

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.

"That is the window," said he of the generation. "Oh! Can't we go nearer and look at it?"

"Certainly. Come on!" 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 splendor of the sunset blazed in the glory of the window.

"What do you think of it?" The Catholic boy was deferential, as became the few years' difference between them. "Good—no doubt about it. German stain, isn't it?"

"I think so." "Raphael's Madonna of San Sisto, with the adjunct of a Della Robbia garland 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 school?"

Tom was grinning at the prospect. "He's been the times, anyway." "Don't speak of it! I'm tired of his old theories! Julien's the man for me. You just wait till I get to Paris!"

"Wait till we both get there," rejoined Tom, rather pointedly. "You!" "Yes, I. Why not, I should like to know?" "Why, no reason, Tom, old fellow! Only I didn't think that French art would suit you."

"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 your way was a Catholic; and Michael Angelo—your Michael Angelo, bigger than life—he was a Catholic, too."

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 cannot 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 face. I have gone in again and again; sometimes I thought I might have known that I am sick. But I was not mistaken because I am sick and I know that I am sick. But I was not mistaken because I am sick and I know that I am sick.

Her voice had sunk away into silence, and the radiance upon her countenance was as that upon the countenance of the woman in the stained-glass window. "How dim the light is getting!"

Tom started; for the flame of crimson and gold sweeping earth and heaven to his knowledge, had not granted the vacant seat beside her. "Are you tired, dear?"

She motioned an affirmative, laying her head back immediately, with closed eyes, upon the pillow. Tom stood abruptly, irresolutely, full of fear. Behind him a step came to Mary's and before he could speak she was gone. Her mother was telling a boy with a white apron that evening a wire his message to John. Two days later Mary Neuss died with her hand in her husband's.

Tom, who was the member of the 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 write to her. 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 with John for a year at least.

"I don't like to say anything before mother, because she feels so dreadfully about—my going. But do write me so much to love with John, afterward, if you will, Tom—at least a year?" Tom did not answer, but she saw what was in his face. "I know it will be such a comfort to you," she pursued; and, "though you may not think it possible, it is sweet to me to think of you all together—mother and John and you and the boy—as we are now."

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 looking after baby; and as for him—poor little soul! he will be in good luck. There was a trust in her voice and a deep peace that made Tom wonder. The woman may have read the wonder in his eyes."

"You remember my meeting you and Charlie Rodney one evening on the church steps?" "Perfectly." "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; but I thought I Rodney's speaking of a 'Hail Mary.'" Tom's attention to it in the window, and it seemed to me that I was seeing it for the first time. It is beautiful, Tom; isn't it? The sun was getting, close down behind the figures, so that they stood out gloriously, and the radiance about their heads was a living flame. But the Mother's face impressed me most; it was wonderful.

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 cannot 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 face. I have gone in again and again; sometimes I thought I might have known that I am sick. But I was not mistaken because I am sick and I know that I am sick.

Her voice had sunk away into silence, and the radiance upon her countenance was as that upon the countenance of the woman in the stained-glass window. "How dim the light is getting!"

Tom started; for the flame of crimson and gold sweeping earth and heaven to his knowledge, had not granted the vacant seat beside her. "Are you tired, dear?"

She motioned an affirmative, laying her head back immediately, with closed eyes, upon the pillow. Tom stood abruptly, irresolutely, full of fear. Behind him a step came to Mary's and before he could speak she was gone. Her mother was telling a boy with a white apron that evening a wire his message to John. Two days later Mary Neuss died with her hand in her husband's.

Tom, who was the member of the 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 write to her. 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 with John for a year at least.

"I don't like to say anything before mother, because she feels so dreadfully about—my going. But do write me so much to love with John, afterward, if you will, Tom—at least a year?" Tom did not answer, but she saw what was in his face. "I know it will be such a comfort to you," she pursued; and, "though you may not think it possible, it is sweet to me to think of you all together—mother and John and you and the boy—as we are now."

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 looking after baby; and as for him—poor little soul! he will be in good luck. There was a trust in her voice and a deep peace that made Tom wonder. The woman may have read the wonder in his eyes."

"You remember my meeting you and Charlie Rodney one evening on the church steps?" "Perfectly." "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; but I thought I Rodney's speaking of a 'Hail Mary.'" Tom's attention to it in the window, and it seemed to me that I was seeing it for the first time. It is beautiful, Tom; isn't it? The sun was getting, close down behind the figures, so that they stood out gloriously, and the radiance about their heads was a living flame. But the Mother's face impressed me most; it was wonderful.

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 cannot 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 face. I have gone in again and again; sometimes I thought I might have known that I am sick. But I was not mistaken because I am sick and I know that I am sick.

Her voice had sunk away into silence, and the radiance upon her countenance was as that upon the countenance of the woman in the stained-glass window. "How dim the light is getting!"

Tom started; for the flame of crimson and gold sweeping earth and heaven to his knowledge, had not granted the vacant seat beside her. "Are you tired, dear?"

