

Surely there is no greater boon than peace. Our dreaming Heaven are all founded on peace. blessed rest peacefully on their la in the sight of the Lamb. "I them peace and rest eternal." Mourning heart's prayer for the ones, who have passed through shadows of time into the never brightens of eternity. No happy existence is complete, indeed it exists without the crowning peace. This richest of blessings reward exceeding great, according those who devotion honor and love Blessed Heart of Jesus, as is just in the following narrative:

Laura Weston had made, as friends admitted, a brilliant career. There was but one shadow obscuring the sunshine of her happiness. Belmont was wealthy, had won distinction in his political career, all predicted, had a great future for him, but he was not of her class. Alas! her resolve on entering a school, had been so firm never danger her faith by contracting old with one outside of the Church; but love, the greater of unguarded youth had overcome this determination she trusted more lovingly and in the protection of the Sacred rather than in the strength of human resolve, the result might been different.

She had a luxurious home, admiring friends, and a devoted band. Surely her happiness was complete! For a brief period, unalloyed and a plentiful source accorded to the trusting youth, but a long a tiny, but some threatening cloud obscured the horizon.

Belmont was twitted by his about his Catholic wife. He knew that such an alliance prove an obstacle to his attainment in his political career, was even now losing prestige, young man felt the full force of friends' apprehension. He moody and irritable; there was change, he thought, he could sacrifice his career for a woman. What mattered a form of bidden a man were fair and his callings, and was it bonnden duty of the wife to her husband's just demands?

Laura observed the change young husband with sinking. Was love's fair dream to quickly? How blissfully m evenings hitherto been spent converse, in the forming of plans for the bright future, sat abstracted and gloomy, noticing her presence, and sat loving attentions by sought to cheer him.

Oscar, dear, she one evening, "What is the matter seem so depressed. Will you find your troubles to me? Can I sympathize with you a mine."

"Laura," answered he, "I will confide the trouble to you alone can end it."

"Oh, then, dear, cheer ready ended, if I can banish what could have driven it from our happy home?"

Your superstitious credence and to his bewildered you poured forth indignantly, his prospects wrought by her Laura recoiled pale and tear new speak," he continued "will you give up this v system, which threatens to prospects in life forever what you will but give up the substance of this superstition, must have some religion, the Episcopalian, it is the spectable."

"Oh, Oscar, have you your promises to me beforeriage? You guaranteed liberty in the practice of and."

"I know, I know, Laura no idea that it would be back to me. Do you wish career?" he asked sharply.

"No, Oscar, neither do I peril the salvation of my sense. Never mind all the actions square and upright."

"But, Oscar, actions on religious motives and them."

"There is no use here. Will you assist me to see in my career or not? your decision."

"Not, dear Oscar, at salvation."

"Can't! Are you not human and divine boundests?"

"Not when there is obedience to the law of car, I shall never possess conscience, much as I love at every cost, remain God."

"Fool that I was to trust were the bitter words of moment rushed from the ap heart. Alas! her ido from that fatal hour p Belmont mansion. Independent at the tomb, hopes—her lost love, seemed ill at ease in home. His words were taunting. She slowly learned to shrink from their own narrow prejudice."

If a man has any brains at all, let him hold on to his calling, and in the grand sweep of things his turn will come at last.—Walter McCune.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

A Fatal Resemblance

A NOVEL

BY CHRISTINE FABER,

AUTHOR OF "A CHIVALROUS DEED," "A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE," "THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY," "CARROLL O'DONOHUE," ETC.

In a little nook among the Catalik Mountains, where fifty years ago one might least expect to find a residence, comparatively inaccessible to the molder, tained there, there stood an old stone farm-house. Recent coats of whitewash had daubed the exterior walls, but in many places the action of the weather had turned the white to a dirty gray and otherwise mottled the primitive-looking building.

A little distance from the house was a very roughly built barn, around which, on this bright summer afternoon of 1855, straggled a couple of cows. Beyond lay a patch of ground sparsely cultivated, a little farther away still were the many-erected trees of an extensive wood. In the background rose lofty mountains, now so covered by a blue misty haze that one could hardly tell where the mountains ended and the sky began.

