

out of the way," said Matthew, hastily removing the glasses. "I'm told he hates this, as the devil hates holy water."

Just then, a tremendous knock was heard at the hall door.

"Here he is!" said Mary, straightening herself up, and arranging her toilette. "Do I look all right, Matthew?"

"Never better in your life," said Matthew. "He'll be the proud man when he sees you."

There was a colloquy in the hall; and then a heavy foot on the stairs. In answer to a rather timid knock, Ma then shouted "Come in!" The door opened just a little, the servant-maid put in her tousled head, and said:

"The milkman's man, sez he wants that for the mornin's milk!"

"Bad luck to you and the milkman together," said Mary, fumbling in her pockets. "Here!"

But Luke did call the following day; and he was very grand, but gracious, and even affectionate. He had been learning that in this old land, and amongst its simple, faithful people, there were mighty treasures of warmth and love, for which the cold, stately polish of other lands was but a poor exchange. And Matthew and Mary lived on the honor for days afterwards, and cut out the paragraph in the paper about "The Lecture on Biology," and Matthew went around, and asked every one, "Did they ever hear the like before?" and "Why the mischief doesn't the Bishop bring that grand young man into the city?" And Mary placed on her mantelpiece, side by side with the portrait of the Bishop himself, Luke's photograph, gorgeously framed; and in answer to all inquiries, she said modestly:

"My cousin, Father Luke!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

A STORY.

"I was an old fool! Yes, I was an old fool; that's all there is about it. I ought to have known better. She was not to blame, poor thing. She was but a child, and these babies pleased her ambitious mother's eye. It was not the old man, but his money—his money. I might have known it. May and December—pshaw! how could I ever have believed that Mary Terry could love an old fellow like me?" And Mark Ware surveyed himself in the large parlor mirror.

"Soel it reflects an elderly man of fifty-eight, with ruddy face, iron gray hair, and eyes from which the light of youth has long since departed." And yet there is fire in the old man's veins, too, as now he strides across the carpet ejaculating, with fresh emphasis, "Yes, I was an old fool, an old fool! But I will be kind to her. I'm not the man to tyrannize over a young girl because her mother took her out of the nursery to make her my wife. I see now it is not in reason for a young thing like her to stay contentedly at home with my frosty head and gouty feet. Poor little Mary! No, I'll not punish her because she cannot love me; she shall have what she wants and go where she likes. Her mother is only too proud to trot her out as the wife of rich Mark Ware. If that will make them both happy, let them do it. Maybe (and Mark Ware paused), maybe, after she has seen that the Dead Sea apple—the world—is made of, she will come back and love the old man a little; maybe—how knows? No good woman who is believed in and well treated makes a bad wife. There never was a bad wife yet but there was a bad husband. That's gospel—Mark's gospel, anyhow, and Mark Ware is going to act upon it. Mary shall go to the ball tonight with her mother, and I will stay at home and nurse my patience and my gouty leg. There is no evil in her—she's as pure as a lily—and if she wants to see the world, she shall see it; and though I can't go dancing round with her, never will dim her bright eyes; no, no."

Mark Ware had rightly read Mary. She was guileless and pure as he had said, but when the young bride first realized the import of those words she had been made to utter, "till death do us part," she looked forward with schering dread to the long, monotonous, weary years before her. Her home seemed a prison, and Mark Ware the keeper. His very splendor oppressed her, and she chafed and fretted in her gilded fetters, while her restless heart cried out, "Anywhere but home!" Must she sit there in the house, day after day, listening only to the repetitions of her own troubled heart? Must the bee and the butterfly only be free to revel in the bright sunshine? Had God made the sphere of darkened parlors, listening to the complaints of querulous old age? Every pulse of her heart rebelled. How could her mother have influenced her to marry him? How could Mark Ware have so unmagisterially accepted the compulsory sacrifice? Why not have shown her the world and let her choose for herself? Oh, anywhere—anywhere from such a home!

There were no lack of invitations abroad for Mary had fashed across the fashionable horizon like some bright comet, eclipsing all the reigning beauties. No ball, no party, no dinner was thought a success without her. Night after night found her en route to some gay assemblage. To her own astonishment, and her foolish mother's delight, her husband never remonstrated. On the contrary, he often found upon her dressing table, some choice little ornaments which he had provided for the occasion, and Mary, as she fastened it in her hair or her bodice, would say bitterly, "He is anxious that I, like the other appendages of his establishment, should reflect credit on his faultless taste."

