he passed them smiling, the clear river, the meadows breaking into strata of blue blossoms or whitening with lilies of the valley. He could smile at the of the valley. He could smile at the recollection of the boy Hans, so simple, so deadly in earnest, so tragic-full of childish and unchildish sorrows. There was the window in the gray, gabled street-no more geraniums or basil at the sill, but still the window of that most foolish, perhaps lovable boy. shrunken surely and weather stained, the house where Conrad the painter had lived and held his school.

And then the old man Giovanni d'Alemagna-oid as Conrad himself by this time-picked out of his memory the old way to the minister. Miles away he had seen it; an arrow of gold first, a steeple above the haze, next a carving, gem-like upon the city. Then at the walls he lost it. And here he was at the door! His breast tighthe was at the door! His blead pain, ened in the grip of that old, old pain, ened in the grip of that old, old pain, smoothed almost into silence. The moonlight seemed to have come back over buttress and scaffoldings. Strange how this caught his breath! Strange the noble arch his limbs seemed to weaken!

A canon hastening to Office paused in the portal You are weary, sir. Come within

and be seated.' Not weary. This spot, not seen

"Ah, no wonder! Was it completed
the carvings, the stained glass?" "Almost completed. I mind me, when I left the city, the scholars of

Conrad were making a design."
... For a window? You are keen of memory, sir. It is sixty years, it I err

They pass quickly. Ludwig of Bremen-is his window set ? emen—is his window see?
Long since—though, indeed, not dwig's. His was so badly injured in the firing it went perforce to the ash heap. And as the poor youth died atter, Conrad pressed forward another design. There was some trouble about it at the time. I do not quite recall the circumstances. The Conrad school were a turbulens ele ment, but C nrad put it to them by

vote. It is a very beautiful window, whoever may have been the author." A bell hastered the speaker toward the inner shadow, and the traveler turned away. He had a dread and a fear to enter. To morrow, perhaps, but not to night—not with the old regret so acute and so bitter on him So not even Ludwig had got it! Poor Ludwig, dead at twenty! Katrina must have married someone else. How idly he, Hans, could wonder about it! dispassionately! Much of the sharpness of life must have lost its edge. And Conrad had proposed a The scholar he com mended would be his best. There was must be himself, if of the canon's prewas the grandsire knew decessors, it the Conrad school!

ories: but French merchants with gold-ware nade the house noisy.

The Angelus chimes, winging like startled birds from the cathedral tower, wakened the pilgrim at first blush of morning. He rose more feeble than of wont, aged perhaps with half a century of changes weighting his mind. He would go now, in the dawn of the new day, fresh from the slumber, and enter

And the disciples rebuked those that brought them. Whom Jesus saw, He bravely. Was he so sensitive still? It caught his breath, this silence, so vast and solemn, where in the cool hollows had echoed hammering and the voices of masons. Yet how his soul soared and expanded, to embrace at a the kingdom of God. And embracing them and laying His hands upon them, He blessed them." Finally when Christ was suffering on the Cross, even in the agony of His Pain, He could not lorget the whole wide genius of the spot! Long he paused before he could advance one step. The color was toned already to a beginning of sober richness. A new decoration, of which richness. A new decoration, of which he had never thought, was added in sculptured tombs. Here, Herman, the Bishop who confirmed him. There, the confirmed him. There, the dark speech to spare to look to the great lady whose charities had been a future guardianship of His mother in her duties and speech to spare to look to the struct the mother in her duties and speech to spare to look to the spare to look to the struct the mother in her duties and speech to spare to look to the spare to great lady whose charities had been a byword. Yonder, the Count Palatine, the most warlike man of his day. Were they all dead? The whole life of the splendid, populous city lying in the aisles now, or low before the altar, with its effigied features worn by strangers' feet!

