herself up the stairs and knelt at the door of Cecelia's room, listening anxiously for the first sounds of returning consciousness, and praying feverishly as the beads slipped through her fingers.

Toward midnight the stillness was broken again by the chug of the doctor's automobile, and as if driven by a wild fear she fled to her own room and locked the door after her.

A few moments later she heard him come to her door and knock excitedly, but all power of voice and movement had left her, and she finally heard him go away after several futile attempts to gain admission. Then she fainted.

The dawn was breaking when she regained consciousness, and summoning all her strength she went to the door of the sick-room, Miss Shea opened to her timid knock, and quietly warned her against any excitement. As she entered the room her eyes fell upon her husband, sitting behind a screen in the corner, where the child's eyes might not see him. Her first impulse was to rush to him, but the hand of the nurse restrained her, and he held up his hand and pointed to the bed, as if to warn her against acquainting the child of her presence.

'Mamma,' said the child.

'Yes, Cecelia, dear,' said the mother, with a sob in her voice, as she went over to the bed and kissed the child.

'I'm so glad you came, Mamma dear. I had such a terrible dream.'

'You must not think of the dream now,' said the mother.

'But I must tell you, Mamma dear. I had the loveliest dream that Papa came home and that he kissed me, and he asked me if I was happy, and I told him all about my First Communion and the Lord Jesus, and how happy I was, and then he scowled and took me away just as I was going up to the altar, and he said I would never go to Communion in a Catholic Church, and just as I was going away the Lord Jesus said, 'Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man and drink of His blood you shall not have life in you.'' And then, Mamma, I asked God to let me die. Is it wrong to pray to die, Mamma dear?'

'Hush, Cecelia,' said the woman. 'You are in the hands of God. Now go to sleep. Doctor will not let me stay longer.'

And she left the room.

A few moments, and the child was asleep again, and the Hon. Arthur Graham stole quietly from the darkened room.

This time she opened the door to his knock, and after a second's glance into his eyes, during which she read there nothing but love and longing, she fell into his outstretched arms.

'I am not going to blame you, dear,' he said, after a moment. 'I did not understand. When you left me I was wild with rage, and when detective after detective failed I was on the verge of suicide. Then I came to Boston, and met an old friend, Doctor Grant. You would not see me when I came to your door. Perhaps it was best. But all night I sat by her, unknown to her, yearning to kiss her, yet not permitted to let her see me. I heard her childish ravings during those long night hours. It was all of God and her First Communion, and somehow, even before she related to you her dream, I discovered that I have been a brute, and a liar. Forgive me, dear, and let us pray together to save our child.'

'Thank God,' she said, holding him closer to her. 'It was worth all the martyrdom to hear you say that.'

The month of April wore on, and then one day there was an exodus from the Perkins house. Rumor had been persistent in various ways in regard to the handsome man who had arrived there on the very night little Cecelia was stricken, but no one was made the wiser.

'I always felt there was something strange about that woman,' said Mrs. White-Greene, chancing to meet Doctor Walsh, and taking advantage of the opportunity to investigate matters. 'Now she's gone as mysteriously as she came, and she was one who affected to despise our Daugthers of the Revolution.'

'You mean Lady Graham?' said Doctor Walsh, quietly.

'Lady Graham? I mean Mrs. Perkins.'

'They are one and the same,' answered the doctor. 'Lady Graham desired to live in retirement for a while, and so came here. That distinguished man was her husband, the Hon. Arthur Graham. The Grahams go back to the time of William the Conqueror, and,' he added with a bit of malice, 'that is a few years before the Daughters of the Revolution were organised.'

The Perkins house is again in the market. But I am afraid it will never again be called by that prosaic name. For, as I boarded a common street car the other day, I heard Mrs. White-Green say to Mrs. Sydney Hall, 'I do so hope some desirable party will purchase our friend, Lady Graham's house.'

