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was only for a moment. There was nothing repulsive or alarming here. nothing reputates or alarming hers. Seven or eight long tables, running parallel to each other, filled the room; and at each table, eight or ten women, ranging from the young girl of fiteen to the woman of sixty, were silently to the woman of sixty, were silently occupied in laundry work. All modern appliances to save human labor were there. The workers were neatly dressed and happy, if one could judge by their smiles. No human imagination, however powerful, could associate these eager workers with the midnight streets, the padded cell, the dock, the jail, or the river. It was a happy sis-terhood, working in perfect silence and discipline. Aud over all there presided a young novice, in her white veil, who stood calmly working, like her poor sisters, taking up now a white cuff, now a collar, and giving her gentle instruc-

"It is the old mechanism and per-fection I once desired," thought Luke; "but the motive power is love, not

fear." They passed into an inner room. Here was miracle number two. The Cistercian silence no longer reigned ; but over the boom and buzz of vast

but over the boom and buzz of vast machinery came a Babel of voices as the workers flad to and fro. "Yer blessin', Feyther," cried one; and in a moment all were on their knees for Luke's banediction. And then, with easy familiarity, these poor girls took Luke around, and showed ith intense pride the mighty secrets of the machinery; how steam was let on and shut off; how the slides worked on the rails in the drying-room, etc. And, moving hither and thither amon_st them, in an attitude of absolute equal ity, were the white robed Sisters, their spotless habits carefully tacked, for the floor was wet, and they labored and toiled like the rest.

"'Tis the commonwealth of Jesus Ohrist," said Luke. And dear old Sister Peter came forward, an octogenarian, and showed him all her tressures and her pretty little oratory, with all its dainty pictures. "How long have you been here?"

he asked. " Fifty years, yer reverence, come Michaelmas

"Then your purgatory is over," said

Luke. "I don't want purgathory, nor heaven ayther," she said, " as long as God laves me with the Sisthers."

The Sister and Luke passed out of the steamy atmosphere and the rumble of the machinery into a narrow corri-dor, which led to the boiler-room and

engine-bouse. "I should like you to see our new boiler," she said; "I'll run on and tell the engineer to have all ready. Darbans Yourgener to have all ready. tell the engineer to have an ready. This is our infirmary. Perhaps you would like to see it. There's but one patient here." She opened the door, and pointed to

the bed where Laura was lying. He went over at once, and, leaning over the sick girl, said a few kind words. Then looking around, he saw another figure over near the southern window, her face bent down over the book she was reading. He thought it would seem unkind to pass her by, so he went over and said cheerily :

"Convalescent, I suppose ?" She rose up, trembling all over. Then a blush of untold horror and shame flushed her face and forehead as their eyes met; but only to give place to a pallor deeper than that on the faces of the dead. He started back as

if stung, and cried : Great God ! Barbara ! Miss Wil-

"Great Gour Darbara ' Indonesia' "Hush !" she said softly, placing her trembling forger on her lips. "That poor child is watching." "But what? what? what?' he stammered. "What in God's name is this mystery? Why are you here?" "God's will, Father," she said simply."

her face.

simply." ("Of course," he said, in an excited manner; " but in what, in what capac-ity ?" Are you infirmarian ?" " No," she said, casting down her

the vision of the wrecked soul and its guardian angel. The thought was too terrible. His memory of that one tempted him to stretch out his hand and say a kind farewell to one be should never see again. But one side glance at that ill made, coarse, bulky dress of penitence deterred him. He bowed stilly and said "Good-day !" with a frown. Barbara continued staring blindly through the window Then slowly, as her heart broke under the agony, her hot tears fell, burned her hand, and blistered the book which she held.

hand, and bistered the book which she held. As Luke passed Laura's bed, she beckoned to him. "Would yer reverences tell me," she said, "on yer word of honor as a priest, do ye know that girl ?" "Yes," he said sharply; "I know something of her." "Would ye tell me, yer reverence, once and for all, is she the Blessed Virgin Mary?" "No," he said shortly; "she is not!" "Taan' God an' you," the poor girl cried. "I struck her wance with them five fingers. I saw the print of 'em this mint on her face when she blushed. Than' God, I now die sisy." Than' God, I now die sisy." The Sister, who was awaiting him in

the corridor, was surprised at the change in his manner and appearance. "Can L see the Reversed Mother "Can I see the Reverend Mother, Sister," he said impatiently, "and at

