

AUGUST 21, 1909.

dying affection that now fell so easily from my eyes, a sudden noise arose from the street beyond the prison. It was the roll of drums, the call to arms. A thousand, too, all the church bells of the city began to ring, and there were sounds as of crowds of men hurrying hither and thither.

What could be the cause of all this commotion and alarm? Was there any truth in the rumor that the patriots would make an attempt to land and rescue their comrades in the prison, and particularly myself?

Reports of intended invasions of this kind had been current during the entire winter, and the soldiers had been called out many times. Some one on the look-out was always on the alert for the least sign of an object on the lake which might prove to be an armed vessel, would give the alarm; the tocsin would be sounded, the bells rung, the soldiers would hasten to their posts, and the din created might have awakened the Seven Sleepers. And all for nothing.

As I listened to it now, therefore, I recalled a night some seven weeks earlier, when the ice began to break up. On that occasion, as the mysterious ship still glided on into the bay and those on board refused to answer to the challenge, a smart fire was begun from the shore and apparently gallantly sustained by the oncoming craft. When morning dawned, the ship was discovered to be a great raft, propped by a storm at the point along the shore, had fallen into the lake and floated down. The branches and bushes, also swept away with it, were presumably boats in the wake of the ship, loaded down with hostile soldiers.

Now the signs were ominous. The troops of the garrison had perhaps taken a more gross than usual and, when the alarm became general, they grew more boisterous than is commonly permitted among a soldiery liable to be suddenly called out. The shouts, the wild hurrahs, succeeded the discharge of the cannon. Just as I began to be afraid, the turnkey came running up the corridor and paused at my cell in great agitation and excitement.

"Out with it, man," I demanded. "What is the meaning of this pandemonium?" "Oh, sir," he cried, "a steamboat floating the American flag is coming up the bay. At first it was thought she meant to fire upon the city, but her signals show she has come on a friendly errand, and so the shots from our cannon have turned into a salute."

The next day, the second one that appointed to be my last, Jaquette came again escorted by Captain Weston, who had obtained for her the privilege. Blessings on my darling, the young voice that gave me glad news now, as before it had given me hope.

"Nial, Nial," she cried, "the governor has granted you a respite because of a petition brought by the steamboat from the United States and to please your countrymen in Canada. For he says, the young Queen of England is grateful to them, believing the Irish saved the province during the uprisings. And so they did. Had they been with us, we would have gained our cause. But oh, Nial, Nial, you will soon be free."

And with this cry she fainted in my arms. TO BE CONTINUED.

EVEN THE LEAST! A TRUE STORY. Written for the Catholic Standard and Times by Rev. Richard W. Alexander.

There was intense, yet suppressed, excitement in the Pasture Institute of Mercy Hospital that afternoon. The long, wide corridors echoed the noise of scurrying feet, and from the operating room came sounds of weeping, with now and then a shrill note of painful pain.

his prayers, and what church he attended. George knew no prayers, and had never been in any church before he saw the hospital chapel. He was "too bad to jine a church." By degrees he learned he had an immortal soul, and it was pathetic to see his great eyes looking out of the disfigured face as he drank in every word that Sister spoke to him of God's love for even the least of His creatures.

"Ah never knowed dat de Lawd had much time for lil' nigs like me," he said. "An' if he be baptized an' you ladies sah dat ah can suigize into heben?" He was assured that such was the promise of Him Who never breaks His divine word. "An' will mah black soul turn white?" He was told that there were no black souls in heaven. It took much patience and instruction to give George the spiritual side of the matter, but at last it dawned on him, and at that he seemed to grow thoughtful and often said he wanted to be baptized and become pleasing to the good God Who had saved him from death when he knew nothing about Him.

Twenty days of the treatment were now over, and there were great hopes that all danger of hydrophobia had passed. George found out from his mammy that he had "never been christened"; she had no time. So it was decided that George should be baptized in the hospital chapel when he was a little better instructed. George went home to the poor shanty his mother occupied when she was not out washing or scrubbing, but he returned every day for examination and treatment.

The other boys were pronounced immune, but the doctor was not so sure of George, he had been so frightfully bitten. Three days passed, and George had not put in an appearance. The Sisters and the doctors were distressed, not knowing what to think.

On the evening of the third day two colored men who belonged to the stable appeared at the hospital door with George between them. He was snapping and growling, with saliva flowing out of his mouth.