There was a pleasant, restful look about the scene, and a drowsiness that might lure one to delightful unconsciousness, were it not for the advent of a lively little girl from the farm-house. She came out skipping and singing, and twirling her calico sun-bonnet round her hand instead of putting it on, and looking with her streaming hair, bright face, and step that hardly touched the ground, as if she might be some little mountain sprite who only showed herself in the sunshine. Skipping and singing, she took her way to the wood. Evidently it was no new or fearful place to her. The close ranks of the trees and the heavy shade of the interior that might have daunted the bolder heart, had no terror for her young confidence.

She penetrated the dark recesses, springing from eminence to eminence, where the ground between some of the trees rose into hillocks. Neither the shade—and sometimes it needed all her strength—the young branches that, having twined, obstructed her path. Occasionally she stopped to watch the ugly hop-toads that, scared at her approach, jumped by her, and to look at some great, long-legged, insect making its tollsome journey up a tree.

"How sorry I am for you," she said in one of those halts, "for I guess you must have been naughty, and God turned you from birds and butterflies into these ugly things. Just like the little girl that Dyke read about to me the other night, how the fairy turned her into a frog. He said it wasn't a true story, but it seems like as if it might be true, for folks that ain't good ought to be turned into ugly things. Try and be good, now, and God'll turn you back, and maybe God'll turn you back."

With which salutary advice she resumed her way. Arriving at one part of the wood where the trees seemed of larger trunk and higher top than those of the others, she paused as if she had reached the end of her journey.

Far above her through the leaves shone a little patch of bright blue sky, while all about her was that intense solitude so oppressive to some natures. Neither the chattering of a bird nor the rustling of a leaf broke the silence, and after she had stood as if waiting for some sound, she put her little brown hand on the nearest tree, and said to it affectionately:

"I couldn't come out here this morning because Meg and Dyke asked me not to leave her. But I can stay with you this afternoon, and I've lots to tell you, and a story besides—the story that Dyke read to me last night about a wicked old Roman king. I'll tell it all to you, only first I must speak to the other trees."

She went about to three or four of the stately maples, patting their trunks affectionately, and telling them she was glad they were so well and had so many bright green leaves, to which it is need less to say the trees listened in silence.

As if impressed by that silence herself, when she returned to the tree she had addressed first, instead of beginning to impart her promised information, she stood looking up to the patch of sky that beamed down upon her blue and clear.

"O trees, if you could only speak!" she said at length, "wouldn't you have a lot to tell—way up there so high, it seems as if God was always talking to you. I wonder if He ever tells you how heavens that Meg tells me about? I'd like to be a squirrel or some of them climbing things, and then I'd live on the top of the highest tree I could find, and so I'd hear, too, what God says to you all."

As the breeze was beginning to rustle the leaves, the imaginative child immediately interpreted it to mean a clamor from the trees for her promised news.

"Yes, yes, I'll tell you," she said, as if in haste to allay their impatience.

"Meg got a letter yesterday. Old farmer Brown, coming up from the village, brought it, and I think it made her awfully sad, for she and Dyke talked about it, but they didn't let me hear; only Dyke told me this morning that to-morrow we're all going down to Barrytown to see some elegant place where there's a bigger family of trees than all of you are, and lots of flowers. So, to-morrow I won't be here, nor maybe the next day; but I'll promise that I won't like any of the Barrytown trees well as I do of you, and now I'll tell you the story that Dyke read."

And she told the story; the story of the old Roman emperor who did nothing more useful than delight the people with magnificent shows, and who met the end of most of the Roman emperors, assassination. She told it all in her simple way, but with a correctness of detail and incident most creditable to the instruction of Dyke (whoever he was), and that would have delighted the hearts of our modern teachers of history. Nor did she end with the conclusion of her tale, but delivered a homily (most probably Dyke's) on the deserved end of such useless lives.

Evidently this child of the mountains was neglected neither in morals nor the sciences, and as one looked at her tiny size, and wondered whether she had yet reached the age of seven, and saw her wide, full, open brow and sparkling eyes,

one was still more inclined to wonder that such premature intelligence should be united with such a simple and yet such an ardent imagination.

The shadows had begun to lengthen and the patch of sky to grow dark, and warned by these signs that it was time for return, she made haste to kiss the trees as she had promised to do, and flinging back many a childish good-by, she retraced her steps through the wood.

The next morning, so early that the sun had not time to send his beams far down the mountains, and the inmates of the barn-yard looked as if even they had been rather unduly aroused, an awkward-looking, lumbering wagon, drawn by a horse so superior in aspect to the molder that it seemed a sort of burlesque to put them together, waited before the door of the little mottled farm-house.

