

Reunited.

"There I am through for the day," This remark of mother's was the signal for the gathering of the family around the old-fashioned grate fire. Father with his pipe and tobacco, settled himself in the old arm-chair, next to mother who sat in her favorite corner, knitting. Aunt B—, who always wanted to be in a prominent figure, drew her chair up directly in front of the fire, thus proclaiming her self-appointed position as head of the house. Next to her was John, then Louise; as for myself, I found room for a little stool in the corner opposite mother.

For a time the conversation turned about the general topics of the day—the crops, the election, and the grand ball. But soon we all fell into a kind of lethargy. It may have been that each was communing with his own thoughts. If such was the case our musings were indeed rudely interrupted.

The clock on the mantle had just struck eight. Father so far aroused himself as to remark that the clock needed winding. But whether or not he intended to wind it himself I do not know, for at that instant the dogs set up such a howling that everyone made a rush for the door. There in the middle of the yard was cousin Jim on horse-back with all his dogs about him, each one trying to outdo the other in barking and running around. Our dogs were also sending up howl after howl fearing, no doubt that the strangers were receiving too much attention. Finally order came from the confusion. The stable-man took the horse and dogs to the barn, while we escorted Jim into the house.

Mother hustled about to get Jim "a bite to eat." After he had "eaten his fill," we all gathered around the fire once more. Aunt B—made room for Jim in front of the grate, though it cost her much to relinquish her seat of distinction. Each of us tried to get as close as possible to Jim's chair, for we knew that he always had some thrilling story to tell.

Being settled, of course, we had to hear all about his horse, the dogs, and especially about the big fox he came near catching. But at last, after much coaxing, for Jim dearly loved to be coaxed, he consented to tell us a story. "Let me think a minute" was always his way of beginning. As soon as we heard this each one made himself more comfortable and prepared for a long exciting yarn.

"I have often told you," Jim began, "of fox hunts and trips abroad, and other experiences too numerous for you or me to remember. To-night I will tell you of an incident that happened in the world-famous battle of Y—. Even now, years after, I can recall quite distinctly that memorable day. About three in the morning our Company got orders to prepare for duty. There and then every man made up his mind to do his very best. At half past four we were ordered to hold a position two miles North of Y—. Somehow the word was noised about that F Company was detailed out for position No. 10. The poor war-stricken people seemed to place great confidence in us, and if as they wished to give us a striking proof of trust, every man, woman and child was on the street, as we passed along. Often we were almost moved to tears by the touching marks of their affection, the tearful entreaties to save them, the prayers of mothers and wives, the weeping of children. These made every man say within himself "I will save these people or lose my life." We left the town and marched two miles straight north. Here we halted. Four of us—your humble servant among the rest—were detailed out on scout duty. The rest of the company were soon busy on the entrenchments.

Two hours after leaving our regiment, we sighted the enemy. They were, as far as we could judge about ten miles due north, marching in close formation. We reported to our Captain, who immediately prepared his men. I shall not pain your ears with an account of the engagement. The slaughter was appalling. The groans of the wounded and dying were unbearable. These very sights and sounds fired us with a Hellish desire for revenge. We fought as we

never fought before, nothing seemed to daunt us. The enemy were brave men, but to them our very countenance seemed fired with a kind of super-human determination. But enough of this! After the enemy I mean what was left of them—had retreated, we began caring for the wounded.

Now in our company there was one young private, of whom I had taken unusual notice. He was about my own age, of medium height, with brown hair and a clear ruddy complexion. I did not see him among the "safe and sound" so I kept a special watch for him among the dead and wounded. At length I found him lying face downwards among a number of his fallen companions. He had been hit on the left shoulder and was unconscious or dead. I know not which. Anyway I picked him up and carried him to a stretcher. The doctor, after examining him, pronounced his case hopeless. Despite this I did not give in, but on reaching the hospital I hunted up Sister M—and asked her to have a special care for the young soldier. She promised to do her best.

When my young friend had regained consciousness I went to his cot and began talking to him. He soon cut me short with, "Can you get me a Catholic priest?" I hastened away and found a Priest on his knees at the cot of a wounded soldier. Seeing me approach, he motioned me to go back and wait. A few minutes elapsed, then the Priest came to me, I told him what I wanted, and soon we were back to my young friend who was now very weak. The Priest having ministered to his spiritual wants began to talk with him and soon the young private was giving us the history of his life.

He had been brought up in Eastern Canada, where, with his only brother he had spent a happy childhood in the old home. But when the lads were about twenty and twenty two they had a bitter quarrel. They told nobody what the trouble was or how they came to quarrel. They grew to hate the sight of each other. One morning Frank, the younger, was missing. No one knew where he had gone, no one ever had any word from him, not even his parents. That wa

six years before the war began. Six years of suffering and toil for Frank, of anxious expectation and bitter disappointment for those at home. When war was declared Frank was in British Columbia. When there he joined Company F whose history you have already heard.

When the soldier had finished his story, he drew a small locket from the bosom of his shirt. The priest's hand trembled as he took the trinket. Pressing the spring he opened the locket. Inside he found two pictures one of the soldier and the other of himself. With a cry of "Frank, Frank, don't you know me?" the priest fell on his knees by the cot.

It is needless to relate what followed, the tears of joy, the loving embrace.—Frank slowly recovered, the war ended, right had triumphed over injustice. The brothers returned to their home where their parents never ceased thanking God for their return. Years have passed since then. The priest has become Cardinal-Archbishop of N—. Frank is now living on the old farm. happy in the love of the one over whom he had quarreled so bitterly."

H. L. M. M. '18.

What boots running if one is on the wrong road?

What enthralls us all is the common.

We happiness pursue; we fly from pain; Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight in vain.

We retain from our studies only that which we practically apply.

We readily believe what we wish to be true.

We usually lose the to-day, because there has been a yesterday, and to-morrow is coming.