

already! And with the addition to be made from the tobacco not smoked during the past month, it would amount to more than twenty-three piastres; and all safe in the cigar-box as if it were in the bank at Chicoutimi!

When we came out of the mouth of La Belle Rivière, the broad blue expanse of Lake St. John spread before us, calm and bright in the radiance of the smiling sun.

The question, becoming more and more anxious, was answered when we arrived at the beach. A handful of boys, eager to be the bearers of news had spied us far off, and ran down to the shore to meet us.

"Patricque! Patricque!" they shouted in English, to make their importance as great as possible in my eyes. "Come tme; kme; yo' 'onse eys had burn!"

As soon as possible, however, I piled up the stuff, covered it with one of the tents, and leaving it in charge of the village and the site of the Maison Mullarkey.

"I cannot tell," he answered rather slowly. "It is the good God. And he has left me my Angélique. The m'sieu, you see—"

It was late in the following summer when I came back again to St. Jérôme. The golden-rods and the asters were all in bloom along the village street; and as I walked down it the broad golden sunlight of the short afternoon seemed to glorify the open road and the plain square houses with a careless, homely radiance of peace.

all bloom. And there was Patrick, sitting on the door-step, smoking his pipe in the cool of the day. Yes; and there, on a many-colored counterpane spread beside him, an infant joy of the house of Markey was sucking her thumb, while her father was humming the words of an old slumber-song:

Salute Marguerite, Vallez sa petite! Endormez sa p'tite enfant, Jacques! Sa p'tite enfant, Quant il aura quinze ans passé Il faudra la marier, Avec un p'tit bourgeois, Que viendra de Rome.

"Holla! Patrick," I cried; good luck to you! Is it a girl or a boy?" "Salut! m'sieu," he answered, jumping up and waving his pipe. "It is a girl and a boy!"

MARY MAGDALEN'S FUNERAL TEARS.

For two days the rain had dripped drearily from the overcast heavens. On the morning of the third it had ceased falling. There were "tender glints of promise in the sky," and a delightful breeze made the spring air fresh and invigorating.

The party of four young people, who were traveling westward in the comfortable coach of an express train, had managed to pass the time pleasantly, despite the disagreeable weather.

Their eyes had grown accustomed to dun sedges and rain-soaked fields. But as the forenoon advanced patches of azure sky peeped between the rifts in the lowering clouds and finally a burst of dazzling sunshine transfigured the world.

At the same moment, a change appeared in the landscape. The train rounded a curve, and a silvery lake, bordered by perennially green trees, and a distant glimpse of mountains came into view.

"Oh, how delightful, how entrancing! From this drear straidom to be free." Miss Vivian Courtney sang the operative selection softly, with a musical ripple in her rich, contralto voice.

Then she said, gaily: "We are at last emerging from the desert, and the sunshine is welcoming us into the land of promise. Are not the fates propitious, Geraldine?"

Miss Courtney turned to her companion, a young woman becomingly attired in a blue traveling gown. She was rather tall, graceful in figure, and steadfast of temper.

Vivian, dark eyed and vivacious, chatted pleasantly with the two young men sitting opposite. One was her brother Chester, the betrothed of Geraldine; the other, Mr. Forbes, an old friend.

Mr. Courtney's eyes kept roving in the direction of Geraldine; and at last he asked, rather satirically: "May I inquire the title of that all-absorbing book? You have scarcely raised your eyes from it all the morning."

Miss Tremayne lifted her head, and an unwonted sparkle came into her blue eyes. Unconsciously, perhaps, there was a challenge in her look.

She hesitated an instant, then closed the book and held it toward him, still keeping her finger in the page she had been reading. It was a pretty volume neatly bound. In the center were crossed in golden letters, the words "Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears."

A look of astonishment, which quickly changed to one of contempt, passed over the young man's handsome face. He laughed derisively. "How long," he asked, "since the pleasure-loving Miss Tremayne has developed a fondness for lachrymose literature?"

Geraldine blushed, but answered with some show of spirit: "I found it lying on the floor early this morning. Being unable to find the owner, I appropriated it."

Vivian peeped over Geraldine's shoulder at the book. "Why, how appropriate!" she exclaimed. "To-morrow is Good Friday."

A convulsed expression passed over Geraldine's mobile face. What a host of memories the holy words recalled. Again she was a child kneeling beside the image of Christ Crucified and kissing the Five Wounds. How long it seemed since she had followed the sorrowful Way of the Cross. She glanced from Chester Courtney's face, his eyes still fixed in sneering laughter, to the volume lying in her lap. He reached forth his hand.

"Let me throw it out of the window, Geraldine!" His tone was sweet and persuasive. "No," her other hand came down on it protectively. "I want to finish reading it."

