AUGUST 21, 1909.

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the lower cells are lighted eet," I replied absently, and ued, "It was hard luck cerest, that I missed the sight et face, which is now to me n as a vision of paradise, and n happened not to be at the en you raised your veil. Had he would have told me; if d have read the secret in his

ss. ght you knew," returned my confusion, " and maidenly confusion, "and nade no sign I comforted my. he reflection that even if you re who came, I would serve as well. I resolved that every atriot should be the same to tried to deceive my heart, but not told me then of your love.

bre I caught her to my breast, st, I have loved you from the mt I saw you, I shall love you ad ever," I cried, kissing her ely. "And now, since I know." ly. " And now, since ne, I shall die happy.'

o not speak of dying," she pro-

ette, listen to me," I went on "I am condemned to die use we both love, and as you glanced bitterly now at my there is small hope of escape. ries who have accomplished hink to have the satisfaction of e hanged, however, they shall ointed yet."

have a plan ? What do you to do ?" whispered Jacquette, closer to me. this," I returned grimly. "I mand grimly. "I

guard arcund the scalid will sed of my countrymen. Taking e of the customary permission I ess them. After I have finished p from the scalleld down among ying that they may run me with their bayonets if they will, shall never strangle me like a they do it, at least I shall cie still. But on that day my ill have been stricken he throng may perhaps cut the at bind my arms, and it may be, helee I shall regain my liberty." the design of a deperate man.

he worst comes, perhaps your y serve," said Jacquette ; "but the days are going so fast you yet in such a hopeless strait as ppose, Nial. Many men, and oo, are working in your behalf. ve sent a petition to the gover-hope to obtain a respite for you. I did not mean to tell you, for the reaction upon you if we fail. But we cannot, we must

! No, Nial, you shall be saved." ed her once more. who have so interested them-

or a doomed man?" I inquired thrill of gratitude. nrill of gratitude. Ir friends throughout Canada and nited States. Captain Weston en most kind in presenting one a, and I—I have done what I

darling, I know you have done

darling, I know you have done han all the others together," I d fervidly. re we could say more, the turnkey in in the corridor. "The time is idam," he called. "You must t once." key grated in the lock, and he

key grated in the lock, and he key grated in the lock, and he open the door. The maid, seeing ran out immediately, glad to be at liberty. is is not the last time," Jacquette we do no

red to me. ised her hands to my lips, but og them away hastily she threw ms around my neck and clung to eously for a moment. As I tried the her she took my face between ear hands and kissed me on the . Then releasing herself from my she dried her eyes and dropped

il over her face. is au revoir, not adieu," she said her breath, and with a forced sure, passed into the corridor. a sigh she heard the door locked en us, and went a few steps, but at rn of the passage she stopped and her hand, with a little attempt at

y meant to encourage me. id indeed; for it brought back to ind a scene of long, long re of the husking festival at St. es, and of a girl who stood on the es, and of a girl who stood on the by of a farmhouse and smiled at me, at the same time, in sportive co-y she flung down a bit of blue rib-us a gage to my companion. And that night, as I tossed upon my able prison pallet. I dreamed of able prison pallet, I dream Telson's manor at St. Denis of my Ramon, and of Jacquette whose had changed captivity to heaven e. Was it the tragic position in e. Was it the tragic position in I stood that had centred the dear affections upon me instead of upon on ? During this precious interon? I had put the question to her rely, only to see her smile it away. ill it is unanswered. But this is she said, with tenderly shining You want me to tell you how I came vice you, Nial? Hoved you, beau lifer, as a young girl loves, perhaps our dashing air, your broad shoul-and the way you have of tossing rough bourd back of the should be the should be the form how of the should be the should your brown hair. Oh, the vanity en; I see you like the picture. I d you for your bravery at St. Denis, loyalty to your friends, especially amon. Above all, I love you now cur indomitable courage when coned with an ignoble death. All I v is, you are my hero, and I love

dying affection that now fell so easily his prayers, and what church he atfrom my pen, a sudden noise arose from from my pen, a sudden noise arose from the street beyond the prison. It was the street beyond the prison. It was the street beyond the prison. It was the roll of drums, the call to arms, Anon, too, all the church bells of the saw the hospital chapel. He was "too bad to jine a church." By degrees he is was pathetic to see h.s great eyes look-ing 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

rescue their comrades in the prison, and

Reports of intended invasions of this kind had been current during the entire winter, and the soldiery had been called out many times. Some one on the beat particularly myself ? Reports of intended invasions of this said. An' if I be baptized am you ladies soldiery had been called mise of Him Who never breaks His Some one on the look divine word, "An' will mah black soul turn white?" He was told that there winter, and the solution of the total out on the look-out decrying an object on the lake which might prove to be an armed vessel, would give the alarm; the toesin would be sounded, the bells rung, the were no black souls in heaven. It too much patience and instruction to give George the spiritual side of the matter, but at last it dawned on him, and after soldiers would hasten to their posts, and the din created might have awakened the Seven Sleepers. And all for noththat he seemed to grow thoughtful and often said he wanted to be baptized and ecome pleasing to the good God had saved him from death when he knew

