THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CERONICLE.



It had come to be known among is college friends as "Paul Hender son's Madonna," or often, more fa-miliarly still, as "Henderson's Maalthough that gentleman ad never put brush to canvas. Five months previously he had

come like so many others, and yet how unlike! How unlike to the indifferent, the listless, idle, hurried, or shambling tread of his fellows, that rhythmic stride of his through the crowded thoroughfare ! Much

the crowded thoroughfare! Much character may be expressed in the walk and bearing of a man. The day came when Paul Hender-son's gait altered with his altered tharacter; but at the time my story opens, following him from afar, long before you had seen his face, his manner of walking would have brought to your mind some grand old song set to a martial strain. His nobly-poised head, with its clustering brown curls, was always held high, perhaps a trille too high for a man who had not the world at his feet. His deep gray eyes would always be more likely to see the skies and stars above him than the dust and turmoil of the streets he trod. "An ideal face," an artist had said who had once caught a gimpse of it in a passing crowd; "the face of a dreamer, of a stud-ent, and of one doomed to loneli-ness and disappointment to the end of his days. It reminds one of a stately fir-tree on a lonely moun-tain height." Thus one who had

ness and disappointment to the end of his days. It reminds one of a stately fir-tree on a lonely moun-tain height." Thus one who had seen and known the world. "A strangely uncomfortable face 1 His eyes make one feel as though he were trying to read one's soul." This was the expressed opinion of a young lady "it society," who had known Paul Henderson and favored his suit before the terrible reverse of fortune which had killed his fa-ther and left him to battle with the world alone. Had he read and mea-sured the woman's soul when she gave him back his troth, and left him to fight not only the bitter battle of life alone, but a harder, nobler battle for his lost ideals of chivalry and of woman's truth and honor?

envary and of woman's tract mathematical terms of woman's tract and the support of the start defeat and dis-appointment, he sought the city. His mother had been dead so long that her face had almost faded from his memory. His sisters, thorough women of the world, had never un-derstood him. They had called him quixotic, yea, mad, when, in order to liquidate his father's debts, he had voluntarily relinquished his pwn private fortune of forty thou-sand dollars left him by his mother. On that bright May morning when

sand dollars left him by his mother. On that bright May morning when he first walked the streets of the great city, shabby, hungry, home-less, and well nigh pennices, some thought of the truth of his sisters' verdict may have occurred to nim. Certain it is, that as he passed fur-ther and further from the more tachionable quarters a sentence he ther and nurther nom the more fashionable quarters a sentence he had heard long ago kept ringing its strange, sad truth in his ears : "Be good, and you will be sure to be lonely."

lonely." In all the hurrying faces not one did he know. In all the busy marts of men not one was there to whom he could extend the hand of friendship

P. "Be good, and you will be sure to lonely." The sentence kept ring-g like the refrain of a song in his be ing

and like the retrain of a soug in this. ears. At a street corner he met a news-boy crying over the loss of his fait-en pennies. Jie stooped to help the waif, his nervous white hands often touching the grimy ones of the it-tle one. And when, the task accom-plished, he hurried on, the urchn's face was wreathed in smiles and his own saddened, troubled one faintly reflected the boy's gladness. "Be good, and you will be sure to be lonely." Further and further away, like the memory of a dream, the words came now. Half a mile away, at a crowded street-crossing.

"Be good, and you will be sure to be lonely." Further and further away, like the memory of a dream, the words came now. Half a mile away, at a crowded street-crossing. He recalled the long homeward drive in the liveried carriage as he stum-bled blindly and clutched at the gate for support. An Irish gardener arossing the lawn saw him and came guickly forward. With nalive Irish shrewdness he saw that the young The physical on, her may works, analy God and Our Lady bless you," drowned that other chant which had been following him all the dzy. His eyes took on a softer, tenderer look, the tense, firm lines about his mouth relaxed. Some dim, faint memory of his lady mother had been awakened. Had that dead mother seen him, how proud she would have been of his manly strength and beauty and gentleness of character! -a man a king might have envied in his sterling integrity and purity and honor. nd honor

