

There is Always God.

The Professor sat in an arm-chair overlooking the busy London thoroughfare, waiting for Lady Student. He did not like the lady students any more than he liked waiting, for he tapped the desk in front of him every now and then, as an accompaniment to something inaudible which he muttered between his teeth.

He was a small man, with a sharp, intelligent face, lighted up by a pair of keen Irish gray eyes. Seen casually, it was a face that repelled, for it was usually adorned with a black stubby growth; and the thick crown of jet-black hair looked as if on bad terms with a brush; but when he smiled the face assumed a new characteristic. One observed the perfect chiseling of the features, and the softened look in the eyes, as of kindly thoughts kept in check by some perverse fancy lest they should betray the tenderness of soul which kindled them.

Presently a step was heard on the creaking stairs, a hurried knock at the door, which, on an instant was opened unceremoniously and the Lady-Student entered, looking rather belated and somewhat out of breath. "I'm late," she ventured. "You are," he answered laconically.

She looked at him fixedly with her great eyes, in the depths of which trouble lurked. "Well," he remarked, after an awkward pause, as he roughly pushed back the thick hair from his broad, intellectual brow. "I—I," she began. Then she re-lapsed into silence and a chair. The Professor smiled grimly. It was a little way he had. It irritated the Lady-Student past forbearance. She just felt the irritation as if all her nerves had been rubbed the wrong way.

She was very tall—nearly six feet. Her figure would have been passable if she had ever practiced gymnastics. Never having done so she slouched along a little sideways with her back slightly arched. Her face was not handsome; but a very broad brow and a fine pair of gray eyes gave it an air of distinction. Her hair might have been beautiful had she learned the art of dressing it, the mind of a man encased in the body of a woman. It was this latter reason which induced the Professor to number her among his pupils. Her mind was so broad and quick that he sometimes forgot her sex. It was only when she was late and kept him waiting that he remembered his mistake in admitting lady students. He was angry now and she knew it, but she made no apologies. It was her way. She couldn't apologize unless she had wilfully and deliberately done wrong. It was not her fault that the omnibus had to stop a quarter of an hour through congestion of traffic.

Her silence did not soothe the Professor. He would have liked an apology—in fact thought one justly due to him, and vented his chagrin by way of scathing comments on her work. The lesson was not a success. The professor was irritable, sharp, autocratic. The Lady Student, divining something abnormal, was flurried out of her philosophic calm and answered questions spasmodically. The Professor eyed her keenly from under his half-closed lids. It did not penetrate his masculine mind that his own irritability might account for his pupil's behavior. He only asked the question of his own heart: "What is the matter with her?" And the answer came: "She is a woman. All women are full of moods. Why can they not do one thing at a time. One cannot indulge moods and receive full benefit from a lesson."

"My head aches," she gasped at last. "I will leave with your permission." "By all means," he replied a trifle scornfully. The Lady-Student jammed her hat on sideways and fled. "What a bear he is!" she muttered to herself as he held the door for her, for the Professor was a gentleman by nature and never forgot the small civilities of life, even when angry.

He looked after her critically, noting that her skirt was untidy round the bottom and hung askew, that her coat did not fit her well, and her hair rebelled for lack of consideration in the way of pins. This led to a train of thought regarding the pity it was that a woman could not cultivate her brains and the virtue of neatness at the same time as he contrasted his pupil with some other women friends who irritated him with their unintellectual complacency, yet gladdened his eyes with their daintiness.

An unformed thought took root in his mind, to wit, that if the Lady-Student could be induced to consider her personal appearance, he—but here he broke off suddenly, and, returning to his desk, plunged into a treatise on some abstruse subject which, however, did not interest him as usual. Irritated with his wandering mood, he flung down the book, and taking up his hat, left the room.

He did not notice which way he turned on reaching the street; but, presently, he found himself seated by the pond in the green park, watching the swans with lumps of bread and evidently enjoying the wondrous passage of the food down the long, slender necks of the birds.