As I listened to it now, therefore, I recalled a night some seven weeks earlier, when the ice began to break up. nothing about Him. Twenty days of the treatment were earlier, when the rece 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 sus-uland by the anoming cost. 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 chris-tened; she had no time." So it was tained by the oncoming craft. When morning dawned, the stubborn and insodecided that George should be baptized in the hospital chapel when he was a little better instructed. George went lent foe was discovered to be a great home to the poor shanty his mother occupied when she was not out washing tree that, uprooted by a storm at some point along the shore, had fallen into the lake and floated down. The or scrubbing, but he returned every day the late and bushes, also swept away with it, were presumably boats in the wake of the ship, loaded down with for examination and treatment. The other boys were pronounced im-mune, but the doctors were not so sure of George, he had been so frightfully

hostile soldiers. Now the signs were ominous. The

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 Now the signs were omnoses. The troops of the garrison had perhaps taken more grog than usual and, when the alarm became general, they grew more boisterous than is commonly per-mitted among a soldiery liable to be suddenly called out. The shouts, the wild horearbs, succeeded the discharge

colored men who belonged to a livery stable appeared at the hospital door with George between them. He was snapping and growling, with saliva flowwild hurrahs, succeeded the discharge of the cannon. Just as I began to be-

ized very soon." Her practical eye saw evidence at nce of the awful paralysis of the

that dropped from the poor swollen lips

Between the convulsions he was per-

between the convuisions he was per-fectly conscious, and would cry out piti-fully that "he couldn't help it." that "he was so sorry," and "when would he be bap'ized ?" Poor little George ! About 3 o'clock Sister came to the room, and location area the head of the hed

and, leaning over the head of the bed, looked at the poor lad. He was in an

never ceased.

of the cannon. Just as I began to be-lieve the town was really threatened Tummas, 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 pandemon-ture?" ing 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 im-

mediately recognized the Sister in whose care he had been. "Oh, sir," he cried, "a steamboat floating the American flag is coming up the bay. At first it was thought she "Ah is gwine to be baptized right soon, Sister. Ah feel powerful such dat ah is a orfal sick boy, ah has such a meant to fire upon the city, but her signals show she has come on a friendly errand, and so the shots from our "Yes, George," said the Sister, deeply sympathetic; "we shall have you bapcannon have turned into a salute."

cannon have turned into a salute." The next day, the second ere that ap-pointed to be my last, Jacquette came again escorted by Captain Weston, who had obtained for her the privilege. Blessings on my darling, it was her voice that gave me glad news now, as had not be advice me had. hroat, that prevented swallowing even the saliva.

the saliva. George was carried to the isolated ward, where an orderly and a nurse were detailed to watch him. It was before it had given me hope. "Nial, Nial," she cried, "the governor "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.

TO BE CONTINUED. EVEN THE LEAST!

A TRUE STORY.

Written for the Catholic Standard and Times b Rev. Richard W. Alexander. There was intense, yet suppressed, excitement in the Pasteur 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 protest. A crowd of boys—there were six of them—had been bitten by a mad dog, and their terrified parents had rushe them to the Institute for treatment that would prevent the dread hydrophobia.

They were all more or less severely biten, and the dog, which had been killed, undoubtedly had the rables. They were all placed in position to re-ceive the treatment—injection of the serum—and both from fright and nerv-ousness the lads gave vent to loud weeping and wailing. Their mothers were almost as bad, and, altogether, the worried hurses and doctors had their orried nurses and doctors had their hands full.

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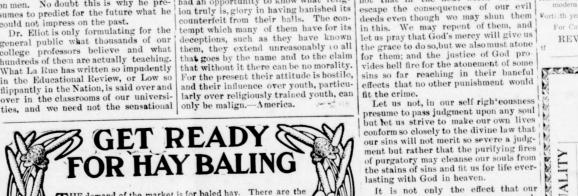
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vision is unwittingly a key to insome ideals in the past rather than a light for us in the future. Throughout his career he has consistently depreciated what is sacred in the Catholic religion, what is sacred in the sacramental, the the supernatural, the sacramental, the miraculous, the sacrificial. The reminate for x_i and x_i includes the second sec 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.

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."
"Bress de good Lawd !" said the poor, dying boy between his gasps. "Po' black George is a-gwine to see You in hebben. Po' lil' nigga will hab a white soul." 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 The priest came hurriedly. George was

the world how with faith gone morality goes also. Our universities began for the most part as denominational colleges impress them upon the students nor pro-fess them without losing the respect of their fellow professors. One by one they have retired before the rationalism which has invaded their strongholds. Those who follow them, never having had an opportunity to know what religion truly is glory in having banished its counterfeit from their halls. The con-tempt which many of them have for its

leceptions, such as they have known them, they extend unreasonably to all that goes by the name and to the claim that without it there can be no morality. what La Rue has written so impudently that without it there can be no morality. In the Educational Review, or Low so flippantly in the Nation, is said over and their influence over youth, particu-larly over religiously trained youth, can only be malign.—America.





