

pity could avail for its relief. After some time she whispered faintly: 'Is there, then, no hope for the poor broken heart, so suddenly bereft of its betrothed? Oh! tell me, my good mother of the wilderness, is there no possibility that he may have escaped? If I could but see him, and hear his gentle voice utter one assurance of constancy and affection, even if it were his last, I think I could be reconciled. But this terrible unlooked-for parting! Say, mother, may he not have escaped? May I not see him once again in life?'

'The hand of the Great Spirit is powerful to heal as to bruise! Since it was not raised to protect or to snatch thy beloved from death when no other could have saved him, look to it alone, my child, for the comfort thou wilt seek elsewhere in vain! Were there not hundreds of my brethren who would gladly have given their heart's blood for the life that was dearer than their own, and had been offered in many conflicts to shield them and theirs from danger? I tell thee, pale daughter of a cruel foe, that wailing and lamentation went up from the camp of the red men when the eyes of the fiercest warriors were melted to woman's tears at the sight I have told thee of!'

Nothing more was said, and soon after the younger stranger departed, accompanied by Magawiska.

A few days later I was summoned in the night to attend upon a wounded soldier on the American shore of the St. Lawrence. I entered a bark canoe with a tall Indian, whose powerful arm soon impelled the light vessel across the broad, swift stream. After landing, he conducted me into a dense and pathless forest, through which I had extreme difficulty in making my way with sufficient speed to keep within ear-shot of my guide. To see him was out of the question; the interlaced and overhanging foliage, though the moon was shining, excluded every ray of light, so that my course was buried in bewildering darkness. A long and fatiguing tramp through the woods brought us at length to a cluster of wigwams, and I was conducted to the most spacious one—the lodge of the 'Leader of Prayer'—where I found a remarkably fine-looking young officer lying, faint from loss of blood and the fatigue of removal. A Catholic missionary, whom I had frequently met by the bedside of the sick, and in the course of his journeys from one encampment to another of his Indian missions, was sitting by him, bathing his hands and face in cold water and whispering words of encouragement and consolation during every interval of momentary consciousness.

From him I learned that the Indians from the scene of action up the lake had brought the wounded man thus far on the way to his friends at his earnest request. So anxious was he to reach home that he would not consent to stop for rest after they left their boat, although the increased motion renewed the bleeding of the wound, which had been partially checked until he was so far exhausted as to become wholly unconscious when they halted here, having brought him through the woods on a litter. The priest had given him some restoratives, but had been unable to check the flow of blood, which was fast draining the vital current. He had administered the last Sacraments to the young man, who belonged to a family of Catholics who had recently removed from Utica to a new settlement on the borders of Black Lake.

I made a hasty examination, and soon discovered the position of the bullet. I succeeded in extracting it, after which the bleeding was speedily and in a great measure stanching.

From the moment I looked upon him, however, I regarded his recovery as more than doubtful. Had

the case received earlier attention, and the fatigue of the removal been avoided, there was a possibility that youthful energy might have carried him through the severe ordeal; though the wound would have been critical under the most favorable circumstances.

When he became conscious for a moment during the operation, and looked in my face he comprehended the office I was performing, and read in my countenance the fears and doubts which possessed my mind.

'Do not leave me, doctor, until all is over,' he faintly said. 'This reverend father will acquaint my friends with my fate, for he knows them.'

I assured him I would remain with him, and he relapsed into the stupor which I feared would be final.

We watched by him with silent solicitude. While the priest was deeply absorbed over the pages of his breviary, my thoughts wandered from the painful present back to the dear old land from which I was a lonely, homesick exile, to bright scenes of the past, fond memories of which neither time nor absence could obliterate, and drew a vivid contrast between them and the circumstances of my new life, especially at this hour. What would the dear friends with whom I had parted for ever think if they could see me in the midst of this wild and dismal scene, surrounded by the rudest features of savage life? With what dismay would they not listen to the howling of wolves and the shrieking of catamounts in the woods around us? How sadly would the continually repeated plaint of the whip-poorwill fall upon their ear; while to heighten the gloomy effect of the weird concert, the echoing forests resounded with the shrill notes of the screech-owl, answered as if in derision, by their multitudinous laughing brothers, whose frantic 'Ha! ha! ha!' seemed like the exulting mockery of a thousand demons over the anxious vigil in that Indian wigwam. I was gloomily pursuing this train of thoughts when a slight movement near the entrance of the lodge arrested my attention, and aroused me from my reverie. Turning my eye in that direction, I perceived by the dim light the form of old Honey Bee entering softly, accompanied by a female, in whom, as she approached the wounded man and the light fell upon her face, I recognised, to my astonishment, the Undine of my former adventure. But, oh! the change a few short days had wrought in that fair face! The very lineaments had been so transformed from their radiant expression of careless joy to the settled pallor and marble-like impress of poignant anguish that I could scarcely bring myself to believe it was the same.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The best remedy yet discovered for Influenza is TUSSICURA; it is a wonderful tonic.—***

