

into the thoughts that had possessed him all the afternoon. How singular it was that after the hours he had given to his childhood's home that day he should now be on his way to the vicinity in which that home was! How twisted are the threads of life, he mused.

He bought his ticket and passed out through the guards. Seating himself comfortably in his seat, he gave himself up to the congenial memories and the words of Father Ryan. He was going to a town called Brassville, and if this town was near Hartford it was not far from where he himself had passed his early days. He, however, could not recollect any such place. His own town bore the old Indian name of Mattatuck. But as he did not remember the names of all the places he once knew, his inability to recall the very modern name of Brassville didn't cause him much uneasiness. So he told the conductor to notify him should he be asleep when the train arrived at his destination, and closing his eyes he leaned back in the seat, the servant of alternate naps and dreams.

It was the prettiest place in the town, this charming home of Mrs. Sayton. Set back on a broad lawn and surrounded by walks that pansies and nasturtiums bordered all through the summer time, the old-fashioned white house stood at the top of the long, high village street. Down below the busy manufacturing community spread itself out, and along the river that seemed to cut the distant northern hills apart the familiar New England scene of numerous clustering factories met one's eye. In front, two tall buttonball trees stood like giant sentinels, and on the side a row of elms formed a boundary between the lawn and a narrow country lane. Rose bushes climbed over the house and ran around the windows, and a honeysuckle vine curtained the long verandah. It was the beginning of spring, and everything had begun to feel the season's influence. The buds were swelling on the shrubberies and trees, and the fragrance of fresh earth upturned in the gardens mingled with the invigorating odor that came from fields and nearby woods.

People passing by on this April evening, however, missed the sense of serenity that had seemed to belong to the place. Little groups of women had been coming and going all the afternoon, and the anxiety expressed by their audible sighs seemed to hover around and attack whomever chanced to pass the gate. A fight for life was going on in one of the rooms around whose windows a rose bush had wound itself. Mary Sayton, the only child of her widowed mother, was slowly dying, about to fade away when the beautiful springtime that she loved so much was bringing back the days of sunshine and flowers and the pleasures she deemed so sweet. Beside her bedside the poor mother, worn out by sleepless nights and the terrible strain, struggled to keep back the feeling that threatened to overcome her.

A fortnight ago and Mary had been full of life and happiness. Her charity lit up and cheered several poor homes, and Mrs. Malone, 'always ailing,' daily declared that the sweet girl's visits made her forget her pains. It was therefore fit that a deed of mercy should have occasioned the accident which now it seemed was to result in her untimely death.

A reckless driver would have run over little Tommy Rafferty, whose mother was too busy to keep him from playing in the middle of the public street, had not Mary run out in time to snatch the little fellow up. But as she lifted him from under the horse's feet a projecting piece of wood in the swiftly-moving waggon struck her on the head, leaving her senseless with the scared youngster safe in her arms. Tommy's father and some fellow-laborers in the near-by mill had seen the accident, and rushing out they lifted the young lady they all admired, and tenderly bore her to the house on the top of the hill. Her brain had sustained a grave injury, and since then the periods of consciousness had been few and brief.

The kind old family doctor moved around administering soothing medicines. The case puzzled him and the fellow-physician whom he had called into consultation. And now as he turned towards the heart-broken parent, who already felt the awful loneliness and desolation of death, his own eyes were full of suffering and pity. He also loved the pure, bright girl, and it pained him, who was so used to bereavement, to see the fair young creature of scarcely two-and-twenty years leave the world in her bloom, and he utterly powerless to help her. His voice was almost broken as he told the stricken mother to resign herself to the inevitable.

The poor woman could no longer restrain her pent-up emotion, and she sobbed out: 'Oh, I cannot lose my Mary and be left alone in the world! Oh, my darling girl! Speak to me, Mary? Oh, let me have the consolation of talking with you once more!'

But no response came. There was no intelligence in those sweet blue eyes, and the beautiful face that lay on the pillow, shrouded in luxuriant brown hair, was vacant of all knowledge of its surroundings. Then the mother sank down and buried her face in the bedclothes.

The delirium seemed to increase, and some of Mary's friends in the adjoining room could hear wild, incoherent sentences uttered with appalling vigor. How long her nerves could have withstood it was doubtful, and all were glad when they heard the assuring voice of the kind old parish priest below. Some person was with him, and as they passed through into the sick girl's chamber the girls noticed the stranger's youthful appearance.

When the old family physician was told by the priest that his young confrère was one of the ablest men in the profession, he looked upon him somewhat sceptically. And who would blame this experienced practitioner of thirty years' standing for thus looking on one who seemed hardly of as great an age as that. The clean-shaven face and the crisp, dark-brown hair that clustered on the high forehead indeed were almost typical of a boy; but the experience that showed in those serious eyes, and the movements of his slender, well-knit body marked him as one who well knew his purpose and pursued it to the end always. Gradually the older man

found himself admiring the manner in which he inquired the circumstances, and the firmness and decision with which he examined the patient.

