

ing of over-ripe fruit; others again ascribed it to sleeping in the open air in hot weather. But whatever the cause might be, the fact was certain: the fever was in our midst, thirty had fallen sick from it, and three had died. Dr. Bosch, the eminent chemist commissioned by the Government to analyse the water, made a most exhaustive and painstaking report, which was anything but reassuring. The doctor found in the water not only the typhoid bacilli, but the germs of half a dozen other diseases as well, vegetable matter containing the bacilli actinomycetes, decaying animal matter, and a whole host of fearsome and portentous creatures whose names alone would strike terror into the stoutest heart. All our lives we had been drinking that water, ignorant of the many deadly beings it harbored, surely 'where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.' Indignant citizens wrote to the newspapers calling on the Government to do its duty without fear or favor, and to arrest the town councillors for criminal neglect and blundering. Some few firebrands did not hesitate to say they should be summarily shot. But to them it was pointed out that this sanguinary proceeding, while being eminently disadvantageous to the city fathers, would be absolutely powerless to stop the ravages of the terrible bacilli, if, indeed, they were the guilty parties. In the meantime the fiat went forth that every family should boil the water before drinking it. At St. Joseph's we treated this recommendation with the disdain it merited. Here we are all thorough fatalists, and have always had a fine contempt for hygienic precautions. Indeed, we should have considered it a supremely silly and unchristian proceeding to attempt to thwart the will of God in our regard. So the fever continued to spread, and the day came when poor Bessie Perkins was one of its victims. The whole parish sympathized with her, for she was very popular, and one whom we could not easily replace at St. Joseph's. The rector visited her every day, and used to report to her friends the progress she was making.

Typhoid fever is a very uncertain and treacherous malady. The patient may be nicely in the morning, and at death's door in the evening; a mere nothing, such as a chill or an imprudent meal, may nullify all the progress made, and when the convalescence is even well under way you have still to be on your guard against surprises and complications. In the first days of Bessie's sickness, before there was any real danger, Belle disdained to make any inquiries about her, and what she heard accidentally she paid no heed to. Her former friend had passed out of her life, and she was determined to make a struggle before allowing her to enter it again. But when bulletins became more and more unfavorable, as the days went by, her conscience smote her for her ungenerous conduct, and the kindlier feelings hidden under the outward pride and self-will began to assert their sway. She, too, commenced to inquire from the rector how Bessie was; another day had passed, and she was sending kind messages to the invalid and little presents of fruits and flowers for the sick room. And as things began to look more and more serious for the patient, Belle's conscience condemned her all the more heavily. She would have loved now to see Bessie for one five seconds to obtain her pardon before she would pass the threshold of the other world, but the doctor's orders were imperative—absolutely no one was to see the patient beside the rector and himself. Instinctively she would picture the sick room to herself—the spent form that but a few weeks ago was full of energy and life, the incessant restlessness, the gaping mouth with its parched and cracked lips, and the sordid scum that no antiseptics could cleanse away. And that was the person whom she had quarrelled with, and whom she had said hard things about. The memory of it cut her like a knife. Now Bessie was gasping out her life, and soon it would not matter what was said of her, or what was done to her, for she would have lived out her little day and her soul would be safe with God. And then like the lash of a whip, stinging her beyond endurance, came the knowledge that Bessie in her delirium talked of her incessantly, and wanted to know for hours and hours, together with the dull insistency of sickness, why they could not be friends again as before. At last a day came when the rector looked very downhearted indeed, and shook his head sadly as he asked the catechism teachers and school children to pray for their comrade and teacher. Two hemorrhages had come in quick succession, followed by a very subnormal temperature, and he had anointed Bessie that day. Her only hope now was in God. The rector made a brave show at taking his dinner, but could not manage to swallow the food, and when the housekeeper went to his study in the course of the evening to see if he was unwell she found him sitting moodily in his armchair, the breviary open on his knee, and when she spoke he started, as though his thoughts were very far away. During the evening Belle visited the rectory to learn the latest bulletin, and all she could do was cry, when she was told poor Bessie was now beyond human aid. That night the altar of the Sacred Heart glowed with lights, and a strong detachment of Children of Mary were massed around it, whom Sister Agnes led with dauntless resolution to storm Heaven's battlements. The good Sister had headed many a forlorn hope in her time, and it was whispered her victories were more numerous than her defeats.