And rested on things of beauty. These had come to be almost a ne-cessity to Paul Henderson's articov-ing nature. A sigh that was al-most a sob escaped him. For long, long years-perhaps for ever-strive as he would, such things would lie outside his life. The glory of renun-ciation had passed for him, and he was beginning to feel the bitterness that inevitably accompanies it. Suddenly his eyes followed those of his prospective landlady and rested on an engraving of the Mo-ther and the Child. "If you are not a Catholic, sir," the good woman was saying. "I will have the picture removed." "Pray do not," he answerd hast-ily. "I am not a Catholic, but I like the picture." So it remnihed, the one thing of beauty in that attic room. Take yint an influence that picture came to exert over Paul Henderson's life was known only to his Creator and himself. He never passed it without a courtly reverence he would have mediated to me arthly quea. Even in the first bright and happy

rendered to no earthly queen. Even in the first bright and happy days of his college life, looking up from his reading and meeting those tender eyes, he sometimes whisper-ed, "Mother of Christ, pray for me"

In the dark, dark after-days, when In the dark, dark after-days, when there were no books to read, when the bitterness of death was in his soul, the loving eyes seemed filled with tears of swee compassion,--perhaps he saw through a mist, but oftener now, in the darkness of his despair, the cry went forth, "Mo-ther of ford pray for me,"

oftener now, in the dirkness of this despair, the cry went forth, "Mo-ther of God pray for me." Long before this the picture had become his personal property. The purchase of it had become a subject of speculation and jest among his companions, but Paul Henderson "changed all that." Among the students of those days are men, grave and elderly now, who have never forgotten a certain winter evening spert in that attic room. Song and laugh were ringing loudest when one of their number rose, with a coarse jest, to propose a toast. No one noticed that Paul Henderson's glass alone was empty, but the speaker never finished. A hand of iron grasped his, and the glass lay shivered in a thousand fragments beneath the picture of the Madonna.

Madonna. Those who once saw Paul He

Madonna. Those who once saw Paul Hender-son angry rarely forgot it, and so it came to pass that on entering his room, as one af his classmates ob-served, "men left the world, the flesh, and the devil outside." He had taken his degree with hon-ors, and stil occupied the attic room, for his practice lay almost ex-clusively among the poor and unfor-tunate-les miscrables, as he often called them. They loved and rever-enced him; in return he loved and pitied them, and wished that for their sakes his father's fortune had could have done with the money! In fact, cold, want, starvation, were staring him ir the face. The day came when he left the room poorer than he had entered it, his only earthly possessions the worn circle of gold which had been bis methods.

his only earthly possessions the worn circle of gold which had been his mother's wedding ring and the picture of the Madonna.

his mother's wedding ring and the picture of the Madonna. Mile after mile he walked, while people stared at the gaunt young man, with the fever of delirium al-ready burning in his eyes; jostling and being jostled by the hurrying pedestrians, longing only to escape the turnoil of the city and to reach some country hill-side, three to close his eyes for ever beneath the shade of trees, with the Madonna's face looking its heavenly compassion up-on him. Nuddenly the sound of church-bells near turned his thoughts in a new direction. He remembered somehow that it was the Feast of the Ascem-

near turned his thoughts in a new direction. He remembered somehow that it was the Feast of the Ascem

up the aisle looking to right and left for a vacant seat. Suddenly the door of a pew was opened, and, with a grave, kindly gesture, a young lady bade him enter. He knelt as he saw others around him ioneeling, but a noise as of many waters was in his eurs, and the my-riad altar-lights came and went, went and came, with strange per-sistency. He grow vacualy constinue, the