Soon they went away, for the evening was closing in and a fog loomed thick and yellow in the distance. As he sat alone, deep in thoughts which he had tried to smother, his own name was borne to him through the mist. "He was more disagreeable than ever to-day. I felt as if I would like to write to him to say I would not come again," he heard in the unmistakable accents of the Lady-Student.

"Can you not cease the lessons without writing? I presume you've paid the man," answered a high-pitched masculine voice, in querulous tones. "That would be so rude; and he is a splendid teacher. I sometimes wish—"

"What do you wish?" "Oh, nothing." "Just like a woman. But—I say, dear—what's the good of all this culture? Things are looking up a bit, and with your money we might safely marry this year. It seems a shame to be flinging money away like that when it puts off the end farther."

The Professor, experiencing an unpleasant sensation of sickness, had arisen on first hearing the voices, and staggering aimlessly through the density towards a lamp that glittered sickly in the yellow fog, he found himself face to face with the Lady-Student and a man with a vain figure in a tailorshop. He thought he saw a look of recognition on the girl's face, but he had retreated into the darkness again ere she had time to make any remark, supposing that the appointed time found her fingers trembling with the quick beating of her heart. His hope that she had not observed him was a vain one, for the week had been spent by her in considerable perturbation of spirit. That he had overheard her remarks or at least part of them she had not the slightest doubt, and she considered and rejected suggestions that arose in her mind scores of times a day.

Her manner as she entered was hurried and nervous. The Professor smiled with his eyes as he noted this, but he sat at his desk with his face so utterly sun-like that she could not fathom his thoughts in the very least concerning that unfortunate meeting in the fog. Sitting down opposite him, and looking him full in the face—a habit with her when speaking to people, she almost exclaimed at the transformation in his appearance. His face was as clean as a boy's, his hair shone with excess of brushing, and his attire was spotless. A half-opened rose peeped shyly at her from the lapel of his coat, and a signal ring gleamed on the little finger of his left hand. She was not a girl who could conceal any emotion. Transparency was her greatest fault of virtue, and the Professor noting her look, smiled a little to himself, as he asked, "Shall we commence?"

"If you please," came the reply, not in the girl's usually confident tones, but in timid, beseeching ones, as much as to say, "I never meant to hurt your feelings by my injudicious remarks in the fog." What a success that lesson was! The Professor brought out all his wonderful teaching powers. His explanations were clear, decisive, convincing. None knew better than he how to pick out the gems in his pupils' minds and hold them up for their delectation and encouragement, as no one knew better how to crush out any fantastic pride and egotism; take hold of it as it were and lay it as a mirror before the students' eyes to shame them into serious work and thought. The shallow mind he held up before its owner for the thing it was, in the hope that, knowing its own limitations, it might grow deeper in the light of perseverance. The frivolous mind he ridiculed into steadiness. But the deep mind he dug and cared for and nourished until it became a beautiful mind of knowledge.

Of the latter kind was the Lady-Student's, but the Professor had not

probed its depths. There were gems there hitherto unnoticed by him—rough unheaven gems of great worth. It would be his joyful task to polish and brighten them, to draw gently into the light of day, to gladden a world not too bright with giant intellects. He had never really known her before for what she was. He had been a little contemptuous of her aspirations—unusual for the majority of her sex—a little indulgent occasionally when she did better than he had expected, and a little astonished often when her quick mind instantly grasped facts which had taken a good deal of his own time and thought. To-day he began to be really interested in her—not in her womanhood, but in her mind—in the store of unrefined gold lying within it, and when she was leaving, he not only held the door for her, but held her long slender fingers within his for a brief second.