Vivian laughed at her brother's look of angry discomfiture. Geraldine again resumed her reading, quietly, to all appearances, but secretly filled with conflicting emotions. If any one had told her yesterday that she would have disregarded the wishes of one for whose sake she had apostatized, she would have rejected the prophecy with contempt. But although she did not realize it, the grace of God was knocking at the door of her soul. The compassion which the Saviour, suffering in the Garden of Gethsemane, would bear the prayer of the repentant sinner. She thought again of Mary Magdalene, who went forth in the beauty of heaven.

was sincere in the thought that to have her niece proclaim herself a Catholic to ruin her prospects for the future. So she brought worldly influences to bear upon her. The result was what might have been expected. Geraldine became vain and frivolous. She grew neglectful of her religious duties. If the hope of one day returning to her allegiance still lingered in her mind, it was dispelled completely when she met Chester Courtney.

Wealthy, handsome, born to command, and highly gifted intellectually, his was a sad waste of talents, a lamentable abuse of nature's noblest gifts. At one time he had professed himself in one of the numerous sects of Protestantism. Finding nothing to hold him, he became skeptical, and at last drifted from the narrow channel of doubt into the open sea of infidelity. His book shelves were lined with works by atheistical writers. He sneered at the mention of religion. Often Geraldine shuddered at the irreverent expressions he made use of, but she could not resist his fascinating personality. She gave to the creature the love which belonged to the Creator. And now she was his promised wife, and their marriage was to take place in the early summer.

The morning hours sped on. The sky cleared and the April sun shone brightly. Vivian and Mr. Forbes conversed gaily. Mr. Courtney looked moodily out of the window watching the varying landscape.

Geraldine turned the last page and read it eagerly. Then she noticed that the flyleaf was covered with lines closely written in pencil:

"To the hall of that feast came the sinful and she heard in the city that Jesus was there. She marked not the splendor that blazed on the board. But silently knelt at the feet of her Lord."

"The hair from her forehead, so sad and so meek. Hung dark o'er the blushes that burned on her brow. But so still and so lowly she knelt in her shame. As her lips to his sandals she throngingly pressed."

"On the cloud after tempest, as ethereal she lay. In the glances of the sunbeam, as methought the sun. It looked on that lost one, her sins were forgiven. And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven."

Geraldine closed the book and sat buried in thought. To her companion's questions she returned monosyllabic answers. Chester Courtney was angered and half alarmed at her strange conduct.

It was nearly noon when Geraldine, still pondering the beautiful and pathetic story, felt herself thrown violently forward. For a time she lay stunned, hearing as in a dream the sound of splintering wood and the shrieks of pain and fright. Then she rose to her feet, dizzy and bewildered, but unhurt. A scene of horror met her gaze. Mr. Courtney had been hurled some distance and lay upon the floor unconscious. Mr. Forbes was trying to staunch the blood streaming from a deep gash in his head, and Vivian lay dead and faint, her right arm hanging bruised and broken at her side.

Every one in the coach was more or less injured. The accident had been caused by a broken rail, and a scene of confusion ensued. Fortunately, it was near a town, and the injured were conveyed to places where they would be cared for. Geraldine found her way to the members of her party in a hotel. After Mr. Forbes' wound had received the attention he was able to continue the suffering Vivian to her mother's home only a few miles further on. Geraldine remained beside Mr. Courtney who was still unconscious. Vivian had promised to send Mrs. Courtney back as soon as possible.

The injured man was in a very dangerous condition, and when the physician left that night, they had little hope of his recovery. With face as white as the one upon which her tears fell, Geraldine bent over him. The doctor's words, "he may not live until morning," still rung in her ears.

"It cannot be," she moaned, wringing her hands. "So young, so strong, and stricken down!"

Her thought of him dying in his sins and standing before the God Whose existence he had dared to deny. She fell upon her knees and tried to pray but an awful fear and despair seized her. She arose, shuddering when the voice of the tempter seemed to say: "What right have you, a renegade to look, with suspended breath, at a still white face lying on the pillow. Wearily the time dragged on. Somewhere in the distance a clock tolled out the hour. It was 3 o'clock. She had not noticed it strike before into her mind: "The night of agony is nearly passed," and then the words: "There is no sorrow like unto My sorrow."

As a sudden burst of light across an inky sky came a ray of hope that illumined the black despair of her soul. The compassionate Saviour, suffering in the Garden of Gethsemane, would bear the prayer of the repentant sinner. She thought again of Mary Magdalene, who went forth in the beauty of heaven.

Then she sank upon her knees and prayed. Good Friday dawned. A dark cloud obscured the rising sun as if nature mourned for man's ingratitude. There seemed to be a slight change in Mr. Courtney's condition. Eagerly Geraldine awaited the doctor's coming. He declared her loved and cared. At that moment Geraldine had been a day pupil at a convent school. After her mother's death she went to live with her father's sister, who lost no time in removing her from all Catholic influences. Her aunt

physician said, the patient would recover. Then, in the privacy of her own room, Geraldine thanked God for granting the unspoken prayer of her heart. Her mind was made up. She would leave all to follow Christ. She had rejected His teachings. For wealth and worldly honors she had forsaken Him, and in her heart had been enshrined an earthly laid upon him, her punishment would have been justly deserved. But God had mercifully spared him. Her renunciation was complete. She reserved but one privilege, that of praying as long as she lived for his conversion.

Mrs. Courtney came on the morning train. At noon Chester asked to see Geraldine. When she stood beside him, to her surprise he asked: "Where is that book you had yesterday?" "I have it still. Why do you ask?" "I would like to read it, if I may."

