

DICK RUTHERFORD'S CONVERSION

There was a sudden silence—a sort of listening hush; the organ's pealing voice was stilled—the vesper hymn was done; and a young religious, who had been kneeling for a moment before the High Altar, rose and ascended the pulpit.

His face was a striking one: it bore the unmistakable impress of intellectual power, strength of will and holiness. Purity of mind and heart was writ large upon it; and the clear eyes and sensitive mouth betokened gentleness and tenderness of feeling. Altogether, it was a countenance that compelled a second glance, and a handsome man sitting about half-way down the nave, withdrew his somewhat contemptuous gaze from those immediately around him, and fixed it upon the preacher.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, inwardly, "why, it's Raymond—dear old Ray!—by all that's wonderful! Ray, a full-fledged friar! a fisher of men! Who would have thought it? And yet, memory recurring of boyhood and youth, of school and college life, 'it is not so strange, after all. He was always a bit serious; the very soul of honor, and as stainless as Sir Galahad himself,' with a half-smiling, half-envious sigh.

"Well, well, it matters little to me for whether I had found him saint or sinner, friar or worldling, Ray will ever be my best, my only true friend. As Saul felt for Jonathan, so have I, so shall I always feel for him a love 'passing the love of women.'"

Thus musing, Dick Rutherford leant back with folded arms, and prepared to listen to the sermon.

"Who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light? The words, spoken in a deep, thrilling voice, lost none of their singularly forceful beauty; and the bitter, world weary man—young in years, but old in experience—with few illusions and less faith, listened, as to a long-forgotten melody, listened and enjoyed, for Dick Rutherford, avowed Agnostic though he was, keenly appreciated earnestness in any shape or form.

"Light!" he muttered. "Yes, more light and fuller what I want; I have outgrown the simple beliefs, the pious fables, which satisfied my youth. I'm tired of old opinions, tired of facing life's unread riddles, the meaning of which must ever remain locked and barred. The permission of evil, the problem of pain—what use to search into their inner depths? What use to follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bound of human thought? What use, I say, to strive after the highest mental standard conceivable by us? We are no nearer to the light, because the scale is infinite."

Meanwhile the old familiar truths of religion fell from the young preacher's lips, and Dick Rutherford listened, enthralled but not convinced. The logical consistency of the arguments put forward, their clearness, and calm, incontrovertible reasonableness, struck him forcibly—more forcibly, perhaps, than he would have cared to confess. The singular beauty of the speaker's voice, and the graceful simplicity of his language pleased his hearer's fastidious fancy.

"Oh! the depths of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of those memorable words of St. Paul! 'How incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable His ways!'"

Then the organ pealed forth once more; the sermon was over.

Scarcely half an hour later the two friends, whose lives for so long had flowed in such totally different channels, met in a typical monastic parlour.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," the elder man remarked, surveying the other with sad, cynical, yet wholly affectionate eyes. "But it's no good Ray, old fellow. I honor you; I would never deny the faith, if only for your sake. And if it satisfies you, heaven knows it ought to satisfy me, for I don't possess a tenth part of your intellect. Nevertheless, I can't believe—what's more, I can't even pretend to; and I won't renew our friendship under false pretences!"

After that evening, Dick Rutherford returned to the monastery again; and yet again, as though drawn by some magic spell, his mental attitude remained unchanged.

Sometimes in the shady garden, or sunny library, sometimes in his friend's cell, he spent many a pleasant hour. No word of controversy passed between the two, no useless discussions, no word of reproach. The friar had other methods known only to his soul and to his God. Moments of strenuous prayer, secret penances, that none saw, and none guessed. Nay, a daily fast, a ceaseless self-abnegation; for when, more than seven years ago, in that silent hour before the altar, he had heard the Master's voice, he determined to offer his life to God in the religious state for the return of Dick Rutherford to faith.

"You never irritate a fellow," the latter remarked, on a certain evening as they paced one of the long gravel walks side by side. "You've no sentimental pique about your not a spark! You're rational and sensible, in spite of your cowl!"

"Does it seem so extraordinary, Dick, that a cowl and common sense should go together?" asked the young friar, with a whimsical smile. "Are reason and religion necessarily incompatible?"

