me before. Forget it. It is over and I

must bear it."

Some women ory over their sorrow; some are hysterical; a few bear them calmly. Elizabeth was one of the latter type, yet I never saw any one who gave the impression of suffering as did her yet and her utterance of these few words: "It is over and I must bear it."

words: "It is over and I must bear it."
The rare tears sprang to my eyes.

"Elizabeth, you magnify the trouble.
Others have married under similar circumstances." But she shook her head.

"I shall never marry," she declared, and I feit that it was final. Nothing that I could say made the least impression. I lay awake long that night. I tried to remember my work and that it was imperative for me to rest and keep fitted for it. All in vain. Even Louise for the time took a secondary place. I had now received my answer for Mr. Andrews in a most unexpected manner. It may seem strange that this was the first intimation that I had had of my friend's love affair, and that I did not even know that she had met Mr. Andrews. But I intimation that I had had of my friend's love affair, and that I did not even know that she had met Mr. Andrews. But I had far less time than Elizabeth—her school hours ended at two every day—and I was not strong. I had to deny myself many recreations, one of them being social pleasures of the simplest description. Then this had all occurred in six weeks' time, and I had only seen Elizabeth once at church, as her mother had been ill and she had been kept closely at home, which was three miles from mine. I had been there but two or three times. She understood and was willing to do the visiting. With all my planning and thought I could see no way out of the dilemma except sorrow and disappointment for both my friends. You see that, in spite of my creed I was coming to look' upon Dean Andrews as something more than the machine I had taught myself to consider my employers. When I reached the office a gentleman was there with Mr. Andrews.

was there with Mr. Andrews.
"This is my uncle, Mr. Christian
Andrews, Miss Townsend." Andrews, Miss Townsend."

And a fresh surprise confronted me.

For the uncle looked almost as young as the nephew, and I had pictured him as the nephew, and I had pictured him as elderly and gray-haired. I plunged into my work until evening. Mr. Dean Andrews had been gone for an hour, and I was preparing to leave when the door of the office opened and Mr. Christian entered. He was not as handsome, and distinguished-looking as his nephew; but he had an open, cordial manner and pleasant face which won anner and pleasant face which won you at once.
"Dean has told me that you know of

this unfortunate affair of his, Miss Townsend," he began, when I interrupted him.
"Why unfortunate?" I demanded

coolly.

He looked his astonishment. "Do you know the father?" he asked by way of reply.

Do you know the woman?" was my

counter question.
" Do you?" he laughed.

She is my dearest friend."
Does Dean know this?" he asked in I never knew it myself until by

ccident yesterday."
I described Elizabeth in terms not

glowing, yet with all the skill I pos-sessed, bringing out her strong points and touching upon her refinement and His frank eyes clouded as I finished.

His frank eyes clouded as I mished.
"It looks differently to me as you put it,
Miss Townsend," he said with a sigh.
"A man in love is not wholly sane, but
you are sensible and not given to sentiment, I should judge. Your friend must
be all you say. Yet I confess it is a
great disappointment to me. I had picgreat disappointment to me. I had pictured it all so differently. I wanted Dean to marry some one who would add to his position. I have set my heart on Dean's success; but he's so d—excuse me—but so very independent that he won't take any more from me, although he is all I have. These youngsters are

hard to manage."
I could hardly repress a smile. He I could hardly repress a smile. He looked so almost boyish himself!

"But why do you worry?' I asked.
"Dean is set on it, and even I can't influence him," he explained in some

" But Miss Claffin refuses.

heart that when he saw his nephew's un-happiness he added his urgent plea to

peared on the surface.

Poor Elizabeth! I could hardly bear the change in her. She kept up bravely, but she could not control her eyes and mouth. Her mother became alarmed at last, and in June urged her to visit a cousin at a quiet seaside resort. Mrs. Classin was kind, but unobservant and slow of mind. Mr. Andrews worked like a giant those days. He rarely spoke of his trouble. It was too deep, I fancied. Yet I had always declared that men recovered from affairs of the heart so much more readily than women! But Mr. Andrews was different. Just as he had been slow to yield to woman's charms, so had he been tenacious of his love when fin-

ally given. The summer was unusually close and stifling that year. I found myself won-dering if I could hold out until my vaca-tion in August. Louise was better than usual, for I had sent her to Elizabeth at

the latter's urgent request.

