

stubbornness.

"God will save her."

"You will cause your own ruin."

"The ruin of my soul."

"Your body belongs to me."

The priest smiled. "Do as you please, sire, with my body."

"Once more I ask you to tell me the queen's confession."

"Never, sire."

"That will do. I will not ask again. The executioner shall be entrusted with the matter."

"Sire," said the priest, "the children of the Church have always borne willing testimony to her laws. Should it be my lot to die for the holy law of silence which guards the confession, I shall be ready to shed every drop of my blood in its sacred cause. But, sire, allow me to remind you that you have fallen into deep guilt by trying to tempt or to force me to betray the secret of confession. As my body and soul belong to the Church, I will never refuse her life. But my death shall usher in the evils which shall crush you. I do not for a moment think of saying a word to save my life; but as the blood of Zachary cried to heaven for vengeance from the steps of the altar, and as Titus carried fire and sword into Jerusalem after the death of St. Stephen, believe me, my death shall be the foreshadowing of evils which shall come swiftly. God keep you, sire, from the influence of bad advisers and of bad passions."

The king answered not, and the priest, bowing respectfully, withdrew.

Wenceslaus was not long alone. The door opened noiselessly, and Hatto stood in the royal presence. He saw at a glance that the king was worried in his interview with the priest. He dared not ask questions but waited patiently till the king told him the result of the interview. When the king had spoken, Hatto insisted that the priest was proud and stubborn, and wanting in his duty to his king. He advised the king to forget for a while those that had so justly fallen under his displeasure, and to enjoy again a little of the pleasures which his marriage caused him to forego. He reminded the king of the festive joys which formerly filled up his hours; he cleverly ridiculed the reforms introduced by the queen; he consoled the king for the loss of the queen's affection; and he swore that Odrick should not escape the just vengeance of the king.

"Come," said Count Hatto, "let us leave our distresses and betake ourselves to the pleasures and joys of the wassal."

"Let them begin," said Wenceslaus, "never to end."

TO BE CONTINUED.

LITTLE JIM.

It was bitterly cold, that New Year's Eve, as I stood before the humble door. How well I remember it! During the preceding week there had been a light snow, which had soon disappeared beneath the influence of a warm wave and a warm rain. Then over the undulating sea of slatted roofs, broken here and there by a city spire or steeple, the bleak hills again appeared, brown and barren in the distance. The naked trees mockingly set their wasted brows like jagged spectre crowns, and seemed to stretch out their leaden branches in a last vain effort to retain the dying life within them. Yet life was still there; for it was warm! But then the cold came, fierce and keen. All earth stiffened in the death grip of the frost king. Wagon ruts and foot print, frozen hard and deep, rendered passage difficult in the unpaved streets and alleys. And I still can hear the sharp ring of my footsteps, as they re-echoed from the pavement to the shop or dwelling, and back again into my lonely soul, as I walked the street that winter night. I remember, too, that as I passed the tall, illuminated clock upon the right it told me that the hour was 10.

At last I was there, standing before the door and home, the humble home of little Jim.

How did I know him? That's not in my story! Little Jim was a newsboy. I knew him. Someone had told me that he was sick, and I had come to visit him. Isn't that sufficient?

I pressed the button of a well-worn bell and waited for an answer. It came through the speaking tube—a sharp request to know the wish of such a belated visitor.

"Does little Jim live here?" I asked.

"He's sick, and I don't think you can do it. However, he lives on a top floor. Walk right up the stairs to the third landing and knock on the first door to the left."

Click! I knew the door was unfastened.

The stairs creaked mournfully beneath my tread, as I hurriedly mounted their unoccupied way, and as I passed the second story I was painfully aware of the presence of a wiry little figure and two piercing black eyes watching me from behind an adjacent door, which had been left slightly ajar, and showed me a darkened room within.

Creak! I creak! I creak! The bending stair gave way to a more substantial landing, the third landing; and the first door was on the left.

