

thing within a little : you And I believe sy for me to npanions and ne other con-

re very good

ain and there er eyes—some the ethereal een gazing. h three of the isted on shew which I had It was tasteurnished ; the le gray, which rmonized with linoleum. gs and engrav

chorus a soft ed Heart, and d Schumann quisite expres en the sublim-in the melody clearly in the ber to recur to

nct made he shade ; all day almy hours eadow flowers."

play again," I o. "I did not sician. Let me was little," was

since I've been has insisted on need the help of s helped me." ented my again Ada fell ill with onvalescent was I accompanied

afternoon found lother Teresa at I inquired for

has had a great y," said the good her had a most trange to say, in is is how it hap-t we received an sion from an in-. She wrote that ent of impending o make her peace ght she arrived ecrated children nall near the front em our poor Ca of Sister Mary of ress of the Reform shriek and a sud face and fainted d she asked to se meeting was mo the poor lady had to worse, until her ely wrecked. She race her daughter, melita had written ue to her address a dream. She had but thoroughly dis-could not long reevil habit she had sleep she thought chains and unable t. A veiled figure aced a gentle hand a gentle hand 'Mother,' said the

ou not pray? Why Then, directing the er towards a large d in her hand, the vanished. Mrs. Wilson took enter our House.

consecrated chilwith the Reform e being an extraorrmitted Mary Carich of her time with as indeed fast sink-As the end approachremained with he Irs. Wilson died in then our poor Car inged. Vividly realintercession she now pleads al or sinners, and, I am If very dear to God."

JANUARY 16, 1904

ST. AGNES. FEAST, JANUARY, 21.

determined accents of a little Roman maiden's voice, when she calmly gazed defiance at the Pagan multitude, and said to them in words that they could not understand: "You may stain your hands with my blood, for I am only a helpless child. But you never shall profane this hody that is consecrated to Jesus Christ." It was no use trying to tempt a child who snoke like that. "Bicssed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." (Matt 5 8). After sixteen centuries of unceasing praise, the Church of Jesus Christ is not yet wearied with the story of the

raised to Heaven in her Father's face

against them. They heard the clear, determined accents of a little Roman

Jesus Christ." It was no use trying a tempt a child who spoke like that. But they must do something, cowardly But they that they were. Yes, they

killed her. But she is living yet.

martyrdom of a little Roman child. The name is just as sweet as ever in the hearing of our Catholic people. She belongs to us, because she died for Christ. This evening, in His sacred presence, and in her own hearing, we are going to listen once again to the brief story of her life and death, and it may be, learn a lesson from it.

It almost seems a pity at times that there had to be so much bloodshed in the early years of the Christian Church. It almost seems a pity may be, learn a lesson from it. the early years of the Christian The Christian Church was almost three centuries old when St. Agnes was three centuries old when St. Agnes was three centuries old when St. Agnes was that so many child saints had to be sacrificed in all their sinless into center of the condition of center of the center of cult for us to imagine the condition of affairs that existed in the Eternal City lesson taught by the little Roman girl on this occasion might not be incul-cated in some other way. But the lift-ing up of the Pagan world to the higher standards of the Christian mordity, was not to be accomplished by any other means. The fillowers of the Crucified, in the beginning, and espec-ially in the Exclasting City, were livat that time. The Roman Empire was world-wide in its extent and influence. world-wide in its extent and indence. But the kingdom of the Risen Christ had placed His standard everywhere. Great Roman provinces were entirely Christian in the East and Africa. And even in Rome itself were influential men in public and in private life, whose ially in the Everlasting City, were liv-ing in the midst of those who set no value on human life, or on any of the men in public and in private ine, whose heads were bowed at mention of the Sacred Name. Their faith was not con-cealed. They gloried in their worship of the One Eiernal God; and did not Sacred Name. Their faith was not con-cealed. They gloried in their worship of the One Eternal God; and did not hesitate to say, with Roman education and intelligence, that they believed in Jesus Christ, and knew His system of religion and morality was the only one to save the world from the curse of sin. Roman maidens and their mothers, not a few in highest station, surrounded by all the cursed luxury of Roman sin, were leading lives of perfect innocence. St. Agnes was not a miracle by any found, whose lives were counted no-thing, when their country called them Christian laws for its protection. They found, whose lives were counted no-thing, when their country called them out to fight the battles of the Empire, the Empire, the provided the the provided

