

"Daughter mine, I am greatly fatigued. Mangel tells me Anatlida Moreno is going to sing; see they are moving. We can escape unnoticed, come!"

With a friendly smile Cayetana dismissed her cousin, and rose to assist her aged relative, but Segunda, who had been watching her mistress from an adjoining doorway, hastily and stealthily pushed aside the intervening chairs and offered her strong arm.

Leaving on her faithful servant, and accompanied by her favorite, Misia Remedios was conveyed slowly and gracefully to her apartment, with great care to the Robustiana, Segunda's mother, a colossal black woman was waiting. She took her mistress in her arms and deposited her gently on a sofa drawn up near a brass pot full of live coals, which served to warm the large, handsome bedroom.

Dismissing Cayetana with an embrace and blessing, the venerable lady resigned herself to Robustiana's care. Instead of returning to the hall and Cayetana went on to the hall and across the stairs leading to the family apartments above. The late risen gibbous moon was visible from the landing; beyond the large uncurtained window, at the end of the corridor, she had a view of the river, a real river of silver shimmering in the sad mysterious moonlight.

"How beautiful," she murmured, "how calm and silent." Not a note of Anatlida's madrigals reached this remote part of the house. Leaning out of the window, she looked over the garden, where white camellias gleamed in the dusky shade of glossy leaved magnolias, across to the silvery sea, for it is more a sea than a river, that the mighty estuary that lies before the city. On her right rose the irregular city, on her left the silent witness but imposing fortress of the patriots; to the left, low houses, meadows and far beyond, tiny glittering wavelets dimpling on the crests of the long billows that rolled in slowly and broke with a soft rhythmic murmur on the sandy beach.

With a half-sigh she turned from the window and passed on to her room lit only by a lamp burning before a large ivory crucifix.

As she closed the door a bell rang out clear and sweet on the silent night. "Come," it seemed to call; "Come!"—and after a pause, clearer and more sweetly still it sounded and repeated, "Come, come!" and then all was silent.

"It's the bell of the Capuchinas—the bell of Santa Clara," she said aloud, as if answering some one. As she spoke she raised her eyes to the crucifix. Suddenly she fell on her knees exclaiming, "They go at midnight to pray, Thee and I—dances! O Lord, hast Thou indeed danced to call me? Give me Thy grace that I may heed Thy voice!" She saw nothing but the thorn-crowned head of the silver-toned bell which seemed to echo and re-echo in the stillness, "Come, my beloved, come!"

There at the foot of the cross, in her gorgeous raiment, glittering with gems, the girl prayed with all the fervor of her generous heart—prayed that she might be made worthy of the grace of her high vocation for she had no doubt, she was called, even as her patron, San Mateo, was called to leave all and follow Christ.

Gently as she was nurtured the austere life of the Clarissas had no terrors for her, and as she disrobed, laying aside forever her priceless laces and jewels, she longed for the coarse habit, the leathern girdle and wooden sandals of the poor daughters of St. Francis—those visible tokens of their divinely appointed life. How beautiful she thought to spend the midnight hours before the humble tabernacle where the Holy of Holies reposed as in another stable of Bethlehem—to follow His sacred footsteps in cold and hunger, in obscurity and labor, ignored by the world, to atone by loving devotion for the coldness and ingratitude daily increasing, even among those baptized in His faith, sanctified by His sacraments!

"Make me worthy, O Lord, make me worthy," she prayed, and surely her angel guardian carried her fervent appeal to the throne of God.

Very early in the morning, Cayetana, accompanied by her sleepy maid, went to Mass—not to the Cathedral, as was her wont, but over to San Juan, the Capuchin church. She had not been able to decide how to make known her resolution for which she forebore great opposition. She intended speaking to her parents before the Marchese General Liniers, came to ask for her hand for the young Peruvian. "O my God, inspire me what to do—how to do it. Holy Mary, help me!" she prayed long and fervently.

On her return from Mass she found the household in dire confusion. The beloved abuela (grandmother) of her father—Misia Remedios was dead!

Robustiana filled the house with lamentations for her venerable mistress. "Ah, misa," she cried, as she caught sight of Cayetana, "you do weep to weep. When shall we find another like her, so good, so wise, so kind to all. Last night she was so well and so happy. La Nina Cayetana is an angel," she said as you left her. Then she gave me her blessing, and she never spoke again. When I was ready for bed, I went over to look at her. She was sleeping, her rosary in her fingers, as was her custom, and this morning when I brought in her mate, she lay in the same position dead. Aye, Senor, Senor!" (O Lord, Lord!) And the faithful creature drew her black shawl (mourning shawl) used to cover head and shoulders) closely round her strong dark face, convulsed with grief and wet with tears.