I knocked, but weakly at first, lest I should disturb the sick within. No answer to my bidding! Perhaps I asked too weakly, I thought, and this time the deep night quiet of that hallway was startled into echo by the noise of my knuckles on the loosened panel. The room within re-echoed with the hollowed one hears when some large, empty cask is struck; and the hour, the errand, the weak little summons to "Come in," in response to my noisy bidding, filled me with a kind of superstitious oppression, as I turned the knob and entered.

But I had not been prepared for what I saw. The room was exceedingly low, and cold. Before me, huddled up, almost entirely concealed by a shawl which completely enveloped her head and shoulders, sat a woman, rocking violently to and fro and moaning incessantly. She neither turned her head nor spoke upon my entrance.

Naught could be heard save the almost inaudible moan and the thump-ump of the square worn rocker, whose every passage over a warp in the floor was thus timed as accurately as it by the most delicate chronometer. There were two little cots of the cheapest kind, and I noticed that all the bed-clothes were on the one in the farther end of the room, but in the uncertain light of the candle, burning on the stand, I could see no more. Of furniture, there was all; unless one dignified the little stool and broken-legged table by inserting them in this category.

The paths of it all—for I knew a little soul was somewhere near and sick—oppressed me greatly; but the cold, the biting cold, startled me to a realization that added to the absolute need of furniture was a greater lack of heat and protection from the winter. It was not hard to discern the cause. By day this home—how cold the word sounded here, colder even than the atmosphere within it—was lighted by two small and now decaying windows, whose warped and twisted framework seemed to be in league with winter himself to allow a free and unrestricted passage to his menial winds. And before them hung the remains of two curtains, which now existed as long, torn shreds upon the rollers—and witness of their former selves, silent actors in this, Death's sorrowful travesty on the comfort of a sick room. The ill set, tiny window panes were covered thick with a deep layer of frost, which showed dark gray against the are light in the street without, and in their formation the little crystals seemed to have united to mould long, finger-like projections, which were all inclined in the same direction.

Ghost fingers, I thought, as I observed the queer coincidence, and all pointing—to the death of little Jim.

For he was there, lying on that low little cot in the corner, and as I looked, even as if by some mysterious hands that waits the cloud shadow in the summer time from off some beautiful scene, that might may entrance it, the lids upon the eyes were slowly raised and I heard him weakly call for "mother."

Instantly thump-ump of the square worn rocker ceased, and the stooped form of the woman in the chair rushed by me to kneel at the bedside of her stricken one.

"Isn't someone here?" I heard him ask, and for the first time since my entrance the low, sorrowful moan died away while the mother answered, only a single word, "Yes."

"I think I dreamed that he had come to visit me."

The woman looked up and beckoned me to draw near. Why? I know not. Perhaps, I too was walking in a dream whose essence, action, cause, whose all, was deep sorrow and affliction.

Standing beside the kneeling figure I looked sadly down upon the form stretched on its narrow cot. Heavily the little head began to turn on its pillow and a slim, wasted arm only half protected by the torn and ragged sleeve, slowly crept from within the bed-clothes. The hand of little Jim was weakly stretched to meet the grasp of mine; and looking up with those dark brown eyes of his, he said:

"I thought you would come to see me, mister; you always were so kind when I was out there in the street."

The voice was dry and parched, and at the neck, where the button of his night shirt was unfastened, I could see his chest rise fitfully and fall again into its sunken chasm. The cheek was flushed and deep red above the bone, which protruded sharply as if to break its protective covering and foolishly cry a freedom. Pain had furrowed his childish brow and set his dark and lustrous eyes, each in its own great prison hollow, gazed wide by Death's encircling bluish rings.

"Don't you feel cold, Jim?" I asked the little fellow, as the candle flame flickered low before an unusually sharp winter blast.

"No, I'm warm enough now with these extra clothes on—all except my feet. They feel funny. They don't seem to feel either warm or cold."

I was surprised by his answer, for his feet seemed well protected. I began to touch them more snugly in their covering, however, and in so doing accidentally touched them. But the sense destroying, cold-producing hand of Death had touched them, and never again would little Jim stand upon the street corners with his papers, or hurry home to a gray-haired mother anxiously awaiting his return.

