was idly drawing wonderful chords from the small pipe-organ which en-riched his music-room. His thoughts were elsewhere and cast a tone of indness into the rich, rolling splendors ol his improvisa-

rolling splendors of his improvisation.

"Lost souls!" he murmured. "How many, Lord—hov many? Yet they are Thine, Blessed Jesus; Thine, every one! Oh, save them for Thy mercy's sake!"

Before his ardent vision loomed up the immense throng of his concert audience the evening before. He was a musical genius, of profound learning in his own profession and so finished in his renderings of the great masterwork that his piano and organ recitals not only drew the public, but held it as with magnetic spell. Those swelling crowds, that see of upturned faces on the previous night, even—ah, what a concourse of souls! If he could only charm some of them into the kingdom—a few, even a very few—his gift of sweet music would not be in vain. The power was his—that he knew—and he cried aloud, "O Jesus, give me Thine own consecrating unto its more effectual use!"

Even as he breathed the prayer he caught the sound of approaching footsteps. His door was half open, and looking up he perceived two young women at the threshold. One, plainly the elder, a smart, aggressive girl, looked very manish in her tailor-made suit and a sort of slouch hat, yet behind her came a sweet little Aphrodite, whose witcherly he knew. There were the deep eyes, blue as the sea, which always made him think of an unawakened soul. It was Constance Ellesmont.

He came forward to greet her with a distinct sense of satisfaction.

"This is simply delightful, Miss Constance," he exclaimed. "I am only too happy to meet you again. But, pray, where did you come from? You did not drift down from the skies?"

The smile that came in response to this was simply delicious in its

the skies?"
The smile that came in response to e smile that came in the was simply delicious in its kness. The girl had not yet this was simply delicious in its frankness. The girl had not yet reached the age of suspicion, when compliments weary. Moreover, her old teacher, this very Herr Mittelsstrom, had been stern—yes; often severe—in her callow days of piano playing. She had been decidedly afraid of him. Now she merely looked up at him in unconcealed gladness, like a voiceless Undinc, and it was the smart girl with her who answered his question.

'We came from Brooklyn, where I live, this morning, Herr Professor.

"We came from Brooklyn, where live, this morning, Herr Professor Miss Ellesmont is my far-off cousin. and my guest also just at present."
Then the tailor-made girl rushed off into a broad discussion of matters musical, in which Herr Mittelsstrom into a broad discussion of matters musical, in which Herr Mittelstrom bore his appointed part, as in duty bound, yet mechanically and with his thought fixed all the while upon his former pupil. How beautiful she had grown! The years since he had seen her last had wrought magical changes. Yet there was still the same soft, misty, unawakened look in her eyes that used to puzzle him. 'Her soul has no home! O, the pity of itt' and as he whispered this within himself his face fell. 'She is even yet astray in God's universe!'

Then he asked her to play. She did so with the simple obedience of a little child. At the first notes he started in pleased surprise. Finish, execution and a certain attractive, individual style she had certainly attained. Yet, much as she had gained during her stay on the Pacific coast and excellent as her San Francisco training had evidently been, there remained the old lack of spiritual quality. Whatever of perceptiveness now marked her work was not her own, but upt into it is

The music that day surely soared to heaven, for Madams Katzinski sang with the warmth that only faith can give. Miss Schwartz sat and listened with precisely the same air of well-bred appreciation she would have worn at a concert. But the beauty of it all, the glory of it, the sense of unearthly mystery, nay, even the consciousness of Divine presence, were slowly revealing themselves, one by one, to Constance Ellesmont. One swift glance showed the professor that the blue eyes which had been his study were suffused with quick tears. Then the little bell rang, and Constance, with soft, impulsive motion, fell on her knees with the rest.

"Most Blessed Virgin, Mother of Mercy!" prayed the devout musician, in all sincerity, "Hear, oh hear her petition and show her thy Holy Child Jesus!" and the winged prayer might well have been caught and borne upward by waiting angels.