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com this moment my mood changed, and I was new less resigned to die, ng so much more for which to live, uette had promised help, but might not be too sanguine ?

ad my friends the power to assist Would my adopted country interin time to rescue me?

a in time to rescue me? at three days now remained before date appointed for my execution. by suspense it seemed to me I, sufdate appointed for my cast suf-ity suspense it seemed to me to un-d the torments of the damme to at t the agonies of the pale size to the der through the dim land to be gatorio. It was not, how the ay of fear, but of hope. I vis not id to die, but I wished, oh, so much to

ive. In the afternoon, as I sat at my table, bing to Jacquette the words of un-

George made a strong effort. "Bress de good Lawd! Ah is longin' to be baptized—oh de good Lawd!" He lay quite still, and quickly and reverently the priest, leaning over the head of the bed, poured the waters of regeneration on the poor little negro. He had in-deed a "white soul" now, and with a sigh of relief he was quite calm and still. "He may last a few hours." said the e of the patients was a sight never to be forgotten. He was a signt never to be forgotten. He was a colored boy of twelve, George by name, a frightful object as he lay in his "mammy's" lap, quivering but silent, while big tears lashed down her black cheeks as she ocked him to and fro. It was found

still. "He may last a few hours," said the priest as he left the room. "I will come back after Mass." At 6 o'clock the Mass bell was ringhe must be put on the operating table at once. His upper lip and part of his nose were torn off, one eyelid and cheek

were hanging by shreds of skin and his arm on the same side was horribly lacerated. Tenderly they lifted him ing, and as the priest crossed over to the sacristy, he met the Sister who had the sacristy, he met the Sister who had charge of George. She whispered : "Remember George in your memento, Father ; he has just died." The Lord had taken to His Sacred and placed him on a stretcher-carriage and rolled him to the operating room,

candidates for the pulpit forswear every

cherished belief ; church-going is out of fashion ; Salvation Armies, Christian

Science and new thought cults mark the degradation of what was once most

swollen and disfigured. The other lads were taken home by their parents, to return daily for treat

treatment. A little cot was placed fo

him in the surgical ward, and so grate-ful and patient was he under his suffer

ings that he soon became a general favorite. Surprisingly soon his wounds

healed, and he began to beg to be allowed to get up. It was found, too, that his poor "mammy" had no place to been him to be to be allowed by the bean him to be a be allowed by the bean him to be a be allowed by the bean him to be a be allowed by the bean him to be a be allowed by the bean him to bean him

keep him, and it was a charity to allow him to remain where he was. So he went here and there, doing little turns for every one who asked them, and always with a jolly little humor of his own that made accord and and

to the appearance of humanity, albeit Dr. Eliot has spoken out. The world had almost come to believe that religion ment. But George was not able to be moved, so weak was he after his double and almost come to believe that religion was passing away, that the present is witnessing its decadence and that the future will study it as a new chapter in archeology. Creeds are daily abandoned or explained away; ministers are more political or sociological than clerical; candidates for the pulpit forswear every

went here and there, doing little turns for every one who asked them, and always with a jolly little humor of his own that made every one smile. Many a weary face smiled a ghost of a smile from its yillow as George, with his grotesquely seamed countenance, cut some caper in the middle of the ward when he thought no one was look-ing. No one scolded him. His mammy came at intervals, and with uplifted hands, "bressed de Lawd fob dem ladies' cah ob dat lil' raskill !" One day the Sister asked George if he said

and where his gashes were washed and closed, and twelve stitches brought him Heart one of His least. THE ELIOT PROPHECY.

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armers 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 rorry the horses with constant stopping, backing and starting. Call on the International local agent and see the presses, or write to the earest branch house for catalogue and particulars.

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of purgatory may cleanse our souls from the stains of sins and fit us for life everlasting with God in heaven.

but rather that he should be brought to repentance and gain life everlasting. And so we have a right to hope for God's mercy while here on earth, but let us strive to bring home to our minds

let us strive to bring home to our minus the tremendous power of God's justice. Every act of our lives and its effect upon the lives, the characters and the immortal souls of others, either for good

indigent rendered accordingly. Think not that in the next world we can

It is not only the effect that our ortal sins have upon our own souls mortal sins have upon our own souls that makes them so heinous in the eyes of God, but that they may open the way to countless other souls to even greater sins or that they may bring human misery and death to innocent helpless ones who have a right to de-mand the highest and best inheritance from us.

God expects every soul which He creates and sends forth into the fiery cauldron of life's hard experiences to bring back to Him a rich harvest of good deeds. He endows us with intelligence to guide us. bestows a grace terligence to guide us, bestows a grace in our souls to fortify us, provides us with a holy Church to direct us, and gives us free will to choose our own course. Keeping ever in mind the terrible concequences of an evil course, let us strive to so live that while hoping the Godis merry we may not fear His for God's mercy we may not fear His justice.—The Tidings.

Church of the Masses.

I am not a Roman Catholic. but I ver ture the assertion, without fear of suc-cessful contradiction, that the Roman Catholic Church is the only church in 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 appear-ances 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.