Mistaken Mary! Time passes on. Mark Ware was "satisfied" as he promised himself to be. His evenings were not so lonely now, for his little babe kept him company; the reprieved nurse only to glad to escape to her pink ribbons and a "chat with John at the back gate." It was a pretty sight, Mark and the babe. Not

smile or a cloud passed over that little face that did not wake up the father in Mark Ware's heart; and he paced the room with it or rocked it to sleep on his breast, talking to it as if it could understand the strong, deep love of which it was the unconscious object.

"I am so tired of all this," said Mark's young wife as she stopped in her carriage at the close of a brilliant ball. "I am so tired of seeing the same faces and hearing the same stupid non-sense night after night. I wonder shall I ever be happy? I wonder shall I ever love anything or anybody? Mamma is proud of me, but she does not love me. Mark is proud of me," and Mary's pretty lip curled scornfully. "Life is so empty, and I am only twenty!" and Mary sighed heavily.

On whirled the carriage through the deserted streets, deserted save by some inveterate pleasure-seeker like herself. Occasionally a lamp twinkled from some upper window, where a half-starved seamstress sat stitching her life away, or an anxious mother bent over her sick child. Overhead the sentinel stars kept their tireless watch, and Mary's heart grew soft under their gentle influence, and tears stole from under her lashes and fell and lay like pearls on her bosom.

So noiseless was the fall of her light foot upon the carpet that Mark did not know she had entered. He sat with his back to the door, bending over the cradle of his child till his gray locks rested on its rosy cheeks, talking to it, as was his wont, to beguile his loneliness.

"Mary's forehead, Mary's eyes, Mary's mouth; no more like your old father than a rosebud is like a chestnut burr. You will love the lonely old man little one, and perhaps she will, too, by and by. Who knows?" and Mark's voice trembled.

"She will, she does," said Mary, dropping on her knees at the cradle of her child and burying her face in Mark's hands. "My noble, unselfish husband!"

"You don't mean that?" said Mark, holding her off at arm's length and looking at her through a mist of tears. "You don't mean that you will love an old fellow like me? God bless you, Mary. I have been very, very lonely," and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

The gaping world, the far-sighted world, the charitable world shook its wise head when the star of fashion became a fixed star beside her home. Some said "her health must be failing," others that "her husband had become jealous at last." But no one thought of the truth, the simple truth, that the restlessness that had driven her out on the world was satisfied now in the companionship of her husband and child, and that Mary and Mark were no longer so far apart since Mary had developed into summer and December had turned a page back into the ripe autumn of life.

PROTESTANT IN NAME, CATHOLIC AT HEART.

It has often been said that there are men and women Protestant in name who are Catholic in heart. We meet such people occasionally. They seem to have all instincts and sentiments of Catholics without being at all aware of it. Mr. Randall, writing in the Catholic Columbian, mentions as an illustration of this a certain Captain Owens, who during the war was a Confederate soldier. He was a non-Catholic, but was remarkably solicitous that no mortally wounded soldier of the Catholic faith within his reach should die without the last sacraments. On one occasion, just after a battle, though severely wounded himself, he hunted up Father Snouderer and carried him to a Catholic soldier who had but a little while to live. The priest asked him if he were a Catholic. Being told that he was not, the priest added: "You have performed a great act of charity which delights my soul. I will go with you at once. You are a Catholic and do not know it."—Sacred Heart Review.

SAID IT WOULD FAIL.

BUT SUCCESS CROWNED NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN ARISTOCRATIC SECTION OF CINCINNATI.

A non-Catholic mission given recently in the Church of the Assumption, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, by the well-known Passionist, Rev. Xavier Sutton, was a notable success. The neighborhood of the Church of the Assumption is decidedly non-Catholic. The residents on Walnut Hills are mostly of the well-to-do class, and could do much by their influence were they once brought to the knowledge of the truth. It was feared, however, that the proposed lectures would meet with indifference and that little fruit would reward the labor of the good seed sown. The reverend pastor himself had little hope of success. These things, however, could not discourage the zealous and experienced missionary, Father Xavier, one of the most successful laborers in the non-Catholic field in this country. He confidently remarked that whenever a non-Catholic mission is given after a Catholic one it is a ways most successful.