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Tremulous and stunned, the old man staggered forward. Why was he left? His course must be long finished, if they had all completed theirs. Sud-denly the organ pealed forth in thunder and gigantic flutings, swelled to an anthem, glad, triumphant. The music litted him, bore him torward; his heart beat faster. Life must still be worth living, for he still answered to the song

of hope.
Then Giovanni d'Alemagna paused, incredulous. Nothing had prepared him for this. The stained glass in the aisles was rich, subdued, tempering the outer brilliance; but in the eastern aspe shone out a window that was a flame. The opal shafts of sunrise volleyed through it — a great golden window stemming the flood of dawn behind it; and in the midst of it Mary Virgin, ascending heavenward. She was so beautiful, Hans, who had made her, could recognize his dream.—Gabriel Francis Powers in the Ave Maria.

CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

THE INFLUENCE OF HOME TRAINING

There are, perhaps, no two words that deserve more to be associated than that deserve more to be associated that Christianity and motherhood. History bears strong witness that they belong to each other. Among pagan peoples, indeed, the mother was held in honor, but with them she partook more of the nature of a being necessary to the existence of the state than as one worthy of esteem in her own right. The father stood prominently forward; the mother was kept in the background. Among the Jews, too, the mother was revered more than among pagans, but even there she held a subordinate place. In the splendid sketch of the valiant woman given in the last chapter of Proverbs, we have the Old Testament ideal of the mother. It is instructive to

note what qualities stand out in that description. Thrift and industry are he leading features. Her husband shall have no need of spoils. She bath sought wool and flax. Her lamp shall not be put out in the night. She hath not eaten her bread idle." Such are the prominent traits. Other more glorious features are there, but these are emphasized. Perhaps the context called for it, as the writer was more concerned with describing a good wife and so laid stress on the qualities that

and so this stress on the qualities that appeal to a prospective husband.

Such, then, was the mother before the became Christian. Antiquity was prope to consider her merely as a slave; Christianicy made her man's equal.

From a companion she became a lasting find. The way still to be in the ing friend. home, but she was to be queen of it. How did Christ bring her to her king-dom? The foundation of the Christian mother's throne was laid by Christ on the solid, immovable foundations of an enduring marriage. Christ had that foundation laid in heaven and forbade the hand of man to disturb it. If you would not dethrone the queen of the household, if you would not degrade her to the state of a slave or a modity, then beware lest you unsettle that foundation. In the second place Christ erected

the Christian mother's throne on the mutual love of man and wife. His mind is revealed to us in the second chapter of St. Paul's letter to the Ephesians. Christ willed that the bousehold should be united in a love like His own love for His Church, and we all know how Christ loved His own who were in the world, even until He laid down His life. "Husbands love you wives as Christ also loved the Church, and delivered Hi uself up for it."

Safeguarded by a husband who until death would be hers alone, and until death would love her with the love of Christ, the Christian mother was estab lished in her kingdom What should she be according to Christ's mind? Nowhere do we find Christ giving a special description of a mother as He would have her. Yet from many sources we can gather what He though on the subject. There was a particular tenderness in the heart of Christ for a mother. It was not an accidental coincidence, we may be sure, that caused Him to perform at Cana His first miracle at the request of His own mother to relieve the embarrassment of a newly married couple. uniform way of acting towards mothers assures us that He took advantage of that opportunity of a mother's request and a marriage feast to begin the ser of wonders with which he was to bless the earth. It was the same tenderness of heart that made him cure the daugh new cartoon! Whose? The old man's artistic honesty was above false dealing test of faith such as a mother's love alone could endure. The evangelist would seem to wish us to take note of the same sympathy of Christ's and Adolf, who drew so very well.
Were they dead, too? How old he son, he tells us how Christ, with de cate consideration, "gave him to His mother." After a more striking fashion The painter slept that night at the still do we find the heart of Christon hostelry where the old names evoked going forth to mothers in the scene going forth to mothers in the scene that artists have painted in so many touching ways, the scene of Christ's blessing of the little children. In the tenth chapter of St. Mark's gospel, just after Christ had set forth His just after Christ had set lotth His teaching that Christian marriage was not to be dissolved, we read, "And they brou ht to Him young children that He might touch them.