riad alta-lights came and went, went and came, with strange per-sistency. He grew vaguely conscious that the young lady's face was strangely familiar. Where had he seen it be-fore? If only that rushing noise in his head would stop, that he might think more clearly! With a gesture of pain he drew his hand across his forchead, and at the same moment the girl's eyes, blue and tender as the summer heaven, were lifted to his. The pity he saw in their liquid depths brought to his mind a sen-tence from his favorite novel: "God bless her for her sweet compas-sion!" and with a thrill he recogniz-ed the likeness of the living face be-side him to the pictured face of his Madonna. Then he tried to recall the look of the girl who had jilted him; but with a strange sensation, that was half pleasure, half pain, he found that it would not come at his bid-ding. He only knew that it was not like the face beside him. Above, in the choir, a glorious soprano voice was singing the "Ave Maria." Then

like the face beside him. Above, in the choir, a glorious soprano voice was singing the "Ave Maria." Then the full choir took up the chorus, till the waves of melody seemed "too go up to heaven, and die among the stars." "Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostrae." "Ora pro nobis"-why did the voices suddenly grow so faint. So far away? Was the Madonna pray-ing for him, and was this indeed the hour of his death?

our o "Ora

hour of his death? "Ora"—the voices trembled, died, and Paul Henderson fell heavily for-When he awoke to consciousness it

When he awoke to consciousness it was in a strangely unfamiliar room, but the face of his companion in the pew was looking pityingly down upon him. Again he thought of that sorely-tried soul who had made a failure of everything in life except of his love, and in that how trans-conductive noble he had here! "God of his love, and in that how trans-cendently noble he had been! "God bless her for her sweet compas-sion!" He listened while she told him of the weeks he had lain there, of the delirium that had left him a shadow of his former self, of the talk of his profession, his patients, and the snatches of student songs he had sung. And as he listened, he knew, although she did not tell him, that in his wildest moments of deliknew, although she did not tell him, that in his wildest moments of deli-rium her touch had power to quiet him. The days came and went, and with them came to Paul Henderson a dream of what life might be with this woman's tender eyes looking ever into bis. Almost as mad and hopeless as Sidney Carton's hopeless passion seemed the dawning of love in this man's soul. Yet when the crisis of his illness had passed, and he

his illness had passed, and he knew that he would recover, a wild knew that he would recover, a wild fever of exultation took possession of him. He could have cried aloud for (very joy, for he would live and win her love. He remembered 'the story of Warren Hastings; how at seven years of age he had resolved to win back his father's lost estate, and one day be "Hastings of Dayles-ford." ford.

So one day he, Paul Henderson,

ford." So one day he, Paul Henderson, would be the happy husband of a happy wife. In the days of his convalescence he recounted, one by one, the ob-stacles to his ambition, and over-came them. Poverty? Would that matter to such a woman? Besides, he knew that he had ability to be-come famous in his profession, and how proud and glad she would be of that, Social position? Well, it was the fault of a clever man if he did not make even a king take off his hat to him. Religion? Ah, yest lit-tle as he knew her, he realized that it was her life, the crowning glory of her womanhood, that which made her lovely beyond all women he had ever known. From thinking on the subject he came to talk of it, and told her the story of the Madonna, and a little of the part it had play-ed in his life. Wan he told her how, rather than relinquish it, he had parted with his books, his case of surgical in-struments, the precious souvenirs of his home and boyhood, she gave a little, startled cry, and her hot the sourder. Paul Henderson was received into

ple aver that she is hosilively hand-some, others that she is strain plain, and one poor lad, whole she had stopped abruptly on the road to ruin, informed me in all sincerity that she was beautiful as an an-gel.' I darssay you incline to the latter opinion.'' "No," the other had answered, "my wife is not beautiful as the world terms beauty, but-" here he had paused, and a light that was good to see gleamed in the deep gray eyes as, ten thousand feet habove the level of the sea, he lifted his hat in homage to a woman three thousand miles away, while he continued-"she will be passing fair in heaven.''

in heaven." Theirs thas been a singularly hap-py union. The passing years serve only to intensify their affection, for Marian Henderson has fully realized Rogers' beautiful ideal of a wife:

"'His house she enters-there to be

a light, Shining within when all without is night, A guardian angel o'er his life pre-

siding, Doubling his pleasures and his cares

dividing, Winning him back when mingling with the throng Of a vain world we love-alas! too Of a vain world we love-alas! too long-To household pleasures and to hours

of ease, Blest with that charm, the certainty

to please, How oft his eye seeks hers — her gentle mind To all his wishes, all his cares in-

clined; Still subject, ever on the watch to

borrow Mirth of his mirth and sorrow of

his sorrow." --By Mary Ella Cassidy, in the Ro-sary Magazine.

FOUND AT JERUSALEM.

The Greek monks, who are in pos-session of the chief portions of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, are now about to build a bazar oppo-site it, where pilgrims may purnow about to build a bazaar oppo-site it, where pilgrins may pur-chase souvenirs of their visit to Je-rusalem. During the process of clean-ing the site, the foundations of an old mediaeval church, forty metres long and thirty wide, with three apses, were discovered. A number of fine capitals, fragments of basalt pillars and basreliefs, with symbolic animals, were found, all these re-mains having doubtless, belonged animals, were found, all these re-mains having, doubtless, belonged to the choir of the church. Last to the choir of the church. Last year, a valuable silver shrine, con-taining a piece of the Holy Cross, and relies of the Apostles Peter and Paul-according, at least, to the in-scriptions on them-was found at the same place. According to the statement of a mediaeval traveler, the Hospice and the Monastery, which the citizens of Amalh founded about the year 640, as a refuge for Last the Hospice and the monascity, which the citizens of Amalia founded about the year 640, as a refuge for Western pilgrims, was situated due south of the Holy Sepulchre, about a stone's throw away. The first church was built in honor of St. Mary de Latinis; and the second, the ruins of which have now been found, in honor of St. John the Baptist. The French monk Bernard, who lived there in 870, highly prais-ed the hospitality and the large li-brary of the Hospice. A Mohamme-dan historian says it was destroyed by the Khalif Haken, and rebuilt shortly afterwards; while, according to another account, it prospered down to the time of King Baldwin of Jerusalem, from 1110 to 1118, when the two communities of St. Mary and St. John adopted the Int-ter as their joint protector. This was the origin of the Knights of St. a chur, Mary 9 r

ter as their joint protector. This was the origin of the Knights of St John. The remains now discovered, therefore, are the ruins of the cradle of this order.

ON PRAYER.

The highest and noblest exercise of The highest and holdst exercise of this life is prayer, which St. Paul commends to us in his Epistles. Some consider it a great honor

Some consider it a great honor and privilege to have an interview with one of the crowned, heads of Europe. To have such an interview, many things are necessary before you can even get to the palace where the monarch lives. Then you are obliged to remain in an ante-chamber until he shall say when he will be pleased to see you. How much greater, how infinitely greater it is, to have an interview with Al-Some consider it a great

My family have prayed for him, our congregation prayed for him, due city prayed for him, the state pray-ed for him, and yet he died. What, then, is the use of prayer?" I an-swered her that God answers our prayers either directly or indirectly. If He does not grant us what we ask, He gives us something equiva-lent or better. If He did not save President Garfield's life, He preserv-ed the life of the nation, which is of more importance than the life of an individual. He infused into the hearts of the American people at a time of much political bitterness, a greater reverence for the head of the nation and He intensified and ener-gized our love of country and our devotion to our political institu-tions.-Cardinal Gibbons.

DRESS AT AN ANGLICAN CHURCH CONGRESS.