"Not always. But you must admit, Ray, that good people are often comfidently condescending, and desperately unconvincing to sinners like myself. That's the fault, I never like with the generality of them. I never

more the feeling of utility, than of parent figure to accompany any enduring results. The bread that was baked this morning will be gone tomorrow. The dishes are washed and put away only to be used and washed again. The lines fresh from the laundry by the end of the week. The rooms swept clean the other day already need sweeping again. The children call for endless sympathy and attention.

A man's work may be ever so hard; it is less often clouded by this sense of unproductiveness. It usually brings a definite reward in the feeling of something accomplished, some tangible result achieved. The architect points to the finished building and says: "I designed it." The carpenter and the mason who see the structure growing under their hands know that it will stand for years, an unimpeachable witness to their industry and faithfulness.

But the things which are most real or most useful. There are other noble works besides fine buildings. The young man who goes out into the world healthy and clean-minded, strong in principles which he acquired at home and firm in the belief that there is no other woman in the world quite so good as his mother—he is a nobler work even than a Parthenon or a Taj Mahal. And the daughter who has grown to womanhood with a pure heart and hands trained to perpetuate in new home the deeds of usefulness and comfort learned in the old—is she less to the world than brick and marble?—The Companion.

PARENTS, BE FIRM!

It is indeed hard to withstand children, loving little tyrants that they are, when they are otherwise well behaved. It is difficult to find in one's heart sufficient firmness sometimes to say: "No!" or "I will!" Fathers and mothers are disposed to hesitate, parley, reason or dispute a point, instead of requiring obedience; and then they are invariably worsted. Youthful diplomacy, often even than Chinese diplomacy, is distinguished by a finesse that takes of trickery and by a patience which nothing can weary. If children notice in their parents the least hesitation, the slightest sign of weakness, they press their point ceaselessly until their victory is complete.

To every reason, which is brought up to oppose them they reply, with an earnestness which should be an example to the parent: "I want it!" or "I do not want it!" Hence arises painful and humiliating scenes which a clever little paper thus reproduces: It is time to rise.

"I don't want to put on these shoes," says Paul. "I'd rather wear the others."

"And the mother argues: "But, Paul, I don't see why you object to these; they are better than the others."

"But, Paul, you are unreasonable. Suppose you cannot have the others."

"I want them!"

And the docile mother carries off the rejected shoes and lets Master Paul have his way.

"Paul makes haste to breakfast; your coffee will be cold."

"I don't want coffee, I want chocolate."

"You had chocolate yesterday."

"What difference does that make? I tell you I don't want coffee."

"But, Paul, you are unreasonable, the coffee is already made and it would take some time to prepare chocolate; and I must go out on business."

"I don't want coffee, I want chocolate."

"Oh, well!" says the mother impatiently. "I shall give you some chocolate."

It is dinner time. Scene, the same. Soup is served and Master Paul makes a grimace.

"I don't want any soup," he declares.

"Come, now, Paul, you are unreasonable," says his mother, beseechingly. "The soup is very good. Your father and I like it. Do have some."

"No, I won't have any soup!"

For an instant the father frowns, but weary of these incessant and childish battles, he makes a vague gesture which signifies:

"Enough! let us have peace!"

Such parents may well say that Paul is unreasonable; but, frankly, have they been reasonable themselves?

The child is what we make him. Shall we argue with him to make him obedient? We would have him reasonable and we are not reasonable ourselves.

Parents, be firm, unless there are great reasons for giving in; and while making the child understand, without preliminary discussion, that your directions are not mere caprices, give them to your children in a manner which admits of no parleying. Thereby you will spare yourselves, after perhaps one or two stormy scenes, all sorts of contradictions, weariness, humiliation and suffering.

ST. ANTHONY'S BREAD.

The following account of the charity known as "St. Anthony's Bread" is taken from the Very Rev. Dean Ling's little book entitled, "Our Favorite Devotions."

One morning in November, 1892, Mlle. Bouffier, a storekeeper of Toulon, found it impossible to open her shop-door. The lock seemed broken, so she called in a locksmith. After trying all his keys he gave up in despair, saying there was no resource but to break open the door. While the locksmith went for some other tools, the shopkeeper prayed fervently to St. Anthony that the door might be opened without violence, promising if his request should be granted to distribute in his honor a certain number of loaves to the poor. She then begged the locksmith to make another trial with his keys, and taking one at random the door flew open without further difficulty.

