SEPTEMBER 20, 1902.

English, "I prefer to ride backward, inks, as I escape the draught and the

was elegantly dressed in the She was elegantly dressed in the beight of fashion, with huge crinoline, beight of wide-spreading skirts, and a betalled, wide-bonnet of immense size berufied, which bonnet of immense size stylish poke bonnet of immense size framing her pretty face. She removed her mitts, showing a number of hand-her mitts, showing a number of hand-her will be a seen to me something There always seems to me something of so many stylish There always seems to me something barbaric in the wearing of so many rings, and I did not feel attracted rings, and I did not need active the towards my fashionable neighbor. She towards into subdued conversation with me directly, and, learning that in France and alone, stranger in France and soliciexpressed an almost motherry solicities expressed in my welfare, though this matersomewhat surprised me, as

nal manner somearance seemed to in-her general appearance seemed to in-dicate a desire to look youthful. "I have a dear little boy, six years "I have a dear little boy, six years she said, "and before I know of age," she said, " and belote i and it he will be growing up as tall and it he will coking as you. Only sevenmature-looking as you. Only seven-teen? Indeed, I should have thought een? Indeed, I should have thought on at least twentyone, but I am glad ou are not twenty one, for then I nould have to be very formal with you, while now I may treat you quite as my

I did not see why my youth should own bow I did not see why my youth should give a strange young woman the right to treat me like a son, but I could not be rude to any one so kind. She asked me many questions about my destina-tion and my guardian, and when I con-fessed that I did not know his address be seened to diverse to his she eagerly offered to drive me to his

hotel. "But I do not know the name of his

hotel," I reminded her. "I am quite sure that he is in the "I am quite sure that he is in the one that I am stopping at, for I recog-nize your guardian perfectly by your description," she replied. A pleasant journey of an hour and a

half brought us to Fontainebleau, wheremy new-found friend asked me to call a cab for her. These were about twenty vehicles of different descriptions standing in front of the little station, standing in front of the little station, and their drivers were all shouting, gesticulating, and waving their hats towards me at once. When I finally signed to one of them, they all seized their reins and drove up furiously, twohorse traps, pony-carriages, barouches, closed flies, and every imaginable conveyance closing in upon me from every side. I chose a neat coupe, much the disgust of the others, especial the disgust of the others, especially the driver of the pony-chaise, who shok his fist at me, while the driver of the barouche called upon all the guards, policemen, porters, and his fellow-coachmen to witness that he had argind at the pletform first. I turned especially arrived at the platform first. I turned adeaf ear, and handed my new acquaintance into the coupe, where she asked to be driven to the Hotel de la Ville de

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er morning, train was With some second-class passengers, riding with ring while

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t seeing the vacant place mine, facing I arose, and, seat her my ner, saying in

like

"Let me take you there," she said, beckoning me to sit beside her; so I removed my hat and followed her into We drove rapidly through the stone-paved streets of the little town into the courtyard of the hotel where we alighted, while she led the way to a small, daintily furnished boudoir on the second floor. I hesit-

ated. You must have a cup of tea with me after the hot, close air on the train," she insisted. "I could not dream of ietting you go after all your kindness without showing you that little hospitality. Come, no remonstrances! Your uardian is not expecting you, so guardian is

I did not wish to offend. I blushed and murmured, "I shall be delighted." and murmured, "I shall be delighted. The tea things were brought in by a maid, and then I was left alone with the mistrees, who sat by my side and arged me to partake of the little dainties on the tray. She grew very condidential, even tender in her manner, and it even scored as if our relations and it soon seemed as if our relations had been reversed, and I was acting the paternal role while she poured out her troubles to my fatherly ear with childlike ingenuousness. She had been married when very young, she said, to an English officer who had treated her brutally. He had been in the Crimea and was now stationed at Halifax. He had left her in poverty, and she had been forced to send her two darling children to he equeated to is market was a surprise and a cause for chagrin to some others, and a cause for chagrin to some others, and for the same reason: because there seemed such a sad incongruity between his doing the work and a fact pretty valley, the fact of his absolute agnosti-

something I could not near. I moved So when he heard of the fittle vinage, towards the door when suddenly she he went there endeavoring to get snatched up a handful of coins from the table and threw them at me with all her fying old life—that, indeed, had given what something I could not hear. I moved

might. "Take your money," she hissed, and never let me see your face again." The coins struck me full in the chest and fell on the floor all about me. glanced at them and smiled significantly.

