

I was everything to him in his sorrow. He bade me go for the Senor Hernandez. So with the first daylight I mounted my shaggy burro and rode the five miles to the rancho. The thought of this senor relieved me of all responsibility. I knew him—a fine and noble man, with good Spanish blood in him and loyal; not like that miserable foreign administrator! Why had not the Senorita Elsa loved him? Truly, the ways of a woman, from the highest to the lowest, are past finding out, Caro.

I poured out my tale to the Senor Hernandez. If the story of the senorita's flight gave him a blow, he made no sign. He mounted his horse and rode back with me to the dear old master. Then many days we spent in searching the river; but the lost senorita was never found, nor did the administrator come back. The old man thought he was drowned as well as his daughter, and we agreed not to let him know the real state of affairs. Better to mourn her dead than to know she had deserted him in his blindness and age.

Then a new life began, Caro. Your grandmother and I took up our residence with the master and cared for him, while the Senor Hernandez undertook to fill the administrator's place and manage the two ranches together; and thus passed four quiet years. In the long twilight, when the master and the senor sat on the gallery and I on some tree stump smoking my pipe, I would hear the Senor Hernandez play on his violin; strange, weird, and beautiful sounds, that the master, who was passionately fond of music, loved to hear. There was one piece, Caro, that the senor played oftener than another; a tune that made your grandmother restless and that filled my heart with tears. I asked the senor one day what it was, and he looked at me strangely.

'You would not know the meaning of it, Santos,' he said; 'it is "Lochaber no more."'

Often I woke up in the silent night to hear the sound of the violin somewhere on the river's bank; and the tune was always the same. 'Lochaber,' the reed-like strings would sob—'Lochaber no more, no more.'

The autumn nearly five years after the senorita's flight we had a busy season.

The harvest of cotton and grapes was good, and the fields were crowded with laborers at work from dawn until dusk. One morning I had been with the cattle for several hours, as my duty was, and I noticed that one of the bulls, an ugly fellow, seemed to be in a worse humor than usual, so I cautioned Pietro to watch him, and not on any account to leave the gates open or let any of the herd stray out in the road; but Pietro, that foolish one, had his mind on other things, and alas! proved faithless to his trust.

The afternoon waxed late, and the great herds of cattle roamed hither and thither. The air was still and clear, and the men and women in the fields sang harvest songs as they passed up and down the long rows of cotton plant. The master sat on the gallery and smoked. I see him now in his wide sombrero, his dark eyes beautiful, as blind eyes often are not, while his long gray beard and gray shirt, his short trousers and high riding boots made him appear a grand figure.

Silent he sat until, knocking the ashes from his pipe, he arose and walked down to the gate, feeling his way with his stick. He passed out of the enclosure, and down the road, a way he had sometimes in the late afternoon, his dog, a Scotch collie, going ahead and acting as a guide. To me it used to seem as if he was always listening and watching for someone to come—one who never came.

I was rubbing down the master's horse—he and the senor had been riding that afternoon—when I looked up the road, and far off I saw, outlined against the evening sky, the figures of a woman and a little child. They were coming towards us—some negroes or Mexicans, I thought; the master also was coming that way, a short distance ahead of them. The outbuildings, where I was, looked up the road, toward these figures, while behind me, lower down the road, were the cattle fields near the river. Having groomed the horses, I turned them loose and then came back to the fence and looked up the road again. The master was standing still now and seemed to be listening, while the woman and child were only about two hundred yards behind him. The child began to run; long after, Caro, I remembered thinking he looked like the Christ Child. His fair hair was blown back in the breeze, his little arms were outstretched, while the red dress or tunic he wore was lit up by the setting sun, making him appear as if bathed in blood like a little martyr or God.

What was it that rushed madly by the barbed wire fence near which I stood? Ah! 'merciful heaven!' the angry bull, and it was making straight for the spot where stood the master—helpless, blind!

In an instant I drew back and had cleared the fence with one flying leap and was rushing up the road, shouting for help, but too late! too late! The bull, with its head low on the ground, passed the master, not even touching him, then with a roar that was heard far and near it lifted the child on its horns and threw it high in the air, continuing on its mad run, until it was lashed by Pietro before more harm was done.

It was I who picked up the little child from where he had fallen in a nearby field. Thank God, Caro, the bull had not gored the tender little limbs, but the tossing and fall had been enough, and when I knelt down by him he was dead.