She went home that day in a grave moed, hardly knowing what had happened to her. "How lovely it all was!" she cried in rapture over and over again. "Indeed, it was good to be there!" Ethel Schwartz was more than puzzled. "I did not think Constance was so impressible!" she said, in the depth of her heart. "Perhaps I ought not to have taken her there." But aloud she contented herself with declaring that Kakzinski was supere; one could not help being touched by such musical power.

During the many weeks that followed Professor Mittelsstrom lost sight of his former pupil, save for a stray glimpse of her now and again among the worshippers at the Cathedral. Some attraction drew her thitherward, that was evident, and with much power. Miss Schwartz did not bear her company; she glided in alone in a timid way and knelt humbly in a quiet corner.

She was destined, however, to be brought before the professor's mind—and sharply, too—at this juncture. One fine day Adolph Levasseur, manager of the Folies Dramatiques, a

She was destined, however, to be brought before the professor's mind—and sharply, too—at this juncture. One fine day Adolph Levasseur, manager of the Folies Dramatiques, a light entertainment company, came sauntering up to his little table at Riccadonna's. This Levasseur, with whom the professor had some slight acquaintance, was a brilliant fellow, a respectable singer, a man of the world, at home everywhere, but a man, also, who always had an eye to business. During lunch he surprised the professor by a sudden question flung into a white-capped sea of chat.

"By the way, prolessor, how is the By the way, prolessor, how is the

little Ellesmont getting on? She used to be your pupil, years ago she says." The older man looked up in am-

The older man looked up in amazement.

"I mean," pursued Adolph, airily, "has she any talent? I have half an idea of engaging her and bringing her out soon. She looks teachable—has a way of flashing out things that is "taking"—and is adorably pretty, besides!"

The good professor answered not a word. He knew he had reason to be startled. If Adolph should meet the Angel Gabriel hinself, straight from heaven, he would try to engage him for the trombone or French horn! Reverence was not in his nature. It took all Professor Hermann's self-control to answer calmly.

"I did give Miss Ellesmont a few piano lessons, at one time. She has made progress since, but I do not know her present capabilities. May I ask flow you made her acquaintance."

a little child, At the first notes he started in pleased surprise. Finish, execution and a certain attractive, individual style she had certainly execution and a certain attractive, individual style she had certainly ask flow you made her acquaint acceptabilities. May I ask flow you made her acquaint and continued the content of the processor of the processor shade her acquaint and during her stehn as she had gain at during her stehn as she had gain at during her stehn as she had gain at during her stehn as her San Francisco training had evidently been constanted to the content of the lip processor shadered the professor's hauteur. "I was presented by her valued friend, Ethel Schwartz, was by this time getting of the lip. "She can sing after a same the rown, but put into it by some the content of the lip. "She can sing after a same the rown, but put into it by some the content of the lip. "She can sing after a same the rown, but put into it by some the content of the lip processor's hauteur. "I was presented by her valued friend, Ethel Schwartz, was by this time getting under old Baumbach would bring it out—at least enough for my purpose. A light song," here the professor shuddered—"fairly sung, with one of her bewitching smiles an amaked, would score a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show a success, it is now! The crowd would show

and an irismay with Anopy. I three not warn the girl myself. I could not prove my disintorestedness! She would only think me malicious, envious of Adolph or bent on injuring his troupe. No, you cannot snatch away a new toy from a child without his resenting it. The hope of public success is her bright toy balloon! Oh, the pity of it!"

"Use her musical gift to save her with, my friend. Do not oppose her openly, but lead her to the nobler melodies, to the Divine in music! And I will pray—we will all pray for your little white lamb."

