#### 7 11, 1903.

otional natures :

wished to offer kind, endearing ng them, Laodice vored by sweetest rom her father's clinging to his roffered blandishoices, the strange ever so softly, the strange ever so softly, the metisms to which her; her lips beat quickly and her trembling like fearing that she come should her fter a whispered to the Emperor, he of Zilla.

b of Zilla. b bore the little the heated, per-out of the villa, ordens, where the in the last rosy g day—on and on, n their favorite remained silent of the nightinry sounds of the ght peace to the ranquility to her then she asked a as to the occasion as to the occasion on so unexpectedly participant, all of ad with her usual bt, some stretches required by th

nquet was served, f of Valerian, who as well as hungry; ace of honor, the reclining on their to their rank. A as handed to each it over his breast, noval of the last sooled wines vine, white wine. e like liquid, trans-d Falernian; and ste fancied them, of new wine and drink made of wine,

siding over all the e feast, was in his 's wines were his le of his life, and nce such an opporpresented itself to praised, and envied. crystal goblets were due order upon the ed, who touched the with nard, which left he; these were fol-ho bere chaplets of parsley, and violets, owned those present ere poured, and the

adies left the table ts and confections al ment heightened by and flageolets by un d where, unrestained the presence of the in to their mirth and andal, ridicule, and

our. s radiant with exultanot heard the wines stint even by the not seen them drunk rink ? tasted with de elicious drop, and in rolong the pleasure sensitive integrity of se pure wines exhilarand called forth est, and merriment; lulged one's self to Roman banquet like been considered not o the sacred rite of o one's entertainerssome of their social ined pagans might be

risen, full orbed and the time the guests of d from the wills For om the vill Fabian Cæcilius and n opportunity to ex-the chariot of the ust driven off. come of the Jew, Ben Nemesius. gods only know ! I has opened and swalor I should have seen eplied Fabian, u hastened to assist the nto her chariot.

### JULY 11, 1908. THE LESSON OF ART.

STORY OF TWO ARTISTS AND A STAINED GLASS WINDOW.

It was at the back of the apse, above the high altar—a circular window, beautiful in design and rich in color. The church itself was not beautiful. It The church itself was not best factory look, had an unfinished, unsatisfactory look, and was poor; the fact stared you in the face, in spite of scrupulous cleanlithe face, in spite of scruphious cleaning ness and the decorum of perfect order. It stood in a crowded, not over-prosper ous quarter of old New York, and, after early Mass, few people crossed the threshold; though now and then some good old woman would come in to tell beads, or some little child edge home in time.

It made

right !"

By

July

vear?

a boy rising to the accompaniment of his "Louisiana Lou," or the delightful

nonsense of the Kangaroo Song. Occa-sionally a hushed knock at his door would prevent him, and the low-voiced

reached them across the peaceful quie

him from the porch ; and

meant never another sound

September Tom's picture was

Inished, as far as he could finish it !

it had reached that stage at which he knew the best thing to do was not to

put one touch more upon it, provided

he could command the strength so to leave it alone. Yet Tom did not go

leave it alone. Yet Tom did not go out as much as he had done during

'Yes; it's about John.

Tom waited in silence.

church steps ?"

"Perfectly."

and August, though the warm

her beads, or some incle cline radge into a pew for a moment on her way home from school. On this particular day two young men found their way in. One genuflected, the other did not. "That is the window," said he of the Mary and Mary's mother that Tom should be with them. Tom probably never realized himself what it meant, in

genuflection Oh ! Can't we go nearer and look at it i

"Certainly. Come on !" They stood at the entrance to the They stood at the entrance to the sanctuary, just outside the altar-rails. Beyond this dim, solitary building God's west was burning, and the splen-dor of the sunset blazed in the glory of the window. "What do you think of it ?" The Catholic boy was deferential, as be-came the few years' difference between

"Good - no doubt about it. German stain, isn't it ?"

" I think so.' "Raphael's Madonna of San Sisto, "Raphael's Madonna of San Sisto, with the adjunct of a Della Robbia gar-land frame," mused the connoisseur aloud. "It is awfully good." And then abruptly: "Say, Tom, wouldn't old Hell Ochre have a fit if any of us attempted a background of that tone in chool ?'