faith was, when they saw the crowds of believers listening with rapt attention might not raise His hand even in Rome itself, and call His children forth to show the power of virtue and its dannt-less courage in the face of death. The call to arms was sounded when the Dio-cletian persecutions had begun. The show the power of virtue and its daunt-less courage in the face of death. The call to arms was sounded when the Dio-cletian persecutions had begun. The Christians living in the city of the Crear were not by any means a small, despised minority. And they knew what pur-ity of mind and body meant, when they saw the last drop of a child's blood shed in its defence. The lesson that day has means a small, And so it is with every principle of honest living that the Church lays down. These principles are written in the blood of tens of thousands of the despised minority. No Roman governor was hold enough

to hope for their complete exterminathe blood of tens of thousands of the martyred dead. The lessons that they taught can never be forgotten. And the fact that many of the noblest and the best among them gave up their lives so willingly, is proof sufficient that the faith they lived by was both intelligent and sincere. In the presence of these considera-tions how beautiful is the doctrine of the invocation and the honoring of the to hope for their complete extermina-tion. But all the pride and jealousy of ancient, Pagan Rome were excited and aroused against the meek and patient followers of the Crucified. There was only needed some excuse or pretext to make it seem a virtue for a Pagan to bring a Christian out before a civic judge, and prosecute and persecute that Christian even unto death. St. Agnes was a victim of the public frenzy, and the invocation and the honoring of the the wild, impassioned love of one whose Pagan soul was charmed by the beauty saints ! To what a great extent must this teaching be misunderstood outside the Church, when so much fault is of her person ; but whose heart could not appreciate the gentle Christian love that made her consecrate herself

we that made her consecrate herself Christ. The story of her martyrdom is simple; to story of her life unknown. We can we can be church, when so much fault is found with it. And to what a great extent are some of our people forget-ful of it, when they neglect to pay the much fault is The story of her martyrdom is simple; the story of her life unknown. We can almost see the little Roman girl stand-ing in the open court before a Pagan judge, and trying to make him realize that she had vowed herself to Christ. They did not know the meaning of vir-ginity. Some foolish notion of a child! They knew the Roman Empire paid awill price for sin. They saw the out cast on the city's streets. They saw their own homes often descerated by in-fidelity. They saw the children of the dust by those who set no price on to Christ. the dust by those who set no price on virtue and had never learned the meanvirtue and had never learned the mean-ing of the word "restraint." They felt that Rome was destined then to lose, by pride and luxury, the proud prestige that she had gained by arms and intelligence. Their Pagan minds had no conception of the remedy that might heal the dread disorder of the might heal the dread disorder of the state. They went on in their blinded madness to their doom; and the little

She was living in the very atmosphere

of sin. But a wise and prudent mother taught her many things that made her

us that when gentle promise, mild en-

treaty and persuasion failed to win he

court and those who presecuted, did

their worst to terrify and overcome the

gentle child, who only seemed to smile

at them. They showed her Pagan in-struments of torture. Great fires were

lighted. The fresh hooks were pro duced. The agonizing wheel was set in motion. No instrument of fear was

left untried to save her from the folly

of a Christian promise, that was mean ingless to Pagan minds. The child, in-

telligent enough to take the sacred vow

of chastity, was proof to any effort they

might make to set that vow aside. The

Christian maiden's resolution was more strong than death. With all the

strong than death. With all the dignity of character that noble birth

and. But it was not to effer incense.

duced.

the resolution not to wed, the

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

heart, for they shall see God."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN.

ful, because they are pure and white

was dying; first beside the tomb when He was risen. See all those noble women, who bore the burden of the cross in Pagan Rome for more than hundred years. See the little child, St. Agnes, raised up, a living monu-ment, to mark the place in history where woman ceased to be a slave. See all the worderful things that womankind have done since then, to show the world that they appreciat the doctrines and principles of Christ. The highest standard of morality in the world to-day is that which is upheld
ful, because they are pure and white like her," said Coaina, gently, as she held up the white violets. "No they will not de at all," an-swered Winonah, to whose intense chagrin the young chief had moved away without noticing her : "I won't have them; the crown must be rich in color, and glow around her head like fames of red and gold. Oh, what a crown I will make !" " What is the dispute, my dear chil-dren ?" inquired a voice which was