It was the middle of July when Mr. Andrews announced in his most decided manner that I was not to wait until August, but was to leave work the next

August, but was to leave work the head day and get away.

"I wish I could dispose of Jim Claffin as eavily," he said suddenly.

"Even if he were put out of the way it wouldn't solve the problem," I de-

clared sadly.
"That is true." He sighed, as from
"That is true." I really suspect my uncle of succumbing to the teacher passion," he said with a change of manner. "It is catching. Well, I hope the dear fellow's affair will prove more fortunate than mine. He deserves the

'I hope so." I assented listlessly. I made my simple preparations to go to the country, with a strange depression. I felt all at once old and settled. I was tired of being thought sensible, cool what you love, that you are like.

and clear headed. I had a wild longing to be giddy and young for a while. For twenty-five is not aged. Truly it was time that I had a change.

I was back at work, the summer not over and Elizabeth and Louise still away, when a messenger brought me a note marked "urgent." It was from Elizabeth and dated from the city.

"Dear Virginia—Will you meet me at once at Christ's hospital? My father has had an accident and is very ill. He wishes me to bring a stenographer, and I cannot bear the thought of a stranger. I think Mr. Andrews will spare you under the circumstances. "E. C." Silently I handed the missive to my employer. My heart gave a bound of relief, for I had felt sure that it was Louise. In fifteen minutes I was taken in Mr. Andrew's motor car to the hospital. Elizabeth met me and took me at once to Mr. Claffin's room. He had been run over by an automobile. He lay propped up on pillows, deathly white, his burning eyes feverishly alight and eager.

"Hurry!" he said.

The nurse gave him stimulants and I sat ready, with penoil and pad in hand. I braced myself to hear of some unusual crime, and so I think, did Elizabeth. The voice startled one by its strength and shrillness.

"I shall live but a short time. I can-

The voice startled one by its strength and shrillness.

"I shall live but a short time. I cannot face eternity without making my confession. Elizabeth is not our child. We adopted her when a baby. An English rector and his wife came to this country for their health, For a time they improved and Mr. Thrale took a small parish in which we lived. When Elizabeth was born my wife took a small parish in which we lived. When Elizabeth was born my wife showed the mother kindly attentions. Both were young and had no near relatives. Mr. Thrale was the last of his family, fine country gentry. They were both greatly beloved by their parishioners. Mr. Thrale died suddenly, before Elizabeth was 'a year old. The shock proved too much for the wife who, my wife always insisted, died of a broken heart. Mr. Thrale's ill health had all come from a long run of typhoid broken heart. Mr. Thrale's ill health had all come from a long run of typhoid in England, and the doctors advised a change. Mrs. Thrale gave her baby to my wife, who loved her as her own. Mrs. Claffin insisted that she should never be told the truth. Lately I urged that she should know—for she keenly felt my misbehaviour—but my wife, always so conscientious, was bitterly opposed to it, and, as I had caused her so much misery, I felt that I must give her her way in this. Only lately have I guessed Elizabeth's troubles, and I want this paper to be handed at once to Mr. Dean Andrews, of Lippincott & Andrews, Temple Place."

The yolce grew alarmingly faint. The nurse sprang to the bedside with restoratives. The 'patient rallied and asked for me.

"You will give that to Mr. Andrews."

"You will give that to Mr. Andrews as soon as you leave here?" he gasped. Elizabeth followed me to the outer

entrance. She seemed transformed.
Her eyes shone like stars.
"We coaxed mother to lie down. She is quite prostrated.
Poor Mr. Clafin! He must die so

POOR Mr. Claim: He must die so soon and with the burden of all his mis-deeds! who could feel hard towards him now?" she said, sotly. She slipped back to the sick-room, and I was whirled back to the office, with my message of deliverance. How simply yet unexpectedly the problem which had seemed so hopeless had been

solved!
The wedding followed the death of
Mr. Claffin. Mr. Andrews would The wedding followed the death of Mr. Claffin. Mr. Andrews would hardly give Elizabeth time to get a decent outfit. As she stood in her travelling suit in her own little room—it was, of course, a very quiet affair—Elizabeth threw her arms about me and drew me towards her with rare emotion. "God is so good to me, Virginia," she whispered: "I don't deserve it. I am so happy that I want you to be and in so happy that I want you to be and in

the same way."
Then her mother called her, and, as I followed her down stairs, I had a glimpse of Dean Andrew's face, alight with the same wonderful glow. They were to live in a lovely house on Montrose Avenue, and Mrs. Claffin was to live with them.