He looked so piteous that I wrote out the stand." He looked so piteous that I wrote out the desired certificate, but without signing my name. The maid who had glaneed over my shoulder suggested, while it soothed. He said to himself deprecatingly: "But the gentleman should sign his that he

that if discovered it would give matters All the world might know bad look. hat I had done that morning, and I boldly signed the name my grandfather boldly signed the name my grandtather wished me to bear in France, and the date, "Erie de Macarty, July 12, 1857." Then I stepped out into the hall without further words, leaving the three together, and went rapidly down the staircase and into the street.

I inquired at every hotel in the town for Dr. Chabert, but without result. The hot nool hours wore away, and I sought refuge in the stately forest, and stretched myself to rest and think over the situation under a spreading oak-tree. I could hear the horns of gay tree. I could held the woods, and eaught an occasional glimpse of the pink coats of the gentlemen and the plumed hats of the ladies as they swept by through the grassy forest bridle-paths. Dh, what would I not give to be back in Oh, what would I not give to be back in the shady forests of Belle Isle, living in the past, and seeing in imagination the cances of explorer, missionary, and coureur de bois passing up and down the broad Detroit! Theirs were lives worth leading, lives of high purpose, sincere faith, dauntless energy, and thrilling adventure. Who would not live with them rather than amid the thrilling adventure. Who would not live with them rather than amid the artificialities, the trivialities, the indif-ference, the shameful sins of an unbe-

lieving world? In the cool of the evening I wandered back into the town. It was nearly dark, and I was feeling very tired and hungry, when I suddenly caught sight of Dr. Chabert's fine, open counten-ance and big, burly frame. With a shout of delight I sprang at him and flung my arms round him. "My God, Eric Fremont!" he ex

" My claimed. aimed. "What does this mean?" "It means that I don't like Mr. Arthur, that I have run away from him, that I want to stay with you, and that I haven't a cent in my pocket and am as hungry as a wolf."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A LITTLE SAINT AGNES.

Anna Blanche McGill in Donahoe's Magazine. When Gerard Foster consented to fresco the walls of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament it was as much a surprise for him as it was a surprise and a cause for chagrin to some others, and

THE CATHOLIC RECORD. So when he heard of the little village,

fying old life—that, indeed, had given him success, as far as the acknowledged skill of his brush went, but which had, he was beginning to realize, been ro meagre in actual gratification. He was weary of it all. He scarcely hoped his spirits would heal there. But he hoped the body would, and in his desperation all he acted for the mining the scarce of the scarce glanced at them and smiled significantly, spirits would, and in his desperation They were all of silver. The nine gold Napoleons lay untouched upon the little tea-table near her. She saw my smile, and, turning round, threw herself sobbing on the couch. Suddenly the door from the other as it were. When he had been there

ut the gentleman should sign his It will be of no use without a ure." 's and the delightful insouciance of the lilies of the field. By his complete isolation, " If you please," said the driver, be-seechingly. For a moment I thought of signing a false name, but I considered that if discovered it would give matters

to fall from him as unlossened fetters. Sometimes, as he sat there looking over the fine landscape before and around him, he would murmur to himself: " There is no world But this—of fields. Frowers and fields, and birds a flit And clouds that soar

Silently o'er The sonny infinite." It grew to be so that he scarcely

It grew to be so that he scarcely thought of the old times, save when Father Bouchard came to visit—as somehow he did more frequently since Foster had begun to board there. For Foster had begun to board there. For beside the fact that the dear shepherd felt that every one in the village was in his flock—did not even the stray ones belong to his Master ?—there were other belong to his Master ?--there were other reasons for his liking to stop there for a chat with Foster. For it was an old, sweet delight to hear some one talk again of the pictures and sculptures he loved and used to know. And then it was interesting to hear of the work of the new schools. Besides he felt that Foster must nine now and then to talk Foster must pine now and then to talk of these things, and there was not a nultitude of the inner circle in Pleasant Valley, though it was not sunk in primitive ignorance. So many an evening as Foster was sitting smoking, Father Bouchard would come along, and the two-the jaded man of the world and

the great strong pastor—would sit almost till morning talking art, litera-ture, and the material of both—life. One evening when they were together and some one else had dropped in, the old thorn, the decoration of the church, came up for consideration. In a moment of generosity Foster offered to finish the walke.