The highest standard of morality in the world to-day is that which is upheld by our Catholic women. The most beautiful of all the virtues seems to be their own particular heritage. And they are not ungrateful to the saints who went before to teach them how to live. Next week they honor St. Agues, because of what her name stands for, who went before to teach them how of live. Next week they honor St. Agnos, because of what her name stands for, remembering the words of our Divine Redeemer: "Blessed are the clean of

ful by the white, even teeth, which the

ledged. Around her neck, suspended by a finely wrought silver chain—the gift of the good sisters of Notre Dame to their pupil—Coaina wore a medal of the Biessed Virgin and a crucifix which

the Biessed Virgin and a crucifix which she prized beyond all of her earthly possessions, and which as she stood in the chapel door, glittered in the sun light, as, moved by the pulses of her heart, they reposed on her bosom. "There, Coaina, will these be counch?" and a lad therewing one a "There, Coaina, will these be enough ?" cried a lad, throwing open a

blanket containing thousands of pine blades, odorous with balms, which were to be spread over the chapel floor. "Not quite enough," she replied. "Father Etienne likes the floor well out C

Roman girl standing in the open court before them was not understood. It was only a childish noiton! She would never marry anyone. Why? Because she did not know the meaning of marriage? Because she did not know the meaning

the hills, and sparkle here and there like sacramental lamps—now upon the jeweled folds of the mission banner, now upon the gilded door of the taber nacle, now upon the burnished head of the crucified Christ, now creeping like a flame along the silver fringe of the altar cloth. A quiet and solemnity now reigns where so short a time be-fore was heard a busy hum. Here and there kneel groups of those who, having there kneel groups of those who, having completed the preparations for the festival, now examine their consciences for confession. Ccaina knelt close beside the shrine of the Blessed Lady, partly concealed by the flower-wreathed pillars near it. Amidst this devout silence, Father Etienne enters with

with head bowed, Winonah with eyes east down, but with her head proudly erect. "Now, my dear children," said the good prist of the mission, " what is the difficult? Speak, Winonah, my child!" With a flushed cheek Winonah told him frankly of the difference of about the garland, without explaining, however, the secret cause of her jeai-ous and angry interference, and showed him the flowers of her choice, and those however, the secret cause of her jeal-ous and angry interference, and showed him the flowers of her choice, and those of Coaina's. CONTINCED THOM PAGE SEVEN.
 In the given the severe.
 and angry interference, and showed of the conservative sympathy, there yees, full of intelligence and angry interference, and showed of intelligence and angry interference, and showed of intelligence and arrow and angry interference, and showed of intelligence and arrow and angry interference, and showed of intelligence and arrow and international showed area.
 Make garlands of yours, my child, on arrow garlands of yours, inter interference, and showed area for the most of the consecrated place. The observation is a magnificent in the forward of the consecrated place. The observation is an argonal showed area in a magnificent in the forward showed area in a magnificent in the forward showed area in a massive plat, while she is the ocurate show of the head with a sliver while she way at a clear in a massive plat, while head showed area in a school and, and fattement of the showed area in a school of Notro Dame, in the clear and with a sliver while she way at a clear in the school of Notro Dame, in the constants the sourd star.
 The criming black deal of the showed area in a school of Notro Dame, in an area of the conservation with an argument in the school of Notro Dame, in a market learning the school of Notro Dame, in an area of the conservation of the school of Notro Dame, in a market learning the school of Notro Dame, in a market learning the school of Notro Dame, in a market learning the school of Notro Dame, in a market of the clearning the school of Notro Dame, in a market school of Notro Dame, in a school of Notro Dame, in a school of Notro Dame, in the clearning the school of Notro Dame, in a school of Notro Dame, in a school of Notro Dame, in the clearning the school of Notro Dame, in a school of Notro D some of whom were his hear relations. The other was a dissolute, handsome and unbaptized young Iroquois chief, from the neighboring village, called Abaeek (the Deer,) who, having heard a come of the representations, had come was the directress of the sanctuary, chosen by the vote of the congregation chosen by the vote of the congregation from among her young companions, for the office, on account of her piety, docility, modesty and amiability. But Winonah had no intention of leaving the decorations of the chapel entirely in the hands of Coaina, to hear rumor of the preparations, had come

down to the Algonquin village to see what was going on, hoping that he should, by some chance, get a glimpse of Coaina, whose beauty and grace had made a profound impression upon him. leaving the decorations of the chapel entirely in the hands of Coaina, to hear on the morrow, from every lip: "Coa-ina made that!" "Coaina hung those garlands !" "Coaina, and none but she, could have made our chapel so beauti-ful!" "What would become of us with-out Coaina to decorate it for the festi-TO BE CONTINUED.