A writer in "The Cornhill" thus hits off the costumes he observed at a Church of England Congress : Let me just jot down, with no pretence, of scientific accuracy, a few of the leading general and larg-er species, a few of the most notable instances which met even the cur-sory gaze. First there were digni-taries, and dignitaries of many types. There were dignitaries with gaiters and dignitaries with trous-ers, dignitaries with pectoral crosses and dignitaries with borded crosses and provide the state of the st fringes," clean-shaved faces and cav alry mustaches. Coats in infinite va

fringes," clean-shaved faces and cav-alry muctaches. Coats in infinite va-ricty-scular freek coats with braid-ed edges, clerical frock coats shap-ed like postmen's tunics, "Norfolk jackets," and jackets unowned by any self-respecting county. Here and there, swimming rare in the vast whispool of the dome, a tall coat reminiscent of Mr. Keble and the late master of Balliol; here a monkish habit, not recognizable as belonging to aby order in particu-lar; there a smart greatcoat with a veivet collar; here an Inverness cape, once gray and now weather-beaten to brown; there the "Alexa-mos, or priest's cloak;" a garment much advertised by The Lectron; here one of Messrs. Vanheim and Wheeler's celebrated cassocks, which "combine elegance in shape with ease in genuflecting;" there the dou-ble-breasted waistcoat which dis-playse the goldon stud, here the ease in genuffecting;" there the dou-ble-breasted waistcoat which dis-plays the golden stud; here the branching white neckcloth of the "end man" at a nigger entertain-ment; there the "jampot" collar loved of the earlier Ritualists. No cast-iron uniformity here, I trow -no slavish aping of Roman rigidity.

A CATHOLIC CENTENARIAN

Louis Rock: the oldest resident of Louis Rock; the oldest resident of Michigan, is dead, aged 107. He was born on a whaling boat sailing from Havre, France, to Newfoundland, Dec. 14, 1794. He was the first white man to see the Yellowstone park about 1836. He was a hunter and trapper there for sixteen years, and then removed to as farm near and then removed to a farm near Windsor, Ont., where he married. In 1874 he built a flat-boat to carry carry and in sand and gravel to Detroit, and in 1875 came to Ludington and work-ed in a millyard until 99 years old.

REWARD FOR KINDNESS.

McKeesport, Pa., Dec. 26.-George McKeesport, Pa., Dec. 26.—George Adams, a miner living at Shanner, has received a bequest of \$5,000 in return for kindness to a stranger. A cold winter's night, ten years ago, Adams was called to his door and found a stranger almost famished. He took him in, fed him and gave him food and a place to sleep. The next morning the stranger, who gave his name as David Craig, was too his name as David Craig, was too ill to travel. Adams and his wife nursed him for two weeks. Then he regained his health and left. They never heard of him again until two weeks ago, when Adams received a letter from a Denver attorney in-forming him that Craig had died in that city leaving a large amount of property. In his will he bequeathed \$5,000 to Adams and his wife. his name as David Craig, was too his wife

HORSES FOR SOUTH AFRICA

preserves and pickles, sp a thin coating of

Vill keep them absolutely i cid proof. Fure Refined Par metul in a dozen other way some. Full directions in a

PURE REFINED PARAFFINE

Bold everywhere.

ye al

SATURDAY, January 4, 1902

animals for the British army, of which 78,491 were horses and 59, 559 were mulse, a total of 148,050 animals, costing the British Gov-ernment \$14,976,270. The total cost of landing these animals in South Africa, exclusive of the main-tenance of the British purchasing agency here, has been \$32,826,270, nearly all of which has been expand-ed in this country. The British agencies, here and at Kansas City, number twenty-one men, under the command of Cel. Urick De Burgh.

men, under th Urick De Burgh.

E/C •

Every house-wife takes as much interest in her clothes closet as in her par-lor or dining-room. It is only when its con-tents are dainty and white that she is satisfied. She knows this snowness can only be secured by means of a pure soap. She knows the greatest satisfaction comes from using SURPRISE SOAP. SURPRISE SOAP.

She is always pleased to display her linen and muslin to her woman callers, be-cause they will stand the most critical inspection. Taking all in all, she is perfectly satisfied with the results of Surprise Soap. St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

ROOFERS ASPHALTERS

Luxfer Prisms and Expanded Metal Work, Hot Blast Heating, etc. GEO. W. REID & CO., 788-785 Oraig Street.