The result proved that he was right. Three thousand invitations were issued, and the members of the parish were asked to mail them to non-Catholics. From the first the attendance was surprisingly large. After the first two nights the church was packed, over three hundred non-Catholics being present each evening. The return of the same people night after night showed that the good seed was not falling on unfertile soil. A little incident that occurred also shows this. After one of the services a prominent merchant of the city approached Father Xavier and said: "Father, I have traveled over all the world, but have given little thought to religion. In fact, I might be called an unbeliever. Tonight, however, you have given me food for thought, and I intend to consider this matter." As the mission

progressed a class of fervent converts was formed. These are now under instruction. Moreover the serious and religious character of the queries put in the question box gives promise of additional fruit in the future.

The results of this mission should encourage all zealous Catholics to put their hand to the plough and to help along in the good work where the harvest is indeed great, but the laborers few. Three hundred copies of "Clearing the Way" were distributed. Father Xavier Sutton returned on Monday to his home—the monastery on Mount Adams, Cincinnati, Ohio.—K. C. in Catholic Standard and Times.

EDUCATIONAL MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES SHE HAS TAUGHT AND WILL CONTINUE TO THE END OF TIME.

At the educational convention recently held at Milwaukee, the following comprehensive paper was read by Rev. Walter J. Shanley of Hartford, Conn.:

The history of Christian education is the history of the Catholic Church. Commissioned to teach all nations, she has instructed all the races of the Christian centuries in the principles of the Gospel. She has, moreover, taught all science.

Never before the religious revolution of the sixteenth century, was intellectual history divorced from ecclesiastical history, affording a strong proof of the educational mission of the Church. The Church is the patroness of learning, the mistress of the sciences and arts, the mother of invention.

Christian schools arose in the very first century. In the year 60 St. Mark the Evangelist landed at Alexandria and there established a catechetical school which became the nursery of the schools of Europe. At the end of the second century Clement, Hippolytus and Origen rendered the school of Alexandria famous. From Alexandria we can date the beginnings of our new system of learning.

Episcopal schools sprang up in the households of Bishops during the first four centuries. In these the younger aspirants to the ecclesiastical state were trained. All the early annals of the Roman Catholic Church represent the clergy as educated for the most part in this manner, under the direct supervision of the Bishop.

The percentage of the Christian schools is to be traced not only to the catechetical and episcopal schools but also to the monastic schools. As Christianity spread during the early Middle Ages, the monastic centers were so entirely the sole centers of civilization that many cities owe their origin to them. Whilst the barbarians were laying all things in ruins, the monks were laying the foundations of modern civilization.

From the sixth to the thirteenth century the education of Europe was Benedictine. It was the golden age of monasticism. Among the Saxons, Teutons, Franks and Celts there were champions of monasticism, pioneers of learning who moulded the raw material of Europe into heroic form. Natural science was born from the beginning a distinctly monastic study. Bede, Albertus Magnus, Gerbert and Roger Bacon shone brightly in the intellectual firmament. The principal manual labor in many of the monasteries was the transcription of books. There was a scriptorium or writing-room in every monastery. Here the monks spent long, weary hours in copying the books of the Bible, the ancient classics and the works of the early fathers. To their labors we owe the preservation of the Sacred Scriptures and the ancient classics. The island of Saint and Scholars," Armagh, Clonmacnoise, Bangor, Lismona, Clonard are names which recall the palmy days of sacred learning. For centuries Ireland was the school of Europe, to which students of all nations flocked. There sands thronged from all parts of Europe, and eyes from Egypt to Ireland's celebrated schools.

Ireland not only received and educated students of every race and country, but also sent forth throughout Europe hosts of learned men, who founded institutions of learning in England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain and Greece. This race of teachers penetrated even to the Himalaya mountains of Europe, which for centuries had been as it is to-day, can be traced to these teachers, born in Ireland and trained in its native schools. They blazed the way through the wilderness of ignorance and laid the foundations of modern civilization.

The monks established not only seminaries of higher learning, but also schools for the poor. In this they were in line with the spirit of the Catholic Church, which, after the third century, ordained that wherever a church was established a school for the education of children should be founded. Olden France had sixty thousand free schools.