"But Miss Claffin refuses."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, she cannot hold out against Dean," he answered with an air of finality.

But I knew better. And so did Mr.

Christian later on. It shows his kind

whom she was a great favorite. heart that when he saw his nephew's unhappiness he added his urgent plea to Mr. Dean's, but Elizabeth was the adament. Only I knew that the heart of the adamant was a softer thing than appeared on the surface.

whom she was a great lavorite.

As I came into my rooms they struck a little chill to my heart. I seemed so alone. A man's figure came out of the dusk and a voice I knew so well cried out: "Miss Townsend, I've made myself at home. Your landlady let me in and I've invited myself to tea. Bashful-

ness never was my portion."

It was Mr. Christian whom I had met at the wedding, but who had myster-iously disappeared at the last.

"I hate good-byes, and I wanted to see you all by myself I ran off here," he went on, as I removed my wraps. "I'm not like Dean. I can't bear suspense. I not like Dean. I can't bear suspense. In meant to wait until after tea, but I can't. Virginia, I can't. I can't. I love you—Dean knows it—but I told him you could'n care for a fellow like me. Tell me, the best or the worst. Or, Virginia, is it yes? Why, my darling is it true?"

And although I know this is Mr Andrew's story and not mine, I cannot keep from adding how happy I am. No keep from adding how happy I am. No more long weary years stretching out before me, with the fear always before my eyes of giving out and failing Louise; no more lonely evenings, and always the love of a good man to surround and envelop me. If I had not already loved I should learn to do so for his care of Louise, who blossoms out it, as Elizabeth tells that I have done. For Love is the magic wand of this workaday is the magic wand of this workaday world and touches even the life of a sensible, unromantic stenographer!

Religion is a hospital for sin-sick Bishop Forbes of Brechin, a very comsouls, and no cases are put in the in-

There is something finer than to do right against inclination, and that is to have an inclination to do right. There is something nobler than reluctant obedience, and that is joyful obedience. obedience, and that is joylul observed by The rank of virtue is not measured by its disagreeableness, but by its sweet-tis the heart that loves it. The

PROTECTED BY THE HOLY SOULS

A Jesuit Father relates: "Some years ago I accompanied a number of prominent members of our Society who had been summoned to Rome on business of importance. Our way lay across the Apennines and we were numerous enough to fill a large coach. We knew that the mountains were infested by outlawed bands, and we had been careful to select an honest driver. Before

that the mountains were infested by outlawed bands, and we had been careful to select an honest driver. Before setting out it was agreed that we should place ourselves under the protection of the Holy Souls by reciting a De profun dis every hour. At a given signal the psalm was to be recited aloud.

"Luigl, the driver, had been instructed, in case of any danger, to tap our vehicle's roof distinctly with three strokes of the heavy end of his whip. Just as evening twilight began, we reached the summit of a lofty mountain, when we were startled by three ominous knocks on the roof of our cosch. Before we could ask any questions, Luigi had given the horses such a blow as nearly made them throw us out of the coach, and sent the animals at a breakneck speed along the road. On looking out we beheld to our horror, about a dozen bandits on either side holding deadly weapons as if ready and determined to attack us. But, strange to say, they all remained as motionless as statues, with arms uplifted, until we had gone on so far as to leave them a mere speck on the horizon.

far as to leave them a mere speck on the horizon. "At last our driver halted. 'A miracle! he cried. 'May God and Our Lady be praised! I tell you, Fathers, it is a miracle that we are not dead

"'Indeed a very special protection of Divine Providence, replied the superior of our party, 'and we must all thank God from our whole hearts. We must all say a Mass in thanksgiving tomorrow.' We heartily assented, and soon the danger with which we had been threatened receded from our mem-