In a few minutes there came out of the house the little girl whose acquaintance we have already made, and by her side was a florid faced, good-natured looking woman of middle age. At the same time there came from the direction of the barn a country-looking youth of eighteen. He was country-looking in the fact that his hands the large and chubby size produced by country work, and his clothes a certain home-spun, rustic look.

A closer observation of his features and his manner, as he assisted in unloading the contents of the wagon, revealed some things that were not common to coarse country lads. There was a native grace about his movements that could only come from some cultivation of mind, and an ingenuousness and nobility of countenance indicative of a soul that was far higher aspirations than the breed of cows or the price of pigs.

One of his companions we have already described, and save that her hair and much of her face were concealed by a large close bonnet, she looked the same as she did on the preceding day; the other companion, the woman, had nothing to distinguish her from the rest of her class, unless it might be a striking homeliness of countenance.

The drive down the picturesque mountain road, frequently by the side of steep and fearful looking ravines, and at other times by thick growths of vegetation that in the gloaming might be construed into grotesque figures, was one to be enjoyed by even those to whom it was not novel. And the eyes of the little girl, looking out with brightening brightness from her close protruding bonnet, sparkled with delight at every new scene, and her little tongue hardly ceased from asking questions long enough to give Dyke a breathing spell. But he was nothing loth to answer her; indeed, it seemed to be as much pleasure to him to reply as it was to her to inquire, and he often turned round to look lovingly at the eager face.

They passed but few houses, and these at long distances apart, until they had ridden many a mile, and the horse from the mountain road behind them; then they came to straggling settlements, which were dignified by the name of villages, and rode through irregular openings that the few residents expected to become streets by-and-by; and sometimes they came to a small town, where, curiously staring rustic people, who looked as wonderingly as if a one-horse country wagon containing three people was a novelty to them. At length, they stopped to eat the bountiful lunch Meg had provided, and to feed the horse from a fodder carried in the back of the wagon, and to water him from a little bubbling stream near, in all of which proceedings the child took as much interest as Dyke did.

The remainder of the drive for an hour or two was along a hot, unshaded road, and Meg's substantial sized dark stuff saddle, attracting the heat most uncomfortably, sent that good soul into a teens of perspiration, drawing from her at the same time a volley of such ejaculations as:

"Bless me, but it's hot! It was unnecessary of Mr. Edgar to send for us such a day as this. I'll melt, I know I shall."

Dyke was equally hot, to judge from his moist face, but his manner was so pleasant, and the little girl, though looking hot also, was still too interested in objects about her to mind that slight discomfort.

Meg at length succumbed to sleep, and Dyke halted to adjust her so that the jolting of the wagon would not pitch her about, and possibly throw her out, and then he took the little girl on the seat with himself and drove on. She seemed to have tired of questioning, and from her silence he thought she too was asleep, but as often as she stooped and looked under her bonnet her eyes were wide open.

"What's the matter?" he said at last, a little puzzled by this unusual behavior.

"What makes you so quiet?"

"Because I was thinking of that Mr. Edgar we're going to see. How funny that his name is just like mine, isn't it anything like that big dark man that came to see Meg ever so long ago?"

"What a memory you have!" answered Dyke. "Why, that's three years ago, when you were the littlet bit of a tot. Yes; it's the same gentleman, but I won't mind about him now until we get to his place. Let us talk about the birds and the squirrels. See! there is a little red fellow now running along that fence."

And the child, immediately interested forgot her former inquiry; a forgetfulness that Dyke fostered by beginning immediately a story about the chipmunks.

By that time they had reached the place where a lumbering boat was to take them across the river, and as there was barely room for Dyke's horse and vehicle on the rough, narrow deck, necessitating especial care on his part to prevent an accident, Meg was aroused from her nap, in order to be placed with her little charge in safer quarters in another part of the boat. When they arrived at the opposite side, the sun had turned, and a delightful breeze was springing up; moreover, the rest of their way lay through a heavily shaded road, and the child was in ecstasies with the great old trees that loomed up on each side of her.

Dyke had to tell her their names, and how many years he thought they were growing, and whether the branches that were extended, as if to meet other branches, did not do so out of affection, all of which questions Dyke answered patiently, and to the best of his ability.