once "By all means, Father," she replied ; ' come this way to the parlor. What occurred at that momentous interview we are not privileged to

know. But Luke came forth a changed and a shamed man. He knew then that all the sublime supernaturalism, with which he had been brought face to face for the last few days, had ouched the summit in that heart which touched the samuel in that near which he had left torn and bleeding in the Infirmary. He had seen what he wanted to see—the supreme example of self-abandonment; and he knew that

sent-apandonment; and he knew that heroic sanctity, as taught by the Church and the saints, was no myth. He had gone far down towards the entrance lodge before he thought of his sister. She had seen him pass her by, but was atraid to accost him. She felt hat he knew sull, that the source of but was atraid to accost him. She felt that he knew all; that the secret of the King, so faithfully kept for ten years, was no longer a secret. She called out "Luke," just as he thought of her. He came back, dazed and blinded. She had a hundred things to say to him; but now her lips were closed, as she stood, niched in a clump of lanrels, and looked at his wild eyes and his drawn face. He stood before his little sister for a moment, and the thought came back of her warning the evening he dined at the Canon's; and evening he dined at the Canon's; and Margery's rash judgments then, and his own rash judgments an hour ago, clashed together. He placed his hands on his dear little sister's shoulders, beneath her black veil. He would have given all the world to kiss her. But he felt he dared not. The glamor of the unseen world was round about him, and he was a faild. Margery said

and he was a raid. Margery said faintly: "Oh! Luke! what's the matter?

What has happ ned ?" He stooped down, and, snatching up

hastily the white ivory cross that hung from her rosary, he kissed it pas-sionately, and, without a word, strode out into the city.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A NIGHT IN A TENEMENT.

Those destined thoughts that haunt my breast And throb and heave and swell, Impetient of their painful rest, And state i visible the standard state is the Those thoughts at least must meet the day, And with me dwell, or on me prey; On me, onne those shoughts must call And set and live and move abroad; I am the mother of them all; Be Thou their Father, God!

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

cate tact which never inflicts pain.

cate tast which never inflicts pain. . . . you must be content to pay the price of a costly education." Not once or twice have I chanced to pass a night in the neighborhood of which now write. It is a quarter that is fairly well known to me. And if I say further, that the nights thus passed were not pudgetaken with a wise to were not undertaken with a view to copy, it may be judged that these glimpses of slum life produced an impres ion on my mind which time is not likely to erase.

Tris tenement, then, stood next to a public house, and, inasmuch as the district was prolific in public houses, it may be considered a common illustra-tion of life in a low quarter. In one cion of life in a low quarter. In one corner of the tenement room lay a sick woman, whose husband would not re turn till daybreak. He was out watch-ing the roads, so I sat by the bedside and waited. The woman's breath came fifully, and from time to time her fin gars twitched. She was nonemention gers twitched. She was unconscious; and as I watched her I wondered which would come first-death or the dawn. A small fire burned in the grate, and A small fre burned in the grate, and through the window came a gleam of light from a neighboring lamp post. There was a wire netting outside the window, to ward off the stones that

were habitually aimed at window panes, according to the established custom of the quarter.

the quarter. To-night, no one threw any stones, and in the tenement roon an eerie silence reigned. I cannot say why, but the unwonted stillness gave me a curious impression of unreality. I lelt somehow as if I had been a disembodied spirit listening at the gates of earth. Not that I was particularly inter-outed in what was rasing outside the

ested in what was rassing outside the tenement room; nor, to be frank, did I wish to hear. But sometimes I became conscious of certain impressions that stood out quite clearly in the darkness, as the waves of human sound ebbed and flowed thronghout the night. It was early yet. But through the tenement wall I could hear the swing

and counter swing of a door. It was the public house door and every other swing meant a client. The clients were of both sexes. I could hear the sound of their voices. I could not distinguish the words-only the voices. Occasionally some one spoke in a loud or shriller tone, then I could hear what

they said. There was a weekly sing song tonight. In the salcon bar several volces called for drinks. After that there was a scratching of matches, as the men lighted up. Presently the musician of the evening sat down, and the piano stool creaked as a preliminary. The pre-lude was florid, ending in shakes and arpeggios. A pause ensued. Some one was asked to sing. I heard the click of a pipe as the man laid it on the table. Then, in the accent of the quarter, he lifted up his voice in a comic song. The fast varies flaiched quarter, he lifted up his voies in a comic song. The first verse finished, the saloon bar responded in a nasal chorus. Verse after verse followed, each more drawn out than the last; until finally the chorus was merged in applause. Pipes and glasses were evi dently refilled; the men ta'ked.