me," continued the Father, "at the Gesu, our church and college at Rome. About two years later I was called upon to instruct a prisoner condemned to capital punishment. I visited him several times, and it cost me great effort capital punishment. I viscost me great effort to make him open his heart to me. Finally he told me that his birth and parentage and the advantages of a liberal education should have brought him to a widely different destiny. He had loved adventure naturally, but had had loved adventure naturally, but him many direction. To win him interested in interested in the development of the Catholic life is the development of the Catholic life is greates. To them let Catholic life is greates. had loved adventure instrainty, but had taken a wrong direction. To win him to God, I affected to be interested in the daring adventures which he related to me, and succeeded in impressing him with the sinfulness of his life and the necessity of repentance. I visited the prisoner often, and he was always glad to see me. One day, as he was speaking to me of the latest years of his life, he described to me in the most graphical terms the very incident with which I began my story. He described to me the wonderful manner in which his nands and those of his comrades had been held by an invisible, irresistible power. He told me that they knew that the coach was full of Jesuit priests, and that they had been promised a great reward by the head of a secret anti-Catholic society if they succeeded in seizing our luggage, and how dismayed they were when they lound themselves rendered motionless by an invisible higher power. I then made known to him that I had been a member of that party, and he at once

fell on his knees and asked my pardon.
"I prepared him for his dreadful en and believe he died at peace with God. I asked his permission to relate his por-tion of the story and he willingly gave it, hoping to merit some benefit for his sin-burdened soul thereby. As for myself, I was and still am convinced, that our hourly De profundis during that memorable journey was rewarded by God, permitting the Holy Souls to come to our aid in the moment of danger, and that it was they who, with God's permis-sion, rendered the robbers immovable when they were about to attack us."

IRISH AND CATHOLIC

The College of Maynooth, Ireland has given more than one hundred Bishops to the Church, of whom fully one-third were memoers of the teaching stail. This interesting fact was stated by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam, at the consecration recently in Maynooth of the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix as Archbishop-Coadjuditor of Melbourne, Australia. Dr. Healy

of Methodrne, Australia. Dr. Heavy also said:

*This ceremony also reminds us that Maynooth, though primarily a college for the education of the Irish clergy, has had a notable share in the missionary activity of the Irish race. Dr. Carew, who had been Professor of Dogmatic and Moral Theology, was consecrated Vicar-Apostolic of Western Bengal in 1838. Three years later Dr. Fennelly was consecrated here in the old College Chapel Vicar-Apostolic of Madras; and it is a matter of history that the Catholic Church in India owes much to these two distinguished pre-lates. In Australia we all know how Dr. Carr, at the call of duty left his pleasant diocese of Galway for the arch-diocese of Melbourne, in which he has accomplished so much not only for his own diocese but for the whole province of Victoria. He was a vice-president of Maynooth; and now we have the president leaving his beloved College to go out to continue the work of the Arcabishop of Melbourne in the same great

city and province.
"It has been the providential destiny of the Irish race throughout all the past to be the heralds of the Gospel in many foreign lands. I can not now enter into petent scholar, who declares that "the Irish missionaries, spread over Europe from Iceiand to Tarentum, carrying with them their own learning, and to some extent their own rives, sometimes well received, more often the objects of national jealousy in the people amongst whom they sojourned, formed an impor-tant element in the civilization of the

West."

"Then the bitter centuries of perpetual war and persecution followed, and it was hoped to extinguish the very

name of Catholic in Ireland; but in vain. In 1829 the Catholic victory was gained, and it was found that the bitter years of the past had not weakened Ireland's faith or missionary spirit.
"Many of the old Catholic countries have been losing their faith and loyalty to the Holy See, but these young Catholic Churches have taken their place, and have greatly rejoiced the heart of olic Churches have taken their place, and have greatly rejoiced the heart of the Holy Father, in the midst of many tribulations, by proclaiming to the whole world their loyalty and allegiance to the See of Peter. And it is undeniable that this great spiritual work has been, I might say within the last century, mainly accomplished by the children of the Irish race. The children of Ireland can say with perfect truth: "Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?" Who built these churches in these English-speaking countries? these English-speaking countries?
What priests minister in them? What prelates rule them? Who teach these schools; when they want nuns for schools and hospitals and orphanages, where do they get them except from the devoted daughters of holy Ire-

"I therefore say that God has given the Irish race a great supernatural mission to be preachers of the Gospel and champions of the Church to the ends of the earth, a loftler destify than the enjoyment of material wealth or military renown. It has been for them to build up new churches on the banks of the mighty rivers of America, in the boundless plains of Australia, in all the manufacturing cities of Great Britain. It is apparently the work of man, but is manifestly the purpose of God."