Meg, quite refreshed by the cool breeze, adjusted her costume, and expressed her approval of the change in the weather, and by that time they had arrived at the entrance of a private carriage road, at the end of which, half embedded in trees, they caught occasional glimpses of a large stone house.

III.

Dyke was in some uncertainty about the propriety of taking his lumbering vehicle any further, and he was debating with himself whether it would not be better to have his companions alight and walk up to the house, when a respectable, though country-looking man appeared, leading from a small dwelling just at the entrance to the road.

"You're the people that's coming to see Mr. Edgar, aren't you?" he said, going confidently up to Dyke; being answered in the affirmative, he continued:

"Get right down, and come into my house here; I'm Mr. Edgar's gatekeeper. He told me he was expecting you, and you can make yourself at home with my wife until you rest a bit; then she'll show you up to the house. I'll take care of your horse, as Dyke stopped to pat the animal."

The offer was gladly accepted, and Meg took a great deal of pains in smoothing down the little girl's hair, and brushing it with a somewhat rumpled dress, in order to make her, as she herself expressed it, "at her prettiest." "For," she said, turning to Dyke, "there's no knowing what may happen, and it's our duty to bring things around if we can." Meg, who bowed and made no reply. The gatekeeper's wife conducted them to the house, the largest and the handsomest dwelling the little girl had ever seen, and she looked with wonder at the furniture, so different from what she was accustomed to see in her simple mountain home. Dyke also was a little curious and interested, but Meg acted as if such elegance was not at all unfamiliar.

Mr. Edgar came into the parlor to see them, and the child's description of a "dressed man" exactly described him. He was a big, dark man, so tall and straight and lithe that his height seemed even greater than the six feet it must have been; and his complexion, eyes, and hair were swarthy enough to have justified the supposition of Indian blood in his veins. He bowed and smiled at his visitors, showing the gleam of large, even, and exquisitely white teeth through his moustache, and crossing to the little girl, he said:

"You have grown very much since I saw you last; then he passed, during which his eyes went sharply all over her little person.

"What is this your name is?" he asked, somewhat abruptly.

"Ned Edgar," said the child confidently.

The gentleman's face lost its pleasant expression, and he turned at a displeased look toward Meg, who hastened to answer with a courtesy:

"She likes to be called Ned, sir, and I didn't think it was any harm to indulge her."

"Perhaps not a while ago, but she is getting too big to be called by a boy's name now. Give me your name properly, my child."

All the little sprite's self-will was aroused. With her impulsive, childish reasoning she could see no right in that dark stranger to interfere with her privileges. Dyke, who had the most right of anybody, never objected to her boy's name, and she certainly was not going to give it up to please this man. So, with a rest temper in her eyes, she answered:

"My name is just what I told you, Ned Edgar. Meg says my mother wanted me called Ned, because her brother that she loved so was Ned, and I liked anything else," stamping her tiny foot.

"Ah!" the gentleman said, turning his face away retreating, while Meg, having recovered from her horrified astonishment both at the child's outspokenness and her temper, rushed to her, and almost implored her to tell the gentleman that her name was Edna.

"And please don't mind her temper, sir," apologized Meg; "she'll be sorry for it in a minute, and ready to beg your pardon."

"Oh, it makes no difference," said Mr. Edgar coldly, "but I would like to see this young man for a few minutes," turning to Dyke, and then he led the way to another room, beginning abruptly when he had taken a seat, and motioned the lady to another.

"You are the nephew of this woman with you, are you not?"

"Yes; her sister's son," was the reply.

"And you are acquainted with all the circumstances of that child's birth and life?"

"I have heard them," was the brief response.

"And how much does the child know about herself?" The swarthy face had brightened, and he looked toward the young man.

"Nothing; save that my aunt and I love her as dearly as though she were truly our flesh and blood."

In proportion as the swarthy face grew flustered and eager, Dyke's open countenance became calm and determined.

"And if this child should be left with you, should indeed always remain unclaimed, what then?"

Dyke rose.

"Should such be the case, I would hail it as a fourfold blessing. My arms are strong enough to work for her, and all that I need to give newer and better strength to them is the assurance that she never will be claimed."

Mr. Edgar also rose, but instead of replying he began to pace the room. Sometimes he covered his face with his hands as he walked, and again he folded his arms and looked before him with the air of one in deep mental distress. He stopped at length.

"For an instant I beat for myself if I could give you such an assurance, but I dare not do it; the feeling here," striking his breast, "will not permit me to do so. I could curse him who has left me in such a horrid doubt."