out Coaina to decorate it for the festi-The great need of the hour is a prac tical, living, assertive faith. 17, there-fore, you are thinking of resolutions for the New Year, let this be the first.

Dhurch. No one can overestimate the beneficial effects of their lives on others. Just take the little saint, whose feast is celebrated in so many churches next week. No one can begin to imagine what a poweriul influence for good has been exercised through the story of her life and death, for the past one thousand seven hundred years. No one can begin to imagine how much that name stands for, in the minds of our Catholic women, young and old to day. The very name, St. Agnes, is a synonym for purity. It speaks a vol-ume in its very utterance. And it teaches the great lesson of life in the "We will get some one else to serve Father Etienne at Mass to-morrow." "I do care for the rabbits, Coaina, but I won't give up the festival. Red into the forest with their bows and arrows, and won't be back until night; but-but-" and the boy's dusky face ffushed, " but I want to do something for our Mother! "That's brave, Piquet," said Coaina, laying her hand gently on the black elf The matter of feed is of tremendous importance to the farmer. Wrong feeding is loss. Right feeding is profit. The up-to-date farmer knows white immortelles here, of wild roses what to feed his cows to get there, weaving in the asters and other flowers with cunning skill among the nowers with cunning skill among the green leaves and graceful tendrils of the vines, until her task was finished, "Oh, how beautiful! Winonah, how beautiful!" exclaimed Coaina, as turn-ing from the theorem. the most milk, his pigs to get the most pork, his hens to ing from the tabernacle, whose decora-tion she had just completed, she looked up and saw the really charming effect get the most eggs. Science. But how about the children? up and saw the really charming enect produced by Winonah's taste. "I am afraid," was Winonah's un-gracious reply "that Father Etienne will not like it, so long as you did not do it." Are they fed according to science, a bone food if bones do it." " Never fear that, my sister," anare soft and undeveloped, a swered Coaina, in the simplicity of her heart ; "it is more beautiful that anyof her flesh and muscle food if they thing I could do." As the sun declined toward the west, are thin and weak and a blood food if there is anemia? Scott's Emulsion is a mixed

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vork for the coming heaflet says: The mas still linger and Infant King is still the shepherds have Magi. The feast of east of the manifestathe Gentile worldpeculiarly suited to by virtue of their ake Jesus Christ and rt better known and orld. From the Crib, ed with love for the hem, return to their the first Apostles o art in those distant sad condition of so Eastern peoples to new it better, would to our prayers and the salvation of their pire us to pray mor Lord of the harvest orth laborers into His already in sixty years thers and Brothers of ons-the Sacred Heart Holy Ghost-had per-, privation or assassinanere are over six hun e hundred and fourteen priests and brothers he redemption of the frica.

s for us in not falling lightest faults, because n nothing can seem in--St. Gregory of Nazian-

r-estimate the success clown is a great success

in the arena by the little girl herself so many centuries ago. "Blessed are Because she did not know the meaning of sin? Because she had a foolish notion the clean of heart, for they shall see that her mother sinned by marriage and the only sinless state was that of consecrated virgins? St. Agnes was a God."