So thoroughly has the Irish people been identified with the Catholic Church in this country, that here in New England, at least, "Irish" and "Catholic" are interchangeable terms. To the average Protestant an Irishman who is not a Catholic, or a Catholic who is not an Irishman is unthinkable. So "I therefore say that God has given

who is not a Catholic, or a Catholic who is not an Irishman is unthinkable. So much so that when a newly arrived Portuguese farm-hand attended the Catholic Church in the New Engiand village where he had found employment with a Protestant farmer, the latter was much surprised, and declared to a neighbor that he did not know before that the Portuguese were Irish!

Portuguese were Irish!

Very proud of their distinction are the Irish people and their descendants in America; but they would be far from claiming all the credit for the work of establishing and maintaining the Church here. Other nationalities have the development of the Catholic life in the United States. To them let Catholics of Irish blood generously give the credit due, while retaining their own pride in the significant fact that Irish and Catholic are synonymous terms still in New England.—S. H. Review.

BLESSING THE SEA

PIUS CELTIC CUSTOM CONTINUED BY BRETON FISHERMEN

Through the ministure fjord-like and winding fissure had the tide rushed up the river as far as the Breton town of Morlaix, whose houses sit in picturesque guise upon the sides of a wide ravine. As the current "turned again home" to the open sea, ever beating agains the coast of the Northern Britany, the home of a race quite as Celtic as that of Ireland, a procession slowly wound its way down the highway to the broad strand lying between the two parishes of Plougasnou and Primel, writes Paul Dillon in the Catholic Press of Australia

tralis.

In a neighboring field a Catholic Bishop was quietly vesting himself in his episcopal robes. As soon as he assumed his mitre and crozier he proceeded on foot to the little fleet of beats evidentiy awaiting his arrival.

That he was an Apostolic worker on the foreign missions of our Church was a young man of rare intellectindicated by his long beard, and the
name bestowed on him by the reverential ful meditation. He was fast approachcrowd of Breton peasants and fishermen, quite proud that the "Astrouin Eskop Chin" (i. e., the Chinese Bishop) should

BISHOP OF CHINA MISSION

Moreover, he was also a true Breton a member of a noble family of the Armorican province, who had returned home for a short visit after eighteen years of absence on his mission to the wild heathen inhabitants of the mountain

wild neathen innabitants of the mountain range dividing Southern China from the Indo Chinese peninsula.

The Comte, who is already better known as Monsignor de Guebriant, the indefatigable missionary prelate and in-trepid explorer of unknown and remote regions of the Chinese Empire, had gladly accepted the invitation of the priests and people of Plougasnou to come from St. Pol de Leon to take the leading part in the annual blessing of the sea, a custom as dear to Celtic Bretons as it is to the Celtic Irish

A TOUCHING SIGHT

The procession had now reached the strand and surrounded a small platform. The ancient cross of the parish hung with tinkling bells, and heavy embroidered banners were held aloft by sturdy lads in their quaint dark garments while a status of the Blesser. ments, while a statue of the Blessed Virgin was carried by young girls wear-ing the antique head dress of the dis-trict. Then followed the prices. the Bishop, blessing the people who were still chanting the old Gaelic hymn to St. Anne, Our Lady's mother, who is the beloved patron saint of all good Bretons. A touching sight was it

CANADIAN INTERLAKE LINE

This well known company operate fleet of seven steel vessels, constitut-ing the finest, most modern and best equipped line of freighters of canal size on the great lakes. Earnings 5

times the bond interest.

We recommend the bonds for per manent investment.
Price: Par and interest yielding 6%

A. E. AMES & CO. Investment Bankers

truly beside the sea, heaving with sub-dued murmur on the beach as if welcom-

AVE MARIS STELLA

Having spoken to them of his Chinese mission, to which he was soon returning, and of his joy at spending a few days among the people of his own native land of Brittany the Bishop embarked on the large and much-decorated boat reserved for him. Swiftly were the other barques filled by peasants and fishermen, who acted as an escort to Monsignor de Guebriant.

As the dusky brown red and white sails in billowy curves caught the breeze, the priests intoned the liturgical prayers used on this occasion, while men, women and children sang the "Ave Maris Stells" and the Gaelic hymn to St. Anne, which were re-echoed AVE MARIS STELLA

hymn to St. Anne, which were re-echoed by those who remained ashore.

BLESSING THE SEA Monsignor de Guebriant then plunged his crosier into the sea, while with his other hand he sprinkled the waves with holy water. In a wide circle the fleet of boats made its way back to the

fleet of boats made its way back to the starting point.