Tom was grinning at the prospect. "He's behind the times, anyway." "Don't speak of it! I'm tired of his Id theories! Julien's the man for me. old theories

You just wait till I get to Paris !" "Wait till we both get there," re joined Tom, rather pointedly. "Yes, I. Why not, I should like to

know Why, no reason, Tom, old fellow ! y I didn't think that French art Only I

would suit you." "Why shouldn't it ?"

"Why shouldn't it ?" "Well, you see to begin with, you are a Catholic." "Oh, yes, I see ! I'm a Catholic ! I'm a Catholic, so of course I'm narrow and soft and mushy—provincial we will call it ; and I've got to eat milk-pap all my days. The man who did that up my days. The man who did that up there was a Catholic; and Michael Angelo-your Michael Angelo, bigger than life-he was a Catholic, too.'

Tom dfd not answer, but she saw "I know, Tom - I know. But you just answer me yourself : Who wants religious art nowadays. The time is what was in his face. "I know it will be such a comfort to him," she pursued; and, "though you may not think it possible, it is sweet to me to think of you all to-gether-mother and John and you and dead and gone for it." "Did I say I would be a religious

painter? I keep telling you I'm going to be a modern and a realist. You put religious art on me : I don't want it." the boy-as we are now." Still Tom said nothing; for the deep "I'm glad you don't. I can't en-dure the soft and 'haloey 'style. It's all rot, anyway. Come on out,

As the two stamped out into the rose-flooded evening they encountered a woman ascending the church steps. "Hello, sis! Well, I declare! Rod-

ney, you've met my sister, Mrs. "I have the pleasure. We have en looking at the memorial window, Mrs. Neuss. It is a beautiful thing,

A faint color came into the woman's almost transparent face.

"It is indeed. I love to look at it. How soon shall we have you and Tom painting pictures like it ?"

Rodney laughed a little. He had a clever face, and now his glance across

tiever face, and now nis glance across at Tom Neuss was very shrewd. "Oh, I don't know. We've got a lot of work before us yet. And we have just been deciding to be French enhance." a special way, and it seemed to me that I was seeing it for the first time. chools."

couches, howling frequently at night, sleeping most of his time, and, Tom thought, utterly uninteresting. Some-times Tom did stop to speak to this boy, suffering him to chew his finger or stare at him unreproved. It was when the pathos stole over him of that great knowing, beside Baby John's little eat. When this great pity seized upon him, Tom would leave off repining, cease to to Paris, and since there has been a promise in her face. I have gone in again and again ; sometimes I thought I might have been forgive fate for laying this burden up him; that he, who wanted things so dif-ferent, should have been set in this out-of-the-world place to watch a sick mistaken because I am sick and I know that I am sick. But I was not mis-taken; the promise has been there clearer and more steadfast always. woman. Tom knew perfectly why John sent him thither. It was to keep his eyes open, and, when the day came, wire the message that should bring him That is why I cannot feel afraid.' Her voice had sunk away into silence, great difference both to

nd the radiance upon her countenance was as that upon the countenance of the  $\pi$ oman in the stained-glass window. 'How dim the light is getting ! a house that was always silent, to hear the healthy stamping and splashing of

Tom started : for the fluse of crim on and gold sweeping earth and heaven his knowledge, had not granted the shadow many inches since he took the

vacant seat beside her. "Are you tired, dear?" She motioned an afirmative, laying her head back immediately, with closed eves, upon the pillow. Tom stood injunction: "Please, Tom dear, be very quiet: Mary had a bad night and is sleeping." Tom's warm-hearted "All eyes, upon the pillow. Tom stood abruptly, irresolutely, full of fear. Benind him a step came to the doorway, and before he could speak Mary's mother was telling him to run for water. In the evening they both watched for when the That evening a boy with a white awe struck face wired his message to John. Two days later Mary News died with knickerbocked figure swung into view, or, before it, his merry whistling her hand in her husband's. of sunset, Mary said it was the next best thing to having John himself come

