it best by forgetting the past and working for the future of an unhappy land. Those who do not revere him might well likewise, and show their own worth by imitating what was noble in him. The past tense is the curse of Ireland.—Boston Pilot.

## CHATS BY THE FIRESIDE.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

History, says a great French writer, has been for the last three hundred years a conspiracy against truth. The historian started out not with the object of reaching truth, but with the object of covering up the villainy of his hero or party. To-day we are breaking away from this—what, and the historian of recent date is showing signs of seeing the interests of truth, not creed or person, or party. The Catholic Church in her policy and life has been slandered for centuries. Though she is the immaculate spouse of Christ she has been represented as the foe of civilization, the enemy of human progress, the very arrestor of the growth of virtue in the human heart. And, of course, all her children have shared in this misrepresentation. Nay more, Catholics have suffered thereby in their private life as citizens.

One of the vilest slanders embodied in the pages of New World history has been that which represents the deportation of the Acadians from their homes on the shores of the Bay of Fundy as a necessary and just act. The peaceful and pious Acadians are represented by Parkman, Hanway, Kingsford and Goldwin Smith as disloyal and rebellious. There is not a tithe of evidence in the documents of the time to prove such a charge. On the contrary the despatches of Governor Mascarene prove conclusively that the Acadians remained loyal to England under the most trying circumstances. The shameful deed was hatched out in the mind of Governor Laurence, one of the most brutal representatives in America ever disgraced Colonial life in America—himself of the property of the Acadians. The English government, to its honor and credit, never endorsed such a shameful and cruel act. I would advise my readers, who desire to study this question, to obtain a work entitled "Acadia: Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History," by Edouard Richard, an Acadian, and published by the Home Book Co., of New York.

Do you know, gentle reader, that we are growing a good many basswood Catholics in Canada just now? Men who put politics before religion, and their pockets before honor and purity. This fact is coming to the surface more and more every day. Take for instance the School Question. Are Catholics, as a body, standing by the principles of Catholic education? Why, it requires no foresight to see that, slowly but surely, the advocates of secular education are crushing out the hope of Catholic education in this country. Under the specious plea of efficiency and uniformity, they are destroying the virtues of its very life and development.

If Catholic education in Manitoba be entombed forever, whose fault, pray, is it? The Bishops of Canada pointed out to the people their duty. They could not lay aside their mitres and enter the political arena. Surely Catholics were warned of the danger ahead. Yet to-day, it would appear, that the sun of Catholic education in Manitoba has forever set—and set behind one of the darkest clouds of injustice that ever gloomed a people's heart.

Here in Ontario, notwithstanding a few specious regulations, our Catholic schools are on sufferance. They are tolerated. With the pretence of manifesting a deep interest in their welfare and progress, the Educational Department sends out two Catholics to inspect them, where the work is enough for four men. As a consequence the

inspection is very largely a farce. It is not the fault of the men doing the work, for they are capable men—quite superior to many of the Public School Inspectors of this Province. The fault lies with the Educational Department, which is the promoter of such a farce. Up to the present, Catholics have allowed this state of affairs to exist, hoping that the wisdom of our educators would remedy it. But now the farce becomes but emphasized and intensified with the years. Let there be no misunderstanding about the statement I give out here under my own name. I voice the opinion of hundreds connected with Catholic education in this Province. This humbug will have to cease. Catholics know when their schools are properly inspected, and will insist that the Inspectors sent out as Inspectors and not mere visitors.

While discussing the subject of Catholic Education it is interesting to note the revival of Regiopolis College in Kingston by His Grace, Most Rev. Dr. Cleary. The very name Regiopolis brings back memories of the days of the pioneer priest in Ontario. It calls up something of the sacred toils and sacrifices of a zealous and saintly Bishop Macdonell and the many great and good priests who labored half a century ago for Catholicity in Ontario. The solid words of wisdom which fell from the lips of Dr. Cleary at the opening of Regiopolis a few weeks ago should be written in letters of gold and placed above the door of every school in the land. In the age of sham study and intellectual boom and bubble these words of His Grace may well be treasured as the words of one of the most scholarly prelates in America and one of the most brilliant minds in Canada: "We desire," says the Archbishop, "no sudden parade of educational exhibits on the part of our boys. We abhor superficiality and emptiness. We require our boys not to be deceived into the belief that they are learned in things ancient and modern, when they are only beginners. We will not tolerate any such thing as 'cramming' in Regiopolis College; for it is fatal to youthful education and is a fraud upon both parents and children, since it gives no permanent formation to the mind, no solid and useful knowledge of anything, whilst it deludes the poor ignorant boy with the fancy that he is learned."

In our last Chat by the Fireside I spoke of the great merit of Dr. Walter Lecky's novel, "Billy Buttons." I compared his powers of characterization to that of Cable Johnson and Miss Murfree. I see that my opinion has been sustained by that of Dr. J. A. Faust of the *Church News* of Washington, perhaps the most capable Catholic literary critic in the United States. Walter Lecky is essentially a storyteller, as this volume "Billy Buttons" clearly proves. I had the pleasure of spending a few days, last summer, with this gifted Catholic author, in his home near the Thousand Islands, N. Y. Dr. Lecky is the soul of hospitality, generous to a fault, a brilliant and witty talker, and at times as quaint as some of the characters he sketches in "Billy Buttons." He is a connoisseur of books, and has the best library of history, fiction, poetry, philosophy and the classics I have ever looked through. Lecky is a genuine scholar and naturally has an intense hatred of sham in all things educational and literary. He has an instinct for things artistic, and can discern at a glance any evidence of real merit in a writer. His own attainments and accomplishments are wide and varied. He reads with ease some eight or nine languages, and speaks five of them fluently. The different streams of civilization he has traced to their sources, and the great literary and art centres of Europe, such as Berlin, Venice, Paris, Rome and London he knows like a book. In a word Dr. Lecky is one of the best equipped men for literary work in America.