Poor little fellow! After all the efforts that had been made, he was doomed. It was the dreaded hydrophobia. He was perfectly conscious, and immediately recognized the Sister in whose care he had been.

"Ah is gwine to be baptized right soon, Sister. Ah feel powerful surly dat ah is a orful sick boy, ah has such a orful misery in de troat."

"Yes, George," said the Sister, deeply sympathetic; "we shall have you baptized very soon."

Her practical eye saw evidence at once of the awful paralysis of the throat, that prevented swallowing even the saliva.

George was carried to the isolated ward, where an orderly and a nurse were detailed to watch him. It was now nearly midnight, and soon his convulsions were frightful to witness. He was strapped to the bed, but he would work out of the bed onto the floor, while the terribly infectious spittle flew in all directions. Twice he was rolled in a linen sheet by the attendants and laid on the bed. It was courted death to go near him; the infection might be communicated through some little abrasion of the skin, and the poison that dropped from the poor swollen lips never ceased.

Between the convulsions he was perfectly conscious, and would cry out pitifully that "he couldn't help it" that "he was so sorry," and "when would he be baptized?" Poor little George! About 3 o'clock Sister came to the room, and leaning over the head of the bed, looked at the poor lad. He was in an interval of quiet and exhaustion, but she saw that the end was near.

"George," she said, "I am going to get the priest to baptize you. I will go for him at once, and then you will soon see God and the angels in heaven."

GREAT LAKE TRIPS. All ports on the Great Lakes are reached regularly by the excellent service of the D & C Lake Lines. The ten large steamers are safe, speedy and comfortable. Every boat is of modern steel construction and equipped with the Clark Wireless Telegraph Service. The D & C Lake Lines operate daily trips between Buffalo and Detroit, Cleveland and Detroit, four trips per week between Toledo, Detroit, Mackinac and Sault Ste. Marie, and two trips per week between Detroit, Bay City, Saginaw and Sault Ste. Marie. Special steamer leaves Cleveland twice a week direct for Mackinac, stopping at Detroit every trip and Goderich, Ont., every other trip. Send two cent stamp for illustrated Pamphlet and Great Lakes Map. Address: L. G. Lewis, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

of the past and predicts that they will be the triumph of the future. Nothing easier than to borrow from the heroes of the past, from Comte, to go further back, Harrison, Emerson, Spencer, Swedenborg, and even from the monist group in Chicago, and weave some of their visions into a vivid dream of the future. What Eliot foresees in the future Channing and Sparks actually thought they saw in their day long past—the supernatural eliminated from religion, and the sacraments and sacrifices as well; and, instead, a divine spirit energizing in the human spirit, with a lawless Journalism, where tears and sorrow shall be no more. The prophet foresees only the ideal for which Harvard has stood since it became the Unitarian Propaganda of the United States, but which it could never realize among the plain matter of fact New Englanders who could more easily divest themselves of all religion than embrace a chimera. Summer schools are dull places at best, and a divinity school in summer above all other places needs enlivening. Perhaps the doctor thought that Harvard divinity summer school needed an infusion of the new virtue of the new religion—the virtue of truth—and could not resist the temptation to give it to the pupils in strong doses. He surely could not have fancied that they would regard his prophetic vision as novel or original. If we are to believe the reports that come from some of their examination rooms they would regard his utterance as trite and commonplace. All he proposes has been found wanting. No doubt everyone of them could have assumed the gift of prophecy quite as readily and have predicted far more glowing things of the future of religion than it had ever entered into his mind to conceive. However, with all their advancement they must needs be more cautious; they are entering upon their career in a field of quiet and unexciting work. They must dispense truth prudently; they can afford to speak out. They are young, inexperienced, living more in hope and on poetic views of the future which they fail to formulate philosophically; his generation is passing, his experience has been in large measure that of quiet and unexciting work. He is unwittingly a key to his own ideals in the past rather than a light for us in the future. Throughout his career he has consistently depreciated what is sacred in the Catholic religion, the supernatural, the sacramental, the miraculous, the sacrificial. The religious pupils in strong doses of these elements. The motives to which he has appealed had none of their inspiration. Fortunately he has never exerted a deep influence on men. No doubt this is why he presumes to predict for the future what he could not impress on the past.