If at any time persons in country towns experience difficulty in procuring TUSSICURA write to the manufacturer, S. I. Evans, Octagon, Dunedin.—***

For pains and aches of every kind from whatever cause they may arise, WITCHES' OIL provides immediate relief. Kempthorne, Prosser and Co., Agents.—***

Did you ever read 'Helen's Babies,' and do you remember the delightful enthusiasm of little Toddy when he got at the internal workings of somebody's watch and wanted to see 'the wheels go round'? And does it occur to you that wheels occupy a pretty important part in cycles? We have realised this fact, and as an evidence of the attention given the subject, we want you to examine the latest Sterling chain, chainless, and free wheels. Built like a watch. New shipment just landed. Iorrow, Bassett, and Co.—***

Catholic World

AUSTRIA.—Feeding the Poor.

An interesting feature of the Christmas festivities in Vienna was the solid meal with hot coffee given to 1000 poor families by the Catholic Association. The guests, after addresses from the burgomaster, Dr. Lueger, and the Jesuit Father Victor Kolb, were ushered into the spacious rooms prepared for their entertainment, where they were waited on by royal and noble ladies, including the Arch-duchesses Maria Theresa, Maria Josepha, and Maria Annunciata, under the presidency of the Princess Fanny Liechtenstein. These ladies played the part of attendants with great assiduity, and, laying aside their outdoor wraps, actively busied themselves in pouring out coffee, handing plates, and supplying all the wants of their numerous guests.

CANADA.—Religious Statistics.

A bulletin issued by the Canadian Census Bureau gives the population of Montreal, Toronto, and Ottawa by religious denominations. The Catholics far outnumber the leading denominations combined, the totals for the three cities together being: Catholics, 322,423; Church of England, 96,358; Presbyterians, 68,582; Methodists, 62,206. Since 1891 the Catholics have increased 67,976 in Montreal, 10,121 in Ottawa, and 7174 in Toronto. The Church of England gained 4250 in Montreal, 3315 in Ottawa, and 16,322 in Toronto. The Presbyterian Church gained 4073 in Montreal, 3865 in Ottawa, and 16,322 in Toronto. The Methodists muster 1368 more in Montreal, 2562 in Ottawa, and 15,970 in Toronto.

ENGLAND.—A Generous Donor.

An anonymous donor has placed at the disposal of the Bishop of Southwark the sum of £7000 in order to pay off the mortgage on the Southwark Working Boys' Home.

Mill Hill College.

Father John Aelen, Rector of the Apostolic Seminary of Rozendaal, in Holland, and the third Father of the Mill Hill Missionary Society to be raised to the episcopate, was consecrated titular Bishop of Temisonium as Auxiliary to the Archbishop of Madras, in the parish church of Rozendaal on February 2. Father Aelen was one of the ablest and most active members of Cardinal Vaughan's Society.

The Divorce Laws.

Cardinal Vaughan, preaching recently in the Catholic Church at Chiswick, referred to the advantage taken in Great Britain of existing divorce laws, and regretted that the Legislature had departed from the divine and revealed law of God respecting marriage. The indissolubility of the marriage tie, said his Eminence, was broken by legislative enactments, and he deplored the fact that a large number of people unhappily availed themselves of this facility. People who were divorced and married again were simply living in adultery, according to the teaching of the Catholic Church, which had no power to legalise such a condition of things or to administer the Sacraments to those who were thus living in the breach of the Divine law. Marriage was a solemn obligation, and men who treated their wives as though they were slaves or servants were acting on the worst principle of pagan times.

Bishop Brindle.

Several Catholics in Nottingham (writes an English contemporary) speak most enthusiastically of the impression made there by Dr. Brindle, the new Bishop. One of them says: 'He took the Catholic community and the citizens of Nottingham by storm. It is no exaggeration to say that he has at once placed himself on a good footing