Although a carriage was waiting on the road, Monsignor de Guebriant, finding that the boat was going back to Pempoul, which is close to St. Pol de Leon, gave much gratification to the fishermen by his prompt decision to return with them across the sea which he had blessed.

It was a mild evening, and the sun was setting behind the promontory of

was setting behind the promontory of Roscoff, that lovely seaside place lying on the shore of a bay studded by dark rocks and an island, on which the waves dashed in stormy weather, sending into the air showers of spray and spindrift gleaming white against clouds heavy with coming rain.

AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN EMPRESS

The Empress Eugénie has been prising other visitors of the Isle of Wight by an energy which seems to be proof against age. "From the Thistle she by an energy which seems to be proof against age. "From the Thistle she lands on a Sunday at Cowes" (a local correspondent reports) "and climbs on foot the almost perpendicular hill which leads up to the Catholic church—a journey which tries the strength of people half her age." It seems a propos to recall a remark once made by the Empress in conversation—'I am twice a Catholic, once as a Spaniard and once as a Frenchwoman." The Empress is otherwise in evidence this week, M. Filon's new "Life of the Prince Imperial" being a much reviewed volume. M. Filon tells a story of a meeting between the young Prince and Abbé Deguerry, who recalled their first meeting—one of which the memories were all on one side. "You were but forty-eighthours old then, Sir," said the Abbé, "but you were already decorated with the Legion of Honour. Why, do you imagine, had they wither the server we have force a Merican was the content of the content already decorated with the Legion of Honour. Why, do you imagine, had they given you that Cross? Not for what you had done, but for what you were yet to do. The cross is the symbol of sacrifice." Those words were never forgotten; for after the Prince Imperial's death in Zululand, a written prayer found among his papers contained these words:—"If Thou givestonly on thus earth a certain sum of joy. tained these words:—"If Thou givest only on this earth a certain sum of joy, take, O God, my share, and bestow it on the most worthy. If Thou seekest vengeance upon man, strike me!"—London Tablet.

CONCERNING FINE CLOTHES

METHODIST JOURNAL ON THE CONVERSION OF ST. AUGUS.

The Christian Advocate in the course of an article "Concerning Fine Clothes"
has the following, which might, very
appropriately, have been written for a
Catholic journal:
On a certain day more than fifteen

hundred years ago, in a plea-sant garden of the city of Milan, ing the culmi struggle which had endured many years, and he was undergoing the most poig-nant suffering which remorse can create in a truly awakened conscience. His career previous to this crisis is of great interest to the student of religious blography. The child of a heathen father and a Christian mother, both of whom cherished high hopes for their brilliant boy, he received a higher education than was customary for one in his sta-tion. But as he advanced in learning here was a deterioration in his morals which marred his genius and filled his which marred his genius and misch his quiet hours with bitterness, since he could not wholly divest himself of the influence of his mother's teachings. In the city of Carthage, whither he went at seventeen years of age, he plunged into dissipation. Now and then gleams the large artistic flashed over his spirit. of holy aspiration flashed over his spirit. but when he turned to the Sacred Scriptures for help, they only awakened hi contempt for their simplicity and their lack of those rhetorical elegances which he had been taught to regard as of suvalue. While he rose as an in preme value. While he lose as an in-structor, he fell deeper and deeper into that despair which finally engulfs the victim of self-indulgence. From Car-thage to Rome, from Rome to Milan, where he had been appointed to an important professorship, he went, seeking relief from his burden of sin, but refusing to turn away from his evil course. For a while he listened spell-bound to the sermons of the eloquent Ambrosand deferentially to the counsels of his

and defections of the wind and defection of the wicked practices.

At length a fellow-countryman fasoinated him by Christian conversation,
and especially by relating the story of St. Anthony's life. The effect of this narrative upon the prodigal was overwhelming. Driven by the intensity of whelming. Driven by the intensity of his feelings into the modest garden at the back of his dwelling, he threw himself down at the foot of a fig tree, and exclaimed in agony, "How long, O Lord, how long? Why should thore not be in this hour an end of my baseness?" In the midst of this agitation he heard the voice of a child singing again and again. "Take up and read!" Feeling this to be a divine intimation, he rushed back to the place where his companion was sitting, esgerly snatched up a manuscript.