Retribution had come, and the Almighty was just. I looked up and felt no surprise to see the Senora Elsa as, with a heartbroken cry she took her child in her arms. She had willed to be as dead to her father, and now

her child was dead to her, and it was her child, undoubtedly, who had been the means of saving the master's life; the bull, attracted by the little one's red garment, had made straight for him, passing the poor master by.

The blind senor drew near as these thoughts rushed through his mind. Did he know what it all was and would the shock break his heart? I heard the woman turn to him, 'Father, it is I, Elsa,' she said; 'forgive, oh! forgive.'

And then the master looked grand and triumphant, like the Archangel Michael, I thought, or like Gabriel, the Angel of Revelation.

'My child, my little Elsa, is it thou?' he said, in his rich, deep voice. 'Come to thy father's heart. I knew it all, long ago, child. I overheard Hernandez and Santos tell of thy flight. I have watched for thee, my little Elsa, my poor child.'

Oh, the dear, blind master! The tears rained from my eyes, and I was not ashamed as I saw him hold out his arms and gather his lost one in an embrace that seemed as if he would never let her go. Surely love alone is deathless and eternal.

There is not much more to tell, Caro. We laid the little child to the chanting of the 'Alleluia' and the 'De Profundis,' for the Senora Elsa in her sorrow and remorse during those five years had become a Catholic. Her husband had died, and she was returning, like a prodigal child, when the swift tragedy robbed her of her little one.

If thought her stricken beyond redemption, but she was young still, Caro, and by and by she lifted her drooping head again, and then was the dear master made happy when he was called on to bless her union with the Senor Enrique Hernandez.

Over beyond the hills they live still, the Senor, his wife and their children, for the master has long since gone to his reward.

'Happy,' do you say? Oh, yes; as happy as we can be in this world, Caro; and I think that somewhere beyond the stars the little child and the master are happier even than they.—'Messenger of the Sacred Heart.'

The Catholic World

ENGLAND.—Labor League

A Catholic Labor League has been started in London, some of the objects being to arrange lectures by competent persons on labor questions, to provide free registry offices and labor bureaux in commercial centres, and to provide free legal advice for members.

Gifts from the Pope

The Bishop of Emmaus, before leaving the Eternal City, received as presents from the Holy Father a beautiful gold pectoral cross and a splendid Pontifical in four folio volumes. At an audience with his Holiness the new Bishop Auxiliary of Westminster tendered £700, Peter's Pence from that diocese, sent by his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan.

A Transformation

What historical scenes the mind conjures up when the announcement is read that on March 20 Mass was celebrated in the new Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament at Tyburn (writes the 'Catholic Times'). Surely this is a most wonderful transformation. Time was when multitudes went to Tyburn not to be present at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, but to see men die cruel deaths for having offered it. 'There was throng on Tower Hill,' says the chronicler of Father Edmund Campion's martyrdom, 'there was throng through all the streets; but the throng at the place of execution at Tyburn exceeded all that anyone could remember. They had been gathering all the morning in spite of the rain and wind.' Yet though crowds went to Tyburn to scoff and jeer, conversions took place even at that gruesome place. It is related that there was standing beside the block where Campion was being cut into quarters a young man named Henry Walpole, who had come there as a Protestant to see what was to take place. As the hangman was throwing the quarters into a cauldron of boiling water a drop of the blood splashed Walpole's clothes, and he afterwards declared that he at once felt he must be a Catholic. On his conversion he joined the Jesuits, was ordained priest, and, like Campion, arrested, condemned, and executed.

Diocese of Salford

The Provost and Canons of the Salford Chapter met recently in the Bishop's house, Salford, for the purpose of electing three names, their choice as a fitting successor to the late Bishop Bilshorow. In the absence of his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, through illness, and Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport, who was in Rome, the deliberations of the Chapter were presided over by the Right Rev. Dr. Hilev, Lord Bishop of Birmingham, the next in seniority. As is usual on such occasions in England—being what is termed a missionary country—the Canons are bound by an oath of secrecy, and consequently the business of the meeting was conducted in strict privacy and with closed doors. Quite a plethora of names are mentioned in clerical circles in Manchester which of course are purely mythical. At the most they are considered as suitable. The Right Rev. Mgr. Gadd, the present Vicar Capitular, is thought by everyone to