Here my thoughts drifted into more congenial channels, and I was only re-called to my surroundings by the sound of women's voices outside the window. They were standing under the street lamp, with their shawls drawn around them. Their faces were turned away, but the voices reached me over the area railings. They spoke in half tones, and they seemed weary. It was of sin and of sorrow that they spoke. One of them was sobbing, while the other tried to soothe.

Then the voices got rubbed out in I was following those women in thought down the squalid side streets, when the down the squalid side streets, when the down the squalid side streets when the the night side streets when the down the squalid side streets when the square stre

commonplace consolation into a tempted stout man with his short sleeves rolled up. His face beamed with the enjoy-intercourse of daily life with the deli-mant of the scene. He might have been some old-time pagan watching the fray, thumb down. "Chortling " in fray, thumb down. "Chortling" in evil mirth, his stentorian voice rang out:

"Pay 'im, Susan! let 'im 'ave it!" The encouragement was addressed to his own wife. Thus adjured she struck out from the shoulder, and her fist came against her antagonist's head. burst of appreciation came from the top window. But the crowd now inter vened and the combatants were separ ated.

Time was wearing on. The men in the bar emptied their glasses and had them refilled. The musician turned on his stool for a final effort. With a harsh, strong tonch he struck a few chords, and with one voice they sang the latest music hall ditty.

"'Ear, 'ear!' ejaculated a sleepy enthusiast. "'Ave it again," suggested a coarse voice in a far corner. Again they sang it, some of them standing up to roan the chorus. Glasses ratified; irre-sponsible fists thumped the table. There was a noisy shuffling of feet as the men passed out. Then the door closed for the night. It was now Sunday. A church clock hid its fee in the door near and struck

hid its face in the darkness and struck the hour. Twelve o'clock! Each stroke rang out as if in condemnation of an erring world. And as I sat in the tenement room and counted the strokes,

it seemed to me as if the avenging angel were holding up the scales, piled high with human crime. And then methought another angel came, with pity in his eyes, who when he had marked how the scales fell, raised a pitcher-and the pitcher was filled with tears. Then, one by one, like so many precious stones, he poured them int, the opposite scale-and lo! the sorrow outweighed the sin. Twelve o'clock! A new leaf was turned in the

Book of Life; a new day was begun. After a while the sound of children's counted; the fact that, amid a sea of unbelief, she held fast to her faith. volce came through the window. They were playing on the steps. Then two people approached and claimed the For, like a rainbow that lights up a sullen sky, the prayer of the woman seemed to proclaim the promises to a forgetful world.

step for themselves. "Go home," they said, with a curse. But the home of the little ones was fire afresh, and wondered when the night would end. The sick woman had opposite—at the top window. So they crept down a side street instead.

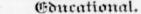
Next door the potman seemed to be tidying up the bar. I could hear the swish of the broom as he swept up the bits and set the chairs straight. Then his broom lingered—the publican his broom lingered—the publican and he began to dispute. High words filin my dream I visited the spot I loved best. And little by little England be tered through the tenement wall, alter which the publican made his way up stairs. Each stair creaked under him.

came blotted out and memory lent its wings, and toge her we passed over sea plain, and through the snow clad Alps. The publican had drunk deep. A few minutes later the sounds died away, and for the first time that night And down through the sun kissed vinc-yards we went, and on through the sad

there was silence. Half an hour passed, during which the breathing of the sick woman was olive groves, uatil the salt lagoons lay out before us. B neath the shadow of the flight of steps a gondola lay in readthe only thing to be heard. Then through the wall came the sound of the flight of steps a gondola lay in read-iness, and stepping in we drifted through the quaint Venetian streets. It was all so still. There was no sound but the long swish of the single car as the boatman handled it lowingly. I could feel the prow of the gondola cleave the water as the waves ripple: past. Then a voice rose up from the stern—a rich Southern voice, that sang the sweet songe of Venice. I could moaning. The publican tossed in his bed. He was evidently quernlous, but his wife ans eered nothing. I could hear him upbraiding her. Still she was silent. Then it seemed as if her negative attitude became is support-able-something heavy was flung on the floor.