II. When all was over—the interment in the atrio de las "Clarissas" and the Requiem Mass at the Cathedral, Cayetana disclosed to her parents her resolution to retire from the world.

At first they would not hear of it, but after a time her sweet humility won them to listen to her plea for permission to devote herself to a life of prayer and penance. They recalled so many instances of abnegation, of in-

difference to those things usually most coveted by young girls, her tender, constant and generous championship of the poor and unhappy.

They began to fear that she might be called, that Almighty God might demand that sacrifice. They recalled Misia Remedios' oft-repeated observation: "Where will you find any one worthy of Cayetana?"

"If Almighty God really calls her, His will be done. But may it not be the shock of dear Misia's death that has given her a distaste for the world? At any rate, let us wait. Nothing is gained by haste," said poor Dona Catalina, wiping away the tears that would come when she thought of her idolized daughter suffering the hardships of the nuns of Santa Clara.

Meantime General Liniers came, on behalf of his young friend, Don Marcos Pacheco Roforio, to ask for the hand of Dona Cayetana Escalada y Segura. Poor Don Jose! He did not want his daughter to be a nun. Neither did he wish her to be carried off to Peru. Yet, better have her married in Peru than shut up for all her life with the Clarissas in the convent behind San Juan. What were the Andes compared with the Enclosure? Besides, according to the General, Don Marcos, only son of a family noble on both sides, rich—beyond any Portenas (name given to the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres)—the Port (handsome, traveled—was almost worthy of his peerless child.

Such were the thoughts that bubbled and seethed in the father's brain as the Marchese General Liniers expatiated on the titles and wealth, present and future, of his candidate. At last in confidence he told his visitor the "notion" Cayetana had of becoming a Sister of Santa Clara.

"I beg God's pardon, and yours, Don Jose," exclaimed the General, "for presuming to ask her hand for any man. Three weeks ago I promised Marcos to act for him, and intended doing so after your fate; but when I saw her that night she was so lovely, so angelic, I could not say a word in his behalf to you, but I promised the poor youth faithfully to wait on you next day and urge his suit, but it was not possible.

"It is clear to me now why I was prevented—that chosen soul is not for earth. The good God asks a great sacrifice of you, my friend, but you are a Christian and will submit to the Divine Will. What a blessing that saintly maiden will bring to her family, her country—to us all."

Don Jose and Dona Catalina were good Christians, but it cost them a severe struggle to consent to what was evidently a call from heaven.

On the day we celebrate the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the temple, the church of San Juan and the adjoining streets were thronged with people to see the ceremony, or at least those who assisted at it, when Dona Cayetana Escalada y Segura became Sister Maria del Rosario de la Victoria.

General Liniers, now His Excellency the most noble Marquis de Buenos Ayres and Viceroy de las Territorias de la Plata, was sponsor at the touching ceremony. Bishop Lue gave her the habit, and after a brief but impressive leave-taking between the new religious and her weeping family, the heavy iron-studded doors swung to, and Sister Maria del Rosario was "cut off from the world, never to pass those doors again," said her sorrowing friends.

From time to time news was given of the new nun—she was happy, her health was perfect, her superiors content with her, and soon, except in the Escalada household and in the heart of Don Candido Vergara y Frias, Dona Cayetana was only a beautiful memory, growing daily less distinct, eclipsed, the thought of admiration and one might say, by the Sister Maria del Rosario, Superior of Santa Clara.

For in due course of time she had been elected Abbess, and she ruled her house kindly but strictly. The fame of all the good accomplished by the prayers and penances of the community attracted many pious souls to their life of abnegation; for every vacancy there were numerous candidates.

The long and glorious war for Argentine independence was succeeded by years of civil strife; ruin more than once threatened the country; the long night of the tyranny of Rosas paralyzed the heart and brain of Buenos Ayres. In all this time the convent of the Clarissas was a fountain of refreshment—a light in darkness. Not in vain was Santa Clara the second patron of the city.

Her daughters in silence, in prayer, often suffering the pangs of hunger—for their properties were confiscated—continued unceasingly to offer their works and suffering in praise and atonement, imploring the mercy of God for their country and its people.

In 1851 the beloved Abbess was called to her reward. The bell whose toll very tones had summoned her to serve God in the cloister—that bell, instrument of Divine Providence for the conversion of many—announced her death.

The whole population of Buenos Ayres turned out to do her honor. "Dejanos ver la santa" ("Let us see the saint"), cried the crowds that surged round the convent and church. One recounted the temporal aid so freely bestowed in time of need, another the family honor preserved by employment obtained, of sick restored to health, misunderstandings cleared up, advice given which led to a change of life or a return to virtue, feudal and century's standing hatreds brought to an equitable ending. There was no one who did not bear testimony to the good, spiritual or temporal, effected by the prayers, counsels, labors of intercession of the holy women living in their midst, and yet unseen, unknown personally to the greater number of those who recounted her holy life and generous deeds.

