

city telephone wires in default of a better playground, admitting him without reserve into the wonderful treasury of the mind of an imaginative child.

She was a devout little soul, dear little crippled Jerry, and she said things to him of the faith which had slipped away from Charles Hermann with his other treasures, till he found himself striving to keep her from seeing how far he had strayed from her standards, and then reproached himself that he sat a hypocrite in the white light of her innocent eyes.

When Jerry fell sick in the spring three people stood aghast at the difference it made. Her grandmother's life was of course bound up in the child, but Hannah, too, realised that if she lost her little neighbor the sunshine of her life would go out with that child soul, and Charles Hermann walked about dazed, praying under his breath for Jerry, Jerry who was so dangerously ill, and who had recalled him to love and hope. He could not account for it to himself, but he discovered that the lame child had become so indescribably dear to him that he seemed to be bleeding inwardly as death tried to wrest her from him.

He found himself on his knees before the tabernacle in the dim church where Jerry had taken him to see the crib four months before.

'Spare her, Lord, spare us little Jerry, and I will not be unfaithful again,' he whispered. Then he realised with a start of the soul that even should Jerry die she had fulfilled her mission—he had learned to pray again.

But Jerry did not die. On Easter Sunday she opened her soft eyes to smile at Hannah's lilies, and at Mr. Hermann's canary, singing to her in the sunshine by her little bed with an ecstasy of joy that indicated his knowledge of human beings, dumbness under profound gratitude, as well as a certainty that Jerry's kittens could be trusted to remember the lessons they had been taught, and to spare her bird.

'Where is he?' asked Jerry, not yet being strong enough for many words. They knew that she meant her 'Hermie,' as she called him, and told her he had not yet come in from church, and his thanksgiving Communion that his little Jerry was better.

The child smiled happily, and fell asleep. Hannah met Charles Hermann in the hall as he was returning, with his hands full of daffodils smelling faint and sweet of spring.

'Hannah, I want to tell you—' he began, but broke down

'How glad you are,' she finished for him, noting with surprise his use of her name. 'So are we all glad, glad and thankful beyond words. I think I should have been lame in mind and heart all my days if I had lost Jerry; I have the habit of Jerry.'

'We all have it,' asserted Hermann. 'Blessed little Jerry! But—I want to marry you, Hannah.'

'Me! No, you don't!' cried Hannah, in a panic.

'Yes, I do,' affirmed Charles Hermann—who certainly ought to have known. 'You have brought me back to life with the flavor of my mother's homely dishes, and you have taught me to love you.'

'But...that wasn't what I meant to do,' cried bewildered Hannah.

'What did you mean to do?' asked her boarder, for the first time learning she had had a definite end in view beyond his comfort.

'I meant to arouse you, make you interested—save your soul!' said the woman, confused.

Charles laughed. 'And so you did, you and Jerry! Was that your object? Isn't it saving a soul to teach it to love? And am I not back again, safe and happy, in my mother's Church, fresh from my Easter duty? Surely you knew that I was learning to live and to love.'

'To love Jerry, yes, and to love God, but not, not—' 'Not you?' Charles interrupted her. 'How could I help it since you gave me myself, and all else? Of course I love you, Hannah! Marry me, and nourish the new life you have called into being in me with your old-fashioned viands, full of health and sweetest memories.'

'I always thought that a great deal of good could be done by what might be called suggestive cooking,' said Hannah, feebly and whimsically.

'I should think so!' agreed her lover enthusiastically. 'Hasn't it been done? We will take our little Jerry off to the mountains and build her up to strength, while you go on making me a saint in your own queer, dear way! And our Easter joy and our "habit of Jerry," as you call it, shall never end. Do you say yes, dear Hannah?'

'Yes,' said his dear Hannah, to her own surprise.—'Benziger's Magazine.'

For Colds in the Head and Influenza, WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE, 1/6 and 2/6 per Bottle.

The Catholic World

CEYLON—The Catholic Church

The Catholic Church is well maintaining its position in Ceylon, as is shown by the following statistics:—In 1873, 182,610 Catholics with 83 priests; in 1883, 195,000; in 1893, 246,000; in 1904, 293,929 Catholics.

ENGLAND—A Memorial

To the memory of the late Mr. Clement Scott, erected by his wife, a beautiful altar has just been added to the church belonging to the Little Sisters of the Poor at Nazareth House, Hammersmith, London.

Death of a Marist

The death is reported of the Rev. Father Campbell, S.M., which occurred at the Marist Presbytery, Kew, on May 14. The deceased priest, who had attained the age of 55 years, was well known in connection with his earnest labors as Superior of the Paignton Mission, and during the thirty-three years which he spent in the religious profession he made himself beloved by many for his valuable ministrations and noble example.

Foreign Missionary Society

The report of the secretary at the meeting of the Council of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society (says the 'Catholic Times') was fittingly termed a record of progress. The document, in which facts and figures were ably presented, gave particulars of effectual and promising work done in the missions of the Upper Nile, Uganda, Districts of Madras, Borneo, and Labuan, amongst the Maoris in New Zealand, in Kashmir and Kafirstan, in the Philippines, and in the Belgian Congo. The Fathers of the Society are laboring for the spread of the Faith in a self-sacrificing spirit. Living on the most meagre fare, they teach schools, impart a sound knowledge of doctrine to young and old, help to provide food for their flocks when in want, and act as real pioneers of civilisation as well as of Christianity. They are doing a noble work in refining the habits of pagans, and getting them to understand and follow Christian principles. It goes without saying that as the missionaries push forward in the evangelisation of unbaptised peoples the requirements increase and the demands for financial aid become larger and more pressing. Father Henry, the Superior-General, was able to give the assurance that all the necessary assistance would be supplied to the missionaries in the Philippines by the American Catholics, and to the missionaries in the Belgian Congo by the Catholics of Belgium. But what of the efforts of the missionaries in the British possessions? Will not the Catholics of these islands strive to rival the Belgian and the American Catholics in generosity?

FRANCE—How Priests are treated

A venerable old man of seventy-three years, an inhabitant of Saint-Christoly-de-Blaye, France, has received the following notice from the Procureur of the Republic at Blaye. 'The Procureur of the Republic invites the person named Espanet, dwelling at Saint-Christoly-de-Blaye, condemned to twenty-four hours' imprisonment by judgment of the tribunal of simple police of Saint-Savin, on the date of August 9, 1905, to come and constitute himself a prisoner here; in default of which the judgment against him will be executed by armed force.' Who is this person named Espanet, and what fault has he committed? This redoubtable malfactor of seventy-three years is M. l'Abbe Espanet. He has lived for a considerable time in the district, and is known to have done nothing but good to those around him. His crime is to have walked from the church to the presbytery in orderly manner, with a few children, who had just made their First Communion. This is the newly-devised 'crime of procession,' applicable to the Church only. For this he was led to prison between two gendarmes. With or without the Concordat the authorities could not entertain the thought of foregoing the pastime of harrying the clergy which is so dear to their hearts.

Apostolic Words

Monsignor Touzet, the new Bishop of Aire and Dax, one of the fourteen lately consecrated at Rome by the Holy Father, on the occasion of his solemn entry into Aire, said:—'Without doubt, the days are evil, but we are filled with an unshaken confidence. Our resources may be taken from us. But we are the disciples of Him Who, after creating all things, did not wish to possess here below even a stone on which to repose His head. We shall know how to be poor after His example. Our dwellings may be taken from us. But we shall know