Forget it. It is over and I

ords: "The leaves and I must bear it."
to rare team sprang to my byte.
"Bitsabeth, you magnify the troutful
hour have married under similar offimatianees." But she shook her head!
"I shall never marry," she declared,
d I felt that it was final. Nothing
at I could say made the least impresm. I lay awake long that night. I
led to remember my work and that it
is imperative for me to rest and keep
ted for it. All in vain. Even Louise
r the time took a secondary place. I
d now received my answer for Mr.
and the secondary place. I
d now received my answer for Mr.
and now received my answer for Mr.
and now received that this was the first 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 mee Mr. Andrews. But I had far less time than Elisabeth—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 Elisabeth 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 te consider my employers. When I reached the office a gentleman was there with Mr. Andrews.

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

And a freeh surprise confronted me. For the uncle looked almost as young 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. Uhristian entered. He was not as handsome and distinguished-looking as his nephew; but he had an open, cordial manner and pleasant face which won

ian entered. In and distinguished-looking as ninephew; but he had an open, cordial manner 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

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

Do you know the woman ?" was my

ounter question.
"Do you?" he laughed.
"She is my dearest friend."
"Does Dean know this?" he asked in

ocident yesterday."
I described Elisabeth in terms not lowing, yet with all the skill I pos-essed, bringing out her strong points and touching upon her refinement and

His frank eyes clouded as I finished.

"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 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." His frank eyes clouded as I finished

I could hardly repress a smile. He looked so slmost 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

surprise.
"But Miss Claffin refuses."

"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 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.

I was driven home in a whirl, the glamour of the weeding filling my thoughts. I saw E-izabeth's lovely face torough a mist of teers. Louise was to stay over night with Mrs. Claffin with whom she was a great favorite.

As I came into my rooms they struck a little chill t my heart. I seemed so alone. A man's figure came out of the dask and a voice I knew so well cried out: "Miss Townsend, I've made my-

peared on the surface.

Poor Eitzsbeth! I could hardly bear the change in her. She kept up bravely, but she could not control her eyes and mouth. Her mother became adams as a voice! I thew so well cried out: "Miss Townsend, I've made my-self at home. Your landlady let me in and I've invited myself to tea. Bashfulness never was my portion."

It was Mr. Christian whom I had met brovely, but she could not control her eyes and mouth. Her mother became alarmed at last, and in June urged her alarmed at last, and in June urged ner to visit a cousin at a quiet seaside resort. Mrs. Claffic was kind, but un-observant 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 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 so much more in the second of the head been slow to yield to woman's charms, so had he been tenseious of his love when fin-

summer was unrevelly slose and The summer was unusually close and stifling that year. I found myself wondering if I e ald hold out until my vacation in August. Louise was better than usual, for I had sent her to Elizabeth at

the latter's urgest 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

day and get away.

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

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

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

time that I had a change.

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

"Dear Virginis—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 circumstance. "E. C."
Silenty I handed the missive to my

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 fitten 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.

lay proped up on pillows, deethly white, his burning eyes feverishly alight and eager.

"Hurry!" he said.
The nurse gave him stimulants and I sat ready, with pencil and pad in hand. I braced myself to hear of some unusual crime, and so I think, did Elisabeth. The voice startled one by its strength and shriliness.

"I shall live but a short time. I cannot face eternity without making my confession. Elisabeth is not our child. We adopted her when a baby. An English rector and his wife came to this sountry for their health. For a time they improved and Mr. Thrale took a small parish in which we lived. When Elisabeth 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 Elisabeth 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 till bealth had all come from a long run of typhoid in Eagland, and the doctors advised a change. Mrs. Thrale gave her baby to my wife, who loved her as her own. 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. Cladin 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 voice grew alarmingly faint. The nurse sprang to the bedside with restoratives. The 'patient railied and asked for me.

"You will give that to Mr. Andrews as soon as you leave here?" he ga-ped. I promised.

Elizabeth followed me to the outer entrance. She seemed transformed.

entrance. She seemed transformed. Her eyes shone like stars. "We coaxed mother to lie down. She

is quite prostrated.
Poor Mr. Claffin! He must die so

Poor Mr. Clafin! He must die so soon and with the burden of all his mischeeds! who could feel hard towards him now? she said, softly.