For an instant his face became savage-looking; then, as the expression vanished, he continued:

"I sent for you because I had not the time to go to you, and I wanted to see Edna before I started on a long journey abroad. I am almost convinced that she is not my child, and yet I cannot promise you that my feelings will not change, and that I shall not claim her as my daughter some day. However, until that day comes, until I have proof that she is my own, you may continue to have the care of her, and I shall see that you are paid a much larger sum quarterly than you have been heretofore."

Dyke's voice was a little tremulous:

"No, Mr. Edgar; I cannot accept your

offer. The little farm which we have upon the mountain affords sufficient support for us now, and as the care of Ned or Edna, slightly blinding because he had used the masculine diminutive, "is a work of love, no money can pay us. So, if you insist on our acceptance of money, we must insist on resigning the care of the child."

There was no gaining his firm determination, and Mr. Edgar, after a searching look at him, said with a half sigh:

"Well, let it be so."

IV.

Fifty years prior to the time at which our story opens, there resided in one of the country districts of England a gentleman by the name of Edgar. Haughty and reserved, almost morose, he seemed to derive little enjoyment from the vast wealth bequeathed to him as the sole remaining scion of a once titled family, further than was afforded by the collection of valuable paintings and statuary. He was always negotiating for the purchase of some celebrated work, and every apartment in the baronial-like mansion contained more than one piece of rare and exquisite workmanship.

How he spared sufficient time from his beloved occupation to woo and marry a lady from a neighboring district, putted his few friends, and they were hardly surprised at the rumors shortly after circulated that the lady was not happy in her new position. Be that as it may, she died in childbirth, leaving to her haughty lord and master stately twin-sons. Something of the father showed itself then, and for a time it seemed as if the springs of parental tenderness had swallowed up the moroseness and taciturnity that had marked his former life; but, as the boys grew up, and were away for long periods at college, the handsome, middle-aged gentleman returned to all his former ways.

The boys, though twins, were as unlike each other in disposition as it was possible for brothers to be. Edward, the elder, though something like his father in pride and reserve of character, had withal a frankness and generosity that endeared him to many. Henry, the younger, developed all the qualities of a dare-devil and bravado, without the traits which sometimes go far to redeem such a character. There was also a trickiness in his nature peculiarly repulsive and exasperating to his brothers. So that the inheritance was little in common, and at length the elder brother for each other bitterly hated. When they came home, the country about was speedily full of accounts of Henry's rolicking actions. Now it was a merry party of companions like himself who went tearing over the country at midnight, and who often left disagreeable evidence of their raid. Again, it was some hunt that wantonly trespassed on private grounds and brought exasperated rustic gentlemen to remonstrate with the father of the wild young man. But Mr. Edgar, with all his sternness, could neither subdue nor frighten that headstrong, wayward character, and at length, after repeated acts that had the whole district in arms, he settled a meagre allowance upon his younger son, and thenceforward renounced all relationship with him. The young man was forbidden ever to step across the threshold of his father's home.

He seemed to take the edict quietly enough, betraying neither remorse for his conduct, nor affection for his relatives. But, to a skilled observer, there was presented a most striking contrast. The look in his dark eyes and about his handsome mouth which betrayed a secret, yet deep and bitter vindictiveness.

To his brother, who extended his hand, willing and wishing to part from him, he presented a most revolting countenance, and dashing away the proffered hand, he hissed:

"Never; you are not my brother!"

A little while after, Edward Edgar married, entirely to his father's satisfaction, as if to bring discredit on the family name, his brother married at the same time the pretty daughter of a farm hand, but one of whom report spoke in a light and no guileless manner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHAT CLEVER WOMEN CAN DO.

Appreciation by a Canadian Litterateur of the Noble Work of the L. C. B. A.

The following article is contributed by Mr. William Elliston, a distinguished Canadian litterateur, to the Catholic Register of Toronto. It will be read with interest by all friends of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association and its able officers:

Whenever we wish to look for great daring, fearless enterprise, fertility of resource, and notable achievement on the part of women we must turn to the United States, the free land of effort, of improvement and progress, and the nation whose women aspire to be co-workers with the men in matters pertaining to domestic and public life and all vital questions touching the welfare of all the people. I am not, however, going to involve myself in the legitimacy or otherwise of the much discussed question of "Women's Rights," time and patience will settle that problem.