returning strength, With his walls. With his returning strength, the old desire to use the brush was the bid desire to use the brush was beginning to tickle his fingers. voiced, said Father Bouchard, a wish that had been lurking in his heart ever since he heard that some one who had exhibited at the Salon was going to

summer in Pleasant Valley. As soon as he was able Gerard Foster began his work. It half amused him, began his work. It half amused him, because it was a departure from his ordinary themes. Ecclesiastical art he had known, but on other men's can-vases. However he knew he could do what was required of him here, and he was glad to have an opportunity to was glad to have an opportunity to repay the good Pere Bouchard, as he called him, for his many kindnesses.

So every day or so thereafter might be seen on the scaffolding Gerard Foster, sceptic and blase man-of-theworld, working away on some symbol whose value his artistic sense could if his intellect did not

around Father Bouchard's library for data and symbols. Now his attention had to be fastened on the character of St. Agnes. Foster had hitherto known nothing about the saints, and cared less. It seemed inconsistent that he was to portray something to edify those who portray something to edify those who It seemed almost a mockery. Again he laughed at how diverted the old friends would be at the situadid believe. tion. However laugh as they or he might,

the story of St. Agnes he had read and thought so much about that the poetry of her brief history had made an im-pression upon him. But he had not pression upon him. But he had not found the exact way he wished to pres-

round, threw hersen abound in the other couch. Suddenly the door from the other room opened, and the maid entered hastily. As I started to pass out into the hall, there was a rap on the outer door. I threw it open, and there stood the coachman who had driven us from the station. He looked into the room apologetically. "Pardon !" he coughed, discreetly. "I only stepped up to ask the gentu-man to be kind enough to write a bit of paper to certify that it was my carriage the chose an hour ago. The drivers of the scauche and the powy-chase each the coachman who had driven us from the station. He looked into the room apologetically. "I only stepped up to ask the gentu-the actions and the powy-chase each the coachman due of the station of the stati beyond comprehension at h paper to certify that it was my carriage he chose an hoar ago. The drivers of the barouche and the pony-chase each declare that he signed to them first, and that I came by my fare unjustly. Just a word, sir, to save me from trouble at the stand." He looked so pitcous that I wrote out rains. New blades of grass snone as the sunbeams fell across them. The old earth seemed to have had a bath in some fountain of youth, everything seemed so fresh and green. Foster had

" M k; me over, Mother April, When the sap begins to stir. When thy flowery hand delivers All the mountain prisoned rivers, And thy great heart beats and quivers To revive the days that were."

He took a long run across the country, and on his way back he happened to pass the church. Since his several s' illness he had not been there. He thought he would look in and see

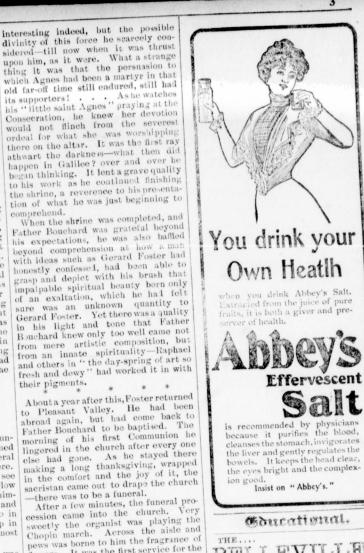
He thought he would look in and see how things seemed now. With the glow of his walk upon him, he said to him-self: "By Jove, I feel so new and strong and benevolent, I could go in and sing the doxology. That tramp in the clean grass makes me feel almost like a catechneen." Chopin march. like a catechumen."

