

most profound obeisance, a regular salaam, to the portrait of the Queen.

'My most gracious Sovereign!' he would impressively remark to the snickering tribe of American democrats, who gathered on the stairway to see this special performance.

Next morning I was sitting in the drawing-room and looking out on the white road. Over the frozen fields I could see the crests of the hills, the beautiful 'Hills of Malahide,' that I loved so dearly in their spring and summer glory. There they rose up, old and white, and I could imagine, for I could not see, how the hard clear waves dashed like broken crystals on the strand at the feet of the rocky hills.

The old General was mounting the stairway with the ponderous and precise tread of a war charger. I went to the door because I could not miss seeing him salute his commander at Waterloo and his most gracious Sovereign.

After he had given Queen Victoria his most gracious salaam, he surveyed my small self from his soldierly altitude. When our exchange of 'good morning' was over there was a painful pause. Whatever could a poor little girl say to a tall, stern, straight old man, who had helped the Iron Duke fight the battle of Waterloo.

I had so often been puzzled by the old General's reverence for the Queen that I now ventured to inquire:

'Do you think Queen Victoria is such a beautiful lady, General?'

'She is my most gracious Sovereign,' he answered with another profound salute, as if that fact removed all doubts as to her superlative beauty. But I was an American; and, besides, the Queen did not seem anything like as attractive to me as the Queen of the Fairies I had seen in the Christmas pantomime in Dublin, and I did not think that the most gracious Sovereign could dance near as long on one foot as the agile young performer.

Then I remembered a picture which Margie had shown me of her mother, just as she was going to the Castle Ball in Dublin.

'But, General, the Queen isn't near such a pretty lady as Margie's mother.' These last two words were almost whispered.

But he evidently heard me, for he wheeled about, facing me. 'How do you know that Margie's mother was so pretty?'

'Because I saw her picture. Margie showed it to me. Such a beautiful lady, all in a lovely dress going to the Castle Ball. Margie says you were going with her and she does look so lovely—lots more lovely than Queen Victoria.'

The old man was so silent that I grew frightened. But I kept on. 'She's sick now too. That's what the carman said when he brought Margie a letter. And she's poor and she won't have any Christmas dinner. Only some penny buns and a cup of tea. Margie says that the plum pudding don't taste right when you want to see your mother.'

Gen. Flint stood silently staring at me. Then he asked:—

'Do you think that Margie's mother, my daughter, is really prettier than the Queen?'

'O lots prettier!' I nodded decidedly.

'And Margie can't eat her plum pudding without her mother.'

'It doesn't taste right. Then how can she eat it when her mother is so sick?'

'That must be so. It must be so.'

The old man was ascending the steps. He stopped half way and looked up at me.

'Little girl, what was it the angels sang on Christmas? My poor old head cannot carry even a song.'

'Peace and goodwill to men.'

'Good will to men. Peace and goodwill.' He took a few steps downwards. He seemed to be talking to himself.

'Mother and child. They were together that Christmas night. How can a Christian man separate a mother and her child at such a time?' The old man was slowly descending the stairs. He forgot to salute the Duke of Wellington and he did not look like a veteran of Waterloo: only a sad and tired old man.

That evening Margie flew up to my room.

'O Eily! Eily!' she was half-crying and half laughing. 'Grandda says I am to go back to Kells with the carman; and when my mother is better I am to bring her back and we are to be together not only for Christmas but for all the time.'

Next morning I watched Margie as she mounted the jaunting car and rode away. On Christmas Eve she rode back in Col. Floyd's coach, which had been sent for her, and which was like a house on wheels. Her mother, pale and gentle, but very pretty, was with her.

General Flint did not give any Christmas dinner to his distinguished friends. All the handsome plate, however, was brought out, and Margie wore her new red delaine and Miss Martha wore her grey poplin. I think that the dinner was a great success, for everybody seemed so happy. Margie's mother sat beside her little girl, and her eyes were bright and shining as the goblets that held the wine. Nothing would do but I must come in for the dessert, and the old General asked me if the plum pudding tasted all right now.

Then he rose up and lifted his silver goblet of wine and drank a toast 'to the memory of my commander at Waterloo,' and then another toast to 'her most gracious Majesty the Queen.'—Exchange.

Catholic World

CHINA.—Converts.