Who can fathom the wonderful power of prayer? How can anyone say the age of miracles is past? Every priest in his ordinary everyday parochial work among the poor, among the rich, in palace and hovel, in villa and slum sees

proofs by the dozen, by the score, that the age of miracles, thank God, is not yet past. There are some who are wanted in heaven, whose work is done here, and neither science nor care, not all that love can do, or money can buy—avails to save them. God has called them. He wants them home. There are others whose work is not yet done, and no poverty, no neglect, no unforeseen complications, can stay their recovery, for they are wanted here below, their crown is not yet woven in heaven. Our little invalid was one of these latter. In spite of weakness and exhaustion, the fever left her, and slowly, very slowly, she fought her way back to health and strength again. Little by little the shackles binding her convalescence were removed. She was allowed to sit up, allowed to indulge her appetite, allowed to see her friends for a short time! The first to be admitted to the sick room was Belle Mallowney, and a great sob of compunction rose in her throat, as she caught the first glimpse of Bessie. She was sitting in a large easy chair propped up with pillows. Her face had lost its plumpness and color, and was now deathly pale, her eyes were sunken, with dark rings underlying them. Her breathing was regular, but weak; she lay back languidly on her pillows as though the effort to live was too much for her. Belle took all in at a glance from the door, and also the smile that lighted up the poor wan features as she came forward. Impulsively she threw her arms around Bessie. 'My poor darling,' she said, and left the stain of tears on her cheek. She had a thousand things to tell her restored friend, but before she had even begun the nurse, cool and self-possessed, came forward and ordered her out of the room. The breach was closed, no explanations were needed, the distant shadow of death had made the two friends united as before. The first place Bessie visited in her convalescence was Belle's home, and now they have renewed their musical duets at St. Joseph's as though nothing had ever come between them, for ever since the world began, and unto the end thereof, 'the quarrels of lovers are the renewals of love.'—*Catholic News.*

#### EPILEPSY AND FITS.

##### WHAT INDEPENDENT WITNESSES SAY.

From Mr. A. Bolton, 69 North parade, Otley, Yorkshire.

May 21, 1908.

'In reply to yours of to-day, the reason why I discontinued your Remedy was because it had cured me of Epilepsy, and I did not want any more.

'To show you the wonderful medicine your Remedy is, I will, in as few words as possible, give you the history of my starting with Epilepsy to its cure. Now, about twelve years ago I fell down in the street in a fit. The doctors said that I must have had sunstroke, which made it come on. It would be six months later before I had another; then they began to come faster and faster, until about four years ago, for five weeks in succession, I had a fit each week, and during the whole time I was under one doctor or another, and I also went as an out-patient to an Epileptic Hospital in London.

'My attention was drawn to an advertisement of your Remedy, and I sent for six bottles. Two days after I had taken my first teaspoonful of the Remedy I had a slight attack, but from that day to this I have never had any sign of a fit except once, and it was after two or three days of mental strain, and the attack was of only two or three minutes' duration.

'My wife joins with me in thanking you for such a wonderful cure as Trench's Remedy.

'I shall be pleased to answer any inquiries in regard to the efficacy of Trench's Remedy for Epilepsy.'

TRENCH'S REMEDIES CO., DUBLIN.

N.Z. Agents: Edison and Duncan, Ltd., Port Aburiri, Napier.

## NAZARETH HOUSE, CHRISTCHURCH

### HOME FOR AGED POOR AND ORPHAN AND INCURABLE CHILDREN.

This Institution is a Branch of the well-known Nazareth House, Hammersmith, London, which has 29 Branch Houses in the United Kingdom, Africa, and Australia; affords a permanent home to aged and infirm poor of both sexes, also to Orphan and Incurable Girls (those entirely idiotic or suffering from fits excepted). The Home has no funds, and depends entirely for the support of the poor on the alms collected daily by the Sisters in money, food, and clothes. The aged poor are received without distinction as to creed or country, and left perfectly free to attend their own place of worship. A number of applications had to be refused for want of space, and the Sisters were obliged to build, and thus incur a very heavy debt; but they rely entirely upon Divine providence and the generosity of their many kind benefactors (which has never yet failed them) to enable them to pay off this debt. The House may be visited daily between the hours of 2 and 4 p.m. Cheques and p.o. orders may be made payable to the Superior, Mother M. Felix.