In the thirteenth century, out of a population of 90,000 in Florence, there were 12,000 children attending these schools. There is no period of the Church's history in which such schools did not exist.

In the very catacombs next to the chapel was the school for the catechumens. Then there were the episcopal schools, the cathedral schools, the parish schools, the rural schools, the cloister schools, the early seminaries, the colleges, the palace schools, the normal schools and the universities. A plain intellectual convulsion took place at the dawn of the thirteenth century. It was the change from the monastic era, that held sway for seven hundred years, to the scholastic era.

The great universities of the Middle Ages arose during this period. The universities were created by the papacy, and lived by the privileges which they received from the Popes. The Popes, with its universal powers, was in a position to advance schools of universal knowledge and give them universal prestige. There were sev-

enty-five universities before 1482. Some of them, like Paris and Prague, had forty thousand students. Oxford and Cambridge in their palmy days had thirty thousand. Each university had its distinctive characteristic. Paris was renowned for theology, Pavia for the arts, Bologna, Orleans and Bourges for law, Montpellier and Salerno for medicine. After the religious revolution of the sixteenth century the Catholic Church continued her educational mission, disproved the heretical doctrines of Luther and gave a stronger impulse to education through the Dominican, Franciscan and Jesuit orders, who consolidated anew the system of Christian education.

The Church has been eminently successful in the administration of principles and methods which they instituted many centuries ago. The methods of education used in the Middle Ages may need modification in our age, and such adaptation to present conditions has been effected, but the principles are the same, founded on the eternal verities.

As in the early ages, the benign influence of the Church and its educational power wrought a marvelous change in the barbarian hordes that devastated Europe, as the Popes rescued society and preserved civilization. As in the crucial period of the Middle Ages, when the old order was going out in the wildest confusion, the Church inaugurated and directed a new order in the way of Christian enlightenment. So down through the ages which are to come, the Catholic Church will ever be faithful to her mission of teaching, will reveal to future generations the newer and higher life, the end of all true education, by directing them to seek first the kingdom of God and His justice.

MARRIAGE IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Christian marriage is not a man work but a God work. It is not merely a covenant of two between a man and a woman who take each other, but a covenant of three—the man and the woman and God, who joins both, and accepts into His immutable hand the consent of both, and seals it by an infusion of the Holy Spirit into their souls. Christ has thus exalted the contract of matrimony into a Sacrament or Christ act, one in which He Himself is the center, binding together two souls in a bond which is a type of the union between Himself and His Church. Hence the unity and indissolubility and sanctity of Christian marriage, in which God Himself joins together what man may never dare to put asunder. As God's work it is God alone who can make it or unmake it, and as a Sacrament of Christ it belongs to Christ and to His Church to fix the conditions of validity under which that work shall be effected. The work is a sacramental union of souls, and by its very nature a matter of morality and of spiritual relation of souls to God and to each other.

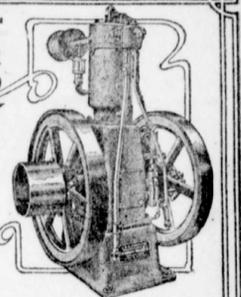
In the creation of such a bond the State, whose province is purely in things temporal, can have no possible competence. The State may indeed by its legislation declare what are the conditions under which it will accord to marriages civil recognition and civil effects as to civil status and inheritance and other temporal consequences, but over the making or unmaking of the marriage bond itself it has no control. It cannot make two persons man and wife before God; neither can it unmake them. The State, of its own authority, can no more make a marriage valid or invalid in the eyes of Christ than it can forgive sins or offer the sacrifice of the Mass.—The Tablet.

METHODISTS AND PRAYER FOR THE DEAD.

"Shall Methodists pray for the dead?" is the somewhat surprising title of a brief article in the Literary Digest. It appears that a Methodist editor has recently published a book, "The Hereafter and Heaven," in which the plea is advanced that prayers for the dead should be introduced into Methodism; and that a brother editor, who is a Methodist, thinks such action would be repugnant historically to the entire Protestant world. As to the logical limits of such an innovation the latter journalist inquires:

"May we be permitted to ask by whom and with what intentions we may expect prayers for the dead ultimately to be offered? And from whom as well as for whom we may ultimately be expected to draw the suffrage of those prayers? We do not argue now; we ask definitions and limits. For must remember that not even Rome allows us to pray for the damned. Her system of purga-

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