

was Father Paola, the gentle pastor who had labored in that parish for many years, who was familiar with the names and occupations of his people and their sorrows and their joys and who smiled on them now from the altar with the same love and benignity he brought into their poor homes.

But Anthony did not share their knowledge. He had seen just such another face, figure and seraphic smile when Peggie brought him to kneel before the statue of St. Anthony in the Dominican Church near his home. And he drew his own conclusions.

He waited until the voice ceased, then scrambled from the seat and rushed down the aisle, his fair hair floating around him. Straight through the sanctuary he sped, and falling at the priest's feet grasped the rough robe, while his clear treble sounded through the church in the earnest appeal: "Oh, good St. Anthony, make my daddy see!"

The blind man started up and would have followed, only that some one caught his arm.

The priest saw and recognized the famous infidel whose writings and lectures had done incalculable harm. Impulsively he fell upon his knees and, putting his arm around the child, repeated in vibrant tones: "Oh, good St. Anthony, make his daddy see!"

The people were stirred to the depths. In very truth "their hearts were moved as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind," and from every corner of the church there arose the spontaneous, thrilling cry: "Oh, good St. Anthony, make his daddy see!"

The volume of mighty sound swept upward to the Great White Throne and died away in a sobbing whisper.

Father Paola murmured something to the child, who nestled confidently against him. The little fellow trotted back and slipped his hand into that of his father.

For a few moments Mr. Ross sat bolt upright, but when the strains of "Tantum Ergo Sacramentum" floated through the church, some power stronger than his own will or inclination forced him to his knees.

The choir of trained voices rose and fell piercingly sweet:

Down in adoration falling,
Lo, the sacred Host we hail!
Lo, o'er ancient forms departing
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying
Where the feeble senses fail.

Around him he heard men and women praying. The belief and adoration in their whispered words thrilled and awed him. A germ of faith sprang up in his heart and quickly sprouted. A great wave of emotion swept over him. He buried his face in his hands, and for the first time since childhood hot tears streamed down his cheeks. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain shoot through his eyes. He hastily raised his head. A second later he was on his feet clutching wildly at the pew. Before him there seemed to spread a reddish cloud—waving—fllickering—breaking here and there. In the midst of it appeared myriads of sparks, whirling, dancing and changing into points of colored light. Then all at once the cloud melted; the shifting mass steadied, and he saw!

For a second he gazed wildly at the altar with its twinkling lights, at the priest in his gold-hued vestments holding aloft the shining monstrance and at the bowed heads of the worshippers. Then he turned swiftly and beheld his little son looking at him, the sweet brown eyes and beautiful face full of love.

With a rapturous exclamation he reached him to his breast and hurried down the aisle. When he reached the communion rail he prostrated himself on the ground, his haughty head bowed in the dust, and through his length and breadth of the church his voice rang out in the tremulous cry: "Oh, Lord! Oh, God! I believe! Help Thou my unbelief!"

Then he staggered into the air, the boy clinging to his neck.

During the rapid homeward drive he only removed his eyes from his child's radiant face to glance at the starlit sky, and once again the prayer of thanksgiving in his heart found its way to his lips. In that moment he whispered a vow to undo so far as

possible all the mischief he had done by his writings and false teachings and to devote the remainder of his life to disseminating the light that had come to him.

As soon as they entered the house Anthony's ringing cry, "My daddy b'Heves in God an' now he can see—can see!" brought the ser- 'ts flocking to the hall. Peggie led the way. "What did I tell yez—what?" she asked, joyously. "Now, glory be to you, my God, shure this is the happiest munit of me life!" And having wrung her master's hand, she retreated, sobbing and laughing in the same breath.

The good news traveled fast, and before long the eye specialist arrived on the scene, breathless and excited.

"I have been expecting this for some time, Mr. Ross," he cried, and forthwith he plunged into a scientific explanation of the how, why and wherefore.

Mr. Ross heard him to the end, then he said unsteadily:

"I cannot follow your arguments. I am dazed with joy. I can understand and realize one thing only—that I have been led into light."

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS.

One sultry day, during the long holidays, when I was making a tour through South Wales, I flung myself on the soft turf at the foot of an old oak tree. The beautiful river Wye lay at my feet, and through the trees, tinged with the rich hue of autumn, a glimpse of the ancient ruins of Tintern Abbey conjured up ghosts of the past, when the good Cistercian monks inhabited it and tilled the rich soil in the lovely valley; for the monks were not idle men. Their days were spent in bodily labor, in study or in visiting the sick.