Days and even weeks passed, after this, in a silence deeply fraught with anxiety. The one item of intelligence that came in regard to Miss Ellesmont was of evil omen. She had begun taking lessons in voice culture from Herr Baumbach, a competent trainer for opera bouffe. This, as the professor knew, was part of Levasseur's scheme, and his heart sank within him. It so chanced, nevertheless, that soon after, on his way to a rehearsal, he came upon her most unexpectedly. She was alone, tripping along with her music roll, a vision of daintiness. A fluffy feather boa, curling about her neck with its softness of white and gray, enhanced the effect of her black picture hat. Within the shadow of the latter shone the sweet face, touched to rose by the sharp winds of autumn. The glad smile flashed out from him in swift recognition just as it had before. Adolph Levasseur had not drawn her away from her old friends.

Then the professor's courage rose, her greeting scemed just as cordial, and he ventured on his first countermove.

"I have had some lovely Hungarian music sent mg from Buda-Pesth by Herr Potowski, of the Imperial Chapel. Will you not come in some time and let me play it over for you? I am sure you will like it."

'Oh, thank you!' was the quick response, and the blue eyes shone with delight. 'Indeed, I will come and with the greatest of pleasure. You are good to me always."

'Tre you at leisure Wednesday afternoon, while two girl pupils of the dull sort sat in the low window seat try

"and is teaching against Herr Baumbach."

The opportunity for more direct teaching arrived at last. Appearing a bit late one afternoon in a whirl of excitement, and with many apologies, she dropped her music roll and several sheets flew out. Picking them un with his usual grave politeness, he cast his eye upon the titles. To see one was enough.

"My child," he cried—there was a world of tender reproach in his tone—"what sort of a song is this?" A flush of scarlet mantled the delicate face. "I am not to blame, Herr Professor. That song was given me to learn. I had no choice."

He looked down upon her with a supreme pity. Beneath that gaze, which she understood only too well, her self-restraint gave way. The ice was broken. A burst of confidence ensued, whose sincerity swept away every barrier to a perfect understanding between them.

"Herr Professor, honestly, I do not like this thing!"

"Of course not, I was sure of that."

A look of intense relief, illumined the mobile face. She had not forfeit-

"Of course not, I was sure of that."

A look of intense relief, illumined the mobile face. She had not forfeited his respect, then, and he still had faith in her. His own face, too, shone with delight. Then he motioned her to a seat. "Now, let us talk it over, my child."

Through her fresh, vivid expressions he beheld the whole case, as it were, mapped out before him. Levasseur had begun with deferential attentions, aided by flattery, then interested and fascinated her with accounts of European theatres and foreign singers, exciting her curiosity, stirring her imagination, picturing glories and triumphs which had crowned others and might one day be all her own. His indignation arose at the cunning of the man. Yet he spoke with quiet solemnity.

"Once in the history of the world our Blessed Saviour was taken up into an exceeding high mountain and shown all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; then one said to Him. 'All these things will I give Thee, if Thou will fall down and wo ship me."

"The girl shuddered. "Is it as bad as that?" She fixed the blue eyes on him with a startled gaze. "Can it her? A Saten offer? God forbid! That is fearful."

sleal gift, it is the gift of God; why should I lose faith in Him by using it?"

"It is given you in trust, to be used in His service. Why not use it, as the angels do, for His praise and glory? For example, why not study the great music? Why not learn the organ? Why not sing in church or in the great oratorios?"

"Signor Levasseur says I have not the talent; that I am only fit for light operata."

Again Professor Hermann groaned in spirit. The sweet fumility of this girl only made her the more helpless, more of a mere bleating-lamb, in the hands of this hireling who cared not for his victims. Could no one lead her to the Good Shepherd? "Besides," she continued, "I have no time, I cannot — unless I leave Herr Baumbach."

"Leave him, then, my child, and, like Mary, choose the better part, which shall not be taken from you." The bright, hesitating face, uplifted so eagerly, gave him many rays of hope. But the opposing force retained its grasp. She spoke slowly—he thought with reluctance, even.

"It would be hard breaking my word. Consider, professor. Signor Levasseur has my promise. But I will reflect! He may be willing to release me, but I fear not." Then she bade him a hurried good-day and disappeared.