> when He put her under the care of His help her in their performance. beloved disciple. All these various instances give us an insight into the mind of Christ. Motherhood was something He loved and considered as sacred and worthy of and considered as sacred and worthy of every attention and blessing. To be a mother was, in Christ's eyes and in the love of His heart, to be a privileged being. The history of the church has shown that those who deserve the name of Christian mothers congratulate themselves on the fact

and are proud to be able to answer Christ's loving invitation and to bring

was much displeased and saith to them;

Suffer the little children to come unto

me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. And embracing

sympathetic interest in mother i. He was counting, we might say,

hood.

their little ones that He may press them to His heart.
Yet all these incidents in Christ's life are insignificant when compared with the greatest fact of all. Christ blessed maternity; He threw around it the solicitude of His love, but He did the solicitude of His love, but He did much more. He sanctified maternity. When He became man, He might have created the body and soul as He did in the case of Adam, or in many other the case of Adam, or in many other ways known to His omnipotence, He might have been made flesh; but He chose to be conseived, to be the blessed fruit of His mother's womb, to be ed fruit of His mother's womb, to be born just as other children. Christ willed to make human generation the divinely appointed instrument by which His human body would be formed. His wisdom had devised that process; His Incarnation now sanctified it, and by the virtue which went out from Christ to everything He touched.

He has almost made a sacrament of the great privilege of motherhood. We have said that Christ nowhere gives us a complete picture of the true Christian mother such as He would have her. What need had He to picture that ideal in words, when He gave us the living reality? The first Christian mother was the Mother of Christ chose her and endowed stood prominently forward; the mother was kept in the background. Among mother should have. The stream of her

done so much for Christian motherhood as the example and influence of Mary.
The Madonna and Child have dominated The Madonna and Child have dominated Christian art, have blessed Christian homes and have been a solace and an inspiration to Christian mothers in all the mains and privileges. "Who their pains and privileges. "Who shall find a valiant woman?" asked the writer of Proverbs when about to put before us the Old Testament ideal of

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Is it any wonder that the race of Christian mothers, which looks to Christ is its Teacher and Mary as its model and the first of its line, has been one in which the Church has gloried through all ages? The Christian mother reared her children for martyrdom when Chrisianity called for that. She taught he children the law of God and sent them to rule and be ruled in all the govern-

ents of the world when Christianity wanted citizens or rulers. She sent her daughters forth to toil for Christ in cloister or school or to be, like herself. the Christian mother of another Chris-tian family. She brought up her sons and hamily. She brought up he sous in piety and was glad to see them at God's altar or aiar on the dangerous holds of missionary work when Christi-anity needed priests and apostles. She had a mother's heart and felt the separ tion of death that God called for, but he was worthy of her high lineage and of the first Christian mother who stood

by the Cross.

The Christian mother could not accomplish all these grand results of his-tory without care and watchfulness in the kingdom over which she was queen. If great men in church and state have gone forth from the school of home, it is because the teacher there has not shirked her duly of true education. Sometimes the mother may think that she can throw the whole burden of raining her children on the church pecially strong in that direction to day, when thanks to the generosity and self-sacrifice of our Catholic people, one of the most striking facts in the history of education has been accom-plished here in our country. We redistory of Gatessian country. We refor to the selendid system of Catholic education that Catholics have built up. Yet with all that the Christian mother cannot emit her important share in the great work. She must ally herself with school and church. School and church are almost helpless against