Forth to the house of death the good monks go;
And as they wind along the lovely vale,
The Miserere, chanted soft and low,
Blends with the sweetness of the evening air.

They go on mercy's errand, with the tale
Of Him who died that death might vanquish be,
To one whose spirit trembles on the verge
Of death's unfathomable, blackening sea.

The sounds of the vesper chants floated past me, and as the Gloria Patria swelled louder and louder and louder, and was echoed by the rocks above me, I was carried in spirit to other—far other scenes.

In a dark, dirty court in a vast city, two boys were picking up old bones, old shoes, bits of rusty iron, and all sorts of refuse that they could find. Eagerly they placed their treasures—for treasures they evidently were to them—in an old bag; when full, they conveyed it to a marine store shop and sold the contents for a small sum. If each little worker could have seen his angel guardian tracing his steps, all day and all night bearing him company, his monotonous task would have been lighter. I observed that the angel of one of the boys often shed tears.

"Why do you weep," I said, "while your angel companion often smiles as he follows his charge?"
"The boy I watch over?" replied the weeping angel, "worships a god who will lead him to perdition if he continues to do so. He worships Mammon, the god of this world. He hoards the money he gets instead of helping his mother, who works hard by day, and sometimes through the night, to support him. He heard that a man who was a bone picker made his fortune and he hopes to do the same."

"And why," said I to the other angel, "do you so often smile?"

"Hugh, the boy whose steps I trace," replied the angel, "worships the God of heaven; he goes to mass regularly, never forgets his prayers, and works hard out of school hours, and gives the money he gains by the sale of the refuse he collects to an aged grandmother, whom it helps to support. Hugh has one great wish; he longs to be a priest of the great God whom he loves and worships."

The little toilers worked on, the angel's—whose golden wings and white robes never became sullied by the filth through which they passed—

ever following them and protecting them in danger, sometimes stooping to whisper words of encouragement, counsel and warning. All night, too, they watched them as they slept.

The scene changed. I found myself in a brilliantly lighted hall. Richly dressed ladies and gentlemen were seated at a rich banquet and addressing flattering speeches to their host. Each had an angel guardian.

Happy man! I said to the angel guardian of the host.

"Nay," replied the angel, "this is Jasper; he has forsaken the true God; he never goes to mass; never prays. The idol he worships cannot give him a quiet conscience—cannot make him happy. And the memory of the mother whom he neglected, and who died in the workhouse, continually haunts him, and the cry of starving multitudes is ever ringing in his ear, although he tries to turn a deaf ear to it."

The brilliant scene vanished and I found myself in the chamber of death. Jasper lay dying and a priest was administering the last rites of holy church. His guardian angel—faithful to the last—stood there.

"Dear angel," I said, "you are still with him, and you are smiling now."
"I have never left him for an instant," replied the angel, "and the priest—who is his old companion, Hugh—has never ceased to pray for his conversion. Jasper made his peace with God before his illness, and to Him he gives the immense wealth he has amassed. Hugh still treads the courts and lanes, where, in the childhood, he and Jasper toiled together, but now it is as the priest of God, and to do His work."

"There is joy among the angels in heaven over one sinner doing penance," and "They who convert many to justice shall shine as the stars for ever and ever," sang the angels, as the scene vanished, and I awoke as the sun was setting—brilliantly illuminating the beautiful ruin. As I walked home in the twilight I felt the presence of my guardian angel more sensibly than I had ever done in my life, and I resolved to be more devout in future to him, "whose office will last beyond the grave, until at length it merges into a still sweeter tie of something like equality, when on the morning of the resurrection we pledge each other, in those first moments, to an endless—blessed love."

MAKING SQUIRRELS USEFUL.

St. Nicholas for August contains the following letter:

Burlington, Iowa.

Dear St. Nicholas—There are a great many squirrels about our place, and they are very tame. They eat the seeds of the pine-cones, and later some of the maple seeds, and sometimes they dig out the seeds of apples. We have a large black walnut tree in our yard, and in the fall the squirrels know when the nuts will do to rake. Some they eat on the spot, but they take away a great many and bury them in the ground, and pat it down so smooth that the place can't be found by one who has not seen them put the nuts in.

This last autumn one of these squirrels had picked a fine nut from the very top of the tree, when our man threw a stone at the squirrel, which frightened him into dropping it. But pretty soon Mr. Squirrel found he wasn't hurt, and picked another nut from the top of the tree, and the man threw another stone, and Mr. Squirrel dropped the second nut. After a while the squirrel picked a third nut, which a third stone brought down, and this was kept up until that squirrel had picked thirty-one nuts from the top of the tree, all of which he had been made to drop. Then he gave it up as a bad job, and our man secured 31 nuts from the top of the tree.

