

URIEL:

Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

By Sister Mary Raphael (Miss Drane).

CHAPTER XI—Continued

And suddenly there seemed to rise out of the waves, and in the very midst of that burning light, a gigantic form, and a face—oh, such a face!—aye, you may smile, Geoffrey, I knew you would, but it was no human face I gazed on. It was all light—living light and splendor; and there streamed out the long golden hair, as of an angel—not the puny womanly hair that I had only, but a strong, mighty angel. It was only for a moment that I saw that face, and then the great towering figure stood beside me. He raised the girl in his arms as if she had been a feather, and he panted lowered her into the boat; but then came a great crash; the last timbers parted, and I found myself struggling amid the rocks and breakers. Another moment, and I believe I should have been swept away, when that great, strong arm was around me, and bore me up. They drew me into the boat, and I know no more of what happened till we touched the shore and you were lifting me and helping me to stand.

their eyes. Aurelia looked at it for one moment; but what was the surprise to those who stood around when she gave a cry of anguish, and covered her face with her hands as though she could not, dared not look again. Mary stood as one stupefied. "Dear Aurelia," she said, passing her arm around her friend, "what is it—what is amiss?" Aurelia lifted her head and pointed to the cartoon. "It is himself," she said; "it is Uriel." Then turning to Julian: "Where have you seen him to paint him thus?" "I have, indeed, painted only what I have seen," said Julian. "Then you have seen my last brother," said Aurelia. "Is it possible that he can yet be living?" "God's ways are wonderful," said Geoffrey, gravely, leading her to a chair. Sit down, Aurelia, and hear what Julian has to say for you must tell it to her, as you did to me. Perhaps there is something in it. Julian told his tale, and Aurelia listened with her eyes fixed on the picture in which the young man had depicted the form and features of his mysterious deliverer. "If it be whom you say resembled that picture," she said, "he must have been the living counterpart of my poor brother. Nay, who can say; may it not have been himself?" "But, dear Aurelia," said Mary, "how could that be? You know, we all know, the end which shut out all hope?" "Shut out all hope, do you say?" said Aurelia; "I have never given up hope, never. When I have prayed for him as dead, something in my heart has always told me that he might be living still."

entirely circumstantial, and many important links were missing. The notes might, as he said, have been placed in his desk by the real criminal; and Redmond made no attempt to identify the persons of his assailant. He spoke of his great height, and among the privates of the regiment there was one, equally tall with Uriel, who was known to bear a grudge against him. Then again it was suggested that secret debts must have been the motive of the crime; but after Uriel had been sent to Portland inquiries were set on foot with the view of liquidating any claims against him, but none were brought forward; so that there is nothing to account for a youth in his position having been led to such a crime. "And what view did his father take of the business?" said Julian—"because with such a poor show of evidence one would expect some effort would have been made." "My fear," replied the chaplain, "that the sense of crushing disgrace predominated over every other feeling." With Sir Michael; it all turned his brain. I well remember the day when he knew that all was over; and calling for holy relics, he held them in his hand, and swore, so long as this cloud rested on his house, never again to touch night but Lenten food, never to pass the boundary of his own enclosure, and never to give consent to his daughter's marriage, that he might not carry into any other family the stain of their terrible dishonor. "How monstrous!" said Julian, starting to his feet; "he might have sworn what he liked for himself, but what right had he to clothe of his daughter's freedom?" "None in the least," said Father Segrave; "nor do I consider that her freedom is in any way so bound. But if you knew the Pendragons better, you would understand the old man's extravagance, overstrained as it is."