nome if it refuses to co-operate. by the watchfulness of the She must see that her children apply themselves to the task set them. She must not tolerate tardiness or truancy or a want of neatness. She must strengthen the hands of the teacher by firmly upholding authority and by not allowing maternal love to blind her to the faults of her children or straightway take eir part without hearing the teacher's side of the case. The lessons of church, too, must be worked out and enforced at home. The living, acting mother is the church for the child. Practical Christianity is taught to childhood more by the example of the mother and her training than by learned sermons or dry Catechism classes. The regular home life, the morning prayer, the hours of study, the hours of healthful, holy amusement, the even ings at home and not on the street, the good book and the good paper, the banishment from the house of that Sunday abomination, which by every device of picture and humor is destroying reverence for parents and elders and attacking the sacredness of the family, finally after happy talk and true mirth the old Catholic practice of common prayer and the contented wishing of "good night," such in its main outlines is the mother's kingdom at work, such is the Christian home under the charge of the Christian mother The church has all along been anxious

bers of them for the practical good they accomplish and for the blessings which God conveys through them. History, the church, Christianity,
Mary, Carist, all demand that the race
of Christian mothers should not die
out or degenerate from the high thoughts that are their homage. Martyrdom has not yet gone out of fashion, good citizenship is still in demand, all the white harvest field; of Christ have not yet been reaped for Him, and the Christian mother must remain with us to give us men and martyrs and priests

church has plessed these organizations and encouraged mothers to be mem-

and nuns and apostles and other Christian mothers until the ind of time. The throne that Christ built for her she must continue to occupy. Her marriage must last till death. She must have the Christ-like love for her bushend. The reveals that Christ husband. The royalty that Christ gave her she mus; not disdain or relin-quish. She must be proud of the privi-lege of motherhood that Christ loved and sanctified. She must be glad to bring her children to Him for His blessing. She must be the ally of the church and the school. The work of both must be supplemented by her Neither will be just what it ought to be unless she is what she ought to be, a true Christian mother.— Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE METHODIST MAYOR AND SISTER MARY ANN.

JACKSONVILLE'S EXECUTIVE PRESENTS HORSE AND BUGGY TO A BELOVED RELIGIOUS.

In the Jacksonville (Fla.) Metro-In the Jacksonville (Fig.) Mando polis we find a report of a charming ceremony that will give pleasure to Catholics everywhere. The ceremony

this outfit for this noble woman, whose life has been devoted to charitable work. Every cent raised for this pur-pose was either sent to the Mayor or the Metropolis, and a sufficient amount was reached to make the purchase.

" The first large subscription cam \$25, and the day following Miss Helen Coachman, the daughter of W. W. Coachman, called at the Metropolis motherhood. Happilly we can now answer that question. God has found the valiant woman who is the New Testament ideal of motherhood; and the Mayor, who took hold of the movement Testament ideal of motherhood; and the discovery of His wisdom, the creation of His grace is Mary.

This was encouraging to the Mayor, who took hold of the movement with a determination to make it a success.

The Mayor presented the Sister with the horse and pnaeton in front of the Exposition Building. Sister Mary Ann was deeply touched, and Mayor Nolan also was overcome, and could make no presentation speech. The Mayor, after presentation speech. endeavoring to talk, handed Sister Mary Ann the following letter." "Sister Mary Ann-Your name is a

household word in Jacksonville, Every one who knows you loves you, those who know you best love you best f present you herewith a horse and phaeton, with harness. I know that the accumulated weight of years presses heavily upon you, and I wish to lessen for you the care and weariness of walking. I do humbly trust that this gift ir in the citizens of Jacksonville may prove a blessing, and for the humble my name in your prayers, for I am sure that purer invocations nover gathered around the bright throne of grace.

""Yours very truly,

"GEORGE M. NOLAN, Mayor." The horse was named 'Judge and will be called Judge. The phaeton was donated by Mrs. Covington, the harness by McMarray & Baker, and Cohen Brothers donated a heantiful and expensive lap robe.

livery stables of the city have decided to care for Sister Mary Aun's horse starved nerves with Dr. Williams

charge of St. Mary's Home, say: rge of St. Mary's Home say:
At the cause of agonizing neural
Mr. John McDermott, Bond Head, O afflicted, this dear Sister regards neither time nor fatigue, and at her age it is difficult to travel as she does from house to house without a conveyance, thus using up her strength, preserved to enable her to further for years to come the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor and

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT KNOX.