In the first agitation he heard the voice of a child singing again and again. "Take up and read!" Feeling this to be a divine intimation, he rushed back to the place where his companion was sitting, esgerly snatched up a manuscript.

of St. Paul lying near, opened it and read in amazed silence these words:
"Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." He has told us the effect of read no more. There was no need, for instantly, as though the light of salvation had been poured into my heart with the close of this sentence, all the darkness of my doubts had fied away." Such was the conversion of the illustrious Augustine, who became the greatest of the fathers of the Western Church and a theologian who has exercised a very powerful influence on Christendom down to to ur time. "If any man be in Christ, there is a new creation"—that is the divine method of clothing the soul.

In no other way than by word of mouth will thousands of Americans ever learn anything of the important questions of the day. The public is willing to listen to educated laymen, and there can be no doubt but that trained minds will render signal service to Catholic interests generally."—Notre Dame Scholastic.

Every one is made for his day; he does the work in his day; what he does is not the work of any other day, but of his own day.—Cardinal Newman.

A contented mind—heart-sunshine—makes a glory out of gloom, and can turn the most untoward events so that they will prove a fruitful apring of unmeasured joy.—Fr. Hayes.

To make sure of happy memories we must know that what is being done now

WILL WE EVER MAKE UP

Human nature, be it ever so degenerate, is attracted by truth, provided only the magnet be brought close enough. This applies to religious as well as to scientific truth, and Catholics will do well to bear the fact in mind, recalling at the same time the answer made to Cain when he, asked if he were his brother's keeper. For five centuries parasitical growths have been sapping the strength of the Church of Christ. Now these growths are decaying, and with their dead branches thousands are falling away from religion.

with their dead branches thousands are falling away from religion.

Human nature years, however, for truth, and that longing can win these souls to the Church, to be purified and ennobled by the religion which is one with truth. History is so weary of repeatedly demonstrating that religion is the only motive force adequate to impel men to live according to reason rather than appetite, that she calls to the dunces' row all those whose intelligen-

than appetite, that she calls to the dunces' row all those whose intelligences the fact has not yet penetrated.

The important thing to be noted however is that religious truth must be presented before it can be accepted. Here is opened a mission for the militant Catholics, Most non-Catholics are accepted. opened a mission for the militant Catholic. Most, non-Catholics are not accessible from the pulpit, and the press and the lecture platform must be made the instruments for planting the seeds of the truth. Catholics have been slow to use these means. The Oatholic press is yet an infant, and the lecture platform is almost wholly in the possession of those hostile or indifferent to the Church. This is a damning indictment of Catholic inertia.

We have scores of brilliant Catholics eager and ready to engage in the spread of the Catholic ideas and ideals which are the world's only hope of salvation

are the world's only hope of salvation from the cesspools of Socialism and animalism. The message of these Cathanimalism. The message of these Catholic ecturers is vital, if they are worthy their calling. Such lecturers should be supported in their work so enthusiastically that other brilliant Catholic laymen may be attracted to the work. The Church of God is a missionary church, established for all men of all nations.

If we by God's grace have been granted to know that Church and her message, dare we then sit back in smug satisfaction while other men grope blindly for the truth and share not in a blessing quite as much intended for

blessing quite as much intended for them as for us? God forbid that such a them as for us? God forbid that such a one should bear the name Catholic and call himself a soldier of Christ! The true soldiers, the militant Catholics must rally to the support of press and platform for the dissemination of truth. Human nature will do the rest, for the magnet of truth is irresistible within its limits.

Every parish should furnish its full

Every parish should furnish its full quota of subscribers to the diocesan Catholic paper, and with quite as much loyalty every parish and Catholic organ-ization should be interested in furnish-ing audiences for Catholic lecturers, even supporting, if possible, a Catholic lecture course. As the Providence Visi-tor remarks, "Catholic lecturers are needed in this age of popular instruction.

Music Taught Free Home Instruction

Special Offer to Readers of The Record

In order to advertise and introduce their home study music lessons in every locality the International Institute of Music of New York will give free to readers of this paper a complete course of instruction for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Cello Brass Instruments or Sight Singing. In return hey simply ask that you recom mend their Institute to your friends after you learn to play.

You may not know one note from another; yet, by their wonderfully simple and thorough method, you can soon learn to play. If you are an advanced player you will receive special instruc-

The lessons are sent weekly. They are so simple and easy that they are recommended to any person or little child who can read English. Photographs and drawings make everything than Indexthe Lesting. lain. Under the Institute's free tuition offer you will be asked to pay only a very small amount (averaging 14 cents a week) to cover postage and the neces-

sary sheet music.

