

THE SOLDIER GUARD

Ten little tin soldiers lay all in a row
Stretched out on the nursery floor.

"NED,"

The FARMER BOY

A Possible Result of a Lad's Industry and Foresight.

By GEO. E. FOSTER.

CHAPTER XI
Counting the Profit.

Ned sold his squashes at good advantage, and at an average price of three and one-half cents per pound.

Table with financial data: Amount deposited in bank from last year's potato speculation, Interest 14 years at 5 per cent, etc.

"A pretty good showing," said Ned to himself, "but it was possible to have made it more, unless Agricultural books lie. Still I have made over the general average, and I ought to be content."

As we have already mentioned, the ten hens that Ned purchased the spring before for breeding purposes were removed from the chicken house as early as possible, began to lay again very soon, and when they began to show signs of wanting to sit again, he killed them for the market. They were now fat, and he received an average of sixty cents each, which was a profit of \$2.50 on their original cost.

Table with financial data: Cash received for eggs, Cash paid for 10 hens, Total receipts, Expenses, Total profit.

"A wonderful account, Ned," said Mr. Jackson, as Ned told him the result of his business.

they are careless and shiftless. Croy will not take care of themselves after being planted, nor will hens lay well unless properly watched.

"What are you going to do this season, Ned? I have spotted your hen business this year, by removing the shed," continued Mr. Jackson.

We have no space to go into the details of all of Ned's third year's work. The squashes did well, but the season was not as good as in the year previous.

At this point it may be well to go back to the rich bed of ground in his little farm in which he placed the minute seeds of the potato last two years before.

CHAPTER XII
Mr. Sharp's Library.

As has been hinted in preceding chapters, the Hon. Jared Sharp was more than an ordinary man.

It was not without considerable trepidation that Ned wended his way to the residence of Mr. Sharp at the appointed time.

He was received kindly at the door by that gentleman himself, who ushered him into his library, and pleasantly chatted, making Ned feel perfectly at home.

There were handsome pictures on the walls of the room, some of which were obtained while on a trip to Europe.

There were also several busts of famous men, and a large number of books, some of which were bound in rich leather.

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"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven; Give! as the waves when their channels are riven;

Lavishly, as the free air and sunshine are given; Lavishly, as the drops of thy cup overflow.

Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing; Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;

Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live. Pour out thy love like the rush of a river.

Wasting its waters for ever and ever, Thro' the burnt sands that reward not the giver.

Silent or songful thou nearest the sea. Scatter thy life as the summer showers pouring!

What if no bird through the pearl rain is soaring? What if no blossom looks upward adoring?

Look to the life that was lavished for thee! Give, though thy heart may be wasted and weary.

Laid on an altar all ashen and dreary; Through from its pulses a faint mis-ere-re-re.

Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate, Bind! with cords of unshrinking devotion.

Smile at the song of its restless emotion; 'Tis the stern hymn of eternity's ocean.

Hear! and in silence thy future await. -The New York Teachers' Magazine.

POLLY'S BIRTHDAY.

Polly was a dear little girl who lived on a nice large farm with plenty of chickens, cows and horses.

One of the boarders Miss Cary was watching Polly shell peas one morning and thinking that she did a great deal of work for such a little girl.

"When is her birthday?" Miss Cary asked. "Why, let me see, it's this month some time—the seventeenth—yes, the seventeenth of July I declare, I'd have forgotten all about it if you hadn't n-poke." And Mrs. Jones went on with her work again.

"What's a birthday?" Polly asked shyly. "Why, Polly," exclaimed Miss Cary, "don't you know? It's the anniversary of the day you were born. Didn't you ever have a birthday present, Polly?"

"No," said Polly, looking puzzled. "We never have much time for those things," Polly's mother said. "It's about all I can do to remember Christmas."

strings. No one knew whether to laugh or feel sorry. It was wonderful what \$2 would buy, and not strange that the little girl had spent a whole half-day shopping.

There was a blue tie for Brother Dan and a pink one for Tim, a yellow hair ribbon for Sister Linda, some brass napkins for grandma, a small bottle of cologne for Jake, the "hired man," and then there was but one package left.