Tom, who was the member of the Tom, who was the member of the infants and your family least concerned, spent a week, miserably sick at heart, crying out his eyes in remote corners. Another week elapsed ere he could master courage to Brockville, Ont. elapsed ere he could master courage to write even to Rodney. He began his letter in disjointed sentences too weary to care whether they made sense or not. All he had to say was that Mary was dead, and that he couldn't go to Paris because he had promised her to stay July and August, though the warm New Hampshire summer lengthened out its ripeness, as though loath to withdraw from so beautiful a land. He would sit with Mary instead, and talk of all sorts of things that it seemed strange to him to be talking about to her. One day Mary said : because he had promised not perhaps with John for a year at least. Perhaps after that, if John were willing, he might run over for six months; but just now it was out of the question. That was positively all Tom had to say. Perhaps In at was positively all Fom had to say. It made about four lines on the paper, and he stopped short. Then he won-dered what in thunder he should add. He had never written Rodney a four-line letter, and it might look unfriendly, hut wist could Redney are to beer shout "I have been waiting to speak to ou-alone-Tom." "Have you?" He could not think of anything in the wide world that Mary should wish to say to him. but what could Rodney care to hear about that he had the heart to write? Tom chewed his pen more hopelessly than in school days over Virgil or Euclid. Then memory prompted those words of Mary's, "I have always felt that, "I don't like to say anything before mother, because she feels so dread-fully about-my going. But I do want you so much to live with John, after-ward, if you will, Tom-at least a of Mary s, I have atways let that, in some way, I owed it to you and Rodney." And because Rodney had entertained a sincere regard for the dead woman. Tom thought he would tell him the story of her hope. The ntence were rough enough, uine boy's, unplanned and unpolish but Tom found that at length his heart was opened, and the pen went racing over the paper as when, in days more joyous, he had described plans and work and the cranks at the cad. emy, in epistles that delighted Rod-ney's heart with their classical atmos-phere of turpentine aud exploded Still Tom said nothing; for the deep waters were rising up, flooding his soul, and he had sworn to himself a man's oath that she should not see him cry. "John," resumed the faint voice, "is the only one I feel any anxiety about. Mamma will be kept busy look-ing after baby: and as for him—poor tubes.

" And, Rod, as I sat there and listened, she had no idea what she was doing for me; but she was giving me something I hadn't got before-a creed ing after baby; and as for him—poor little soul! he will be in good hands." something I hadn't got before—a cread in art. We paint little figures on little canvasses, and people are suffering around us and dying, and the great tragedies work themselves out, while There was a trust in her voice and a deep peace that made Tom wonder. The woman may have read the wonder we sweat over the rot we amuse our-selves with. But it must contain in his eyes. "Do you remember my meeting you some hope and some promise, or it is and Charlie Rodney one evening on the an empty foolery and a most damnable fraud. I haven't got any big ideas able fraud. I haven't got any big ideas about representing eternal truth and eternal beauty, because I don't under-stand about them yet, and I hate whang-doodle. But Mary told me an-other story of when she was a little girl. I can't say what you ought to do; but for myself, I feel that my art ought to be the exposition of Catholie "It was a happy day for me. I was merely passing by the church, and I don't know what impelled me to go in; the window called my attention to it in

ooked less bright. The shadow on her cravatts a l'artistic ; but just now he looked less bright. The shadow on her face seemed to comfort me, and I knew she would understand. Then I began to notice how closely she held her Child to her, how tenderly her dear arms circled the little body; and I asked her, because I was going away — O Tom, you don't know what it means! Yon eannot understand, can you? — you are so young; but for the sake of her Child, by the love she bore Him, I asked her to mother mine. And since there has been a promise in her promise-some hope and some promise? Dash it, but the breath of the White mountains has blown that kid some thinking, after all!"-Gabriel Francis Powers.

### SICKLY BABIES.

Weak, sickly babies are a great trial Weak, sterly bables are a great train to mothers. They need constant care both night and day and soon wear the mother out. Baby's little stomach is the cause of most of the trouble, it is the cause of most of the trouble, it is very weak, and in consequence very easily upset. Baby's Own Tablets will cure all baby troubles. They are mild-ly laxative and give prompt relief. Concerning them Mrs. R. J. Balfour, Omemee, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach trou-bles and constipation from which my little girl suffered and they entirely

little girl suffered and they entirely cured her. They produced sound, re-freshing sleep, and I regard them as indispensible in any home where there are little ones." Mothers from all parts of Canada write in favor of Baby's Own Tablets, proving the claim that they are the very medicine for all the minor ills of little girl suffered and they entirely

very medicine for all the minor infants and young children. Guaran-

teed to contain no opiate. Price 25 cents a box at all druggists or direct from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., THE GENTLENESS OF FLOWERS.