After this simple evidence of St. Anthony's power his clients increased so rapidly in Toulon that Mlle. Bouffier, with the assistance of her friends, founded a work of charity called "The Bread of St. Anthony." In a room behind the shop they placed a statue of the Saint with a lamp burning before it, and under the lamp two boxes—one to receive the written requests and promises made to St. Anthony and the other money to buy bread for the poor.

From the beginning large crowds flocked to this humble oratory. Soldiers and officers knelt to pray and naval captains, before setting out for a long journey, came to recommend their families and their ships. Mothers begged for health for some of their children or other favors for grown sons and daughters. Many came to implore the conversion of a soul dear to them while servants or workmen without employment sought the Saint's protection.

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GUARD YOUR TONGUE.

The gifts of vivacious speech should ever be well seasoned with charity. It is tempting to be witty at another's expense, to strain after a morbid superiority by professing a deal of cynicism, to make smart epigrams or criticisms upon other people, but doing this habitually never, never pays. If sought at all, such a compensation is only a passing amusement; people will go somewhere else for higher stimulus.

Mark this ruling out of abuses does not include slander and malicious folly. That is supposed to be beneath our notice. But is it? Do we never forget ourselves here? We candidly confess we often reproach ourselves with taking dangerous liberties with a very dangerous member of conversation, so noble, so powerful, without which we cannot imagine life worth living, is often turned, not only into foolish chatter and light-winged carelessness, but absolute stabbing of cruel wounds, sometimes never healed on earth. Such a great gift demands great grace in the using.

WORK NEVER DONE.

If things would only stay done!—I could look back over the day and see one thing accomplished that will not have to be done over again tomorrow I should not get so tired of it or feel so discouraged!

How many millions of wives and daughters have made some such comment as this on the monotony of household tasks! It is not alone the deadly monotony, the constant repetition of little duties, it is even

ed, appointing periods, instead of spontaneity. If some are a necessity, then be this someone or children's soup, not pure or blameless, I would prohibit pie and rich cake, and let fruit, less delicate jellies or milk puddings take their place. It is also put a veto on hot breads. If people could turn an X-ray on the poor, overworked stomachs I'm called upon to care for all summer long and see the mischief done by overeating and eating things that have no business to be cooked in hot weather, they would realize I am speaking in earnest truth."

A BIGOT GETS A PERMANENT VACATION.

A salesman in the employment of one of the largest stores in Boston took occasion to advise two ladies who had bought a bill of goods from him, to patronize the suggestive lectures of Margaret Shepherd. The advice, impertinent in any case and insulting to any respectable lady, was doubly offensive since one lady in this instance was the sister of a priest. The reverend gentleman, on learning of the incident, wrote at once to the business house, revoking his order and expressing in unmistakable language his opinion of the man who abused his place to "tout" for a woman of whom the Presbyterian minister, Rev. J. A. McDonald, had written: "It is with extreme reluctance I mention the name of Margaret L. Shepherd, a name redolent of all moral rottenness."

The firm promptly replied:—

"Rev. and Dear Sir—Your esteemed favor of May 31 came duly to hand. We at once investigated the subject matter of your letter and find, much to our regret, that the facts as stated in your letter were even more annoying than you put them."

"We hardly know how to put our apology strongly enough, as we feel you were justified in the position you took and we feel that you will give us credit for not sanctioning anything of this nature by an employee in this store. We know you will not hold us in any way responsible for any discourtesy, and as you say, insult, shown the ladies; and we have dismissed this man from our service to-day and wish personally to thank you for calling our attention to this matter. We feel that you have put us deeply under obligation to you, and if at any time we can render you a service, we shall most willingly respond."

We trust that any other Catholics similarly offended will act with equal promptness, and the result will invariably be the same. Sensible business men don't pay their clerks to insult customers.—Boston Pilot.

DOCTORS BAFFLED.

BY THE CASE OF MRS. HARRISON, OF ORANGEVILLE.