"Why, it's beautiful, Polly, dear," Miss Cary said; "but what have you bought for your birthday present?"

"Why, these," said Polly—"these are all my presents. Presents are something we give away, aren't they?" And Polly looked around, wondering why all were so still.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," said one of the ladies softly. The gentlemen looked out of the window, and Miss Cary put her arms around Polly and kissed the hot, dusty little face many times.

"It's been a lovely day," Polly said, as she distributed her last gift. "I never had any presents to give away before, and I think birthdays are just lovely."

The next month, after Miss Cary had returned to the city, she had a birthday, and there came to Polly a most wonderful doll with lots of beautiful clothes, and a card saying, "For Polly, on my birthday, from Lena Cary," which, by the way, immediately became the doll's name.

And Miss Cary was not the only one who caught Polly's idea of a birthday for the rest of the boarders remembered Polly's presents and through the year, as each one's birthday came, Polly received a gift to delight her generous little heart.

When the seventeenth of July came around again though Miss Cary was not at the farm she sent Polly a little silk bag with nine silver quarters in it, and Polly still thinks, "birthdays are lovely." -Mrs. S. J. Maxwell, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Chief Dweller's House With 1,000 Rooms. The archaeological treasures of the United States are seemingly inexhaustible. This is especially true in the great Southwest region of this country, the home of primitive man and the cliff dweller.

The latest traveler and explorer to penetrate this wonderfully picturesque region and who has brought back new glimpses of these prehistoric peoples is Rev. Dr. Cole, of Los Angeles, Cal. The Doctor, who is an enthusiastic archaeologist, has just returned from a three month's journey among the ruined ancient dwellings of southeastern Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico.

The most prominent and interesting feature of Dr. Cole's trip was the discovery of an immense cliff palace or communal dwelling securely lodged underneath an overhanging ledge of almost perpendicular cliff along the banks of the Santa Fe river in New Mexico.

The ascent to this lofty rock tenement was made by niches cut out of the solid rock of the cliff. One thousand feet of hazardous and toilsome climbing was necessary to go up the sheer wall of the precipice before the first ruins were reached.

Here a giant community house of four stories was found in a fair state of preservation. There were some 1,600 rooms in the house, and in its prime it is estimated to have sheltered five to six thousand people.

On both sides of the huge ruins were great towers running up to the fourth story, still showing the loop holes through which the besieged inhabitants showered arrow-tipped arrows—their only weapons of defence—upon the heads of the invading enemy.

From these rock towers the inhabitants could hold their own against a superior force, fighting downward with undiminished advantage to the enemy or savage foe who would have to scale up the unprotected wall.

Safety seems to have been the prime motive for the cliff dweller in building their homes in these impregnable and almost inaccessible places, for they evidently were harassed eternally by wily and merciless savages.

These cliff houses were well stored with corn, whose mummified cobs are still found, as also are numerous well-preserved articles of household furniture. The exact time of the cliff and fortress dwelling people is still one of conjecture.

FATHER FIDELIS, C. P.

HEEDING THE INVITATION OF PIUS IX HE ENTERS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

He Becomes a Member of the Paulist Community, Afterward Joins the Austere Congregation of Passionists and Makes Great Conquests for the Faith.

The following interesting article appeared in a recent issue of the Catholic Columbian from the pen of R. C. Gleason in reference to the able and learned Passionist missionary, Father Fidelis (Dr. James Kent Stone).

A trip across the river by ferry from New York and a ride up the side of the protruding rocks of Jersey by a circuitous electric line lands one at St. Michael's Monastery, Hoboken. The church is a magnificent one, beautiful in every way and except for the pews one might easily imagine oneself in some European basilica.

The monastery attached is the home of the Fathers of the Order of St. Paul of the Cross, commonly known as Passionists. Father Fidelis was soon ushered in, when we called, and we stood in the presence of a magnificent looking man, his hair as white as the driven snow, but his features are still youthful and the pleasant gleam in his eye and the melodious tone of his voice tells you he is still young, even if years have crowned his head with the mark of advancing years.