The girl was still in a delirium, which, instead of abating, grew much worse. Something had to be done immediately, for it seemed as though the end was approaching. First, the young doctor prevailed upon the distracted mother to leave the room, and so she was led out and the girls took her in charge. Then, seeing the urgency of the case, he considered what was best to be done. To his mind there was only one thing, and that was to change the delirium to some state of mind in which pleasant ideas might predominate. Soon the patient showed the success of the young doctor's skillful treatment. Gradually the stormy fits subsided, and a calmer mood came on. And now she began to speak on something that must have been very dear to her. To the doctor it was nothing but the coming back of memories that had for years lain dormant in brain cells. But he listened because he was ever a student.

What she said would hardly offer food for scientific consideration, but his attention was undivided as she was saying:

'Willie, let's go down by the stone wall and gather flowers for the May altar. Father Berkely says he's going to have a pretty altar in honor of Mary, Queen of May.' 'Are you going to be a doctor like your father, Willie?' 'Oh, won't you be happy on your first-communion day! I know you'll be a good man like your father, and have the priest say of you, as Father Berkely says of your father, that he's a Christian Catholic gentleman.' 'Don't cry so, Willie; your papa is in heaven, and I love you.'

Thus she wandered on in a happy state of mind, saying things that made the young doctor start. His own name was William; his father had been a doctor, and he had a dim recollection of once having heard the words she had spoken, and surely the last ones were somewhere once said to him. But now there was no time to spare for such thoughts. Consulting awhile with his older associate, he prepared for a delicate operation, upon the success of which he could not be certain. But risks were equal. Then in that chamber a gallant fight those two men made against death, and finally the light of hope came into both their eyes. The young doctor had triumphed, and the older man grasped his hand in one whose pressure conveyed a glad testimony to his genius. And as the morning came he instructed the older doctor in what was to be done thereafter, and as he was required at home as soon as possible he hurried from the house, barely having time to assure the overjoyed mother that all might soon be well, and with her blessings in his ears he got into a carriage and was driven to the morning train.

(To be concluded in our next issue.)

The Catholic World.

AUSTRIA.—All Saints' Day in Vienna.—All Saints' Day was celebrated in Vienna more generally than in any previous year. One-half of the population seemed (says the *Daily News* correspondent) busy in making wreaths and floral offerings, the other half in buying them and transporting them to the Central Cemetery, six miles distant, and to the numerous lesser churchyards. The Central Cemetery, with its 200,000 graves and many monuments, attracted most visitors. In the afternoon, with a wintry sun casting its rays over this almost endless city of the dead, the enormous wealth of flowers placed on the graves made the place look like a beautiful garden in springtime.

BELGIUM.—Sunday in Brussels.—Sir Langdon Bonython, writing from Berlin, after having visited France and Belgium, says: 'I was delighted with Brussels. Are we not told that Roman Catholicism is losing its hold of the people? On Sunday (October 21) I visited two big churches in Brussels. Both were crowded, and the congregations were largely made up of men.'

ENGLAND.—The Other Side of the Picture.—A good deal of irresponsible rubbish still finds its way into the columns of the daily Press (says the *London Tablet*) about the alleged intolerance and bigotry of Catholics. We invite the attention of our readers to the following paragraph from the *English Churchman*: 'Lord Edmund Talbot has decided to retain his seat, if possible, as member for the Chichester Division of Sussex. As he is a Roman Catholic, I trust every Protestant voter in the constituency will do his best to return a Protestant instead, though, at present, I do not know the name of any rival candidate. Protestant voters should do their very utmost in that neighborhood.' We will not stay to consider the somewhat comic condition of these poor bigots, consumed with a desire to vote against Lord Edmund and yet having no rival candidate to vote for. But note that the single fact of his religion is held to disqualify the candidate for a seat in Parliament. Happily Lord Edmund Talbot is known in the constituency and that suffices.

An Appointment at Oxford.—Father John O'Fallon Pope, S.J., has been appointed temporary head of Clarke's Hall, Oxford, until such time as he may be appointed permanent head, in succession to the late lamented Father Richard F. Clarke, S.J. Father Pope, who is an old Christ Church man, is principally known to recent generations of Beaumont boys in his capacity as spiritual Father, which office he discharged from 1891 till 1899.

The Catholic Truth Society.—Few are the associations which can point to such unbroken success as the Catholic Truth Society. At the half-yearly meeting Mr. Britten recalled the efforts made to found the society 16 years ago. During the long period which has elapsed since that date the society has invariably met with favor year by year. It has been developing in a remarkable way. In the United States the Catholic Truth Society is becoming a powerful public force. Away at the