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! olved!
The wedding followed the death of

The wedding followed the death of Mr. Clafin. Mr. Andrews would hardly give Elisabeth 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—Elisabeth 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 the same way."

the same way."

Then her mother called her, and, as I Then her mother called her, and, as I followed her down atairs, I had a gimpse 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. I was driven home in a whirl, the

at the wedding, but who had myster-iou-ly disappeared at the last.

"I hate good byes, and I wanted to see you all by myself I ran off here," he went en, as I removed my wraps "I'm not like Dean. I can't bear suspense. I meant to watt until after tea, but I can't. Verginis, 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 Me.

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
more long weary years stretching out
before me, with the fear always before
my eyes of giving out and failing Leuise;
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 Eliza-Luise, who blossoms out it, as Elizabeth tells that I have done. For Love is the magic wand of this workaday world and touches even the life of a sensible, unromantic stenographer I

Religion is a hospital for sin-sick souls, and no cases are put in the in-cura le ward

There is semething finer than to do right against inclination, and that is to have an inclination to do right. There manner. It is described. There the dear fellow's affair will prove more fortunate than mine. He deserves the best "

"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

PROTECTED BY THE HOLY SOULS

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

Apennines and we were numerous enough to fill a large coach. We knew that the mountains were infested by outlewed 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 psaim was to be recited aloud.

"Luigi, 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 loftly mountain, when we were startled by three ominous knocks on the roof of our ecoch. 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 dosen bandite on either side holding deadly weapons as if ready and determined to attack us. But, strange to say, they all remained as motionless as a statues. with 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 horison.

"At last our driver halted. 'A mirscale!' he cried. 'May God and Our
Lady be praised! I tell you, Fathers,
it is a miracle that we are not dead

it is a miracle that we are not deed men."

"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 heartly assented, and soon the danger with which we had been threatened receded from our memories.

"Holy Obedience afterwards stationed "Holy Obedience afterwards stationed 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 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 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 mosa graphical to me of the latest years of his life, he described to me in the moss graphical terms the very incident with which I began my story. He described to me the wonderful manner in which his hands and tsose of his comrades had been held by an invisible, irresistible power. He told me that they knew that the coson was full of Jesuit priests, and that they had been promised agreat reward by the head of a secret anti Catholic society if they succeeded in seizing our luggage, and how dismayed they were when they cound 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

made known to him that I had been a member of that party, and he at once tell on his knees and asked my pardon.

"I prepared him for his dreadful end, and believe he died at peace with God. I asked his permission to relate his portion of the story and he willingly gave it, hoping to merit some benefit for his ain burdened soul thereby. As for myself, I was and still am convinced, that our hourly De profundis during that memorable journey was rewarded by 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 a 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 Bisnops to the Church, of whom tuliy one-third were members of the teaching staff. This interesting fact was stated by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tusm, at the consecration recently in Maynoosh of the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix as Archbishop-Coadjunitor of Meibourne, Australia. Dr. Healy aiso said :
"This ceremony also reminds us that

Maynooth, though primarily a college for the education of the Irish ciergy, for the education of the Irish ciergy, 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. Requesty was consecrated been in the Femuliy 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, as the call of duty left his pleasant diocese of Galway for the arch-diocese of Methourne, in which he has accomplished so much not only for his own dicesse but for the whole province of Victoria. He was a vice-president of May nooth; and now we have the president leaving his beloved College to go out to continue the work of the Arch-bishop of Melbourne in the same great

"It has been the providential destiny of the Irish race throughout all the past to be the heraids of the Gospel in many foreign lands. I can not now enter into Bishop Forbes of Brechin, a very competent scholar, who declares that "the Irish missionaries, spread over Europe from Iceland to Talentum, carrying with them their own learning, and to some extent their own rices, sometimes well received, more often the objects of national jesiousy in the people amongst whom they a j urned, formed an impor-tant element in the civilisation of the

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

nined, and it was found, that the ears of the past had not we tend's faith or missionary spir

years of the past had not washened 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 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 contury, mainly accomplished by the children of the Irish race. The children of Ireland can say with perfect truth: "Quae regio in terris nostri son plena laboris?" Who built these churches in these Roglish speaking countries? What priests minister in them? What priests minister in them? What priests 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 Ireland?
"I theyefore say that God hes circust."

where do they get them except from the devoted daughters of holy Ireland?