"He did not hear—I am sure he did not hear either Gerald's remarks or mine," said the Lady-Student softly to her own heart, and her step was quite buoyant as she walked home to her flat in Westminster. She did not commit the mistake of being late again, neither was she again so injudicious as to speak her name aloud, indeed she ceased to speak of him at all, although he haunted her thoughts always. During the months that followed he was so kind to her in a gentle, unobtrusive way that she sometimes wondered if his giant intellect were failing and if he were coming down to the level of ordinary humanity. That she was anything more to him than the books on his shelves she did not imagine for a moment, but his patient consideration nerved her to great effort and she worked really as much for the pleasure of pleasing him as for the work's reward.

The examination was over and the Professor, experiencing an unpleasant sensation of sickness, had arisen on first hearing the voices, and staggering aimlessly through the density towards a lamp that glittered sickly in the yellow fog, he found himself face to face with the Lady-Student and a man with a vain figure in a tailorshop. He thought he saw a look of recognition on the girl's face, but he had retreated into the darkness again ere she had time to make any remark, supposing that the appointed time found her fingers trembling with the quick beating of her heart. His hope that she had not observed him was a vain one, for the week had been spent by her in considerable perturbation of spirit. That he had overheard her remarks or at least part of them she had not the slightest doubt, and she considered and rejected suggestions that arose in her mind scores of times a day.

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try chimes and organ swells cling to you for life. Every remembrance that is high and holy belongs to it. The evening visit of adoration, the glow of love that went up with the incense clouds at Benediction, the rapt ecstasy after Holy Communion. Now when in manhood years you found yourself in far off lands under strange stars, these recollections would come floating back like memories of a lost Eden, and as they passed the heart would soften and the eye grow dim with the mist of love. Should you then return to discover that one more cyclone of persecution had swept over your native land, and you find a roofless temple and a desolate sanctuary. The hooting owls and the beasts of the field are seeking shelter within the holy walls. As you dashed the tear of rage and sorrow from your eyes, would you not swear to coin your very blood into gold until the ancient glories of that temple rose once more. Behold, I to-day present to you the desolate temple of the human soul, once overshadowed by God's splendors. Altar lights of sacrifice burned within, the sanctuary lamp of a living faith gleamed there, and the sweet incense of prayer rose up from it to Heaven. But behold, the roof is rent, torn, made desolate by sin. The wild gusts of passion have swept its every aisle, and unclean things have tenanted this once sanctuary of God. Will you not help to restore the beauty of this God's fairest home, to rebuild the sanctuary of a human heart? Christ is anxious to tabernacle there once more as in the days of innocence and cry—"Here shall I rest; here shall I abide!"

The Church rarely displays her charity more triumphantly than in the regeneration of a fallen woman. This is an achievement no mere human agency can hope to accomplish. As well attempt to control the ocean and what power has mastered it? Science has grasped and yoked the lightning of the sky, making them the ductile instrument of her will with which to flash thought from pole to pole. Lamp in hand she has ransacked the caverns of the earth, classified and ticketed the buried strata of the rocks. She has swept the heavens with telescope, and brought within apparent finger touch the starry wonders, rushing on their path through space. But the ocean will not brook one threat of her control, she cannot chain the tiniest wavelet or hush to sleep one muttered sob. The power of God alone has ruled its wildest fury. Two thousand years ago the storm sweeping over the barren hills buffeted Genesis into foam. The Apostles tossed in an open boat amongst the breakers, cold terror seized them; small wonder that they tremble, for they knew that the ocean floor beneath was bleached with the white bones of many a Galilean fisherman. But peering through the gloom they see a streak of light, and behold! a divine form with fluttering garments and streaming hair walks in majesty over the snowy ridges of the main.

"This is the Lord," they cry, "This is the Lord." He breathes forth His power. "Peace"—"Peace, be still," and lo! the storm spirit folds its wings, the waves sink into slumber, the dark clouds roll back, and the stars gleam down once more from peaceful skies. Water, air and sky attest His presence, and obey His will. That same power of God, and it alone, can transform into pictures of peaceful penitence the souls where passion tempests raged and held high revel.