Finally to satisfy the devotion of the people, the Right Rev. Bishop consented to the formal request made by the authorities in behalf of their fellow-citizens, and permitted the mortal remains of the Venerable Mother Maria del Rosario de la Victoria to be laid in

state in the choir of San Juan.

The few people who knew the beautiful Cayetana as a girl declared there was little change in her lovely face. Strangers who came through curiosity to gaze on the uncovered features of the saintly woman, said incredulously: "Impossible, this is a young and most beautiful woman, not an old nun, nearly fifty years shut up in a convent."

Tradition says that not one of these left the church as they entered it. Many were converted either to the faith, or from an evil life brought back to the straight path. It is commonly believed that this "santa" (saint) as she was lovingly called, did as much good after her death as she did in life.

When the crowd was somewhat lessened about midnight, an aged man, leaning on the arm of a servant came slowly up the aisle, accompanied by an old gentleman for whom all made way. "Was it that with Don Gerónimo," whispered one matron to another.

"Some relative, I suppose. He is in such deep mourning, poor old man!" and her fine eyes filled with sympathetic tears. The unknown had with great difficulty knelt beside the humble bier. He stooped over and kissed the pale fingers clasping the wooden cross. A priest kneeling near rose indignantly: "Who are you—Ah Don Gerónimo," he added, as the latter laid his arm on the old man's shoulder: "I did not know it was a relative."

Aided by his servant and friend the mourner rose, and walked slowly down towards the door. He paused for a holy water font, and looking back to the clustering people that surrounded the dead nun, he said softly and reverently, "God be praised, I have seen her before I die."

Early next morning before the hour appointed for the Requiem for the Mother Abbess, the cathedral bell tolled seventy-nine strokes, and in many a poor hovel as well as in the old colonial mansions a fervent prayer was said for the repose of the soul of Don Candido Vergara y Frias.

And on his return from the solemn obsequies of his venerated and beloved sister in law, Carlos Oromy La Salla told his grand daughter the story of the life long love of their dear old friend Don Candido for her saintly grand aunt.

Last year on the occasion of the canonization of St. John E. La Salle, with whom she had a claim relation, that granddaughter, now a charming old lady, related to me in her poetic Spanish, this true story of two noble lives which I have tried to tell in prosaic English.

To this day the midnight bell of the Clarissas—the same silvery-toned messenger of God's mercy—recalls many a one to better thoughts and a holier life. It is, as one of the friends remarked piously, "the instrument of untold conversions to God."—Mary E. Conroy in Rosary Magazine.

ULTIMATE END.

End and cessation, generally speaking, mean the same thing, inasmuch as they both signify that point beyond which nothing extends. The word end applied to action means the object toward which it tends, and where it ceases when it attains that object. Therefore end can be said to be that on account of which anything is done.

End is variously divided: Firstly, into end which and end to whom or to which. These are technical terms, the former signifying the object in view, the latter, the person or thing to be benefited by it. For example, in study, the end which is the attainment of knowledge, and the end to whom is the student. Secondly, into the end of the work and end of the worker, signifying the end toward which an action tends of itself, and the end intended by the actor, respectively. For example, the end of charity is to help the poor, through itself; but various ends may be intended by the one giving charity.

A politician often contributes to charitable objects, not always for the good of the name and favor it will gain for himself. Thirdly and lastly, into proximate, middle and ultimate end. Ultimate, of which there is question now, is the end in which the will rests, all desire or thought of any further end being forgotten. It is divided into negative and positive end—the former meaning the object toward which anything tends wholly by its own nature, and the latter signifying that to which a thing partly tends. Ultimate end is again divided into objective and subjective end. Objective is the object toward which the thing acting tends through the action, and the subject of the attainment of the ultimate objective end.

The effects of an end are called those acts which are performed that the end may be obtained. They are the six following: wish, intention to obtain, deliberation as to how, consideration of various means, choice of one particular method, and prosecution of the method chosen. The attainment of the ultimate end is called fruition. There ought to be some ultimate end for man, for man naturally desires happiness; and since God makes nothing in vain, it follows that there must be something in which that desire will be satisfied. Moreover, this object ought to fill completely all the yearnings of man. In a word, the happiness attained should be perfect, for a tendency always tending and never attaining its object is abject. And, also, since man in all deliberate acts intends some end,

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it is right that there be an ultimate toward which all these lesser ends may flow.