And I am quite sure that all the occupants of that plebeian car looked very much impressed.—*The Magnificat.*

English As Spoken

A correspondent (says the Bombay *Examiner*) calls attention to the following sentence: 'Every crow for half-a-mile around congregated round that stuffed corpse,' and asked 'How did they manage that?' he queries. 'Can a single crow congregate? How, for instance, do you congregate?'

Answer.—I congregate by focussing myself with others on a common local objective. Each single crow does the same. Similarly every stone in a heap has been gathered into the heap, and, as the proverb goes, 'Every mickle makes a muckle'—which proverb, being interpreted, is: 'Every little makes a much.' Our correspondent is suffering from the incubus of the grammar and the dictionary, and does not realise that language is a living thing possessing all the elasticity of limbs and muscles, and not a dead machine worked by levers and cranks. 'Every crow for half-a-mile round congregated round that stuffed corpse' is perfectly idiomatic English; and if it does not fit in with the elementary rules of grammar, it should be remembered that rules of grammar were made after language and not before it, and that these are simple endeavors to draw out of a more or less uniform usage of words certain laws, to which, however, the living language is not a slave. In this connection 'every crow' is exactly equivalent in thought-value to 'all the crows.' But without appealing to this equivalency it is perfectly correct as it stands. Although congregating is a conjoint process, it is achieved by single individuals acting in unison. Hence it is just as right to say 'every crow congregated' as to say 'all the crows congregated.' If our correspondent knows the rudiments of Latin he will remember the rule which allows the collective noun to be used as a singular or as a plural; and here he will find an analogous rule that a distributive pronominal adjective can be used collectively. Whether he will discover this principle in his text-books of grammar I cannot say, and do not feel disposed to inquire. The native acquires his language by tradition, and does not consult either dictionaries or grammars—except, of course, in case of a dispute, as missiles to brain his adversary with.

Our correspondent is a good old friend of ours. He will probably retaliate by finding out at least six more grammatical mistakes in what we have just written, and will re-enforce his criticism by quoting standard authorities into the bargain. He said to us recently: 'I always look forward to *The Examiner*, and as soon as it arrives it is the first thing I open.' This sounded flattering. Then he asked: 'And what do you think I make for first?' 'The Editorial Notes,' I ventured to suggest. 'No, not at all. It is the jokes at the bottom of the pages. I always read them through every week.' (Total collapse of the Editor.)

French Foreign Missions

Penang and the surrounding territory (writes the Rev. J. T. Roche, D.D., a priest now on tour in the East) are cared for by the society known as 'Les Missions Etrangeres.' This society of secular priests, destined to work in pagan lands, is to-day in charge of thirty-four dioceses and vicariates, here in the East. Seventeen hundred missionaries, aided by eight hundred native priests, look after two million convert Catholics. Last year the report shows that almost one hundred and forty thousand pagan children were baptised *in articulo mortis*, and sixty-five thousand new converts were added to the fold. The missionaries take no vow, and are free to return to their own diocese whenever they please. It is rare, however, that one avails himself of this privilege, and hundreds have fallen victims to fever and disease, with no thought of abandoning the flocks committed to their care. If Catholic France had done nothing but give this splendid body of missionaries to the service of the Church, it would have earned the gratitude of the faithful for all time to come. It is the thought of acts like this which gives us ground for hope that Almighty God will look down with mercy on the Eldest Daughter of the Church and deliver her from the enemies who now encompass her on every side. A hundred times during the course of my travels through the East I have said in my heart, 'God bless France, that sends to these benighted regions the cultured, gentle, kindly priest, who has always a cordial word and a pleasant welcome for the stranger, who knows more about native customs, habits, manners and beliefs than any other European, no matter what his position, who is respected by all classes because of his devotion to duty and who has accomplished miracles, taking into account the means at his disposal.'

Said a man with a delicate chest:
"My cold's bad again, well, I'm blest,
But I'll swallow for sure Wood's Great Peppermint Cure,
And trust in good luck for the rest."
To the chemist's he went with a flop,
What he saw there just made his heart stop;
He married the girl with the pretty kiss-curl,
And now he is keeping the shop.