She motioned an affirmative, laying her head back immediately, with closed eyes, upon the pillow. Tom stood abruptly, irresolutely, full of fear. Behind him a step came to Mary's and before he could speak she was gone. Her mother was telling a boy with a white apron that evening a wire his message to John. Two days later Mary Neuss died with her hand in her husband's.

Tom, who was the member of the 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 write to her. 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 with John for a year at least.

"I don't like to say anything before mother, because she feels so dreadfully about—my going. But do write me so much to love with John, afterward, if you will, Tom—at least a year?" Tom did not answer, but she saw what was in his face. "I know it will be such a comfort to you," she pursued; and, "though you may not think it possible, it is sweet to me to think of you all together—mother and John and you and the boy—as we are now."

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 looking after baby; and as for him—poor little soul! he will be in good luck. There was a trust in her voice and a deep peace that made Tom wonder. The woman may have read the wonder in his eyes."

"You remember my meeting you and Charlie Rodney one evening on the church steps?" "Perfectly." "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; but I thought I Rodney's speaking of a 'Hail Mary.'" Tom's attention to it in the window, and it seemed to me that I was seeing it for the first time. It is beautiful, Tom; isn't it? The sun was getting, close down behind the figures, so that they stood out gloriously, and the radiance about their heads was a living flame. But the Mother's face impressed me most; it was wonderful.

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 cannot 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 face. I have gone in again and again; sometimes I thought I might have known that I am sick. But I was not mistaken because I am sick and I know that I am sick.

Her voice had sunk away into silence, and the radiance upon her countenance was as that upon the countenance of the woman in the stained-glass window. "How dim the light is getting!"

Tom started; for the flame of crimson and gold sweeping earth and heaven to his knowledge, had not granted the vacant seat beside her. "Are you tired, dear?"

She motioned an affirmative, laying her head back immediately, with closed eyes, upon the pillow. Tom stood abruptly, irresolutely, full of fear. Behind him a step came to Mary's and before he could speak she was gone. Her mother was telling a boy with a white apron that evening a wire his message to John. Two days later Mary Neuss died with her hand in her husband's.

Tom, who was the member of the 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 write to her. 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 with John for a year at least.

"I don't like to say anything before mother, because she feels so dreadfully about—my going. But do write me so much to love with John, afterward, if you will, Tom—at least a year?" Tom did not answer, but she saw what was in his face. "I know it will be such a comfort to you," she pursued; and, "though you may not think it possible, it is sweet to me to think of you all together—mother and John and you and the boy—as we are now."

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 looking after baby; and as for him—poor little soul! he will be in good luck. There was a trust in her voice and a deep peace that made Tom wonder. The woman may have read the wonder in his eyes."

"You remember my meeting you and Charlie Rodney one evening on the church steps?" "Perfectly." "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; but I thought I Rodney's speaking of a 'Hail Mary.'" Tom's attention to it in the window, and it seemed to me that I was seeing it for the first time. It is beautiful, Tom; isn't it? The sun was getting, close down behind the figures, so that they stood out gloriously, and the radiance about their heads was a living flame. But the Mother's face impressed me most; it was wonderful.

Sick Headache—Lack of Appetite.

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.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

in half a glass of water as soon as you rise—you'll be ready to do justice to a good breakfast. Abbey's Effervescent Salt cleanses the bowels and intestines, invigorates the fagged-out stomach and energizes the torpid liver.

At all Druggists.

Educational.

BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED. We teach full commercial courses, as well as full shorthand courses. Full civil service course. Full typewriting course.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE. SANDWICH, ONT. THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASSICAL AND COMMERCIAL COURSES.

NORTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE. OWEN SOUND, ONT. will enable any person to acquire shorthand and typewriting and become a stenographer or bookkeeper and kindred subjects and become a thoroughly competent bookkeeper.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE. STRATFORD, ONT. Our graduates secure good positions because our high grade training prepares them to enter the first-class services.

BOARDING SCHOOL AND ACADEMY. CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME. Cor Bagot and Johnston Street, KINGSTON, ONT.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE. BERLIN, ONT., CANADA. (G.T.R.) Commercial Course with Business College features.

The Royal City Painting and Decorating Co. of Guelph. 82 UPPER WINDHAM ST. E. BRASS, E. W. COOPER, W. A. MARONEY, Pres. Manager.

The London Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Canada. ESTABLISHED 1859. HEAD OFFICE TORONTO, ONTARIO.

HELP WANTED. If you are open to invest your time in return for good pay, write us.

Life of Our Lord. WRITTEN FOR LITTLE ONES. BY MOTHER MARY SALOME, of Bar Convent, York.

Jesus the All-Beautiful. A Devotional Treatise on the Character and Actions of Our Lord. By the author of "The Voice of the Sacred Heart."

THE SAVIOUR'S WORK. How often has the Sacred Heart of Jesus knocked at the door of your home? How long and how patiently He has waited!

Heart of Jesus of Nazareth. MEDITATIONS ON THE HIDDEN LIFE. By the author of "The Voice of the Sacred Heart."

HELP WANTED. If you are open to invest your time in return for good pay, write us.

Canada's Greatest Nurseries, TORONTO