"Certainly. As soon as you are able." That afternoon, greatly wearied, Geraldine fell asleep in her chair. She was awakened by the ringing of a bell. The deep, sonorous tones reminded her of the bell that was christened "St. Mary," in the Eastern church where she and her mother had worshipped in her girlhood days. One day when the bell was ringing, she remembered hearing her mother say: "Listen to the voice of Mary. It seems to be saying: 'Come! Come! Come!'"

She thought the bell was repeating the same message now—"Come! Come! Come!" She rose, dressed for the street, and quietly left the hotel. A few minutes later she was ascending the steps of the church dedicated to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. She made the Stations of the Cross and once more knelt and kissed the "Five Wounds of the Image of Christ Crucified. Some time later, when Geraldine left the church, she met three Sisters just outside the door. There was a startled glance, an exclamation of surprise, and the hands of one of the Sisters were clasped in those of Geraldine.

"Is it possible—Sister Ignatius—away out here?" she asked. "It is quite possible," the Sister said. "I am Sister Ignatius." She looked puzzled, then a light broke over her face. "And you are Geraldine Tremayne!"

Sister Ignatius had been Geraldine's teacher and her mother's dearest friend. For several years, owing to poor health, she had lived in Colorado. Her brother was pastor of the Church of the Holy Rosary. The child of her heart had never been very dear to her, she had grieved when Geraldine was removed from school and had never ceased to pray for her. Thus the two had strangely met. Geraldine accepted the invitation of Sister Ignatius and went into the Sisters' house adjoining the church. Before she left she had told her friend her story, and she had said: "I fear I have forfeited your good opinion, Sister." Her cheeks burned and her voice was low and faltering. Sister Ignatius laid her hand gently on the bowed head. "No my child. Although we despise sin, we must love the sinner. Who among us is without sin? Many who vainly boast have never been tempted. God reward you for the sacrifice you are making. Be comforted for there is joy in heaven when a sinner does penance."

Geraldine returned to the hotel greatly comforted. On Holy Saturday afternoon she mingled with the throng of penitents. On Easter morning she received her mother's Lord. She, too, had risen to a new life.

"The waters of life had gushed forth from the wounds of the Victor Who suffered to save."

Three days later Chester Courtney was able to be removed to his mother's home. His last interview with Geraldine affected him greatly. She told him all without reserve, and pointed out the impossibility of marriage between them. To her surprise he did not seem when she openly vowed herself a Catholic, and when they parted "Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears" was in his possession.

Sister Ignatius consulted with her brother, Father Wynne, and the latter obtained a position for Geraldine. A friend of his, the pastor of one of the large churches in a neighboring city, desired an organist. There was also an excellent opening for a teacher of music. Geraldine's talent fitted her for the position. An accomplished well-trained voice. Indeed, it was her musical ability that had first attracted Chester Courtney, who was also a fine musician. She gratefully accepted Father Wynne's offer.

Several years passed by. Miss Tremayne had won more than a local musical reputation. Still young, beautiful and accomplished; it was no wonder that she had received several excellent offers of marriage. But she refused them all and devoted her time to teaching and charitable work.

For nearly four years she had heard nothing of the Courtneys. A year after Chester's accident, his mother had died. Vivian married and returned to her home in the East. About the same time her brother went to California. One day Geraldine received a letter from Father Wynne, asking her to take part in a concert for the benefit of the Church of the Holy Rosary. She consented gladly, for the sacred edifice was very dear to her.

Some time before, Father Wynne had received a large contribution from an unknown source. It enabled him to put into execution a long cherished plan—the building of a school for boys, under the patronage of St. Joseph. The concert was to take place in the hall of the recently completed structure, on the evening of the day of its dedication.

With some emotion Geraldine revisited for the first time the place where the great change in her life had been effected. Sister Ignatius received her affectionately. She admired the beauty of the new school and took into the church to pray. She took



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pleasure in playing on the fine pipe organ in the new building. It was also the gift of the unknown donor. Geraldine drank tea with Father Wynne. He told her that a feature of the concert was to be the singing of a boys' quartet and chorus under the direction of Brother Joseph, a fine musician who had been teaching in the old school for nearly a year. Brother Joseph was highly gifted, but remarkably modest and retiring. Nevertheless, he was to be placed in charge of the new school. Geraldine listened with interest. From Father Wynne's praise, she conceived an exalted opinion of Brother Joseph. That evening when she had finished her solo and responded to an enthusiastic concert, she watched the boys, sixteen in number, come on the stage. The organ pealed forth grandly, the music rose and fell, soft and low like a lullaby, full and strong like a song of triumph. Then the clear, boyish voices were raised heavenward. They sang exquisitely, their training was marvellous, and the applause was long and loud. At last they filed out. Geraldine bent forward to look at the gifted Brother Joseph. For an instant their eyes met in mutual recognition. It was Chester Courtney. Like a flash she comprehended everything. He was the mysterious benefactor, whose munificence had erected St. Joseph's School for Boys. He had devoted his talents to the training of youth, his wealth to charity, his life to the service of God.

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