

white and her lips indrawn. They halted some distance away in the shelter of a great rock, and Oom Kris himself carried his dead boy to the cart. Poor old patriot, he was weeping, but he could not leave his place to accompany Hendrick's remains, anxious though he was that they should be buried at home near the old farm and not in the dreadful trenches, perhaps by British hands. He despatched the Kaffir's cart and expressed no surprise when Marie followed him on hands and knees, creeping to Hendrick's place. The old man, like every old Boer, had been used in other days to see women folk by his side defending the waggons of the trek against savage foes.

'It is right, little Marie,' he said simply. 'He loved you my Hendrick. Say a prayer and aim carefully.'

On the Boer girl's other side lay the field cornet. He nodded to Marie and smiled approval.

'Who shall conquer us,' he said, 'when our girls are ready to die to defend the land? Why did not Greta and Anna come? They are fair shots, and Hendrick was their brother.'

Marie said nothing but color came back to her cheeks, for it was the first time the prince of the veldt had spoken to her so cordially. Then she listened to him as he pointed to her, peeping over the breastworks, the position of the English and directed her fire. She grew warm with the fierce excitement of the thing, but her aim was steady, and her bullets sped truly. Rick was earnest in his encouragement.

'I did not know,' he said enthusiastically, 'that you were such a brave girl and capital shot. You were always so quiet.'

Then Marie, even in the middle of horrors, was almost happy.

All the afternoon the shells came shrieking. All the afternoon cries and groans and hoarse commands filled her ears, with the ceaseless crash of rifles and the thunder of the big guns. Other sounds there were also, when now from the right and again from the left some God fearing patriot would begin to sing. Then along the line of the trench the deep voices would rise to heaven, now in the heart stirring melody of a volkied, now chanting the solemn measures of the psalm. Marie sang too. Her voice and those of a few other women and boys with the commando rose high above the men's. Never before was seen so strange a congregation praising the Lord.

At last, when the day was far spent, the enemy tried new tactics, since their artillery could not disperse the Boers in the trenches. From far in front a body of kilted Highlanders moved forward with a great cheer, and the shells came plunging down in a more furious storm than ever. One of these burst near Marie. A piece tore past her face and hit old Oom Kris. The fine old man's rifle fell from his hands. He gave one short, sharp cry and fell back. He had followed his dear son. So hot was the fight, so urgent it was, that now if ever the Boers should not slacken their fire, that little Marie could only murmur a prayer, but dared not cease firing. Rick Hausmann found time to touch her hand and whisper in sympathy.

'It was for God and country,' said he. 'It is well with him.'

Tears were in Marie's eyes as she looked at him gratefully.

'For God and country,' she repeated, and turned steadily to the approaching rush of Highlanders. They were coming on with tremendous dash, not cheering now, for every breath was needed as they faced the steep hill. With fixed bayonets they came on and on and on. The fire of the Boers was furious, a continual roar of volleying rifles. The Scotchmen suffered cruelly. Here, there, like wands in wind, men wavered and dropped, but the rest came on and on and on, and the ghastly-looking bayonets were thrusting forward, nearer and nearer. At sight of the cold steel, glancing in the sun, Marie began to quake. Not she alone; the Boers all round were paling. Dropping still from the line of kilted warriors before the tempest of bullets, men lay scattered on the hillside, some writhing, some very still. The Highlanders came closer and closer.

'Cornet Hausmann,' Marie cried, quivering. 'I must go, I must fly. I cannot stand and face those things.'

Hausmann looked up to speak and then another shell burst, and he fell with a broken leg.

At the same instant many Boers, unaccustomed to face such a weapon, began to fall back, leave the trench, and retreat. Hausmann saw them and, in spite of his agony, ordered and implored them to stay.

'Stand firm,' he cried. 'They are exhausted. Stand firm—continue firing and we'll drive them back yet. Oh, cowards, will you fly? Marie, show them an example. You are no coward. Steady, Marie. Keep on firing. You won't desert me, will you?'

Marie's strength was renewed. Even her awful dread vanished at the prince's entreaty. She stood beside him as he reached up to her hand.

'No,' she said, 'I forgot for one moment. No, I will not desert you.'

Now the Scots were within 100 yards. They came on, but they were staggering and gasping.

'Firm: Stand firm,' cried the wounded Boer chief to the Boers who had not fled.

'Rush them, lads,' roared the tall British officer.

They came. Marie covered that officer steadily. He fell as she fired, but his men came on and on. There bayonets were within 50 yards, and the Boers, without any such weapon to meet them, broke at last and scattered.

Marie looked down at the cornet. He had fainted from pain. With a great effort she lifted him up, for she was strong from much outdoor work, and staggered with him from the lost trenches to the shelter of the great rock which had previously hid the cart. Her soul was full of bitterness because the trench was taken, but yet her heart was glad when the prince opened his eyes and smiled on her. At least she had saved him from the frenzied demons with the bayonets.