sequence, the artist has no resource but to pack his portmanteau and be off." "But not till this work has been exhibited and approved," said Gertrude; we have seen them only once by one; now to judge them properly you should show them to us altogether, and in their proper order. You can't judge of a thing piecemeal." "That is a good idea," said Julian, "for they are only parts of a whole, and ought to have a sort of harmony connecting them. They shall be set up to-morrow, and if the judges will honor my painting-room—" "Oh, no, that will never do," said Gertrude. "If I am to be one of the judges (as I hope you intend), I shall vote for a better exhibition-room than that. Seven angels crowded together in a space of 8 feet by 10, it would be giving them no chance. You should have them in a great gallery, and not too close together." "As usual, Gertrude," said her brother, "your notions are fitted for Swinburne than for Lavator. You must not look for galleries in an old manor-house." "Well, but why not have them at Merrill, where they will have to go sooner or later?" said Gertrude; "in the great gallery there we could all see them, and critics at our ease." Gertrude's proposal was agreed to be an inspiration, and Julian desired he would apply the very next morning for Miss Pendragon's consent. It was willingly granted, and the cartoons, carefully mounted, were as carefully conveyed to the castle and fixed at equal distances in the great gallery, awaiting the inspection of the judges. No one was more pleased with this arrangement than Miss de St. Helene, as it promised, for one morning, at least, to add an enlivening element to the society of the castle, which, to confess the truth, she found more sad and solemn than was to her taste. She petitioned hard to be nominated assistant to Mr. Wyvern in the important business of hanging his pictures. She invaded Sir Michael's study, and tried to induce him to attend the trial; in short, she who had not been a fortnight in the house succeeded in upsetting its ordinary routine, and carrying out her plans and arrangements after a fashion that none of the oldest inhabitants of Merrill would have dared to dream of. But on one point—"Monsieur Jules" showed himself inflexible—neither she nor any other of the judges should enter the gallery, until all the cartoons were in their places, and the exhibition was declared open. Imogen was forced to submit, assuring Julian, however, that he was the very first person who had ever contradicted her, and that he should certainly be the last. At length the artist's arrangements were complete, and the judges, consisting of the two families of Lavator and Merrill, were admitted to the gallery. The aptness of Gertrude's proposal at once became apparent, for in point of fact the pictures proved to be a group, in which three angels were ranged on either side of St. Michael, as the central figure, and the separate inspection of each figure would have conveyed no idea of their power and significance when seen together. (To be continued.)

trained intellect. The change brings rest to the mind and keeps it from growing weary. II. Another rule is to take notes while reading. The very fact of reading with pen or pencil in hand stimulates thought. Remember that reading is useful only in proportion as it aids our intellectual development; it aids intellectual development only in proportion as it supplies food for reflection; and that portion of one's reading alone avails which the mind has been enabled to assimilate to itself and make its own by meditation. Now, note-taking with running comments is a great means of making clear to one's self how much one does or does not know about the subject matter of one's reading. Hence its value. But note-taking may be over-estimated, and it actually becomes so when it is reduced to a mere mechanical copying and cataloguing of extracts, without any effort to make extracts, the seeds from which to cultivate native thought. III. Read with a purpose. Lay out for yourselves a definite object, and let all your reading converge upon that object until your purpose is attained. This is the only reading that will be remembered. Books perused in an aimless manner are soon forgotten; indeed, are seldom remembered. The mind becomes a mere passive instrument, receiving one set of impressions which are in a little while obliterated by another set no less temporary. Now this is an abuse. Reason, imagination, all the faculties of man's intellect, were given him that he might exercise them and develop them to the full compass of their activity. IV. Learn the art of forgetting. It is a great blessing and a rare art, that of knowing what to forget. It is an art not to be applied indiscriminately. There are many things in books—even in books not professing to deal with the sciences, just as there are many occurrences in daily life that remain unspoken. It is by a strong exercise of will-power that reason learns to overlook, or to reject from memory and imagination—from imagination, at all events—a certain objectionable sentence or paragraph in a book, or certain scenes and incidents that are neither beautiful, nor edifying, nor entertaining, nor instructive. Frequently the nobler passages so fill the mind that they leave no room for those accidentally unworthy ones. V. Be honest in your readings. Cultivate honesty of judgment, honesty of opinion, so that you may be able to form an honest estimate of books. A book is commended as a classic, and you are unable to perceive its worth. This inability may arise from two causes: either you are not adequately educated up to the point of being able to appreciate such a book, or you have grown beyond the need or use of the book. If the book is beyond your grasp, do not attempt to read it; put it aside, and in the meantime read up other matter in which you will find greater pleasure. But do not lose sight of the book. After a year or two try it again, and if you have been reading to some purpose your intellect will have expanded to the comprehension of the book that had been formerly beyond your reach. VI. Be honest in your researches. Read both sides of every human question under proper guidance. Individual judgments are misleading, and it is only by comparison of various opinions that you can get at the real state of the case. It is the duty of the historian to go back of a statement to the author first making the statement, and inquire into the spirit by which he is animated. But this duty the historian does not always discharge. And yet, what is of more importance than to know if it is a friend or an enemy of the person or the people who is relating the story? Under no circumstances is the censor of an enemy to be accepted unchallenged and untested. Don't be afraid of the truth. It may tell against your favorite author, or favorite principle, or favorite hobby. But facts are of more worth than misplaced admiration or misconceived theory. Let in the light. What we want is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Keep clear of white-washing books. Whitewash is not lasting; it soaks off and reveals the deformities beneath. It were better from the beginning that we know men as they lived, events as they happened, opinions as they were held. We Catholics fear no truth, have no apology to make for any truth, have no hesitancy in accepting all proven truth.—(Brother Azarias, in Catholic World.)

