# Our Boys And Girls.

HELEN'S VOCATION. - "Papa, I want to be a nun.

The speaker, a bright, fair-haired girl of more than common beauty threw herself on the hearthrug at her father's feet and laid her head on his knee. The curtains drawn and the lamps lighted in the cosy little drawing , room, and Squire Warden had settled for a nfortable chat with his favorite

child his darling Helen.
"Now, Helen," he said, laughing and derisive, "what new fad have you got in your whimsical little pate? You a nun! why you are never still five minutes together you're too fond of pleasure. You a nun," and again he laughed. A keen observer would have detected a note of anxiety in voice and laugh.

"Come, papa, be serious," Helen as without looking up she caught his hand and placed it on her head. "I can't talk much about these things, they lie too deeply for words. But, indeed, I feel I must be a nun, and, if you and Bella will spare me, I should like to go soon."

dear child!" said he, surprised. "You who only last night was the belle of the ball, the cynosure of all eyes, dancing like a fairy, flirting

"No, papa, not that," interrupted Helen earnestly.

"Well, it looked remarkably like" said her father testily. "Why it;" said her father testily. "Why everyone has coupled Sir John and you together for the last six weeks. Yesterday I was afraid if you were not really engaged.

The girl's face became one glorious glow as a certain scene of yes-terday came before her— a kind voice pleading for her hand, her one apparent cruel answer. Oh! she was right in ending it and declaring her position.

'Sir John is very, very good, but I never intended to marry him.I told him so last night." Then you refused him?" said her

father. "Yes, papa, we were never any-

thing but good friends.' "Rubbish, friends indeed!" said her father angrily. For the moment he could not control himself. Here was his silly whimsical Helen throwing away the best chance a girl ever had. Sir John, a good Catholic — young, well bred, handsome — what could girl want more? Then more calmly, "My dear Nell, you are only a child, and I am sure Sir John will forgive your inconsistent conduct. You have encouraged him in every possible way, and you would not wish me to consider my little girl a flirt. Not only I, but all who have seen you together. As to your religious vocation, believe me, my child, it is but a whim, born of a moment,

and will soon pass away."

Helen rose and faced her father. "No, papa, this vocation is no whim of a moment. I made the resolution to offer myself to God on my Communion day, and though I have not talked about it, the resolution has increased with my years. As to Sir John, I never encouraged him, and he is too good and kind to think so for one moment."

Her father looked at her- was this little whimsical Helen, this selfreliant, determined woman of to Pshaw! the mood would not last. He was silent for some moments. Helen knew he was displeased. "And where do you want to go-what order? Have you formany plans-consulted anyone?' said he after a time.

She hesitated a moment. Plevas has known of it for some years," she said faintly, "I want to join the Poor Clares, if they will have me.'

'No, indeed, you shall not." he almost shouted. "An active order would be bad enough, but a contemplative! You, to hide yourself behind a grille-bury yourself. No, it is too much," he jumped to his feet. "Put the fad from you, Helen- for you shall never be a Poor Clare." She burst into tears. "It is no

fad, papa dear, but a desire strong as life itself. Oh! you must let me dry," she replied.

He put his arm round her. 'Listen, Nell. I am a good Catholic, I hope, and I revere all the good nuns whatsoever order they belong. But I don't believe in your vocation to a contemplative life one bit, and I shall never give my consent: Reember I am your father and next God you owe me obedience."

'Next to God," whispered Helen, earfully. "Let me hear no more of this now, but dry your eyes and my smiling little Nell once more. want you to marry Sir John if you do not love him, but I

hearted girl. Leave Poor Clares and the rest to the sorrowful ones of the earth-of whom there are enough and to spare-and do you content yourself with your innocent amuse-ments and the love of Bella and myself, until such time as you meet some good man and true, who will be your-what do your romanticists style it-smiling a little, 'affinity isn't it? You have been reading too many lives of the saints lately and they have mudded your brain. Now go, my child, and get to bed early, a good sleep will benefit you." Kiss-ing her "good-night," Squire Warden led her to the door. "All a fad, a childish whim,

must try to divert her mind-yet if there should be anything in it-stuff and nonsense! Poor Clares indeed that, in itself, shows she has no vocation. Why, she'd be dead in six months-she so full of life and spirits." Tears came into the strong man's eyes. "Oh God! anything but that—a living grave. If only her mother were here. Bella has little or no authority over her. My winsome little Nell," and he sat down and covered his face with his hands.

Helen in the meantime ran up to her bedroom, and throwing herself at the foot of the little altar, was praying and crying in turns. "God keep me true to Thee," she prayed, 'lest I betray the trust Thou hast given me, keep me true to Thee.' But was it a fad as her father had said. Then what was a religious vocation! He said she was a child and owed him her obedience -so she did, but was not always God first? but had God really called her or was it merely a whim? Oh no, no, this was no whim, this resolution that had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. So she prayed on, "God keep me true to Thee-and make my way clear."

"Ready, Helen?"

"Yes, papa." Helen gathered up gloves and driving whip, ran down stairs, and joined her father at the hall door. A dainty little figure she looked in her dark blue riding habit, and tight-fitting hat, under which her wavy masses of golden hair glinted and shone in the sun. Her father looked at her admiringly. He thought her a little pale-due most likely to last night's emotional moments, but this was an improvement rather than otherwise.