Here is an exquisite and seasonable Here is an exquisite and seasonable thought opening the June instalment of the Rev. Dr. P. A. Sheehan's "Under the Cedars and the Stars" in The Dolphin: "I have often studied that curious aspect of gentleness and meekness in flowers, of which I have made mention before. Here, and here alone, is the lie given direct to the

poet: For Nature is one with rapine.

Whatever may be said of bird, beast fish or insect, of which it may perhaps be said that they subsist by plunder be said that they subsist by plunder and violence, here is the great excep-tion. A little water and a little air, and behold! they perform their part in the universe of things; and not an unimportant part, if beauty and fragrance are essential ends in that great evolution that works upwards from the clod to the star. And not only are they unaggressive, but they are infinitely forbearing and long-sufferare infinitely forbearing and long-suffer-ing. Sky and earth and air combine against them; and they suffer all meekly. The angry and wanton winds toss them to and fro; the fierce whips of the rain lash them, till they droop their meek heads, and weep like childen abilden; the teeping earth sends up children; the teeming earth sends up its little parasites, that heedless of beauty nestle beneath the lovellest leaf or stamen, and consume its vitality. There is no defence and no protest. It as if an acid were flung on a part y Angelico; or a Murillo exposed to and rain.

Sun and rain. But no angry remonstrance arises from Man or Nature. The great mother is so prolific of her beauties that no one heeds the prodigality and waste. It is true, indeed, that there are car-nivorous plants beneath the tropics; and upas-leaves of death beneath which the tiny animal creation, so destructive of according in temperate climates, suffer flowers in temperate climates, suffer etributive justice from their victims. But then, everything is made fierce by hat terrible tropical sun ; and the meekest things forego their natural in-linations beneath his maddening inclinations beneath his maddening in-fluences. It it also true, I am told by experts, that the most gentle-seeming flowers exhale a poisonous, mias-matic breath, so that their sisters droop beneath their aromatic, but Life of Our Lord treacherous breathing. But these are treacherous breathing. But these are exceptions, proving that the fairest things may be the most deadly; and that, as we so often read in the histor-ies of men, death may luck in the vintage of the Apennines, sparkling through Venetian crystal. But I only speak of what I know, and that is that flowers are the fairest and gentlest things the Hand of God hath fashioned from His lements of Nature ; and one would lmost hope they had souls to be reborn forever in the sunlit valleys of Para

pleasant ; if we invite Him to make our ouch His own. The home that has no tenant Satan The home that has no tenant Satan elaims as his own; into no home does he enter with more pleasure than that which has been closed against the Sacred Heart of Jesus. To whose knocking do you open the door of your heart, dear reader?

A Vocation.

Some persons have peculiar ideas as is vocations. They think a vocation is to vocations. They think a vocation is like a book, something that can be handed to them, and that they would handed to them, and that they would recognize at once as theirs. This is not so. Our vocations are laid out for us, but we need not step out of the beaten path to find them. A life's beaten path to find them. A life's vocation is frequently nothing out of the ordinary. It may be fulfilled by following our daily occupation. All around us are good deeds that we may do, kind words that we may distribute, use rule arile arile arile arile arile ariles. even to bestow only a smile will often even to bestow only a smile will often brighten alonely life. Some, of course, may have a vocation for the higher life, but for ordinary people, a vocation is nothing new, strange or startling. It is a field of kindly deeds lying all around us, and hence the one who could

around us, and happy the one who cul-tivates his portion well. Contact With God.

## Each augmentation of grace is a mission of a Divine Person, a contact

mission of a Divine Person, a contact with God, a more intimate and exqui-site union with Him. If we were slower, graver, less occupied, and less precipitate in our spiritual life, we should feel this more than we do. -Father Faber.

Words of Fate.

# Let a man learn that everything in ature, even motes and feathers, go by

aw and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps. By diligence and self-command let him put the bread he eats at his own disposal, that he may not stand no better and false relations to other men for the best good of wealth is freehim practice the minor dom. Let virtues. How much of human life is lost in waiting. Let him not make his fellow creatures wait. How many words and promises are promises of con-versation. Let his be words of fate.

Your Nerves are Weak.

