





**BROTHER TO A SAINT.**

BY ELLEN M. SWEENEY.

I.  
 Andy McGonigal was drunk again. That sounds as though it were a rare occurrence, but it wasn't.

Every one in Saratoga—for they are as particular as to names on Eleventh Avenue as on Fifth—knew that Andy was at it again, and every one from the little caddies that fringed around the stoop to "Blind Joe" who lived on the top floor back, was sorry for his sister, Mary. It was only last week that she had boasted that she had made him decent; but, alas! for woman's faith and man's unspassable thirst, he was "at it again." It was not for want of care or want of prayer that Andy was the wreck he was. From the first streak of day until midnight Mary sewed incessantly on "pants"—for the bulk of the sweater's work is done in these tenements—that Andy might have a roof over his head, a hot dinner nearly every day, and a good, well-mended coat on his back in which to go to Mass; but he never used it for that purpose.

A prezzed, a pickle, and a cup of "caloon" was Mary's meagre meal every morning after 5 o'clock Mass. The prezzed "kept so well," the pickle was "so filling," and the tea was the one little luxury that the poor soul allowed herself. Her hard life of unrelenting toil and continual disappointment of reforming the brother she loved so tenderly left its mark on her shrunken frame, her hard knotted hands, and large jointed fingers. These poor fingers were kept so busy! By constant application for six days in the week she could earn at "finishing" thirty-nine cents a pair, and could do three pairs a day, thus bringing up her income to the meagre sum of seven dollars a week. As for Andy, he was always "looking for a job," but seldom got any farther in his search than the "Owl's Retreat" next door, out of which he would be systematically ejected at the timid questioning of his sister, "Is Andy within?"

There was no mistaking Mary's nationality. Slight as her accent was, it proclaimed her birth amidst Gotham's teeming population. Her heart was warmed by the intense glow of perfect faith and loyalty to the Church of her fathers. There was nothing, however, of the wholesome Milesian comeliness about Mary except a perfect personal cleanliness. Her small face was drawn, and too old for her thirty-seven years; her thin hair was smoothly parted, drawn tightly back from a too high forehead, and twisted into a walnut at the nape of her neck.

But for all that her face was strangely attractive; it was so peaceful, so so serene, so quietly strong. Her eyes were Tennyson's "homes of silent prayer." They were her own redeeming feature, and were large and softly dark, confiding as a dog's, and like a dog's, full of a dumb wistfulness.

Island. But no, while there was a roof over her head, Andy would share it; while she could earn a crust of bread, Andy had the larger part of it.

But sometimes for weeks he did not see her; for a parish of twelve thousand souls needs a rector's constant supervision. One day in the middle of the winter word was brought to him that Mary was sick and had sent for him. He hurried down there, expecting to find her laid up again from the effects of one of Andy's spree; but he found her very ill indeed with pneumonia.

The flush of fever on her worn, sunken cheek made her almost beautiful. Her eyes shone like stars as she grasped her friend's hand in her burning ones. As usual, his very presence soothed and calmed her. He begged to know if there was anything he could do for her, anything at all he could do to lessen her trouble.

"O Father! I have never a bit of trouble now if Andy would only keep straight. But then," she went on, her labored breath coming in great gasps, "God must send me some trouble. It would be worse if I had nothing at all to suffer for His sake." Then, after a little pause, "It's Andy's soul I'm thinking of continually."

"Think of yourself now, Mary, for once. Andy will have to work out his own salvation."

"Where's your gun, Andy," said his host, who was smilingly agreeable as long as the coin in Andy's pockets held out.

"This is as good as a gun," said Andy, laying bare his large, sinewy forearm, that looked formidable enough until it was remembered that champions do not "train on mixed ale," whatever they may do after they have proved their staying powers in the ring. Andy's flabby muscles offered no menace to the foreman; and yet when the latter entered the place, and after a few hot words on either side, Andy let fly from his shoulder a well-directed blow between the eyes, the foreman dropped like a log.

In a moment the excited crowd announced "he's dead."

It was fully a minute before Andy could take in the fact, and when it did enter his dulled brain he dashed out of the place turning toward Eleventh Avenue, and just caught hold of the rear platform rail of a freight train pulling out, and was carried off faster and faster toward the West and liberty.