An hour passed. A vagrant cat now stole along the leads and mewed for-lornly. It mewed again. It went on mewing. By and by another came; then more. They increased and mul-tiplied. Presently the mewing ceased and the feline assembly opened its mouth wide and howled. They hissed and spat. A furry scuffle ensued. This was interrupted by a tenement window being opened, whereupon some-body threw straight. There was a diminuendo of sound, and the cats An hour passed. A vagrant cat now diminuendo of sound, and the cats

I was following those women in thought down the squalld side streets, when the sound of renewed revelry broke in upon me. The saloon bar was be coming exhilarated. "Why can't every man bary three wires 2" or the world appeared to be dead. Then I heard a new sound, a sound





by the "sight" operator in glancing from notes to keyboard and back to notes again—a considerable item in a day's work and a severe strain on The speedier a stenographer can ypewrite a letter the more valuable he becomes to the busy business

man. Practice does a great deal, but correct fingering and the "Touch System," which we teach thoroughly, are of paramount importance. When the "Touch System" is correct ingering and the "rouch System," which we teach theoroughly, are of paramount importance. When the "Touch System" is mastered the operator never looks at the keyboard, but keeps her eyes on her notes. She saves the time lost

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denizens of the quarter were not proof against it. It was the sudden transi-tion from life to death, from the visible

to the invisible, that stayed their

speech. They loitered awhile in silent,

her, I saw her cross hersell, while her lips moved. What petition she uttered I know not, or whether she prayed for the living or the dead. But it seemed to me as if the De Profundis surely dited the time and place. For indeed

fitted the time and place. For, indeed,

it was out of the depths that her prayer went forth, whether it were for the liv-ing or the dead. It was the fact that

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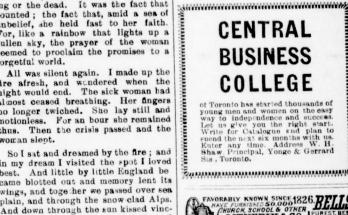
Principal, Loudon.

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speech. They lottered awhite in stend, sheltering groups. Then, with noise-less feet, they melted away into the aight. But before they dispersed I saw an opturned face. It was the face of a woman. On it were penciled the lines of want and privation, but in that face there was a look of horror mingled with entreaty. And as the light fell upon her, I saw her cross herself, while her With rational with resting the network St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, CANADA

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Church BELLS Peal Memorial Bells a Speelalty. Reshare Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Rd., C.S. 10-

the sound of their feet seemed to des

the sound of their feet seemed t) des-ecrate the night. In the sick room the woman slept quietly, while the first streak of dawn appeared in the sky. My vigil was nearing its end. At any moment now the woman's busband would return. I hear the notes of the gondolier flooding the night. The echoes seemed to float out across the face of the waters and, with dreamy, outstretched arms, they feel asleep in the moonlight. The church domes glistened against the azure sky. The porticoes were wrapped in gloom; while across the steps lay a broad band of light. And all the time came the lap, lap of the waves as they played against the white marble. Pres-ently the boatmen gave their lingering cry of warning and the gondola shot was glad to think that a fresh day had begun, because many things had been brought home to me that night. Amid such surroundings, sin appeared less evil, and it seemed to me little wonder

And, thinking thus, my heart went out in pity to those vast numbers of toilers whose lives are cast in such arid places; to the denizens of mean streets; played against the ward their lingering ently the boatmen gave their lingering cry of warning and the gondola shot round a sharp corner. The side canal was the home of shadows. It looked dark and sad, save for a flickering gleam above, where a lamp burned be-gleam abov



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Thus prayed I; musing on that law By which the children of the brain Their linked generations draw (A molancholy train) From moods long past which feigned to die, But in whose quickening scheelle Immortal seeds of pain or pleasure, No foot can crush no will control, No oraft transmute, no prescience measure, Dread harveste of the fipening soul! -AUBREY DE VERE. eyes. "And how long have you been here?" he cried, his eyes wandering vaguely over her blue pentitent's dress, and searching the calm depths of