"I therefore my 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 loftier destiny 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 much so that when a newly arrived Portagues from here described the Catholic from here them a newly arrived Portagues from here described the Catholic forms here a newly arrived Portagues of the catholic from here the attendate of the Catholic forms here the catholic forms

is not an Irishman is unthinkeble. So much so that when a newly arrived Por tuguese farm-hand attended the Catholic Church in the New England 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!

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 bere. Other nationalities have done, and are delige, their share nobly Church here. Other nationalities have done, and are doing, their share nobly and notably in this work so blessed by God. The Germans, the French, the Poles the Italians, the Portuguese—all have made important contributions to 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 miniature fjord-like and winding fasure had the tide rushed up the river as far as the Breton town of Moriaix, 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 against 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. tralia.

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 evidently swaiting his arrival.

That he was an Apostolic worker on the foreign missions of our Church was indicated by his long beard, and the name bestowed on him by the reverential

name bestowed on him by the reverential crowd of Breton peasants and fishermen, quite proud that the "Astrouin Eskop Chin" (i. e., the Chinese Bishop) should be among them.

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 range dividing Southern China from the Indo-Chinese peninsula.

the Indo-Chinese peninsula.

The Comte, who is atready better known as Monsignor de Guebriant, the indefatigable missionary prelate and intrepid 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 fishermen.

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 garants with a setting of the Blessian. sturdy lads in their quaint dark garments, while a statue of the Blessed Virgin was carried by young girls wearing the antique head dress of the district. Then followed the priests and the Bishop, blessing the people who were still chanting the old Gaelic bymm to St. Anne, Our Lady's mother, who is the beloved patron saint of all good Bretons. A touching sight was it

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AVE MARIS STEE

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 his. Swiftly were the other barques filled by pessants and fishermen, who acted as an escort to Monsignor de Guebriant.

As the dusky brown red and white sails in billowy curves eaught the breeze, the priests intoned the liturgical prayers used on this occasion, while men, women and children sang the "Ave Maris Stelle" and the Gaelle 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 see, 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 starting point.

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

he had blessed.

It was a mild evening, and the sun 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 surprising other visitors of the Isle of Wight 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 occorated 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 Zaluland, a written prayer found among his papers contained 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, a young man of rare intellect-ual gifts sat wrapt in profound but pain ful meditation. He was fast approaching the culmination of a spiritual atruggle which had endured many years, and he was undergoing the most poignant suffering which remorse can create and he was undergoing the most poignant 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 biography. 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 station. But as he advanced in learning there was a deterioration in his morals which marred his genius and filled 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 of holy aspiration flashed over his spirit, but when he turned to the Sacred Scriptures for help, they only awakened his contempt for their simplicity and their lack of those rhetorical elegances which he had been taught to regard as of supreme value. While he rose as an instructor, he fell deeper and deeper into that despair which finally engulis the victim of self-indulgence. From Carthage 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

portant 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 Ambrose, and deferentially to the counsels of his Godly mother, though still clinging to his wicked practices.

At length a fellow-countryman fascinated 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 his teclings 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 there 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?" Feeting this to be a divine intimation, he rushed back to the place where his companion was sitting, eagerly snatched up a manuscript."

Interest alion.

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The Interestalloud and Debenture recommended to any person or little child who can read English. Photographs and drawings make everything of the patch park week) to cover postage and the necessary sheet music.

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Not in rioting and dru "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strile and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof." He has told us the effect of these words upon him. "I wished to 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 fed 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 inflessnes on Christendom down to our time. "If any man be in Christ, there is a new creation"—that is the divine method of clothing the soul.

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 saked 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 intelligences the fact has not yet penetrated.

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 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 Catholic press is yet an infant, and the lecture platform is almost wholly in the possession of those hostile or indifferent to the Church. Tais is a damning indictment of Catholic inertia.

We have scores of brilliant Catholics eager and ready to engage in the spread

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 from the cesspools of Socialism and animalism. 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 frequent to full

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

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