This device, to be successful requires the squirrel to be tame enough not to be frightened too much by a stone, and that the stone shall be thrown near enough to frighten but not to hit the squirrel. Probably girls couldn't throw a stone accurately enough for that.

SORE FEET.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear any boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

An important literary enterprise under the direction of Dr. O. S. Marden, the editor of "Success," is now nearing completion. It is The Success Library, comprising six thousand pages, and one thousand, five hundred original illustrations, and ninety-six full-page plates in color. More than five hundred distinguished American and European writers have contributed the articles which will be inspiring, practical and helpful. The library is adapted to the home, office, school and college.

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ALL SORTS OF BOYS.

(A. E. Houghton.)

There's the witty boy, and the pretty boy,
And the boy who oils his hair;
There's the cat-faced boy, and the rat-faced boy,
And the boy with the bovine stare.
There's the steamy boy, and the dreamy boy,
And the boy who is "up-to-date."
There's the boy who smokes, and the boy who jokes,
An the boy who is always late

There's the tender boy, and the slender boy,
And the boy with limbs like a bear's
There's the stoutish boy, and the loutish boy,
And the boy who slides down stairs.

There's the cheerful boy, and "that fearful boy,"
And the boy who deserves a flogging;
There's the boy with a heart, and the boy too smart,
And the boy whose brains want jogging.

There's the grass-green boy, and the bright keen boy,
And the boy who is always bubbling;
There's the climby boy, and the grimy boy,
And the boy who shirks his tubbing.

There are many others, oh men and brothers,
And none are all bad, you bet,
There are boys and boys—yet through grief and joys,
They are somebody's darlings yet.

Book Review

MAGAZINE OF ART.

The early struggles of Mr. Albert Toft, the well-known sculptor, are thus recorded in an article upon him, by Mr. John Hamer, in The Magazine of Art for July: After this training at Kensington he determined to begin at once that career of artistic production which has been the sole ambition of his life. To be long penniless, to be hungry, to despair at times, and yet to hope against hope; all this he has known, and he is stronger for the experience. But these struggles, severe though they were, left no trace of bitterness; to such a temperament life is so interesting, art is so enchanting, that no time is left for cherishing bitter memories. Old friends and fellow students, scattered now throughout the world of art, will recall the story, for it was the common knowledge of the set to which Mr. Toft belonged in that day. "The born artist, the born solitary" will "follow his star," and the sufferings of his predecessors will profit him little—he has to live it all over again. He began humbly, making small bas-reliefs of well-known men and studies of busts. But once started on the artist's career, he has never turned back. His achievement is remarkable for a man still so young, but he is full of life and nervous energy. One feels that he is the artist to the finger-tips, but an artist of the creative order, to whom life is the supreme thing—the great reality. He is an illustration of the saying, which will be easily understood if we remember his ancestry, that all true art is the culmination of a great tradition. Here also, as everywhere, the law of evolution is at work.

THE AUGUST ST. NICHOLAS.

The first fifteen pages of St. Nicholas for August are filled with text and pictures of a sort to catch the reader's attention and hold it; for the opening article is one of Cleveland Moffatt's "Danger and Daring" series, his theme this month being the taming of wild beasts by men and women. That the career of a wild beast tamer has its perils we all know well; that it has its humorous incidents also, the story (and picture) of a tiger being kicked into unconsciousness by a frightened quagga it was ruthlessly running down in a ring, amusingly attests. There is a good deal about "Our Yellow Slave"—gold—in an article by Charles F. Lummis, and Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron, in "The Port of Bottles," tells what becomes of some of the messages people seriously or jocosely consign to the keeping of the sea. The serials run on entertainingly—John Bennett's "Story of Barnaby Lee," Allen French's "The Junior Cup," and Harriet Comstock's "Boy of a Thousand Years Ago." And there are rhymes and jingles, pictures, anecdotes and acrostics, in the usual abundance. As usual, also, much of the best matter in the magazine is to be found in the editorial departments—Books and Reading, Nature and Science, the St. Nicholas League, etc.

LITERARY NOTE.

An agreeable literary stimulant is the superb midsummer fiction number of "Success," which shows most delicate blending of the fanciful and the helpful. Five good short stories flavoured with such inspirational features as "How the Twenty-nine Immortals Started for the Hall of Fame," by Cyrus Patterson Jones, "Trilles which Lead to Fortune," by Rufus Rockwell Wilson, and other characteristic success articles.

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