It is of a great organization organized and administered entirely by women—the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association—that I wish to speak briefly. Although the organization is purely American in conception, operation and management, it will be of interest to Catholic Canadian ladies, who may one day aspire to have something like it in this fair Dominion. As far as I understand it the infant association, which was founded some ten years ago in Buffalo, had its trials, its misgivings and its initial difficulties. Its scope and the plan of its practical workings were cleverly mapped out by the promoters and founders, Mrs. Elizabeth B. McGowan, of Buffalo, N. Y., being the central figure in the movement. This able woman was elected Supreme President at the start, and, having proved her fitness she has been elected again and again and worthily holds the onerous position now. She has associated with her, officers who are probably as able as herself, Mr. J. A. Royer of Erie, Pa., Supreme Recorder; Miss Alicia Blaney, sister of the Supreme President; this young

lady is clever at figures and statistics, and her compilations of the position of the society are models of clearness and information. She is one of the Supreme Trustees.

It will interest Irish readers to know that Miss Blaney and Mrs. McGowan are of an old Irish stock, from the town of Castleblaney, in Ireland, derives its name. The Supreme officers are ladies of high rank and ability but I am unable to recall all their names at this moment. Stripped of technical phrases, the organization is an insurance company pure and simple, modeled on the surest and safest plan. Fraternity is its watchword, and that in very truth is the actuating principle of love and charity. Its constitution and by-laws are based upon fairness, reason and economy, its practical working is simple, open and efficacious. It is a veritable boon to Catholic households in America, and it has been the instrument that has kept the wolf and the dark shadows of want from many firesides in the hour of extreme need and affliction. It is the only large organization of the kind in the world that is exclusively managed by women, and it was the first to pay women a death benefit. The L. C. B. A. has on its roll 60,000 members, it has paid out more than a million of dollars in death benefits; its verified claims being paid within thirty days, it is successfully doing business in nineteen States of the Union, and has now on hand cash to the amount of \$80,000.

This is a very remarkable record for an association that started only ten years ago, conceived and operated by women who were supposed to have no practical knowledge of the ways and means of insurance. In a word, when the project was first mooted the feminine conception of a venture into the troubled sea of business that only belonged to man's domain was mocked at, and if the foolhardy attempt were made, failure was predicted as the inevitable outcome. The brave women who had thought out the scheme and who had confidence in their inherent abilities, were not to be daunted by the evil prophecies of men who egotistically supposed that all new business conceptions must originate in their brains and be carried to success under their direction. Subjected to this severe ordeal the lady hustlers put on full steam, but with extreme carefulness, making sure of their footing at every step. Their association was of modest dimensions at the beginning, but experience justified the venture and the society made for itself friends and supporters wherever it did business, and so rapid and solid has been its growth in its decade of operation that veteran insurance men are constrained to confess its success and popularity. Nor was this matter of wonder, who is better qualified to estimate the provident benefits conferred by such an association than the women of the homes, whose economical use of money means the peace and comfort of thousands of families? Again, women are more provident than men, and as directing heads of the expenditure of a household, they can better estimate the true value of a dollar, and are more strenuous to provide against the possible evil days of sickness and want.

The Supreme President and her official associates attend meetings in different parts of their field operations, and they deliver stirring addresses regarding the nature and benefits of the organization and create enthusiasm in the breast of every one connected in the good work. The ability to do this publicly and forcibly constitutes the valuable services of the comely ladies at the head of the affair, for most people need to be roused to action even in matters that pertain to their own welfare. The habit of indolence and putting off to another day is perhaps less marked in women than in men, but that it exists in the former to some extent is sadly illustrated in the case of the ten foolish virgins who left their lamps untrimmed, and thus missed the bridegroom's coming. All agents who have practical experience in the work of life insurance, complain of the habit of indifference and needless delay on the part of the people who need the protection that insurance confers, and who admit its usefulness, but cannot decide until another day. This indecision and weakness of the will arises from the belief that in each individual case death is a remote contingency. The misapprehension may appear harmless, but it works ruin to the happiness of many families in being delayed until the danger signals are too clear to admit of relief from insurance protection.