The Scots, however, could not hold the position for long. Boer artillery from other kopjes was trained on them. They in turn retreated, and night fell upon the battle.

Behind the rock Marie gave the cornet water and eased his agony as best she could while waiting for the surgeon and ambulance. Hausmann's eyes were always on her face.

'Marie,' he said at last, 'these fellows would have killed me if you had not stood by me. You saved my life when you did not desert me like the others. Marie, little Marie, Oom Kris has gone and Hendrick has gone, and you are alone. I, too, am alone. Stay with me, then—never desert me.'

The prince of the veldt had called on his bugle horn.—*Exchange.*

The Catholic World.

ENGLAND.—Entering a Convent.—The Hon. Miss Morris, daughter of Lord and Lady Morris, has entered the Carmelite Convent, Notting Hill, London.

The First Graduate from the Benedictine Hall.—In the list of undergraduates admitted to the degree of B.A. at Oxford occurs the name of Mr. E. S. Parker, of Hunter Blair Hall. He is the first to graduate from the recently-established Benedictine Hall at Oxford.

Ordination at Blackburn.—On Sunday, 15th July, at St. Anne's Church, Blackburn, the Lord Bishop of Salford ordained the Rev. H. Walsh, of Ushaw (son of Mr. J. D. Walsh, of Blackburn), to the priesthood. This being the first ordination that has taken place in Blackburn since the so-called Reformation, the ceremony attracted considerable notice, and the church was crowded, there being a number of non-Catholics present.

The New Westminster Cathedral.—The building of the great Catholic Cathedral at Ashley Place, Westminster, London, is proceeding rapidly. Already the domes are finished and the quattering struck, and the building of the huge campanile at the corner nearest Victoria street is now being got on with. The work is being done with all possible thoroughness, much to the astonishment of the bricklayers who have been engaged on the work from time to time. An interesting item in the Cathedral is the scaffolding. It takes a gang of men, with a foreman, a whole week to go round to each join and replace the rope used in binding, and this they do week in and week out. Soon, however, the scaffolding will disappear from the interior and the marble columns will take their place. These have an interesting story. When, during the Græco-Turkish war, the Sultan's soldiers, a number of marble monoliths intended for the Cathedral were among the spoils of war, and were held by the Turks until their retirement. The columns are 34 in number, each 13 feet in height; they will divide the chapels from the nave.

FRANCE.—The Assumptionist Fathers Vindicated.—The Assumptionist Fathers have decided not to proceed with their appeal against the decision of the French Court ordering their dissolution as an illegal Order. Their chiefs (writes a Paris correspondent) are now scattered—one being in Palestine, one in Rome, and the other in Constantinople—and the premises in the Rue Francois Premier are practically deserted. They had, however, individually taken action against certain Paris newspapers like the *Radical* and the *Aurore* for slander on account of charges made against them, and a verdict has now been given in their favor, for sums varying from 2000 to 50,000 francs.

INDIA.—Death of the Bishop of Nagpur.—It is with profound sorrow (says the *Madras Watchman*) we have to announce the death of the Bishop of Nagpur. His Lordship succumbed to cholera at his Cathedral residence in Nagpur on the night of July 23. Dr. Pelvat was consecrated by his Provincial, the Most Rev. Dr. Colgan, at the Catholic Cathedral, Nagpur, in 1893. The deceased prelate was the second Bishop of Nagpur, since its erection into a Bishopric, in July 1887, so that this diocese has already lost two Bishops. Dr. Pelvat was an energetic, zealous servant of God, Whom he served indefatigably in this earthly vineyard.

A Catholic Student to the Front.—Miss Louisa Coelho, who was educated at St. Anne's Convent, Mangalore, has been awarded the University of Madras Gold Memorial Medal for having scored the highest marks in English amongst the native candidates at the recent Matriculation Examinations of the University.

ITALY.—A Priest Inventor.—Rev. Gianino Giovanni, of Irea, has invented a valuable distance measure (writes a Rome correspondent) which has been patented by the Italian Government. He calls his measure 'Il Nuovo Telemetro.' This priest's invention is declared by a Turin journal to surpass all others of the kind, owing to its detail and distance accuracy, for it measures no less than 3000 yards, and is very minute in its subdivisions.

ROME.—The Society of Pious Works.—Among the many charitable undertakings engaged in by the Society of Pious Works (writes a Rome correspondent) that of attention to the poor little children arouses our sympathy. This society has recently opened, at Rocca di Papa, a most charming spot near Rome, a hospice, or home, for delicate and suffering children. The first party of 40 little ones went recently to enjoy the fresh air of this salubrious situation. Professor Lapponi, the physician to the Holy Father, with whom are associated many charitable gentlemen, takes a very deep interest in this charitable work. The Sisters of Charity have charge of this hospice, and it is earnestly hoped that generous contributions will enable them to receive a great many poor little children to enjoy the benefit of this change from the crowded homes of the city.