Father Fidelis—better known as Dr. James Kent Stone—is a native of Massachusetts, was a soldier in the civil war, losing a brother, who fell by his side in the same war. He became in the late sixties, President of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, and later went to Hobart College, Geneva, New York.

Pius IX's letter convoking the Vatican Council was the trumpet call that led Dr. Stone into the true fold, for he found that up to that time he had been "playing Catholic." He became a member of the Paulist Order, and finally a Passionist. Some years ago, in company with a member of the Paulist Order, who had been novice-master to Father Fidelis, I visited Gambier and when we entered the beautiful church of that village, a church that looks so Catholic, only one thing missing—an altar, we found—

It was Monday—the large Bible open on the reading desk at the 15th chapter of St. John's Gospel: "I am the true vine. . . Abide in Me and I in you. As the branch can not bear fruit of itself unless it abide in the vine, so neither can you, unless you abide in Me."

"This," said my reverend companion, "is a striking coincidence. For it was this very chapter that Fr. Fidelis often told me had been the subject of much thought on his part and read in connection with the letter of Pius IX, had been the cause of his serious resolve to go to the Mother Church and abide in the true vine." He subsequently wrote his well-known book "The Invitation Heeded," in which occurs this gem of logic: "Let us go back to the 16th century. Either there was a Church of God then in the world or there was not. If there was, they as certainly had neither the right to abandon it, nor the power to remodel it."

His panegyric on Pius IX delivered in the Cincinnati Cathedral was a magnificent discourse and his address at the dedication of the Catholic University at Washington a gem of pulpit oratory. Let me quote a few sentences from the latter. His subject was "The Vitality of the Church, a Manifestation of God." "For a hundred years, the Church has been here and she is at home in this land. Look upon her, I say, and tell me, what think you of Christ's Church? Whose spouse is she? Is her form bent and her forehead wrinkled? Are her sandals worn or her garments moth-eaten? Is her gait halting or feeble and does she walk with trembling steps? Oh, see! her face is radiant and her brow erect and starlit and on her lip is the smile of peace; her robes are beautiful with variety and fragrant as with spices and the step with which she advances is elastic in the triumph. She moves in the electric light of divinity. She is the Daughter of the King. The world which the Catholic Church has accomplished in this country is the same which she has done in other ages and other lands, but she has done it in a new way and in her own way. And mind you, she has not done this by any cunning adaptation of policy, but simply because she is a living force, capable of acting in all time and in all places, so that she has become America without ceasing for a moment to be Catholic and on the other hand, in endowing us with all that is truly hers, she has not impoverished or crippled, but rather appropriated and vivified all that is best and nobler in our national character."

In an address, delivered a few years ago at Harvard University on "Fidelity to Grace Received," he thus described the fortieth martyr of Sebastie: "When Rome still held her own against North and East, and the legions under Licinius kept the outposts of the Armeian frontier, forty soldiers of the guard were denounced as Christians, and therefore—so it was held—traitors to the empire. They were picketed up to their necks in the slime of a half-frozen march. And in the dead of night the sentinel who watched them, as he paced the margin of that hideous swamp, beheld a sight that stayed his steps. The martyrs were chanting their death song, when lo! the glory of God shone over them, and that Roman legionary saw, or seemed to see, angels descending bearing crowns. He counted them—thirty-nine. And where, said he, with bated breath, where is the fortieth crown? While yet he gazed, one of the fated band struggled to the shore, to warm himself by the fire that blazed there, to seize the soft clothing, and lay himself in the tepid bath set there to allure him. In that instant a great decision was made—that missing crown shall be to me! Rousing his comrades of the guard, the rough soldier spoke: 'I too am a Christian!'"

And losing his belt, the symbol of his allegiance, he waded in, joined his strong voice in the last notes of that triumphant chant, and, shall we not say it?—won his crown and is honored to-day as the fortieth of the forty martyrs of Sebastie. Whatever we may think of that 'soldier's dream,' the main facts of the story cannot be doubted, and they are consonant with Christian doctrine and with the law of grace."

