

\$1.00 per Year

day.

SONS.

[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER VI

He is still living in Buffalo and happy with his wife as on their wedding day. Only one sorrow has crossed their path, and that was the death of Theresa's brother, who had a life in a railroad accident when he was eighteen. His body had been brought home, mangled beyond recognition, and his sister has never recovered from the blow she received when the sad news came, but is reconciled when she sees that her only child, a boy who bears his father's name, grows more like him every day.

"Is this Dan?" asked the old man, he felt his son's hand grasp his arm.

"Yes father, it is I," answered the son.

"You are welcome home," said Mr. Jackson, drawing him into the house, and then laying his hand on his head and saying, "You seem taller than when you last left me, and those that saw you tell me you are greatly changed for the better. If I could only look up to you once more, my dear boy, but never shall, for you see I am blind."

To be continued.

To Mgr. Livinhao, Superior General of
The Congregation of the White
Fathers-Pardon Easily Obtained--
Miserecor super tubam.

Father Achte had told me that if a sufficient number of Fathers arrived in one year, three of them would settle in this province, and that we should arrange matters for their reception. The chiefs were all informed of this. At Mawokota, there exists a different mode of affairs from that in so many of the Missions, whereby means of preservation only, do we obtain the King's permission to enter his territory. Here one has but to speak. The village chief, the canton chief, even the governor of the province himself, who will baptised, deem it a pleasure.

The moment I appear, they begin singing in chorus, "Ave, Ave Maria." I enter the church, constructed of cedar, a real masterpiece of its kind. Behold there an altar, a confession, the stations of the cross, and statues on the parition above the altar—all arranged with taste and wonderfully clean, touching proof of piety of this people.

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