"Tha ks, Mister, I'm not feeling so well to-night, anyway, and I had a funny dream just before you came. I thought I was in a big strange city, in a crowd of people I never saw before. We were on a hill, and on its top I could hear men talking and yelling as though they were mad or jeering some one. And then, Mister, I saw just what you told me of only a few weeks ago when you took me to your room and gave me that crucifix that stands there on the table beside the candle. Only when His head was turned and He seemed just ready to die, instead of looking toward that thief you said He did. He seemed, mister, He seemed to look toward me and smile. I don't know why I dreamed that way. And just after that I thought you came to visit me. Somehow I think I'm going to see Him soon, for He seemed to call me when He smiled. And, oh, I'd like to go only—"

Again the little head turned heavily on its pillow, this time away. "Only why, Jim?" I asked.

"Only for mother there. I don't know what she'll do without me. I used to earn quite a little by my papers, and then I used to sing some times for the men down in the big hotel, and they always gave me nickels. It wasn't much, but it's all we had to live with, for I haven't seen my father since I was a little feller about four years old, I guess."

"Don't fear, Jim. For when you go away to see Him, then your mother will be with your mother too."

"Oh, thanks, mister, thanks I you always tried to help me and I know you would this time. His hand wrung mine in his weak but fervent thanks."

"And now, Jim, don't you think you

should try to sleep? You look a little tired, and I will come and see you again to-morrow."

"May be I had better try, mister. Good bye—till to-morrow."

And on I that long to-night that breaks in that long to-morrow!

"Good bye, little Jim," I said.

"Good bye—till to-morrow."

And before I left I brushed aside a tear look again, and for the last time, upon the tableau of that tragedy enacted in the stage of life, so heart rending in its actuality. A gray haired mother with shawl thrown back, kneeling at the bedside of her dying boy; her poor form shaking with sobs as her head rested on his fever sunken chest and his own little arm thrown around her neck; the long torn shreds of his shirt sleeve hanging loosely down her back and mingling with the rents in her own old shawl, his heavy eyelids trying to close in slumber, yet opening again to glance at his mother before he should say farewell! For that farewell would be his last good-bye, that slumber his last sleep.

As I was walking home that night, under a sky studded with stars, unlighted by the moon, I saw the largest of them all seemed, suddenly slip from its position in the firmament and, glowing brightly, describe a long yellow arc across God's heavens and lose itself in dying brightness behind a bank of snow-clouds that just bordered the western horizon. My thoughts flew back again to little Jim and the tale my mother told me at her knee—

In the wake of the falling star the soul of a child, I saw the largest of them all seemed, suddenly slip from its position in the firmament and, glowing brightly, describe a long yellow arc across God's heavens and lose itself in dying brightness behind a bank of snow-clouds that just bordered the western horizon. My thoughts flew back again to little Jim and the tale my mother told me at her knee—

William E. Leahy, '07.

WHAT PURGATORY IS TO CATHOLICS.

Winnipeg Free Press.

Rev. Father Drummond delivered a very eloquent and thoughtful sermon recently at St. Mary's church on the reasons why the Church believes in purgatory, and prays for the souls of the dead. He took as his text the words, "There shall in no wise enter into it, anything that doth defile, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." He said that it being the feast of All Saints and the eve of All Souls Day, it seemed advisable to state the doctrine of the Catholic Church on purgatory. This doctrine is expressed by the Council of Trent, in its thirty-third session as follows: "There is a purgatory, and the souls detained therein are helped by the prayers of the faithful, and especially by the acceptable sacrifice of the altar. This doctrine was impugned by the Albigenses, the Waldenses and the Hussites, but especially by the reformer of the sixteenth century. Luther said that it was opposed to the fundamental article, teaching that Christ alone and not works of men deliver souls. Calvin declared that purgatory is an invention of satan, which makes void the cross of Christ. The answer to this objection was that the Catholic Church does not believe that the satisfactions of men are an insult to the infinite satisfactions of Christ. On the contrary, it believes that it is a far greater honor for Christ to be able to make the actions of men satisfactory to himself, besides the error is unscriptural. (St. Matthew, 23, xiv.) they read: "If anyone will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me." This shows that faith alone is not enough. There must be the carrying of the cross with Christ. St. Peter, in his first epistle, 2, xxi, says: "Christ suffered for us, leaving you an example, that you should follow His steps," therefore to follow in His steps is supposed to be necessary.