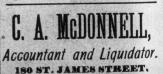
FRANK J. CURRAN, B.A., B.C L.

... ADVOCATE ... Savings Bank Chambers, 180 St. James Street, Montreal.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, U

Notice is hereby given that the Estate Leon Benoit Alfred Charle-bois, of Laprairie, will make apple-cation to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at the next ses-sion, to be authorized to sell its in-moveable properties and to make a division of the assets of the said Es-teta tata.

Montreal, November 21, 1901. LOUIS MASSON, Testamentary Executor



...Montreal...

Fifteen years experience in connec-tion with the liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Reports for private firms, and public corpors-

cialty.

THE RE

That woman was created and the second place of moral and ment an doubt. That many w day show a tendency to t ingly of those privileges sibilities which have con the best inheritances of

is a fact which faces up side in this country of more the case here t more the case here other nation, I regret to spread in the last few some great epidemic, un to a distressing extent, whole system of society

whole systement. government. Modesty and gentleness sweet handmaids of seem to have been laid many, and masculinity siveness have been g

many, and have been a places. The spirit of unrest easy victims in thousand can homes, until the so-tion which presents it were among the best and tured classes, differs essi-the stands heretofore h-olable. It is a sad and change which confronts bible it is a sad and bible would seem to h-ity is greater than moi I wish I could impres-ean women the dangers to such innovations. I show them, as they ap the ultimate results of in public life. It has be abandonment, or at gret, of the home is no loses one of its mod guides, and government stally—indeed, its con you remember, perha "Greece rules the world." Nor whe world." Nor who rules the domestic tration overdrawn. who rules the domestic in reality the ruler of

who thus the ruler of kingdoms. As I have said befor women's rights women ers in the newest scho progress as the worst of emale sex. They tend robs women of all that and gente, tender an and which gives her in turn but masculine 1 brazen effrontery. They ally preaching about wand prerogatives, but word to say about he responsibilities. They 'from those sacred obli properly belong to he her with ambition to tion for which neither ture ever intended her. While professing to e from domestic servitus making her the slave caprices and fashions. Muence of such teacher man, especially in megheting about, at resi perpetual motion, and meless in a state of

perpetual motion, and unless in a state of ment. She never feels cept when abroad. W cept when abroad. W home, home is irksom choices and frets under and responsibility of Her heart is abroad. in imagination, in sou umph, or reveling in i gavely and dissipation comes to his home to or occupied by one w void of affection for h disputes, quarrels, 1 vid of affection for h visputes, quarrels, i estrangements, and the definition of the set in our country, wome share of the responsi-many instances she s-entirely forgotten, avoided, the place she to fill. She looks to r ness in man as her gu to fill. She looks to 1 ness in man as her gu wishes to do what m and are doing. She field, foreign to all h her strength, and seen is living up to a hig than was ever befor her kind. But if she ment to consider. cou ment to consider, cou mission more exalted, more influential than hood and motherhood her the helpmate of

"God and Our Lady!" Evidently the woman was a Romanist, and yet how pretty the words had sounded!

the woman was a Romanist, and yet have pretty the words had sounded As he walked he fell to thinking of those never-to-be-forgotten days who had lost everything but honor, who had given up home, country, the second second second second second perhaps, had travely battled and way of the Mohammeda. How they had rushed to battle, and rush is died, with that very cry upon their lives, 'For God and Our days' Ah life was worth living in the rushed to battle, and rush is thoughts came back to the present and to the homely object of source of perch, and rose from her to fordered on either side by a bordered before a cottage standing in from the road. A marrow hodes of cedars led up to the two index is and to the homely object of the rush to receive him. The mark is mental comment on her was his mental comment on her room into which she ushered will round the bars, unlovely walk at his life, in his own home, they

uickly forward. With malive Irish shrewdness he saw that the young man was exhausted by hunger and faligue, but he saw also, despite the shabby attire, that he was a gentle-man; and with instinctive courtesy he attributed his exhaustion to "the heat of the day." "Rest ye here, while I go yonder to the kitchen and fetch ye a drink of water, sir." Paul Henderson rested on a garden chair while this good Samaritan brought hin a glass of milk. "Not a drop of water could I find, sir, and I thought mayhap you would take the milk instead." There are lies, ere they ascend to the aven, over which the recording angel lets fall a tear and blots them out for ever!