"Watkins, Miss Helen's pony seems rather skittish this morning," the squire, as the groom led' the long-maned chestnut to the steps. "Ys'sa," said Watkins, "she's been like this some time now, sir, a little orf'er food too, sir. I can't make her out.'

"Is she safe?" said the Squire anxiously. "Oh, yes, sir, quite safe sir, sure."

"Quite sure, sir. I trotted her found the paddock a long time yesterday. Safe enough; sir, if Miss Helen don't use her whip and holds her well in."

Helen nodded brightly to her father as she mounted and took the reins from the groom.

"Careful, Helen," said he, as the

animal plunged a little. "Oh, we're alright," said the girl patting the pony's neck. "Jess and I understand each other-don't we Jess? I'll go on a little ahead papa, and you can catch me up. 1 vant to call in at the schoolhouse.

She waved her hand and cantered he looking after her lovingly 'She'll soon get over her disap pointment when she sees how thoroughly I am against it." he mur mured, as he turned to get his hat and whip. "What was it she said 'God first,' well yes, of course, but I know He does not want my hright winsome Nell;" then mounted he winsome Nell," then mounted he walked his horse slowly down the avenue, and through the lane lead

ing to the schoolhouse Helen was remounting as he came in sight. She had been bribing the children with sundry coins and the promise of a great feast to say the Rosary for her particular intention during the next half hour. mites. who loved Helen with all their little hearts, eagerly promised, and began before she was well out of the door. Her father caught the sounds as he came down the lane and looked at Nell a little suspi-

"Miss Alverstoke keeps her children longer than usual at their prayers this morning," said he. Helen laughed, blushed slightly,

and they cantered on.

was a delightful September morning, healthful, exhilarating. A sharp ride soon brought them on the Downs, a long stretch of greensward leading to the Devil's the highest chiff in Heltonbury Squire Warden encouraged his daughter in her joyous sallies, de lighted to see her in such spirits. Helen, as most gensitive natures are, was keenly alive to atmospheric influence; the ozone-laden air filled so want you to be a bright, merry her senses, her spirits rose, and Wat-

kin's caution in regard to Jess, wa quite forgotten. mal lightly with her whip she gave her her head. A minute later realized the mistake and tried pull her in. To no purpose, the light lash had maddened the pony and before Squire Warden had dis covered what was the matter, daughter was almost out of sight Putting spurs to his horse, he tore after her, calling to her to keep her eat. His heavy weight was against him however, and though he well, he and his horse were no match for fleet-footed Jess. On she dashed. her light burden swaying in saddle. "She is making for the Devil's Gap," gasped the Squire, as Jess turned and tore along the cliffs toward their highest point. God! is no one in sight to stop her?" Five minutes more and horse and rider will lie maimed and life less on the rocks fifteen hundred feet below. The thud of the horse hoofs is beating into his brain "Merciful God," he cried in agony, 'save her' an afterthought even so, save her for the Poor Clares."

Then a wonderful thing happened Panting and covered with foam, Jess stood quite still on the very brink of the Gap-and Helen was Two minutes more and Squire Warden was lifting the panting, tremb-ling girl from the saddle, who managed to whisper, as she clung him, "But Jess, papa, turn dear Jess round."

This happened ten years ago Squire Warden is compelled to admit that a Poor Clare's vocation is not confined to "sorrowful ones of the earth," and that Helen is as bright and happy behind a grille as in his cozy drawing-room — indeed brighter and happier. She always attributes her escape on that eventful September morning to the children's Rosary; he on the mirac-intervention of Providence agreeing to her vocation.—The Ros-

#### THE HOMES OF THE POOR.

Come away from the crowded cen-

Of the city's throbbing life; The palaces grand on every hand, The noise and heat and strife;

From the fever of pride and passion, That the grave can only cure,

And walk with me in the twilight hour By the humble homes of the poor.

Here the father comes home in the evening

From care and from danger free As the little ones run to meet him, With their innocent shouts or glee, No hireling's hand has nursed them Nor will guard them at night se-

cure, For the mother is all to her chil-

In the humble homes of the poor

I love to walk in the twilight. Where I see through the open door, Some busy household duties, Some at play on the simple floor, No luxury makes them heartless, No idleness makes impure;

The menace to souls where Mammo rolls

Cannot enter the homes of the poor.

Come away from the hollow pleas

Of the ballroom and banquet hall For the children's nour in the cot-Has joy that exceeds them all,

Come away from the proud, for their riches Take wing and shall not endure,

Their pride will not weigh in the judgment day

With the humble homes of the

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#### Patent Report.

For the benefit of our readers we publish a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government, secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.C.

Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the abovenamed firm.

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81,795-Joseph Lafrance, Montreal, Que. Pipe-joint. 81,810-Chas. D. Spatee, Roseway,

N.S. Bread slicer. 81,814-Clinton Geo. Sellers, Strathcona, N.W.T. Horse-shoeing

81,820-Frs. Octave Schryburt, Quebec, Que. Welt machine. 81,822—Cephas Thompson, Fleming, N.W.T. Adjustable desk, ADVOCATES.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, No. 2976.

Dame Josephine Leonard, wife ommon as to property of Damase Tardif, grocer, of St. Leonard de Port Maurice, District of Montreal, has instituted an action in separa tion as to property against her said husband, this tenth day of July 1903.

Montreal, July 10th, 1903. LEONARD & LORANGER. Attorneys of the Plaintiff. Business Cards

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How does the correspon that this conversation too that this conversation too He has absolutely no pro-yet he can safely rely fact that no person else proof to the contrary, and