The next Wednesday she failed to

be made to go."
"Hush, my child! Do not tremble so. You are safe here. And I will take you to Mother Francis, our good mother superior. Be quiet just a moment and I will telephone for a cab."

good mother superior. Be quiet just a moment and I will telephone for a cab."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" she cried nervously, her wide-open eyes still full of fear.

On the way he gathered from her broken disclosures that the impressario had presumed too much in her supposed feebleness. There had been a scene, during which he had dropped his tone of deference and grown, at last, authoritative. In her anger she refused to sign the contract he brought, or any other, and he had departed, furious. She had next out-witted Miss Schwartz, whose watch had been that of a cat over a mouse, and stolen away from her guardianship.

In the convent calm she regained composure, Mother Francis advising her to remain within its walls till Levasseur had left New York. But for a long time after she timidly lingered, her affection for the Sisters increasing as the days went by. The organ lessons were begun and her beautiful voice expanded like a flower. She was received into the church and after a short visit to New Haven returned with her father's consent, declaring that her one wish was to become a member of the community. Her novitiate seemed to Mother Francis a direct response to prayer, and the professor said, in his grave way: "God be thanked! The Good Shepherd has folded His little lamb!"

comings, what is and so on Fourth Expect little Expect little of life, nor too much of your friends.

Therefore in God Believe that

friends.

Fifth.—Trust in God, Believe that God is, that He really knows what is best for you; believe this truly and the bitterness is gone from life.

HOME WAS PLEASANT -- What HOME WAS PLEASAND— What a pleasant home! Visitors invariably spoke of a certain household this way. In what consisted the pleasantness? Was the house handsome and costly? No. It was a little onestory dwelling. The furniture was of the simplest. Perfect neatness was the only aestheticism displayed. The sum shone in upon rag carpets and pine tables. But it shone in. That was one element in the plesantness. But the spirit that governed the home was the main source of happiness.

which shall not be taken from you.

The bright, hesitating face, uplifted so eagerly, gave him many rays of hope. But the opposing force retained its grasp. She spoke slowly—he thought with reluctance, even.

"It would be hard breaking my word Consider, professor. Signor will reflect! He may be willing to release me, but 1 fear not." Them she bade him a hurried good-day and disappeared.

The next Wedneeday she failed to present herself in the music room, and yet a friend had informed the professor that M. Adolph Levaseur was on the point of sailing for its ally: that a fine opening, which he had not expected, now lay before him in Florence; and both had rejoiced. But, as chance would have it, in the midst of his joy he came upon Levaseur himself at one of the hotels. The manager greeted him with a mocking smile.

"Sorry for you, professor!" he cried, 'and for you lost game! You have been working on the tender conscience of my little debutate! Never mind that, thought Every man to his trade. But now I am going laugh with a mocking salutation as he bid the other good-day.

"The supreme hour has arrived," murmured the professor, "and I am helpless! I can only pray, O Blessed Mother of Succor, Fount of Saivation: O Thou Only Saviour, Shepherd of the Sheep, help and strengthen and save and the strengthen of the control of th

give him. The fine nature waits in mute patience till it can escape to a place of liberty and appreciation. The perfect music might have been realized in the home if each had tak-en his proper place. Instead there is a discord and consequent unhappi-ness.

en his proper place. Instead a discord and consequent unhappiness.

For a happy home great talents are not needed. Even money can be dispensed with to a great degree. But the same self-restraint, consideration, kindness and politeness that we yield to outsiders are imperatively necessary there.

A BOY'S TRUST—Do but gain a boy's trust; convince him by your behavior that you have his happiness at heart; et him discover that you are wiser than he is; let him experience the benefits of following your advice and the evils that arise from disregarding it, and fear not you will readily enough guide him.