No one should overlook this wonder ful offer. Tell your friends about it—

To make sure of happy memories we must know that what is being done now will make the memories of the future. We are really painters, placing on canvas the pictures which we will look at in daya to come and about which will be gathered a group of associations, a thousand persons and things and savings and emotions linked together in wonderful fashion.

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND

Subjects taught by expert instructor at the Westervell School LONDON, ONT.

Students assisted to positions. College in session from Sept. 3rd. Catalogu free. Enter any time. J. W. Westervelt
Principal

16

J. W. Westervelt, Jr.
Chartered Accountant
Vice-Principal

THIS MONEY-MAKING **BOOK IS FREE**

Tells of an Investment Safer and More Profitable than Bank or Railroad Stock

Endorsed by Leading Bankers Government Officials and the Catholic Hierarchy and Laity

A valuable book of interest to and for circulation only among Catholics, and will be sent free and post paid to any reader of the Catholic Record who has

\$20 or more to invest. The book tells of a line of business that The book tells of a line of business that has and is paying enormous dividends, and which is being supported by Catholics to the extent of \$75,000,000 a year. It contains most complete facts and figures relating to this particular business and the astonishing dividends paid stockholders. It shows how Catholics may, for the first time, now become stockholders and receive their share of the profits of this great business. The stock of old-established companies in this line is worth ten to twenty times par value, and original investors are receiving 100 per cent dividends.

This is not a get-rich-quick scheme, but a high-class, legitimate business enterprise, indorsed by leading banks and the Catholic hierarchy and laity.

This is the opportunity of a lifetime to make a safe and profitable investment, and worth the attention and investiga-

make a sate and profitable investment, and worth the attention and investigation of every conservative investor.

If you would like to have a copy of this book, address Philip Harding, Dept. 614C, Box 1301, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Harding requests that no one write through idle curiosity, and unless you are a member of the Catholic

you are a member of the Catholic Church the book will be of no interest to you, because only Catholics will be permitted to hold stock in this particu-lar institution.

Our Preferred Trading Register

The following Firms, together with our Regular Advertisers, are Recommended as a TRADING GUIDE to our Readers, as they represen the Best Concerns in London.

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERIES, GARAGE

R. HUESTON & SONS
Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night
Star Livery
179 to 483 Richmond St.
Phone 423

R. HUESTON & SONS
Bon-Ton Livery
380 Wellington St.
Phone 441 BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS FRANK J. FOLEY BARRISTER-AT-LAW The Kent Building, Corner Yonge & Richmond Sts.

FINANCIAL THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE CO'Y.
Capital paid up. \$1,750,000. Reserve \$1,350,000
Deposits received, Debentures issued, Real Estate
Loans made. John McClary, Pres; A. M. Smart, Mgr.
Offices: Dundas St., Cor. Market Lane, London.

THE HURON AND ERIE LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.
Incorporated 1864, 4% and 44% Debentures
Write for Booklet: "Unquestioned Safety for your
Savings." H. Cronyn, Manager.
London Regina St. Thomas

THE DOMINION SAVINGS AND
INVESTMENT SOCIETY
Masonic Temple, London INVESTMENT SOCIETY

I Masonic Temple, London

Interest allowed at 3½ and 4 per cent, on Deposits
nd Debentures.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA Paid-up capital, \$6,000,000. Reserve funds \$4,999,307 Commercial and Savings Accounts levited. Joint accounts if desired. Interest at highest rates. J. E. Magee, Mgr. London Branch, Richmond & Queen, J. A. McKellar, Mgr. London South, 146 Wortley Rd.

FURNITURE H. WOLF & SONS, 265 Dundas St. THE ONTARIO FURNITURE CO.

IRON AND WIRE WORKS DENNIS Wire & Iron Works Co., Ltd.

LONDON, ONTARIO
Designers and Makers of Ornamental Iron and Brass
Work, Brass Pulpits, Altar Railings, Iron Fences and
Bates, Fire Tiscapes, Wire Window-Guards, Metal
Lockers, Etc.

PLUMBING, HOT WATER REATING NOBLE & RICH

NOBLE TO THE POWNING THE POWNI Phone 538