

the rows of white beds with mingled feelings of exultation of the responsibility and fear lest something should go wrong while the other nurses were over at the Nurses' Home. At the opposite end of the ward the convalescents and scrubbers were taking their supper. Suddenly a loud, stern voice echoed through the ward:

'Go and do penance for your sin.'

A tall, gaunt form stood near the supper table for a moment, then moved towards the end of the ward, where she stood as if petrified. It was as if John the Baptist had entered the room.

Seeing that she was somewhat alarmed the priest smiled reassuringly, then remarked:

'I hear that you have a Jesuit brother, nurse.'

Mildred bowed.

'Why are you not a Catholic?'

'It would break my mother's heart were I to become one, Father.'

'Well, one of us is in the right and the other in the wrong,' and, bowing his good evening, he passed out of the pavilion.

Mildred approached one of the patients. 'Who is he?' she asked.

'Father Sullivan. He comes here every day. He told the scrubber to do penance because he heard him curse.'

Mildred could not understand why the incident impressed her so deeply.

A day or two later news came from home that the rector of their church had died suddenly. It was a severe blow. For the second time she had lost her guide. Why should she go on? No one else understood her aim, no one else would be interested in her work. She would give it all up and go back to mother and home.

But this was not as simple a matter as it seemed. She had signed an agreement promising to remain two years in the school, and the ladies in charge were not disposed to release her from her obligation. It seemed that she was in honor bound to remain, so remain she did.

The years of hospital training ended, the day came when the diploma that once she coveted was hers. She no longer valued it for itself, but she felt that the years of discipline had been useful, so she did not regret them. Her mother was dead now, her place had been filled in the home, and there was no reason why she should not join the Sisterhood of which she had once longed to become a member. She made the necessary arrangements.

During the evening of her last night at the training school many of the nurses gathered in her room for a farewell chat. At length all were gone, and Mildred was free to retire. She carefully excluded all light from the room and prepared for sleep with a tranquil heart. She was pleased now that she had stayed, more pleased still that it was all over, and that she would leave it all for ever to-morrow.

Mildred never knew how long she had slept when she was suddenly awakened by the feeling that there was some unknown presence in the room. She tried to shake off the feeling. She raised herself on her elbow and peered into the darkness. Yes, there in the centre of the room was a luminous figure which seemed as if it were formed of mist or hoar frost. It wore a full white garment with a cincture around the waist, and the arms were extended before it. She sank back on her pillow and hid her face with her hands in her terror. When she again looked she was relieved to find that it was gone. What could it mean?

The next day brought her an unexpected guest—her Aunt Alexander from her old home. Mildred was rejoiced to be able to talk to some one who had known the rector. She told her the story of her visitation of the previous night.

'My dear,' replied the good lady impressively, 'you are not the only one who has seen the rector. You know that Mary Ross was to have entered a Protestant community a few weeks ago?'

Mildred bowed.

'The rector appeared to her three times, each time in broad daylight and holding an inverted chalice in his hands. Mary went to your brother to ask for an interpretation of the apparition. Father John says that Mr. Richards wished to tell her that there is no consecration, no spiritual life, in the Church of England. I never thought much of those Sisterhoods, but Mary has gone from the frying pan into the fire. She has become a Catholic and entered the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.'

'Yes,' said Mildred quietly, 'and so will I.—*The Magnificat*.

Father Fortune of All Hallows College, Dublin

The Right Rev. Mgr. O'Reilly, Chivilcoy, Province of Buenos Aires, Argentina, in the course of a letter to our esteemed Catholic contemporary, the *Southern Cross*, Buenos Aires, suggests that the forthcoming celebration of the golden jubilee of the Rev. Father Fortune, of All Hallows, Dublin, should be participated in by the many bishops and priests in every land who received their training in that famous missionary college. Father Fortune, the veteran professor, and at one time president of the college, is one of the best known and most distinguished priests associated with college life in any country, and we have no doubt but that his many friends and admirers of his work all over the world will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to show their appreciation of his labors on the occasion of his jubilee. Monsignor O'Reilly, in the course of his letter of January 16, says:—

As your paper exchanges with Catholic journals published in the United States, Australia, and New Zealand, as well as in Ireland, kindly allow me a little space in order to make a suggestion which, if recommended by you to the courteous attention of your Catholic colleagues, will, I am sure, fall under the notice of those for whom it is intended—the ex-alumni of All Hallows College, Dublin, who are bishops and priests in many lands. It is impossible for me to address them personally, as I do not know their whereabouts and have not a list of their names, but I feel that if the little I have to say reaches them they will give it a sympathetic hearing for the sake of our common *alma mater*, and our common affection for one of our oldest friends. I have been lately reminded that it is intended, when the time comes, about the middle of the current year, I believe, to celebrate the golden jubilee of Rev. Father Fortune, a veteran professor of All Hallows, and himself an ex-alumnus of the college, a priest whose memory should be cherished by every one who has been his pupil, and indeed by all who have ever had the blessing of his friendship. It is not for me to urge the fitness of testifying to the worth of such a character. Fifty years of unselfish service, declining ecclesiastical honors and preferments, and even resigning those which the voice of the establishment with the sanction of the Irish Hierarchy had conferred upon him, to devote his time and talents to a simple professorship, proclaim more eloquently than words can do the virtues of the man. If steps have already been taken to make the celebration worthy of the occasion I shall be sincerely pleased to be allowed to participate in the manifestation, whatever form it may assume. If, however, nothing has yet been suggested on behalf of the ex-alumni of our dear old college, I hope a voice from far Argentina—and from one who offers as his apology for the prominent rôle assumed by him forty-two years of work since he left the college—may awaken a fellow-feeling amongst the scattered ex-pupils of Father Fortune, and may animate them with a desire to co-operate in worthily celebrating the golden jubilee of our former professor and friend. Perhaps another reason why the suggestion might not be thought to come amiss from me is that had it been made nearer to home it might have come to the knowledge of Father Fortune before anything could be done, and with the modesty and self-abnegation which have characterised him all his life he might have demurred.

I have only to add that I have already forwarded my subscription of one hundred pounds (£100) towards the testimonial which I hope to see presented to Father Fortune on the occasion of his golden jubilee.

Commenting on Monsignor O'Reilly's suggestion the *Southern Cross* says:—

'We hope our Catholic exchanges will give publicity to the sympathetic idea of the Monsignore. Father Fortune, the veteran professor of All Hallows, whose golden jubilee it is proposed to celebrate, has hosts of friends amongst the men he has taught, who are scattered the world over; and the suggestion made, or rather the initiative taken, by Monsignor O'Reilly will, we are sure, meet with general approval amongst Father Fortune's reverend ex-pupils. To send out missionary priests to the exiled Irish is first of all the *raison d'être* of All Hallows, and to form the minds of those priests on the lines best suited to their great and holy labors has been the life-work of Father Fortune. As there was no time to communicate with his brother priests the world over, whose addresses he does not even know, and as Father Fortune might demur were the matter brought to his knowledge, Monsignor O'Reilly has made use of our columns to send his message abroad. We beg to bespeak for it the editorial courtesy beyond the seas which the good Monsignore's kindly thought deserves.'

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