Speaking recently to a large crowd in Lothian Road Edinburgh, Scotland, Rev Father Power said that it was with feelings akin to dismay that many citizens of Edinburgh had learned from an advertisement in the public press that Lord Ardwall, one of the newest members of the court of session of Scotland, had co sented to take the chair at a public demonstration in honor of John Knox. Without holding any communication with any legal authority from the lord chancellor downwards, he respectfully submitted that he was only voicing the opinion of many hundreds of the aglish bars when he said that for one his majesty's judges to occupy such a position on such an occasion, and to rub shoulders with persons of the stamp of Mr. Primer and the Trustees, was an unprofessional and an unseemly thing, a re-grettable forgetfulness of the judicial status, and a deplorable misuse of an office that had hitherto been esteemed, both in the political and religious phere, as unbiased, inoffensive and incoruptible. The cult of Knox was not

lt was the outcome of religious anti oathy, and its muenature was depicted the scurrilous anti-Catholic addresses delivered last July at Holyrood before thousands of innocent children, struct the mother in her duties and emetograph, under the presidency of struct the mother in her duties and Lord Ardwell, as listening to these who were to be represented by the cinemetograph, under the presidency of

effusions and travesties of the truth.

According to the best and nobles traditions of the British bar, a learned judge ought to soar miles above the arena of religious and political strife The Scottish judge in question, unless this headlong course were stayed by considerations of duty, was going to stoop down from his lofty height, mingle with the maddening crowd, and run the risk of sullying his stainless ermine with the varied hues of human bias and religious animosity. If there was only question of a religious service, his lordship was free as the meanest of his fellow-citizens to worship where he pleased, but the glorification of Knox was only a transparent disguise for the mutilation of nistorical truth and the fulmination of anathemas against the religion pro-tessed by a large section of his lord-ship's fellow-subjects. It was the func-tion of a judge not to whitewash, but tion of a judge not to whitewash, but to sentence a convicted criminal, and Knox, in the words of Mr. Andrew Lang, "approved of murder;" in the words of the Academy he was "an Anarchist unashamed;" in the words of the Saturday Review, "wherever he man approached, Charity veiled her face and fied;" and the historical demonstration which he (Father Power) mons ration which he (Father Power) nad widely disseminated in pamphlet form, Knox has proved to be on the strength of his own definition of "murder at heart" a murderer before God. Not one word of refutation of this story of his (the speaker's) had yet been spoken or written.

And this was the man, whose reputs And this was the man, whose reputa-tion has been finally besmirched by the unsparing hand of history, whom a learned judge at the bidding of bigots proposed to honor the Synod hall. His first duty, it seemed to the speaker, was to cleanse the idol of its stain and then he would be at liberty to do it nomage. The very serious nature of this ill-considered and undignified action on the part of Lord Ardweil might be brought home by the supposi-tion that he (the reverend speaker) having become involved in a lawsuit, was to stand his trial before this up-

Before and After.

Professor Pollard, of University College, London, in his "Life of Henry VIII.," gives this singular answer to the question as to whether the church in England was the same after as be fore the so - called Reformation: "I is, of course, the same church. A man nay be described as the same man be-ore and after death, and the business of the coroner's jury is to establish the identity, but is does not ignore the vital difference." Catholics, of course, reslize that a church which has lost the Apostolic Succession is dead; but we should hardly expect an Anglican writer to admit the fact or the cause Mr. Polland describes the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry as a gigan-tic bribe to the laity; adding that the monastic ideal " is abhorrent to a busy, industrial age, and every principle is hated most at the time when it is most needed."

Catholic literature in great quantity and of like merit for Catholic children is one of our recent blessings And as it may be had at very modes figures, there is no reason why it shoul not be found in every Cathelic home.

A soul's continual seeking after God pleaseth Him much; and the fluding pleaseth the soul and fillet's it with joy.

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