Father Fidelis is a most interesting and genial talker, you run along with him without being conscious of the varied fields into which he is drifting with you and time slips by before one notes it. The rays of the evening sun were crowning with gold the heights of the Jersey shore and gilding the cross of St. Michael's all too soon when we had to bid goodbye to genial, manly, magnificent Fr. Fidelis, whose life might have been cast into what the world would consider honorable fields; a well paid Episcopalian divine or bishop—had he not listened to God's call, the call of his own mind and conscience and in his dark brown robe of a religious of St. Paul of the Cross, he towers higher than all the luxury and easy places the world might elevate him to; and whether in the pulpit or the confessional, whether conducting a retreat for nuns, or leading a mission in some great sin-infected part of a populous city, he is far greater as the simple Father Fidelis, than all the honors the world could give him had he been unfaithful to God's call and left the invitation unheeded.

NOTABLE CONVERSION. An English Lady Who Had Passed Seventeen Years in An Anglican Sisterhood.

(From the Catholic Examiner, Bombay.) The Protestant Society for the propagation of the Gospel among the Maharrati inhabitants of Poona, which, under the direction of the Cowley Fathers is greatly helped by the so-called Wantage Sisters, has suffered a considerable loss by the conversion of one of its members to the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Miss Mary Rowles or Sister Prisca, as she was called in the order, was a fervent Ritualist all her lifetime. Just like her brother, who is a clergyman in England, and all her relatives at Wantage. About seventeen years ago she joined the Wantage Sisters, a religious community in connection with the Cowley Fathers; during the last thirteen years she was employed at Poona. In every respect an accomplished lady, refined and highly educated with a perfect knowledge of French and Maharrati, she was headmistress of a school for native girls. She enjoyed the full confidence of her superiors in England and in India and had endeared herself to the members of the whole community, as it became clear from the many letters written to her after her conversion had been made known.

According to her own statement it was last Whit-Sunday, 1899, whilst at Mass (as Ritualists call their celebration of the Holy Eucharist) when an interior voice told her to become a real Catholic by openly entering the Church which is established by Christ, and not by an act of Parliament, like the Church of England. That voice she had oftentimes heard on former occasions, but never with such a force and overwhelming power. The thought entered her mind, "If that Cowley father there standing at the altar is not validly ordained, how can he consecrate bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ? How can he dare to absolve us when we confess sins to him? There is certainly with regard to valid ordination in the Roman Catholic Church—and our own people assert it without contradiction—Ritualists, preferring certainty to doubts, have gone over to Rome. Consequently I can do nothing better than follow their example and become a Roman Catholic at once."

In that state of mind Sister Prisca paid a secret visit to the convent of the Nuns of Jesus and Mary. Here she was advised to speak first to her Protestant superiors on the subject, to explain her doubts and difficulties to them and eventually to declare that it was her intention to become a Roman Catholic. It is noteworthy that never in her life had she spoken to a Roman Catholic clergyman. So she called a second time at the Convent of Jesus and Mary and settled everything. She mentioned also that she wished to become a nun of their congregation.

As the most feasible arrangement it was decided that Miss Rowles should retire for some time to the Parcel Convent, where there is a resident chaplain who might impart to her the necessary instruction preparatory for her reception into the Catholic Church. She parted in peace from the Wantage community and arrived at Parcel Convent on Trinity Sunday, March 28, 1899. In due course of time she received conditional baptism, made her first real Communion, and His Grace the Archbishop of Bombay administered to her the sacrament of Confirmation. As she did not wish to return to the world, it was left to her own choice to ask for admission into any of the religious orders in India. She preferred to remain with the Nuns of Jesus and Mary. Accordingly she started for Agra, where they have a novitiate. Though forty-seven years old, she joined the young postulants of the congregation there, and was clothed in the religious habit of the novices on the 14th of January, 1900, the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, and is now called Sister Odila. In remembrance of the blind girl who received her eyesight by a miracle of our Lord.

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Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'SE', 'OUR RI', 'H. Leo', 'Wm. J.', 'J. M. H.', 'Chas. S.', 'J. Sag', 'Edward', 'J. Lee', 'Abner', 'Rufus', 'A. Gilbert', 'EDWARD', 'ABEX', 'Manufa', 'W', 'Cor. A', 'Do', '40 Nor', 'SEN', 'THIS IS'.