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL. Classes will be resumed on Sept. 4th. Special attention will be given to young English-speaking boys beginning their classical course, that they may learn both French and Latin at the same time. REV. A. D. TURGEON, S.J., Rector. COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME DES NEIGES, MONTREAL. The re-opening of classes in this special institution for boys (ages of five to twelve years), will take place on Tuesday, the 27th of September. REV. L. GILBERT, C.S.C., Sup. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N.Y. [Enjoys the Privileges of a University.] JESUIT FATHERS. Situated 12 miles from City Hall, between Harlem River and Long Island Sound. Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Special training for Army, Navy and Civil Service. ST. JOHN'S HALL, for boys from 10 to 14, under same direction. Students received at any time. Apply to REV. JOHN SCULLY, S.J., P.R.E. RIGAUD CONVENT, UNDER THE DIRECTION of the Sisters of St. Ann. 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Chase Brothers' Co., Colborne, Ont. 1-13 "Best cure for colic, cough, consumption is the old Vegetable Preparation Balsam." Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston. Full size bottle cost 25 cents. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, Superior Court, No. 1781. DAME ADÈLE MARIE BÉRÉE, wife of PROSPER ST. JULE, of the City and District of Montreal, plaintiff, vs. the said JULE, her husband, defendant. An action in separation of biens has this day been instituted. CHOLETTE & Gauthier, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, June 27th, 1889. 50-5 PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, Superior Court. DAME MARIE L. DECARRY, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of ANTOINE JUSTICE, of J. DAVEL PROVENCHER, plaintiff, vs. the said J. DAVEL PROVENCHER, defendant. An action in separation of biens has this day been instituted. A. HAMMILL, Attorney for Plaintiff. Montreal, 17th July, 1889. 51-5 ETHIER & FLEMMING, Att. for Plaintiff. A Missioner's View of the Progress being made there. A Franciscan Capuchin, Rev. Thomas McSheehy, who has just returned from the Indian Empire, after seven years of missionary work, was interviewed at San Rafael, Cal., recently by a Monitor representative. In reply to the question as to what part of India he was stationed in, the missioner said: "I was located at Alabad, in the Northern portion of the Empire. In this part there are not many native Catholics, that is in comparison with the number in the Southern dioceses. In the Diocese of Alabad," continued the Father, "there are about 30,000 native Catholics." "Is Catholicity making much progress there, Father?" asked the reporter. "Yes; we are doing very well, but are obliged to confine our efforts, in a certain extent, to the native children, as it is very difficult to convert the adult population; but," he added, "if we could only convert all the children, we would, in the course of time, have the entire Empire Catholic, and I feel confident that in another century such will be the case." "Are there many priests in the Empire, Father?" "There are, still not enough. There are many native priests in the southern part, and in a few years there will be many more, as Rome has ordered that seminaries be established in all the dioceses, where natives may study. The great difficulty in obtaining subjects is that the natives do not appreciate the greatness of the virtue of celibacy." "Does the Church receive any assistance from the Government?" "Yes. If there are soldiers stationed in a priest's district, the Father is regarded as a Government official and paid accordingly. Then many of the native Catholic people are wealthy, and some contribute liberally. Nearly all the congregation come to church in some kind of conveyance, it being too warm to walk. In summer we have the last Mass at seven o'clock, and in what you would call at eight o'clock. The schools, of which there are a great many, are all well attended. We have separate schools for the native and white girls, the latter thinking it a disgrace to associate with their dark sisters." "Most of the priests there belong to some Order, do they not, Father?" "White nearly all belong to an Order, still

CHAPTER XIII.

AN EXHIBITION.