Dr. Eliot is only formulating for the general public what thousands of our college professors believe and what hundreds of them are actually teaching. What La Rue has written so impudently in the Educational Review, or Low so dippantly in the Nation, is said over and over in the classrooms of our universities, and we need not the sensational

University of Ottawa CANADA. Conducted by the Oblate Fathers. Founded in 1848. Degree-conferring powers from Church and State. Theological, Philosophical, Arts, Collegiate and Business Departments. Over Fifty Professors and Instructors. Finest College Buildings and finest Athletic Grounds in Canada. Museum, Laboratories and Modern Equipments. Private Rooms. For Calendar and particulars address Rev. Wm. J. MURPHY, O. M. I., Rector.

Canada's Business College CHATHAM, ONT. In a Class by Itself. ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE BERLIN ONTARIO. Residential School for Boys and Young Men. COURSES—Business, High School, Science and Arts. New buildings, equipped with latest hygienic requirements. Private rooms, fine new Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Shower Baths, Running Track, Auditorium. Professors made post-graduate courses in Europe. Board and tuition \$160 per annum. Address: Rev. A. L. Zinger, C. R., Ph. D., PRESIDENT.

Canada's Greatest School of Business RE-OPENS FOR FALL TERM Wednesday, Sept. 1st. If you have not seen the handsome catalogue of this Great Business Training School you are not yet familiar with the best Canada has to offer along the lines of Business Education, Shorthand or Penmanship. Catalogue M tells about our Home Training Department. Catalogue A tells about our work at Chatham. Write for what you want, addressing D. McLachlan & Co. C. B. COLLEGE CHATHAM, ONT.

Assumption College SANDWICH, ONTARIO. Catholic Boarding School for Young Men and Boys. Conducted by the Basilian Fathers. DEPARTMENTS I.—College. II.—High School. III.—Commercial School. IV.—Preparatory School. Healthful location; spacious buildings and campus modern equipment. Fourth year begins September 27th, 1909. For Catalogue, address—REV. V. J. MURPHY, C.S.B., TREASURER.

1,000 THE COLLEGE OF QUALITY. Over one thousand students enrolled by our chain last year. It pays to attend a link of this great chain, for "IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH." The demand for our graduates is THREE TIMES the supply. Other schools engage our graduates as teachers. A special course for teachers. Graduates of two years ago are now earning \$2,000 per annum. Three courses—COMMERCIAL, STENOGRAPHY, and TELEGRAPHY. Fall Term Opens Aug. 30. Write for particulars. PETERBORO BUSINESS COLLEGE GEO. SPOTTON, PRIN.

Church of the Masses. I am not a Roman Catholic, but I venture the assertion, without fear of successful contradiction, that the Roman Catholic Church is the only church in the land into which a poor, ragged, friendless man may go and feel that he is welcome. So far as outward appearances go, all are on the same plane in this Church, whether prince or pauper. This is one reason why this great Church has such a hold on the masses of the people, for it has always stood for the people against their oppressors. —Writer in Everybody's Magazine. Let us therefore love God, because God first hath loved us.—St. John.

GET READY FOR HAY BALING. THE demand of the market is for baled hay. There are the best of reasons why you should bale the hay you have to sell. There's a larger demand for it. It brings a better price. It is easier to handle. And you should bale it yourself rather than hire it done because the money you would pay the contractor eats a big hole in your profits. You have the time to do your own baling. You have idle horses to do. These presses will bale your hay, straw or anything else you have to bale into solid, compact and uniform bales. The one-horse press, ideal baler for small hay raisers, turns out 4x18 inch bales. Under average conditions, it will bale at the rate of 9 to 8 tons a day. The two-horse press turns out 15 tons a day—a profitable machine for joint ownership among neighboring farmers or doing contract baling. I. H. C. presses make you independent of the contract baler. They are specially valuable to the average farmer and hay raiser because they are operated with small forces, at no expense for power, and the work can be done at times when there is little else for either man or horse to do. These presses will bale your hay, straw or anything else you have to bale into solid, compact and uniform bales. The one-horse press, ideal baler for small hay raisers, turns out 4x18 inch bales. Under average conditions, it will bale at the rate of 9 to 8 tons a day. The two-horse press turns out 15 tons a day—a profitable machine for joint ownership among neighboring farmers or doing contract baling. I. H. C. presses are not horse killers, are convenient to operate and there is no pounding or uneven draft. Both are full circle presses, and do not worry the horses with constant stopping, backing and starting. Call on the International local agent and see the presses, or write to the nearest branch house for catalogue and particulars. CANADIAN BRANCHES: Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, Winnipeg. INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA, CHICAGO, U. S. A. (Incorporated)

the afternoon, as I sat at my table, looking to Jaquette the words of un-