It is estimated that there are 16,531 baptised Christians in South Shantung, China, and about 30,000 catechumens.

ENGLAND.—Leeds Cathedral.

The Leeds Corporation having acquired the site of the present Catholic Cathedral with the view of effecting city improvements, a fresh site has been secured and arrangements have been made for erecting a new cathedral of imposing aspect. The plans have been approved and the high altar alone is to cost £1800. A member of the congregation has offered to present the altar rails. July 26 is fixed for laying the foundation stone of the new cathedral.

Children's Crusade.

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, in a letter to the members of the Catholic Children's Crusade, says: 'I write because I am the Father of more than 50,000 children, counting infants in arms as well as those of school age. You, my dear children, are educating no less than 50 of these little people by the collection which you make every year for their maintenance. You have collected over 100,000 pence during the course of each Lent, and you have therefore brought me over £500 for our orphans and abandoned children on Good Shepherd Sunday. I hope you will be able to do the same thing this year.'

FRANCE.—Permitted to Remain

A pleasing illustration of the affection felt for the Nursing Sisters of St Vincent de Paul was given some weeks ago at Treignac. The Municipal Council met on that day to decide, under the provisions of the Associations Law, whether the Sisterhood should be disbanded or retained. The Sisters, who are charged with the direction of the local hospital, have been engaged in their good work in Treignac for 40 years past, and in view of their ser-

vices, the Council unanimously voted for their retention. But the Council afraid probably of the authorities in Paris, decided to make a referendum to the whole population. At five o'clock the same evening all Treignac assembled to determine whether the Sisters were to be turned adrift or maintained at the hospital. A couple of workmen mounted the platform and spoke so fervently on behalf of the Sisters that the meeting unanimously decided to keep the good nuns. After the vote, the gentleman who presided asked if any person present was of an opinion contrary to that of the meeting. Not a hand was raised! So the good Sisters remain at Treignac. Yet Treignac is thoroughly Republican and has a Mayor, who is also a Deputy, who voted for the suppression of the Embassy to the Vatican, and for the separation of the Church and State. Treignac should now get a real Catholic Deputy to represent it in Parliament.

HOLLAND.

A discussion is going on among the Dutch Catholics as to the necessity or desirability of establishing a Catholic University in Holland. Opinion on the matter is not undivided, a number of authorities holding that such a university is not a necessity.

ROME.—Peter's Pence.

Among the nations which contribute to Peter's Pence Italy comes first with £12,440, Austria second with £10,800, the United States a good third with £9,960. Then follow Germany (£8520), Spain (£8,080), Great Britain (£7760), Belgium (£6520), and other countries for the total amount of £27,960.

An Audience.

Among those received by the Holy Father recently was the Rev. Donald Mackintosh, D.D., Vice-Rector of the Scots College. He had the honor of presenting to his Holiness the latest arrival at the College, Mr. John Charleson, lately minister of Thornliebank. The Holy Father was most gracious to this interesting convert. Mr. Charleson asked a special blessing for Canon Carmichael, then seriously ill, who had received him into the Church, and the blessing was most graciously granted.

Death of a Cardinal.

The weird Roman legend that Cardinals never die alone, but are invariably accompanied to the grave by two of their colleagues (says the Rome correspondent of the 'Catholic Times'), has again been partially confirmed by the unexpected death of Cardinal Gasca. His Eminence expired, surrounded by the Superiors of the Augustinian Order, to which he belonged. A solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated on Sunday morning in the Church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, several members of the Sacred College being present.

SCOTLAND.

According to the 'Western Catholic Calendar,' the estimated Catholic population of the archdiocese of Glasgow is 384,542. There are 227 priests (secular and regular), 81 missions, 112 churches, chapels and stations; institutions—education, 19; others, 13; mission schools, 138; number of baptisms in 1901, 13,459; confirmations, 5919; children presented at religious examinations, 44,544.

Death of a Priest.

The death is reported of the Rev. Thomas Macdonald, of St. Peter's Church, Aberdeen, which took place on February 3. A native of Strathglass, Inverness-shire, Father Macdonald determined in early life to become a priest, and for this purpose prosecuted his studies with great zeal at Blairs, Paris, and Rome. He was ordained in 1891, and served most successfully for some time in