GIRLS IN THE HOME.—In house-holds where girls of the family undertake most of the housework between them they are generally too busy to waste much time, for if they do the work never gets done at all, but a young girl who has but recently left school and who has hardly 'fitted into' the home life as her mother's right hand, often becomes quite lazy and neglectful without realizing the fact in the least. Every girl, if she be not thoroughly selfish, is anxious to lift some of the burden of household management from her mother's shoulders on to her own but unfortunately many girls wait to be asked to do things instead of little duties which they are capable of doing.

ut making people feel that you are cing martyred. It is almost use. It is almost use. It is almost use. It is almost use. It is almost use in the open and in the next, out on the people of the peopl

OPPOSED TO PILLOWS. — At a recent meeting of the French Hygicule Society M. Faret made an impassioned appeal to civilized society to go to sleep in a horizontal position. "We submit to the bolster." he exclaimed. "But does it follow that the bolster is a necessary or a healthy institution?" Of course, the question was answered with a strong negative, and the negative was justified by a whole host of scientific reasons. The horizontal position is the only hygienic one, but since man is innately conservative and opposed to sudden reforms, M. Feret begs that the bolster may be abolished forthwith and the pillow gradually diminished to the vanishing point.

Time breathes his mists on the vast ocean of ages, and rolls along the surface, the dark, impenetrables fog of forgetfulness.

It is the little pleasures which make life sweet, as the little dis-pleasures may do more than afflic-tions can to make it bitter.

## Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vic?, T. J. O'Neill; 2nd Vice, F. Casey: Treasurer, John O'Leary: Corresponding Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Recording-Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. The above Livision meets in St, Patrick's Hall, 92 St, Alexander street, on the first Sunday at 4.30 p. m, and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of every month. President, Mrs. Sarah Aller, Vice-President, Miss Annie Donovan: Financial Secretary, Miss Emma Doyle; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary O'Brien: Recording Secretary Nora Kavanauch, 155 Inspector street. Division Physician, Dr. Thomas J. Curran, 2076 St. Catherine St. Application forms can be procured from the members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.— Mosts-in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Lapraries streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239. Recording-Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernia street,—to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treusurer, Delegates to St. Patrick's League — J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh,

A O.H., DIVISION NO. 3, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Pamestreet, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin. Rec.-Secretary, 1528F Ontario street; L. Brophy Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOGIE-TY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.SS.R.: President, D. J. O'Noill; Sccretary, J. Murray: Delogates to St. Patrick's Leaguet J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SO-CIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Pather MoGrath. Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Autoine street, St. Henri.

O.M.B.A. of CANADA, BRANCH D.M.B.A. of CANADA, BRANCE 26,—(Organizad, 13th Novamber 1883.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St. on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Brack may communicate, with the following officers: Frank J. Curran, B. CL. President P. J. McDonath Recording Secretary: Robt. Waren, Financial Secretary: Jno H. Feeley, jr., Treasurer.

On a rather conthe town of Bell of Cavan, Irela

ly a number of men, and children

men, and child hitten by mad here for a previphobia. Not fir these patients a land. America, Africa, all at diheir contingent In whatever; Irishmen reside well aware that of the old coun has a secret cur has a secret cur tion of rabies. When I visited ten persons und were children, a were children, a seven and ten ye Two others were from the town cashire. England sident of Cape (maining five wei Fernanagh, whe viously rabies h number of dogs great many head The patients we ment roam about will. There wa any kind, no merely a simple ordinary dietetic by a slight invy

by a slight invamain of necrome the sole purpose patients. the sole purpose patients.

Magovern hims the manners assumed and the sole is a tiller of the occupations being cattle and the company of the

own commodious not suffice to fur and they have to tality of the other around.

The course of tr

The course of tr Magovern subjects at least three day On the day of a who has been bitt bic animal is sim some preliminaries which with an ultit is not easy to.

A little bridge such that tosses so to crag, as it be slope of the hill cissituated, to is waters with those in the plain below which Magovern and to which he considerable imports blindfolded and forwards over the

forwards over the Magovern or his ay mear and repeats i relative to the feator water, and the this liquid in wardisease. This is on patient on that ni prepared in accord prescriptions of Magovern of the following joined. The patien forbidden to induly fluids of any descria drink prepared in an himself. This to be a decoction dight and agreen but, in accordance ments of those with the patient of the fluid of the fluid