It was a dingy tenement that faced a dingy street. The street itself looked evil, nor were its inhabitants much batter. It was one of those squalid quarters that gather and fester in the tolds of great cities. Like a capter it tones, and encoding interval in Ten years," she said, in a low tone. "Ever since Luuis died." "Ten years! And your uncle and father searching all Europe for you! What is this horrible mystery? How long are you professed? "I am not a professed Sister, Father," she said bravely. "Then you are a nursing Sister attached to the city and coming in here..."

stached to the city and coming in here—" She shook her head. Her heart was breaking with shame and sorrow, as she planged deeper and deeper in the valley of humiliation. He drew back, as the horrible thought flashed across his mind, and he recalled the drews of the Magdalens. She saw the gesture and flashed again. "I am afraid to ask further," he said coldly, and with reserve; "but do you belong to the community?" "No Father," she said bravely—it was the Consummatum est of her agony of ton years—"I am a penitent."

better. It was one of those squalid quarters that gather and fester in the tolds of great cities. Like a canker, it was eating into the heart of a stricken people. In a value way, the authorit-ies knew of the evil, in testimony of which the British Parliament held occa-sional debates for the amelloration of the British masses. But the British Parliament had so many foreign policies to frame, and so many distant interests to consider, that home affairs shrank into insignificance. So the people of the slums continued to live without amelioration, or they died like dumb beats without a murmur. They were not psychological. The issues of life and death were nothing to them. They oame in, and they went out, with the rising and setting of the sun. Few knew why they were born, and very few cared. The present time was theirs, and to the majority it was enough. Here and there, along the street pavement, a flight of steps led up to a house of prayer. But the steps were unally unworn ; for the man in the street is the product of his age—and the age is sceptical. He knows that his feet are of clay ; and as for his soul, he is doubiful if he has one. And yet —tke words of the PasImist are po-i tive : "I have said yon are gods, and all of you the sons of the Most High." But to those who know what life is in Christian cities—to those who have lent an ear to the voices of mean streets— the scepticism of the unbeliever bean ear to the voices of mean streets-the scepticism of the unbeliever be-

was the Constantiate for outent." She was looking out over the trees and shrubs, looking with eyes dilated, like a consumptive's, her temples still flushed, and her face drawn and strained in agony. He, too, looked steadily through the window. He scarcely concealed the loathing with which that reluctant confession filled him for this young girl, standing there, apparently so calm. The shud-der he felt on entering the laundry where the Magdalens worked, and which gave way instantly before the sublime spectacle of their re-urrec-tion, now filled him with tenfold horror. Here, he thought, there was no excuse. Neither ignorance, nor powerty, nor der he feit on entering the laundry where the Magdaleas worked, and which gave way instantly before the sublime spectacle of their resurrec-tion, now filled him with tenfold horror. Here, he thought, there was no excuss heredity to palliste the shame. He was side by side, not with a sindi normation was perfect. He thought he read it in her face. There was—there could be—no resurrection have. He paused for a moment to consider what he solution that he had once seen in the cardeon have. Here solution was perfect. He thought he thetic grass of modern problems, the paused for a moment to consider what he solution the scheme up before him, was used to a sone the priessity gift of sympathy, the solution the scheme up before him, was used to a sone did a sone the priessity gift of sympathy, the solution the scheme up before him, was the scheme up before him, was used to a sone did so the priessity gift of sympathy, the scheme scheme up before him, was the scheme up before him, was side by side, not with a sindi to make certain sacrifices. For, as F. w. Robertson says : "I you aspire to the Schweiserhof came up before him, was the scheme to consolation, if you would pour something more than hered it he scheme up before him, was the scheme to consolation, if you would pour something more than hered the scheme up before him, was the scheme to consolation, if you would pour something more than hered to the scheme up before him, was associated was a scheme to consolation, if you would pour something more than hered to the scheme up before him, was associated to sociology must be priessity gift of sympathy, the scheme to a material state of the priessity gift of sympathy, the scheme to a top window was a scheme to the sc

man have three wives ?" came the re-frain. Glasses were banged on the table to mark the rhythm, and a slow voice from a far corner came in half a

bar late. The spirit of the revellers was in no The spirit of the revellers was in no way dissimilar to the spirit of the quarter. But it struck me as lacking in modernity. It suggested an older and a pagan spirit, as when the Persian poet rallied his adherents to his banner and sang to them the song of earth.

Arise ! the sunlight in the tent is creeping. The drowsy soon will fall to death's sure reap. ing; Attune thy harp and fill a brimming mea-

sure-Not one will e'er return, of all the sleeping.