In the brief outline given above Canadian readers may be able to form an idea of what has been done by the Catholic ladies of America in their well conducted insurance organization. And what man has done men do, and the same of women. From this suggestion the thought might take root in the minds of progressive Canadian ladies, that what has been so successfully done by their sisters in the Republic, might be undertaken in Canada with fair prospects of success. The Catholic women of the Dominion are not familiar with platform public speaking, but their abilities, when properly applied to any business affair, will be found equal to that of sisters across the border, and if once engaged in an enterprise like the one above mentioned very beneficial fruits might result.

In speaking, however, of accomplished facts we can discuss results on sure grounds, what was started in Buffalo by American Catholic ladies ten years ago, was a venture purely experimental. It could not draw its guiding light from the lamp of experience, for there were no such organiza-

tion then in America nor in the whole world. At its initial stages reputable insurance men opened their eyes in wonder at the foolhardiness of the feminine projectors, and as many of them as gave it thought, predicted a short life for the new insurance enterprise. To-day the same prophets of collapse and disaster are changed into genuine admirers of the pluck and business foresight of the deserving Catholic ladies who have made of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association a complete success.

As the power of example is great this movement of the enterprising Catholic woman will lead to other benevolent undertakings in America and other countries.—WILLIAM ELLISTON.

A NEW TEST FOR THE MIS-TRUSTS.

No Cooks for Catholics From one Methodist Mission in New York.

New York Sun.

"Cook hunting, at its best, is not pleasant work," said a New Rochelle woman, "and the more I have thought of a recent experience of mine the more it seems best to me to have it published. I did not believe that such a thing could occur in New York. Possibly its publication may save some other housekeeper from the annoyance which I experienced."

"A Methodist mission in the lower part of New York had been recommended to me as a place where I might secure a cook, and three weeks ago I went there. I asked for Miss Blank, the matron, and a woman of uncertain age and very positive features appeared and said:

"Miss Blank is out just now, but I am Miss So-and-So, and anything that Miss Blank can do for you I can do."

"It does not matter who she does it," said I. "I came here looking for a cook."

"We have only one girl just at present, and she is now talking with a woman who may engage her. If this woman does not engage her you may see her."

"Miss So-and-So was certainly not prepossessing and her manner was pert. I waited until the woman found that the girl would not work for the wages which she was willing to pay and she withdrew in my favor. Miss So-and-So ordered the girl to go upstairs, and then she began to cross-examine me.

"This cook," she said, "will not work for \$16 a month. Are you willing to pay \$18?"

"Yes," I answered, and more if the girl is worth it."

"Where do you live?"

"In New Rochelle."

"How many servants do you employ?"

"I answered that question and half a dozen others, all the time waiting patiently to see the girl, when Miss So-and-So suddenly asked:

"What is your religion?"

"I am a Roman Catholic," said I, thinking that she was merely anxious to make sure that the girl was going to a good home. Miss So-and-So's severe countenance became actually frosty.

"A Roman Catholic!" she exclaimed, in much the same way as she might have addressed me if I were a Chinese Boxer; and you come here for a servant?"

"Certainly," said I in surprise, "and why not?"

"Why didn't you go to your priest?" she asked. "Don't you know that we never send our girls into Catholic families? We never do such a thing."

"Why not?" I asked, still somewhat puzzled.

"Catholics abuse Protestant girls. I know the Catholics thoroughly because I was once a missionary among them. They are bigots and will not treat our girls decently."

"If the woman had told me that I was afflicted with small-pox she could not have shown more horror. I told her that we did not mind Methodist missionaries in the least, and that I had never heard of such narrowness. I told her some other things which occurred to me at the time, but I was too disgusted and angry to do the subject justice. Just as I was finishing my comments in came Miss Blank, who was the head of the mission.

"This lady," said Miss So-and-So, pointing to me, "is a Roman Catholic, and she cannot understand why we will not permit our Methodist girls to go to Catholic families."

"Why, it is perfectly obvious," said Miss Blank in a superior way.

"But it isn't obvious to me," said I, "and it is not worth discussing with either of you. I never had an experience of this sort before, and I did not know that such people as you are existed in New York. It would be a waste of time, however, to prolong this discussion or to tell you what I think of you."

"I left the house and I really felt as if these two women thought that I had contaminated it. I have engaged servants from all sorts of missions before, and I never had any such question raised. I do not know whether this rule is that of this downtown Methodist mission or whether it was prepared by these two women in accordance with their own narrow prejudice."

If a man has any brains at all, let him hold on to his calling, and in the grand sweep of things his turn will come at last.—Walter McCune.

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