One of the noblest pens among the Catholic women writers of the United States, is that of Miss Katherine E. Conway, of the Boston *Pilot* staff. She is a warm friend of every Catholic *literateur* and an indefatigable worker in behalf of the intellectual advancement of our Catholic people. The three little volumes Miss Conway has published in the "Family Sitting Room Series" bearing the titles "Making Friends and Her Letters," "Questions and Keeping Them," and "Questions of Honor in the Christian Life," should be in the hands of every Catholic young lady. No convent library should be without such valuable books.

Rev. Dr. Mullany, of Syracuse, N. Y., is a brother of the late Brother Azarias, and is a most progressive Catholic educator. In a recent sermon preached on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Syracuse Dr. Mullany referred to an objection which is sometimes raised against Catholic schools, and touched upon the character of their teaching, as compared with that of the Public schools, as follows:

"It is objected that Catholic schools prevent our Catholic children from being moulded after the typical

pattern of the American boy and girl. Then it is equally true of every private school in the land, containing the children of the elite. Every objection applying to us could with equal force apply to them. There is a difference in the type of boy and girl turned out by a Catholic school, and by a Public school. The Public school child is more self-reliant; he has more assurance; he never doubts about his ability to do anything he undertakes. The Catholic school child is deficient in his powers, under-estimates himself and requires encouragement to put forth his whole strength. This is especially true of the child of Irish descent."

Dr. Mullany shows here a deep insight into the character of the two systems of schools, and we Canadian Catholics know every word of his utterance to be true.

The best Convent periodical published in America is *The Niagara Rainbow*, edited by the pupils and Alumnae of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ontario. The editor of the *Midland Review*, Lebanon, Ky., C. J. O'Malley, one of the cleverest of our young Catholic writers, said in his paper recently, that the *Rainbow* is superior to not a few of our pretentious Catholic Monthlies. I endorse O'Malley's opinion, and I venture further to say that the *Rainbow* within five years will be the best exponent of the higher education of woman in America. It is scholarly, it is artistic, it is sane—and this cannot be said of all publications that greet us from the steps of Ladies' Academies.

The Catholic Almanac for Ontario has been recently issued, and is full of merit. It should find its way into every Catholic family in the Province. Thomas O'Hagan.

## The Same Old Story.

For the thousandth time we have another emphatic instance of Irish secret societies being betrayed by the sleuth-hounds of the British government. Scarcely had the revolution of Beach—Le Caron—died away regarding the inner happenings of the Clan na Gael—and the methods of the precious master spirit of the *Younger* who too long controlled that organization, when the world is treated to another spicy unveiling of the same detestable gang by another of the trusted "brothers."

"Jones," the latest British spy, who peached on Ivory, the alleged dynamiter, is by no means a myth. Though an avowed Orangeman from Belfast, he was a recognized "brother" in high standing; and, as usual, was the most loud mouthed and bloodthirsty of all the gang.

When will lovers of Ireland learn sense and try to serve her cause without becoming the dupes of knaves and fools? The story of Irish secret revolutionary movements is but the tissue of dark betrayal which ended in the prison and the gibbet. There is not to-day an Irish secret association on the globe whose action and purpose are not clearly known to the British government.

Read the autobiography of Beach—Le Caron—and while you despise the meanness of the self confessed spy, you cannot but listen in wonder at the cold audacity and marvelous ability with which the friend of Alexander Sullivan—the prime plotter—and Patrick Egan, wormed himself into the highest confidence only to betray.

Ireland's cause is just, and the furtherance of that cause needs no secrecy. It appeals to the justice of the world for redress. But let all wise friends of that cause beware of the professional Irish scoundrel and the method which he is wont to lure his victim to his doom.—Buffalo Union.

## Humility Overdone.

Humility is a beautiful thing indeed to see, especially in the young; but it may be overdone and run in the ground, so to speak. Some occasions seem to demand a show of personal pride, and we think attending Mass is one of them, says *The Monitor*. A young man should go to church like a gentleman. He should act like a gentleman in church, and certainly should not through false modesty or mistaken humility, hang around the doors, struggling with his fellow-publicans for soft spots in the walls and pillars whereon to lean his weary shoulders. We like the young man that may be seen taking his mother or his sisters to and from church, who sits with them in the family pew, and who is brave and bold enough to look the collector straight in the face. There is an air of respectability and good breeding about such a man that wins for him the good word and the good will of others, and that helps him, too, materially in his work, whatever it may be. Good manners and morality are not synonymous terms, to be sure, but, as a rule, they are very closely related, and where one is we naturally expect to find the other. The young man who decorates the vestibules of our churches and dives out at the Communion to improve the shining hour, smoking cigarettes around the corner, is certainly lacking in good-breeding, and as for morality—well! quite safe.

MEMBERS. 1896.

BOOK.

Representative American is the title of a book... New York City... A. Sadler, Rev. J. P. F. Rev. John Falbot... an, Charles Warren... Donnelly and Ella... make the work more... of the above represent... also given. This... Catholic literature.

medicine, Ayer's... the lead of all... or the relief and... cough, sore... pulmonary... young are so li... being prompt to

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...

W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I... W. H. STELLING... Experiences... APAC, Mich., Jan. 1894... and was to... day and night, when I... of my head; my mind... mother, so that I began... only two weeks I felt... of my mind, and I... to sleep, and I...