PROTESTANT NOVEL.

In fact "In His Steps" was the title of a popular novel, in which a Protestant clergyman insists on self denial and carrying the cross. St. Paul, than whom no one loved Jesus more, nor set more store by His infinite merits, says: "We are the sons of God, heirs indeed of God, and joint heirs with Christ, yet so if we suffer with Him, that we may also be glorified with Him." But perhaps the most striking text is in St. Paul's epistle to the Col. 1, xxiv, "I, Paul, who now rejoice in my suffering for you, and fill up those things that are wanting of the suffering of Christ in my flesh, for His body is the Church." This was the boldest affirmation that there was something wanting in the sufferings of Christ, not that they are not infinite in value, but that they must be applied by each individual soul, corresponding to the grace of God.

A CONVERSION WITH A LESSON.

Religious controversy has been given a bad name because it is rarely, if ever, productive of immediate good results. Too often the soil into which the seed has been dropped is prematurely abandoned as barren, when under the surface the roots are spreading and must shoot forth in due season.

Such is the lesson contained in the announcement in the Central Catholic, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, of the conversion of L. M. Fortier, editor of the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa. Twenty years ago Mr. Fortier, who signed himself "An Anglo-Catholic Layman," engaged in an lengthy controversy with the editor and proprietor of the North-West Review, a Catholic paper. Apparently the discussion was fruitless, Mr. Fortier holding tenaciously to his original view.

Now, after the passage of two decades, in the Book, of Edmonton, the erstwhile Catholic editor, writes to the Central Catholic as follows: "When I called on him (Mr. Fortier) some years ago in Ottawa, he said he was very happily situated as to being provided with the kind of Anglican service that suited him. A couple of weeks ago I

that even if not inspired it proves that the Jews believed in a purgatorial state, one hundred and fifty years before Christ. Now it was Christ's custom to refute all errors which He found in the Jewish teaching at His time. He certainly found this belief in purgatory, for it exists among Jews in our own day. Prayers for the dead are asked for in the synagogues, yet nowhere in the New Testament does Christ attack the doctrine of a purgatorial state.

SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENT.

Roman Catholics do not hold that the New Testament proves clearly and irrefragably the doctrine of purgatory, and according to their principle, they are not obliged to hold this. Even those separated from the Church who in theory maintain that they teach nothing but the Bible, in practice do things which are not clearly taught in the Bible. As an instance, they observe Sunday as the Lord's Day, although the Bible clearly shows that Saturday is the Sabbath, and nowhere mentions the tremendous change from Saturday to Sunday. However there are several texts in the New Testament which make the doctrine of purgatory probable, and which when related with the traditions of the Fathers, present a very strong cumulative argument. The first text is Matt. 12, xxiii. "He that shall speak against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come." This clearly implies that some sins will be forgiven in the world to come; not mortal sins, assuredly, for they are visited with eternal damnation, and out of hell there is no redemption, therefore these sins must be venial sins, which as Catholic theologians teach, will be forgiven at the moment of death, as the soul passes from this world into the next.

Again, in (1 Cor. 3, x-xix): "So as by fire," implies that those who depart this life like Hamlet's father's ghost, with all their imperfections on their heads, will be purified by fire.

The third text is the one which I quoted at the beginning, "There shall not enter into it (the New Jerusalem) anything defiled." This implies that the soul must be perfectly purified. Now it stands to reason, based upon our daily experience, that the majority of men, women and children are not absolutely free from all defilement. They may not be guilty of grievous sins, but they have generally venial sins to expiate, such as vanity, impatience, lies of excuse, etc. Now all this defilement must be done away with before they can enter heaven.

ARGUMENTS FROM REASON.