Your Nerves are Weak. You sleep badly, appetite variable. You eat but gain on strength. Morning tiredness makes you wish it were night. When night comes refreshing sleep is hard to obtain. You're run down, your blood is thin and watery, your nerves have grown weak, the thought of effort wearies you. You need Fer-rezone it makes blood-red strong blood. An appetite i You'll eat everything and digset it, too, Sprength I That's what blenty (i food gives. Ferrozone gives hope, vigor, vim er-durance, Use Ferrozone and get strong. Sold by all drugsies. GREAT MENDINE. — Tonti, one of the pion-ent frence Canada, lost a hand and wore an iron nook as a substitute. He was in the habit of boxing the ears of refractory Indiana with this iron hand, and they have remarked that it was "great medicine." Dr. Thomasi Eccientic Oil is great medicine. It takes hold of pain with an iron hand and knocks it of the system.

system. The great lung healer is found in that excel-lent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consump-tive Syrup. It southes and diminiches the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy tor al-coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the check, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consump-tion.

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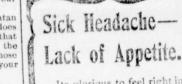
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Its glorious to feel right in the morning-ready for work. But how seldom one does. Sick headache, lack of appetite, disagreeable taste in the mouth-these are the usual morning feelings of most people-even of careful livers. This morning illness shows that the organs of digestion are not working properly. They need a tonic. Take a teaspoonful of



in half a glass of water as soon as you rise-you'll be ready to do justice to a good breakfast.

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### THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

### CONTINUED. Sweetens Life.

ple soul, upborne by s friends and its foes reetness; for it is the to treat everyone a nt. We have need We have need of have need of everyeet all with gentlenes eting with simplicity en-hearted, and with s the rough and rude. ht; and so, but far betst has set us the

to accustom yourself judgments that people ar upon your actions; em from his own point own ideas and feelings.

THROAT. Public speakers how useless and sickening s, sprays, lozenges, &c., for out, and state that the mess by is Cattarrhozone, the ad-stat it acts quickly and is n public places. Catarrho-stion allays inflaumation, h to the membrane. As a colds and Catarrh it has no McKay. Goderich says an excellent remedy for rising from throat irrita-ministers and singers re-zone, druggist sell it for \$1 y mail from Polson & Co.

VER AND AGUE — Parmelee's compounded for use in any will be found to preserve ny latitude. In fever and the secretions and neutrai-th has found its way inch flood estimation through drinking if used as a proventative

The woman's smile was quizzicaal. The woman's smile was quizzlaam She evidently felt that these two were very young, but felt it with a peculiar lingering tenderness. "You will be good men always, both

ful. of you, I know." "Say, Tom, what did she mean about

our being good men ?" inquired Rod-ney after they had parted. Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"There seems to be a prejudice gainst French schools. But she redn't talk to us that way, anyhow. against We aren't kids

"You Catholics are a funny lot. I "ust say," mused Rodney. "I never could make head or tail of you. Some could make head or tail of you. Some of you think everything is all right, and some of you were born in a strait-jacket. There was a fellow called Blake at the top of the Academy when I went in; he was as brainy as they make them, just chock full of talent, and he'd them, just chock full of talent, and not a got an awfully jolly thing ready for the spring exhibit; and what do you sup-pose he did? Just when it was about time to hang it on the line he went and put it in the fire instead—after working on it two months! I call it a beastly The boys said he did it becaus he was a Catholic, and he had to do it; but the whole school was in an uproar

In the fall Tom was not on his way to Paris, but he was idling away his days in a beautiful bit of New England country, where his brother John owned country, where his brother John owned a cottage, and where poor Mary was coughing out her life. Half-heartedly, in the attic fitted for him as a studio, he tried to work, but not always suc-cessfully. Eor the background of his picture he had made fifty different studies from nature, sitting long hours in the grass with the sun upon his head and the wind blowing through his hair. The figure he could not finish until he returned to New York. In the mean-time he kept the door of his attic

do; but for myself, I feel that my art ought to be the exposition of Catholic truth. (Sorry to use the word Cath-olic, because I know you would think me sectarious; but I can't help it : that's the word I feel, and it has to go, I den't mean that I've got to be It is beautiful, Tom; isn't it? The sun was getting close down behind the figures, so that they stood out glorious-ly, and the radiance about their heads was a living flame. But the Mother's face impressed me most; it was wonder-ful." go.) I don't mean that I've got to b a religious painter exclusively. But what I do mean is that my work should The sick woman was looking away not do me, or the people who look at it