She Was Completely Run Down—Racked With Pains in the Back, Head and Limbs—Again Rejoicing in Good Health.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

Many cases are constantly being brought to light of persons being cured by that wonderful remedy—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—after doctors have failed to be of benefit. Among them may be noted the case of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, a well known lady who resides in the near vicinity of Orangeville, Ont. A reporter of the "Sun" hearing of Mrs. Harrison's wonderful cure called at her home to inquire into the facts of the case. Mrs. Harrison said she was pleased to be able to testify to the great curative powers of these pills. She said: "For some years I have been a constant sufferer. Just what to call my disease I do not know; even the doctors were unable to diagnose it. I was completely run down. I had racking pains in my head, back and limbs. I was unable to secure sound sleep, and on arising in the morning would feel as tired as before going to bed. My stomach was in a bad condition, and the least movement caused my heart to palpitate violently. Doctors' treatment failed to be of benefit to me, and I was in a very discouraged state when a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thinking that they might relieve me a little I procured a supply and began taking them according to directions. From the first I could see that they were helping me, and by the time I had taken half a dozen boxes I was free from the ailments that had made my life miserable. It is now, several years since I took the pills, and not the least sign of my old trouble has since shown itself. I would strongly urge the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for any person who has a weak or run-down system and I am sure they will not fail to be beneficial."

To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing, curing when all other medicines fail and restoring to those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

It is an awkward thing to begin the world without a dollar, and yet hundreds of individuals have raised large fortunes from a single shilling. We know of a gentleman, a builder, in an extensive way of business, now well worth \$100,000, who was a bricklayer's laborer some six years ago at \$1 per day. He became rich by acting upon principle. He has frequently assured me that even when he was an ill-paid laborer he continued to save 50 cents per day, and thus laid up \$182 the first year. From that moment his fortune was made. Like the found upon the right scent, the game sooner or later won, was sure to become his own.

Another extensive firm, one of which has since died and left behind him an immense property, the other still being alive, has realized as much, and yet both these landed in New York without a cent and slept in the very shop wherein both afterwards made their fortunes. Like the builder whom we have just mentioned, they possessed an indomitable spirit of industry, perseverance and frugality, and the first dollar became in consequence the foundation of a million more.

The world at large would call these individuals fortunate and as

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Our Boys

MY GUARDIAN

You watch me when you guard me all the time. I am in your arms. Along life's trouble

I pray you, angel, to lead me by the hand. Until, with you for guide, I'm in the promised land.

What love brought you to guide my steps? What joy to me is My angel fair and true?—E. M., in the Sun

A DOG'S FAITHFULNESS

bricks of South Africa of low degree, an own kind, mauling fighting when he can be recognized as a for a dog were no had. And yet, like the outcast slums, the poor bristles so high above level of his species as of an honored place noble kin, the St. Bernard.

One day, during the veldt, a party of crossing the hot, dusty toward Kimberley, were near the summit kopie, or hillock, as much air as the they dismounted and tions for the midday.

Presently one of the small animal making ward them through bushes, and as it can be the intruder.

"Throw something," he called, "to his companions," "two feeding a decent dog, want any of these? grets skulking about, following us. Never mind break some of his bones!"

Dick caught up a stick with skillful aim, as they saw it dodged the animal. Again Dick hit the animal dodged this time coming to a feet of where they were beginning to whine pitifully.

"Hold on, Dick," called suddenly, "he's more than a cub; I believe he's a big one."

Dick obediently elected meat almost half as large itself, which sprang from the air to meet it. But was too large for the in mid-air and both fell rolling upon the grass for a moment, however brackie was upon his feet the prize with a firmer away into the karroo.

"Afraid to eat it?" the first speaker said, "that's the way with brutes. They think something to steal from them will sneak off into place and gorge himself, hungry again for a day."

But apparently he was far from being satisfied, for a minute later he again looked up into the winning outcroppings of men whistled under their "Throw him a chunk, Dick," one of them called. "don't you see the thing? Show! Live hard! could eat his own weight now if this car devours of meat I can at least brackie is able to. Give him a big chunk, Dick."

More meat was thrown, as before, he seized strong grip and bounded the karroo bushes. This fished would be the last even in less time than was back again, bounding with vigor, and looking with big, entrancing eyes most seemed to speak.

"What a dog!" wondered admiration, "city!" and one of them a Dick, throw him some! we must fill him up, even to kill a bullock to do."

A third piece of meat, to him, but this time the animal, it is wistfully turned back to them, and treaty in his white, an every motion of his quite body.

"He wants to tell us, do believe," exclaimed one suddenly.

"But he's still hungry, another," "that is evident way he smelled the meat, a ravenous longing in him."

Apparently the dog they were talking of had gave a quick snap, and the karroo bushes, that looked back at them.

"He wants us to follow the man who had saved the car away," "Come on, he started after this," the others followed. The a joyful, comprehending ed deeper into the bushes than bounded back, and on and back, and cried though he could not faster, and then bounded on through up through