What other power could reclaim a fallen woman? Circle round her every force this world boasts of and see how puny it becomes. You have bayonets, but shell and bayonets were mocked and dared by the woman of the French Commune. Prison eyes—in her final breath she hisses scorn at them. Oh! but you have the power of mind—eloquent tongues armed with wise philosophy. Go, preacher to the caged eagle or the panting giraffe through its bars. You have gold—yet your gold she will clutch, but only to purchase a deeper hell. All power of earth and mind are vain. The Spirit of God alone whispering, "Peace, be still," can calm the furies of the soul.

"Simon, dost thou see this woman?" The bright spirits of heaven once saw and loved her; when the baptismal waters fell from her brow, seraphs gazed with rapture on the beauty of God that flashed from her infant soul. In childhood she went to sleep with the sweet name of Jesus and Mary on her lips; her dream and whispered with the angels. She grew in beauty; her conceited fancy was caught by the gaudy tinsel of fashion, and the devil whispered that surely such a graceful rose was never destined to waste its perfume among plain villagers. She listened to the tempter and sought the town.

"Simon, dost thou see this woman?" Yes, men saw her, and their unholo glances fell like sparks upon her soul and lighted passion flames that consumed her. Men gazed upon her as the vulture on the dove, vice clutched her in its unholo talons, tore and dashed her life to wreckage. Rushing to escape from her guilty self she turns homewards, but even plain villagers will not brook the shame of a soiled and bleeding rose. She sought the town again.

"Simon, dost thou see this woman?" Yes, the world saw her "dealing in shame for a morsel of bread." Its cruel glances like knives cut her heart. Gashed, torn, withering under a load of scorn, flung from society as a thing accursed, the air she breathed a plague, shunned and loathed as a leper.

"The vilest wretch that went shivering by. Would make a wide sweep lest she wandered too nigh."

"Simon, dost thou see this woman?" Yes, God her Father saw her and pitied her. Like some

snowy bird of Paradise, pecking long at the door of her stubborn heart, His grace sought an entrance. At last its triumph came. How did it happen? One night when the warty skies were as dark and starless as her own life, she shivered under the city lamps. The chime of a neighboring Convent came borne to her ear, that simple messenger was the herald of God's grace. It recalled the "Angelus" of her native village, it awakened the nobler self that had slept for years, it recalled the thousand memories clasped within the sacred word "home," for, as the sea-shell for ever murmurs the music of its native deep, the heart will ceaselessly re-echo the memories of home—the mother's voice, the playmate's laugh, the reverent whisper of evening prayer—these come floating back like spirit voices from a brighter land. Thus God's triumph came. The cruel casement of passions broke and crumbled, the shaggy spots burned on her cheeks, disgust choked her, and a great cry rose from the depth of her being calling for home, and peace, and God, and a strange impulse moved her feet to the convent door. Here, alas, the Nun whose heart swelled to take her to her bosom and wipe the tears from the cheek of her fallen sister, is forced with a quivering lip to utter words that fall like a death sentence. "We have no shelter, we have no food!" Great God! no food, no shelter! Back to darkness and sin once more she staggers. Her guardian Angel veils his face in sorrow, and hell in mocking glee is ringing with the words "They have no food, they have no shelter."

Through the dismal night winds the wailing spirits of despair are sobbing: "They have no shelter, they have no food!" Shall there be no shelter, shall there be no food? Shall whole fortunes be squandered to encompass one frail woman's fall? Shall fashion erect palaces where-into to shelter crime? Shall the world's Aspasia strut in all the pomp of lavish splendor, and in a Christian land shall there be no shelter, shall there be no food for Christ's Magdalen, whose cheeks are wet with the beads of sorrow? This is the question I came here to ask and this is the question I now leave your generous hearts to answer.

In its initial stages a cold is a local ailment easily dealt with. But many neglect it and the result is often the development of distressing seizures of the bronchial tubes and lungs that render life miserable for the unhappy victim. As a first aid there is nothing in the hands medicine line so certain in curative results as Dickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the far-famed remedy for colds and coughs.