And this leads to what is perhaps the strongest argument in favor of the purgatorial doctrine, i. e., the argument from reason. The majority of men, women and children are neither bad enough to deserve eternal punishment, nor good enough to enjoy the vision of God, therefore for those who die in the faith and the love of God there must be some intermediate states where their souls are cleansed from the dross of earthly imperfections. That is what the Catholic Church means by purgatory. So reasonable is this doctrine that of late years many Protestants, especially Anglicans, have come to believe in an intermediate state, but their opinions of the nature of this state are somewhat at variance with the Catholic doctrine of purgatory. They hold that souls detained in the intermediate state may require new merit and acquire new degrees of glory. This is contrary to Catholic teaching. Catholics hold that there can be no merit, after death. "As the tree falls so shall it be." The souls in purgatory do not merit, they merely expiate.

THE CHILD.

To-day a child in its mother's arms came into my garden. I looked at it, and saw at the same time the necessity of the Incarnation. God could not resist taking that loveliest form the highest to which material things have reached. The yellow curls, thick and close and fine as silk floss, falling down upon his neck; the clear, limpid eyes beaming with pure delight; the white teeth, with its ineffable joy, as it played at hide-and-seek behind its mother's neck; and then becoming suddenly serious, stroked the mother's cheek, and stared at her with eyes of wonder—no! If God has chosen to unite Himself to His creation, He could not have chosen a lowlier, nor a lovelier form. How beautiful the medieval painters interpreted this mystery of the Human and Divine! And with what theological exactitude, yet with what artistic and withal sympathetic instincts they drew from the deep wells of imagination and devotion their Madonna and Child. Was it Tennyson that found fault with the serious look in the Child's eyes in that eighth wonder of the world—the Sistine Madonna? Look more closely, O poet

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had a letter from him, saying that, after a long struggle with the question, he had at last determined to become a Catholic, and he reminded me of our controversy. In reply to my answer, he tells me he is to be received on the 7th of December, and to make his first Communion on the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

"This case," says the Central Catholic, "shows that religious controversy is not so fruitless as many believe it to be. After the first irritation of debate has passed away, the arguments go thundering on in the silence of the sincere soul, and the grace of God does the rest."

ABOUT PRAYER.

Without prayer religion lacks the vitalizing power that shapes and molds the lives of men into patterns that show the works of service and sacrifice. The skepticism regarding prayer is the result of our absorbing interest in things material and the consequent lack of appreciation of things spiritual. The storm, stress and strife of modern days, bent pre-eminently upon the acquisition of those means that will secure more and better creature comforts, are unconsciously favorable to the development of our mortality and unfavorable to the culture of our finer feelings and sentiments. Sentiment unfolds in an atmosphere that is pervaded with the warmth of the soul. Prayer is such a sentiment that must, therefore, be interpreted in the language of the soul, and not in the terms of the intellect.

Not all that passes for prayer is, therefore, the genuine article. The mere saying of prayers is not necessarily praying. The one is oftentimes a meaningless and mechanical task, as is the turning of the prayer wheel in Tibet; while praying is the drawing of the individual out of self into that larger self that is conceived to be divine. "A prayer without reverence and awe," says the rabbi, "is like the human body without a soul." They also liken prayer to a burning fire the smoke of which rises while the ashes remain behind. So, in the true and devout prayer, the spirit that prompts it ascends to God's throne, while the words, like ashes, remain behind to be scattered by the winds.

Over the main gateway of one of England's ancestral homes there stood at one time a marble statue. In one hand the figure held a wine cup; in the other an urn. The wine cup was turned down; it was empty. Over the lip of the urn there flowed the water of which it was always full. On the pedestal below was inscribed the single word "Endure." The water came from a hill beyond the house, where there was a spring that never failed. It was not the capacity of the urn that gave it its sufficiency; it was its connection with the spring.

Helping Our Brethren.

Bishop MacDonnell of Alexandria, Canada, preached a sermon on temperance, recently. He dwelt at considerable length on the evils of the liquor traffic and the fallacy of regarding alcohol as a food. A great deal of drinking came from a false notion of hospitality. Some people were of the opinion that they were not entertaining their friends well unless they treated them. He pointed out the opportunity there was here for each of us to do our duty to suppress this evil; by our determination to do no more treating; by our advice and our example in refusing to give or accept drink when we know that our refusal would help a weaker brother to resist the temptation.—Sacred Heart Review.

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