It is only very seldom that a Catholic girl is called upon to do anything so heroic as what fell to the lot of St. Roman child, just entering womanbood She was innocent, but not uneducated. Agnes. But there is not a day when one cannot the world some evidence of fact that the Spirit of the early saints still lives among our Catholie women. And no one knows better than the priest how faithful the Cathochildish promise something more than Pagans dreamt of. With beauty as her Roman's mother's gift, and riches for than the priest how faithful the Catho-life women of this country are to the highest and best traditions. There are exceptions; but they are ex-ceptions. Now and then we hear a name that is evidently Cath-olic associated with something that is inheritance, she proved before the Pagan eyes of Rome that Jesus Christ, her Saviour and her God, made women something more than playthings, and the slaves of men. The story of St. Agnes' death informs

hear a name that is evidently Cath-olie, associated with something that is unbecoming or discreditable. And there are those outside the Church who are only too willing to point the finger of scorn. But even with those outside the Church, it is a well known fact that the Church, it is a well known fact that there is no higher standard than that set up by the Catholic Church. And set up by the Catholic Church. And according to that standard, the great majority of our young women are faith-fully living. Just take a glance over the Church's record in the past, and by Catholic women. There is no other institution that has done more for the rights of womankind. And womankind rights of womankind. There has has never been ungrateful. There has nas never been any work, in the history of the Church's wonderful successes, that the Church's wonderful successes, that they could do, and that they have not done. The Church gave them moral freedom; they have used it by showing themselves faithful in keeping God's law. The Church gave them the home for a sanctuary; they have made it the house of God. They have never as-pired to the priesthood, which is a gift; but they have excelled in all those works of charity which have beand Roman blood had given her, she refused to be terrified. They dragged her then before the nation's idols, and told her offer incense to their marble substitutes for God. She raised her hand. But it was not the offer incense It was to make upon her consecrated those works of charity which have bebody the sign of sacrifice, that Jesus Christ had offered up on Calvary to

save the world from sin. There was one thing she prized far Martha and the Magdalen, in the days more than life ; and in desperation and in madness they tried to take it from of our Divine Redeemer. See the wife of Pilate, defying the Jews, and dictat-ing the principles of justice to her husher. It was only Pagan meannes that ner. It was only ragan meanines that could conceive of such a thing. She dared them once again. They saw the fire of Heaven flashing from her eyes. They saw the little clenched hand

laying her hand gently on the black elf locks of the boy's head. "You'll be a great hunter some day. The Great Spirit will bless you, because you have courage to do what is right. Run off now to the pines, and fetch me as many blades as the blanket will hold, and then, Piquet, the day after to-morrow you shall go with me into the forest to hunt." Just then she saw approaching the young chief Tar-ra-hee, the hereditary sachem of her people, and she turned swiftly and resumed her labors in the chapel.

Winonah, will you fetch in the "Winonah, will you fetch in the flowers and mosses which the lads have brought?" said Coaina to a young Indian girl who was busied about the shrine of our Blessed Lady. The girl came forward with an impatient air, and, although she bore a family resem-blance to Coaina—being her coasin— no two nersons could have been more and her handsome mouth wore a proud and scornful expression. Her attire, without being immodest, displayed in its gaudy, flaunting style a vitiated fancy, and a vain, ambitious nature. Trinkets glittered in her ears, on her

hee, who lingered still about the chapel those works of charity which have be-come their proper field of effort, because they know best how to practice them. See Mary, the mother of Jesns; see and, without seeming to observe his presence, began coquetishly to gather

"See, Coaina 1" she said, " these asters and crimson berries will make such a lovely wreath for Our Lady." " I think these will be more beauti-

As the sun declined toward the west, the arrangements for the morrow were nearly completed. The floor was strewn with blades of the odorous pine, every footstep that pressed them distilling a subtle aroma; the altar was a glowing mass of verdure and flowers. Our Lady's grotto had been lined with fresh mosses, a coronal of white violets, enmosses, a coronal of white violets encircled her brow, and a white lily, found among the sedges of the lake, was found among the sedges of the lake, was placed in her folded hands. The front of the grotto was draped and festaened with vines bearing rich hued flowers, among which, half hidden by the leaves, among which, half hidden by the leaves, hung the wicker cages, containing birds, who uttered sweet wild notes of wonder, as they fluttered in their airy prisons, to be captives until to-morrow eve, when the festival would end-then, at the chapel door, amidst the laughter and hange converse of the children of

and happy converse of the children of the congregation, Coaina would un-fasten the door of each cage and release them, giving them freedom, air, sunshine and their homes far off in the depths of the forest. This joyful little ceremony generally closed the festival days of the mission, and was particular-

ly enjoyed by the young people of the congregation. But the last glittering ways of the setting sun shoot between a gorge in

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