This was the song of ancient agnos-ticlsm. Bat it is a song which is fast becoming the principle of the Christian masses of to day. The plea for materi-alism is threaded in and out of the "Rubaiyat," yet who shall say that the theory of finality satisfied the tont-maker whose donbt peeps out in many a closing line. Thus he says: This was the song of ancient agnos

Ab make the most of what we yet may spend, Before we too into the dust descend ; Dust into dust, and under dust we lie, Same wine, same song same singer, and — same end.

The public house door now swung open and a man lurked out. His gait was unsteady. I could hear the uneven sound of his feet. He was muttering thickly as he propped himself up against the area railings. Awhile he groaned, then stopped. He was trying to recall the words of the song. It seemed an effort, for he felt each iron rail stupidly, as if for an inspiration, but words and tune evaded him. He was louing his temper, when a woman The public house door now swung but words and tune evaded him. He was losing his temper, when a woman emerged from the darkness. She threw back her shawl and hurled reproaches at him. Then it seemed as if the air became obscured with curses. The sick woman moved restlessly, otherwise the tenement room was still. In the saloon bar the publican was relating the joke of the evening ; roars of laughter came through the dividing wall.

Then I heard a new sound, a sound that seemed to cleave the silence, ruf fing the air with its quick, frightened feet. It reminded me of the fluttering of a bird, whose wirgs were beating with a sickening fear, of a feeble, wounded bird who knows that its cap-ture is but a matter of moments. But this was the flight of a woman-hur-ried and fearful. I could hear her quick breath as she tried to outdisried and fearlul. I could hear her quick breath as she tried to outdis-tance her pursuer; Now he was on her heels. They were under the win-dew. A blow was struck and a body fell. And as it fell I heard a voice

fell. And as it fell I heard a voice break upon the night. It was only a faint ory; but it was an ugly whisper. Immediately, as it by magic, the whis-pered accusation ran through the tene-ments, calling out its denizens, where-upon as roum of ragged humanity filed out. From all directions they came, springing upfrom the side streets; and on every lip was the cry of murder. Then, amid the general excitement, the voices were merged into a confused voices were merged into a confused undertone of sound.

andertone of sound. Instinctively I had risen; and from where I stood in the shadow I could see what passed outside. The street was blocked; it was a moving sea of heads. Here and there a policeman's lantern fisshed in and out among the crowd, and presently a dark mass was lifted up and carried away. There was no pall for covering, only

a woman's rags. Neither were there any tears-just horror strained faces any tears just north an arrise bruh; as striking as it was lurid. It as a glimpse of life such as Aubrey de Vere must have seen in vision when he penned atose lines that throb with deepest pity.

And the second states of the second states and the second states and the second states and the second states and

gleam above, where a lamp burned be-fore a wayside shrine of the Mother and Child. Then said I:

the sweet songs of Venice. I could hear the notes of the gondolier flooding

¹⁰ Twas all a dream—the wrong, the strife, The scorn, the blow, the loss, the pain 1 Immortal gladness, love and life. Alone are lords by right and reign; The earth is tossed about, as though Young angels tossed a cowsilp bal; But rough or level, high or low.

Ah! not so; not so, at least, in city lums.

Two cockney voices broke in upon my reverie. And at the sound the pic-ture of faith vanished. Gone was the wayside shrine, and the church cupolas melted away. Instead of being in the streets of Venice, I found myself in a streets of Venlee, I found myself in a filthy room in a London slum. On the tenement steps, not five yards distant, sat a couple who spoke words of love. Their speech was unsavory and unwel-come, but there was no escope from the voices of the two. And when they rose and went their way I thought that in Catholic World.

below. Then I heard a woman scream. This was followed by a volley of curses from a man. Furniture was being harled across the room. I could hear it strike against the wall to the accomit strike against the walt to the account paniment of shuffing icet. There were ories of protest — cries which were stopped up with blows. A low mosning ensued. And just as the domestic brawl was at its height, a key turned in the tenement door and the sick woman's

tenement door and the sick woman's husband came in. "Listen," I said, while something went crashing against the basement wall. "What if he murders her?" "Wot ev 'e do," answered the man, "'tain't the fust."

He pointed to some dark splashes on

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Nursing baby?

It's a heavy strain on mother.

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