dreamily, to the amber and rose of the horizon. Her words were so low and any harm. "Perhaps-it's an awful big per-haps, Rod--the fellows who take up unevenly spoken it was a strain to listen; but Tom wished, nevertheless, haps, Rod-the fellows who take up religions art right-out, clear the long jump at one bound. They are the ones who help people through their lives. Still, I don't mean to set myself any limit but those the Catholic Church itself sets; and they are pretty broad. Following upon this, you will be as-tonished or not astonished. I don't heav which, to hear that I am not that she would go on. "After that day I went into the church every evening at sunset. I don't know whether I prayed—Iam not sure that I did ; but I used to look at her, and think how beautiful she was; and the Child-how beautiful the Child was! Do you think that is what know which, to hear that I am not going to exhibit 'The Sunbeam'; in pictures are put in the churches for,

pictures are put in the churches for, Tom-to teach us through our eyes?" "I don't know, I'm sure. I should have thought they were put there for decomplet." fact, that I have scraped it out. It was nothing but mere bluff and show-of; and, though I am deeply convinced off; and, though I am deeply convinced of the necessity of professional studies, I am not at all convinced of the necessity of exhibiting one's studies, especially those of a certain character. decoration." "Oh, no, Tom—not for decoration only! When I was a little girl at the Sisters' school we had to attend Mass Sisters' school we had to attend Mass every day; and it was weary work sometimes, I fear. I know I used to stare about a good deal, but one day I discovered the Station pictures. It was a treasure-trove. One of the Sisters used to scold me for gaping at them the other Sister did not. And To exhibit them you ought to be sure of yourself first, and then of every of yourself first, and then of every person who will see your work; and the conditions become impossible. Be-sides, 'The Sunbeam' was objection-able. I have painted another thing at able. I have painted another thing at short notice; it's slight, but I think it's going to be awfully jolly; and Harris and Buckworth say it's a per-fect inspiration. To tell the whole truth about it, I dreamt it one night, and have helped myself with my New England sketches. It's just a bit of greenwood, with some water in it, and velvety banks, and a patch of fretted light coming through it toward you. them ; the other Sister did not. them; the other Sister did not. And I think that the one who let me gape knew best; for the first impression I have of being really sorry for my sins —the great big sins of when I was not quite seven years old—lies with those same Station pictures." "You are talking too much siz I "You are talking too much, sis, I fear, Mamma will be down on me for

light coming through it toward you. And I'm going to call it 'The Sun beam,' just the same. I don't think I'll letting you." "Just this one thing more, Tom, be-Just this one thing more, Tom, be-cause I have always felt that, in some way, I owed it to you and Rodney. When baby came, I could not keep my mind off that beautiful, happy Mother go over to landscape definitely, but my mind is too unsettled to paint figures

returned to New York. In the mean-time he kept the door of his attic locked, and only Rodney had been ad-mitted to view the masterpiece when he ran up for a week to say "Goodbye." John was a travelling salesman, and he had begged Tom to come hither and the boy. John called him "the boy." In reality he was nothing but a coing, blue-eyed thing, lying about on beds or

### THE SAVIOUR'S WORK.

dise.

How often has the Sacred Heart of How often has the Sacred Heart of Jesus knocked at the door of your home? How long and how patiently He has waited ! Yet His knocks have been treated with indifference. No been treated with indifference. No one has come to answer. He has failed even to meet with common civility, no one has ever come to ask the question, "Who is there?" or, if notice be taken of the knocking the master of the house has sent an answer of scant courtesy by a servant. "Tell him I am busy just ow ; to call at another time, or I am now; to call at another time, or I am entertaining other guests. My house is filled, there is no room for Him." He is denied admittance, the door closed in His face, and others come in His stead; into the Godless home there comes neglect of the things of Christ, such as are pure and good; kind and lov-ing words, pleasant courtesies of home are banished; that which dignifies and adorns our humanity is withered and blighted. If the knocking be long con-tinued, neglect grows into opposition tinued, neglect grows into opposition harsh and bitter; it becomes cruelty in speech and cruelty in action. HELP WANTED

Satan claims Gotless homes; wretched indeed must be the condi-tion of that home that has rejected the



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