How Mary got through that night she never knew. All night long she spent on her knees, imploring the Sacred Heart to forgive Andy, only to forgive him, and then it did not matter what the law did to him. Not for an instant did she contrast her present state of horror and fear with the calmness and peace of yesterday. She simply thanked God that he had been brought to a state of grace once at least, and she trusted blindly to the saving grace of that Communion to reach his sin-stained heart even yet.

With a dreadful cry he flung his arms across the ceiling, and implored the dead lips to speak to him; the dead ears to listen to his promises; he, shocked into perfect possession of his senses, Andy made vows over Mary's coffin that she would willingly have died to hear. Like many another, Andy gave to the dead what the living craved for; but who shall say that Mary did not hear his words of penitence, his promises of amendment?

It was a glorious death, for by it she purchased eternal life for a most repentant brother.

To-day in an obscure corner of Calvary is a long, low, grass-covered grave with a simple cross as its head, which reads—

MARY MCGONIGAL,  
 AND  
 ANDY.  
 HER BROTHER.

Below there is no provision "May they rest in peace," but, with firmer faith, Father Ambrose has written—

THEY SLEEP IN CHRIST.

**LEO XIII AND THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.**

A letter of Leo XIII to Cardinal Origlia di San Stefano, Dean of the Sacred College, in answer to an address from the Bishops assembled at the Canonizations of 1897, declaring their attachment to the Holy See, has been published. The Pope exhorted the Bishops to inculcate and foster this loyal sentiment throughout the Catholic world and concluded:

"Every day the necessity appears greater for replacing the Holy See in the position Providence assigned to it. As long as the difficulties which oppress us endure, we will continue to complain of the violence done the Papacy and to demand the rights safeguarding our liberty."

These words are full of significance for Catholics. They bring back most vividly the nature and deplorable consequences of the act of theft, by which the Holy Father was deprived of his temporal possessions, and rendered a prisoner in his own palace.

To the world at large, "The Prisoner of the Vatican" is but an empty word, and regrettable and incomprehensible as it is, there are Catholics(?) who lightly profess to think, and even weakly assert, that the Vicar of Christ is better without those earthly possessions with which a faithful Christian is endowed than the Holy See. These Catholics are they who would in the name of liberty and progress, deprive just Bishops and priests of their proper and legitimate authority in things not purely spiritual.

They forget that Christ's grand maxim, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's," at once established a limit to secular power and safeguards the interests and independence of the Church.

The question of the temporal power of the Pope is not dead; nor can it ever die, so long as the Pope himself thus protests by word and life long action against the iniquitous act that wrestled from him his temporalities.

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in two, was parried so swifly she could not strike him, and she checked back in time to stroke, threw aside the bell across his eyes like a net, and with uplifted sword, at his foe. Just as they dropped the point, and straight thrust ran his the unguarded sword...

Week after week he promised to do better, and week after week he failed. She had gone to see Father Ambrose and had enlisted his sympathy for poor frail Andy, all unconscious that it was her own courage and devotion to the scamp that had attracted the good priest's interest in the case. As each week went by and it was the same sad old story, even the priest gave him up as a hopeless case; but his sister never became discouraged, save momentarily. With a heroic steadfastness she worked still harder, hoped more, and prayed incessantly.

For days afterwards she stitched away with her accustomed industry, lightened by her holy, happy thoughts. She sang about her work, raising her thin old, cracked voice in quavering melody. "Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye," she piped, till in her own lovely eyes her tears made twin rainbows of her smile.

For a week he had been working in the big dressed beef house down at the corner, and Mary was looking forward to the calm, happy future when with one blow her hopes were dashed to the ground.

For the future the few halcyon days of March, and when she heard of Andy's latest escapade she felt worse than if it had come in the regular line of his former delinquencies. It seems that he had a quarrel with one of the foremen. Andy's temper not a good one at the best of times, could not, in his present nervous state, brook the bullying of the petty tyrant who made the men's lives a burden; and at the first opportunity he let his irritability get the better of his little stock of prudence, and with hot words let the foreman have the full benefit of his pent-up feelings.

At the moment of this announcement Mary spent her time in looking for her brother. Day after day she hunted his usual resorts, but found no trace of him; night after night she spent praying for his return. To help her, though he had but little hope of his success, Father Ambrose had inserted in one of the big dailies a carefully worded advertisement; and even went further, and interested a young newspaper man in the story and had him make a stirring article out of it; but still Andy did not return.

But there were people there! Three