As the excitement caused by the first appearance of Julian's cartoon began to subside most parties satisfied themselves and there was nothing in it but "singular coincidence;" and if any among them still cling to the belief that there was a deeper significance in the incident, either natural or supernatural, they were prudent enough to say nothing more on the subject. Julian himself did not recur to it, but a certain change was apparent in him which did not escape the notice of his friend. There was a gravity and thoughtfulness in his demeanor which to Geoffrey's thinking had its explanation in the facts which had lately come to their knowledge as to the singular position in which Aurelia was placed by her father's vow. "I see it all," said Geoffrey to himself, "he feels that as things are it is useless for him to aspire to her hand; ah, well, it makes no odds to me. It is not more impossible for me to think of her now than it has ever been. But I am sorry for Julian." Then it occurred to him to ask himself how it might be with Aurelia herself? If, as he had every reason for thinking, she had allowed Julian to gain an interest in her heart, the only way of removing the bar to her happiness was the vindication of Uriel's memory. "If he is dead, he is dead," thought Geoffrey, "and all the wishing in the world will not bring him to life again. But if he were innocent, his innocence might yet be proved, and then—" "What then, good Geoffrey? What thought is it which expands your breast and illumines his heart, as though a noble purpose was rising in his heart, a purpose high enough and hard enough to make his life heroic? For no true word was ever spoken than that which proclaimed that in every man living in this world who is ready, 'not to sell his life, but to give it, there exists the potentiality of a hero.' It was the conviction, perhaps, that something more was being offered to his acceptance at that moment than the conscientious discharge of common duties. Not a bad thing either, and by no means too common; yet admitting of something higher, perhaps even leading the way thereto, as we ascend by gentle slopes, until a height is reached whence through scraped rocks and eternal snows we push our way to the summit." "So the cartoons are all finished," said Gertrude, as that evening they all gathered round the family hearth, "and we shall less the delightful interest of hearing day by day that Scallie has got a new wing, or that an additional emblem has been found for Jehandiel."

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HOW TO READ BOOKS.

Some Valuable Suggestions for the Student of Literature. Should you ask me how to read, I can only repeat to you rules that I have learned elsewhere, many of which you already know. Bacon seems to me to have summed up all the rules for reading in his own terse style: "Read not," he says, "to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find fault and dispute, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not cursorily; (that is attentively.) And some few are to be read wholly, and with dilIGENCE, and attention."

This says everything. I am only putting into other words the counsel of the great sage when I repeat to you: I. Read with attention. Attention is the fundamental condition of all reading, of all study, of all work properly done. What is its nature? It is a concentration to the exclusion of all others. It is a habit, and, like all habits, to be acquired only by practice. One may live in a state of habitual distraction as well as in a state of habitual attentiveness. The perfect habit of attention—and that which we all should seek to acquire as "best befitting social beings who cannot shirk the claims and requirements of a social life—is the attention that can, without strain or effort, break off from one subject, pass on to another, and resume at once the thread of one's reading or thoughts. How may such attention be acquired? When the reading matter is congenial to the reader there is no difficulty; the attention becomes naturally and unconsciously absorbed in the subject. But where one is unaccustomed to reading, or where the reading matter has no special interest, it is with an effort that one learns to control one's attention. I conceive a reader may in the following manner acquire this control: (1) Set aside daily, according to leisure or occupation, a given portion of time for reading. The daily recurrence to a subject at precisely the same hour may at first be irksome, but it soon creates a habit which finally becomes a pleasure. (2) Keep up the practice of using that time for the one purpose and nothing else. This induces the habit all the sooner, and renders it all the more profitable. (3) Focus the attention during the time of reading in such a manner that the mind comes wholly occupied with the reading matter. Batek is a daily reading of half an hour made with sustained attention than a reading of two hours made in an indolent, half-dreamy fashion. (4) Read with method. Absence of method in one's reading is a source of great distraction. Give yourself the habit while reading, of making a mental catalogue of your impressions. Distinguish between the statements that are doubtful, and probable, and certain. Between those that are of opinion, and credence, and presumption. You will find this practice of great aid in sustaining attention. (5) When, in spite of all these precautions, you begin to find your thoughts wandering away from the page upon which your eyes are set, leave the book aside for the time being, and take up the reading of another subject that is more likely to fix your attention. We are told that Mr. Gladstone—that grand old man of such great physical endurance and such wonderful intellectual activity is wont to keep three distinct volumes of the distinct subjects open before him, and when he finds attention beginning to flag in the reading of one he immediately turns to another. The practice is admirable for the

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