HELP! HELP! HELP! The Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET. But it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering—to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation?

The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MASS and give Benediction in a GARRET. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have no endowment except HOPE.

What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done.

In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, we are in need of a teaching as well as of a development, and is about to treat our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

IT RESTS WITH YOU to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal. Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal. "May God bless and prosper your endeavours in establishing a Mission at Fakenham." ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton. Address—

FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng. P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony. THE NEW MISSION IS DEDICATED TO ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA. Constant prayers for the success of the Benefactor.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1908. He sat alone in a furnished library, oppressively still through the came the faintous wait. A grim smile the corner of his was rather com from the world of a "Marche F music! Loaning back, he thought over said that the was practically their whole liv in full review, ing his. He s very beginning, his grandiose bleak Irish bog of sixteen, to his miserable l treated worse ery, when he was b girl of seventeen if the young w masoot—as, lau he had often to the gradual tu had "struck lie ing expressed i had been little at twenty, had millionaires. A millionaire and glanced—t who would hav poor, beaten, b chin of the log blossom out, s ness genius? thought, too— grimmer—that proved himself did talent for a wonderful grip be a fool as away his wast upon him for bled—foolishly, ly. He had so money that he sweat and blo grasp—and he why had he spent the best in striving for it, he did not A look of in into his eyes. her, the pretty made his wifely py in the poet on home—happ any rate, had Square. And ney had begun had drifted ap a big house n had her visito numerous rou he "duty" cal generations to they say; it o years to make ver been a gen on his sudden fee shock, when h on the occasi at court. M been shy, avk try miss, not she had had t ness of a you carried herse head—on whic had seemed, to mocking deris proudly on her wore her courte generous rain had very soon the role of gr And then the tending soure remembered ho in the evenings they would m way, these fou loved; the bab shoulder; Harr eldest girl, ON Comr BUT IT BE MATTER PNEUMO ASTHMA, SUMPTION Get rid of Dr. No Pine Obsolete cou coughing actio, sistent cough, off ases, it gives p Asthma and B remedy, rende natural, enableg freshing sleep, a manent cure. We do not el emption in th taken in time that stage, and to the poor s malady. Do careful wh you get the Pine Syrup. P three pine tree Mr. Wm. O. Ala., writes, settled on my l of Dr. Wood's s only required a never met with a Price 25

"More Bread and Better Bread" Some flours make good bread sometimes but PURITY FLOUR makes good bread all the time. Reason—because it is made from only the choicest Western Canada Hard Wheat—and milled by the most scientific process in modern Milling. WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA. MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODEFRICH AND BRANDON.

Plea for Magdalen's Sister.

It is one of the most remarkable facts, in the analysis of modern charity, that wherever they exist, the various Homes of the Good Shepherd conducted by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, are poorly supported, says the Syracuse Catholic Sun. In several cities of the Union we have been told by the Mother Superior of those institutions that often there is actual want under their roofs, simply because the world, so generous in other cases, in this goes by and does not see. A few days ago, on looking over a copy of the Kilkenny (Ireland) Journal, we came across one of the most eloquent appeals for these Magdalen Homes that we have ever seen. It was a sermon in behalf of the Magdalen Asylum, preached by Rev. M. Phelan, S.J., of the Sacred Heart Church, Limerick, and was certainly a masterly utterance. We present a few passages which amply prove that oratory is not dead in Ireland. The words are as vital in our country as they are overseas. Brethren, for Magdalen's sister in sorrow, as in shame, I plead to-day. Why do I ask you to assist the penitent outcast? To afford you an opportunity of performing one of the noblest acts within human reach. Let us put the case this way. Do not the purest recollections of your life cluster round the Church in which you have worshipped since infancy? The memories of its stained windows and stately ritual, its bel-