Life requires the principle of activity, either by tending to an end not yet possessed, or by enjoying one already attained. Quiet, which consists of perpetual suspension of every act, and peace of mind resulting from the attainment of the ultimate end, is not death, but perfect life. End exists for all, but all will not reap its benefits. For end is to be obtained through free acts, and therefore he who opposes free acts to the order ordained by God, excludes himself ipso facto, from the attainment of the end. All are able to attain this end, but still all do not attain it.

Having shown the necessity of an ultimate end for man, the question naturally arises as to what this end is. On considering the subject, it is discovered that nothing created can be the ultimate end of man; not riches, because these are merely means to happiness, they are not lasting, and oftentimes burdensome; not honors, because they do not satisfy all man's desires, and moreover, are not open to all; not pleasures, because as we know by experience, a continuance in such things turns to our ruin; not even virtue for it tends to happiness, and therefore, is not happiness itself. Everyone seeks pleasure, because all wish to be happy. But pleasure is merely the result of an end, and not an end itself. It seeks to accomplish something, and, therefore, is not an end, but merely a tendency. All earthly things cannot satisfy man; his better nature, patterned after that of his Creator, soars above the things of earth, wishes to be free and united with God, for God alone is the ultimate end of man. The intellect and will of man are only to be satisfied by knowing the highest truth, and by the love of the supreme good, and God being both supreme truth and supreme good, He alone is the ultimate end of man.

Man naturally seeks God, but many lack will to exercise this tendency of his nature. God being omniscient, can all the desires of man's will and intellect. He is not the means by which man attains happiness, but He is the object causing happiness. Man cannot comprehend God, for no one is able to consider what is impossible. The portion between God and the intellect is of an external form, that is, the intellect tends to God, as tending to its own peculiar object. Man cannot attain the ultimate end in this life on account of his body and its passions. These prevent him from contemplating the supreme truth. Nevertheless, man can attain in this life an imperfect happiness, a quiet and peace of mind, sweet and consoling, by pursuing virtue and thereby directing all his efforts to the attaining of the great ultimate end, the possession of God, his Creator, redeemer and constant friend.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

"CHILDLESS CHURCHES."

AN EPISCOPAL MINISTER VOICES A COMPLAINT AND SUGGESTS A REMEDY.

The tendency in this country toward formality was illustrated again recently in the advocacy by an Episcopal clergyman before a Sunday school convention in this city of the introduction of ritualistic forms for the special benefit of children, the children's Mass and the manger, for example. His reason for making the suggestion was that "Episcopal churches are childless churches."

The fact that those churches and churches of other religious denominations are "childless," more especially in neighborhoods where the population is of the richer sort, is no observable in New York. Churches which in the old days used to have flourishing Sunday schools are now able to get together only a paltry number of children for their religious education. The familiarity with the Bible which all children of reputable Protestant families acquired in the Sunday schools of a generation or two generations ago is now possessed by few. Then every child of decent religious parentage went to Sunday school as a matter of course, and as regularly and punctually as to a secular school on the other days of the week; now there is no such invariable custom.—New York Sun.

It is a fundamental law of a happy and useful life that we must keep sweet, for bitterness perverts the judgment and corrodes the heart.—Charles Frederic Goss, in "The Loom of Life."

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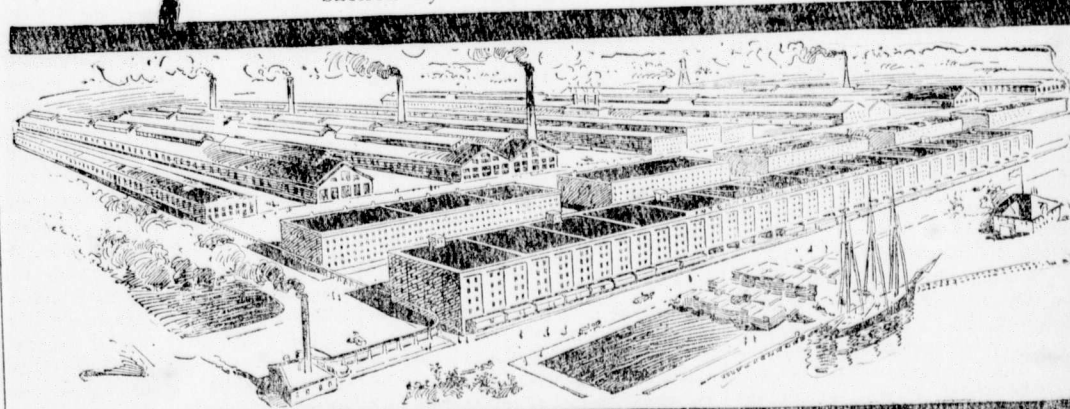
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