ange lets init a tear and obost them out for ever!' The house happened to be the priest's residence, and Paul Hender-son asked if he might leave his pic-ture in charge of the gardener while he went to attend the church ser-

"With the greatest pleasure in life, sir. What a grand thing it is to be a good Catholic," he added, looking admiringly at the gentleman

looking admiringly at the gentleman before him. "I am not a Gatholic, my friend," Paul Henderson answered wearily, as he rose to go. "If I were sure of a few years' longer residence in this world. I might become one. I have always felt a strange attrac-tion toward the Catholic faith, but as it is I must take my doubts and perplexities where all doubts and perplexities are set at rest for ever -to the foot of the great white throne."

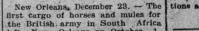
throne." The choir was intoning the Kyrie as he entared. The waves of pathelic entrenty for mercy and pardon fol-lowed him, as he went hesitatingly

little, startled cry, and her hot tears fell on his hands lying outside the coverlet. That Henderson was received into the church some three months later, but he has always maintained, that he became a Catholic at the mo-ment when Marian's tears fell on his hands. He says that they wash-ed away for ever the last faint traces of prejudice from his soul. A year from the date of his con-version he became the happy hus-band of a happy wife. God has blessed and prospered him exceed-ingly. Many years have passed, and though he has never become wealthy, has never been able to replace his Madonna by a Raphael of a Correg-gio, he and his sweet wife have stood side by side and heart try heart under Italian skies, admiring the works of the masters. Paul Henderson's fame 's world-wide now. Men tell of the vast work he has done for the world of science, but only the angels know of the work he has done for the Kingdom of Heaven. Visitors to his beautiful home are often startled by the like-ness of his wife to a fictive of the Madonna in the doctor's study. He is Sir Paul now, and Marian. the guiding star of his 'le, is Lady Henderson. He smilet, as 'to thins how, in his first laint-hearted days, this was one of her favorite prophe-cies. Ts she beautiful this wonun of

this was one of her favorite prophe-ties. Is she beautiful, this woman of whom more thas one hian, in his heart of hearts, has said, "God bless her for her swest compared on " Her husband answered that gues-ion once and for ever anoing the Swiss mountains long ago. A friend who had not met hin since ther student days remarked. "I hear the most contradictory re-toris about your the." Some rec-

with be preserved to be your processing to be your with the processing of the processing to the processing the processing of the processing to the processing of the processing to the processing of the processing to the processin

this is the senter?" is a model one. Then, too, we may pray most ef-fectually even when our thoughts do need to hear us at all times, under the is the source of all blessings and the blessing and the length of the blessings in will is mergin and the blessing of heaven. But the source of the resident's life





CANCERS Cured. Absorption Process a conceded success; no fe; no.blood : no pain. Write DK, HESS, of and Repids, Mich., for particulars and refer-ef. For cancer of breast, if not broken off, stment can be sent.

100



and the guide and te sons and daughters, stumbling block in th If woman would o that her influence ove first few years of its greater effect, and and more lasting res-whole life given up it the ways of men! Where are the men achieved triumphs owned that the deb due their mothers? V of the mothers of the est men, save that were faithful to their and true to the high motherhood—the most lioned and the noble is of this Queendom in turies ago, and the seeks a higher sphere it amorg men, or ev But the tendency it altogether apart fro Woman must be ind masculine. They take as occasional pleasure stant pursuits. I see woman's taking part in a gime of golf, or door carcretes that, is plant, and never al

SAVE

OUR BRODLE'S" XX in fine