Mass was being celebrated. It was the first carly Mass he had ever seen, departed he had ever attended, and the departed he had ever attended, and the beauty of it made a profound impression upon him. He said to himself: "you've come to the best port, old man, whence to embark for eternity." As the Mass went on, he grew a little exhausted, having had no breakfast, but he did not and the spectacle quite appealed to him. Here was, indeed a realization of that idyllic, primitive celebration Walter Pater makes Marius the Epicurean attend, and the beauty of it too having had no breakfast, but he did no took possession of him as it had done of Marius. A deeper sense of what this like to leave. As his attention flagged a little he glanced about the church, ceremony stood for came over him as in the quiet of the morning the priest in white robes went to and fro upon the white altar, where the pure flames of the candles burned, and the few devo-conversion came before his mental in prayer and worship vision. As his eyes rested on the shrine of St. Agnes, spontaneously they tees wrapped in prayer and worship paid morning homage to the God, their God, Whom he did not know But somehow, it came over him that it was actually to a God, and that this passed to the pew whence he had received his inspiration—the "little was actually to a God, and that this solemn, yet sincere, ceremonial going on there at the altar, was not all mum-mery as the pomp and ceremonial on instrument, as it were, of his conver-sion, first revealing to him a faith he had not realized before. He felt that mery as the pomp and ceremonial on some of the great feast days in the old world churches had seemed to hin.

he would like to see her again.

As the intensity of his first impres-sion cooled a little, he glanced about the building. His eyes passed a few seats in front of him; there near him, see her, perhaps know her. Once again the tones of the Marche Funebre came the publican and sinner, a young girl was kneeling. The sunlight coming plaintively from the organ loft, distracting his thought. He glanced at tracting his thought. He glanced at the cortege. It was apparently a young person there borne out under all the white flowers, perhaps . . . she? One afternoon later he strayed into the church, thinking he would look over his work critically. It had been finished long enough for him to get the of the windows fell upon lighted her face and in one o her; it wove her her; it ignited her lace and wove her hair into an aureole around her. Foster nearly threw up his cap and shouted—a little saint Agnes! . . . It was a divine moment of inspiration! Wild projects finished long enough for him to get the streamed through his brain If she would only kneel that way a little while, he could catch that expression, right perspective. As he entered the church he saw an

old man and woman standing in front of the shrine he had decorated. As he Never had of the shrine he had decorated. As he drew near, looking intensely at his own work, he was surprised at what power he had put into it. "I wish some of the fellows could see it; I believe it would convert them!" As he drew closer, he observed the aged couple. was, conceived such an expression, so glorified by an aspiration, a love, he formed by an aspiration, a love, he knew nothing about . . . Heavens! If he could only reproduce that pure fervor his shrine of the little St. Agnes would be famous, it would surely make people pray, it would—oh, if he could No he must get it distinctly into his aid of his imagination. He lingered till Mass was over, then he hurried home i like mad and gathered what things he f needed. He was at work in a short time . . That day more of the old glow of his first efforts in art's service was upon him than he had known for a . The needed.



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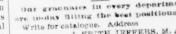
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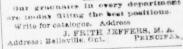
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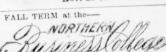


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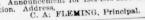
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around Father Bouchard's library for interesting indeed, but the possible

My only feeling was one of unutter-

I took my hat and stood erect. "You have driven me in your carriage, I have partaken of your hospitality, and I have ruined your gown; but I will re-pay you as far as I can, that you may have nothing to regret in this affair." I shook the contents of my purse on the table, much after the manner of old-fashioned heroes of romance. It was all I had. There were nine twenty-franc gold pieces and some loose change in

had left her in poverty, and she had been forced to send her two darling children to her mother to be educated. She had been too young to know her sighed, and now she married, she married is poverty and loneliness, deserted by him who should protect her and separated from her darlings. It happened this way, his being asked ther costly gown, at the fingers, at the many expensive elegancies of the little boudoir. I begin to recollect some things I had heard from Nr. Arthur; I began to have a dim remembrance of a face I had seen about to enter resolution to recollect some things I had heard the had been about to enter the took the other resolution to the enter the took the other resolution to the transmin will be as tood very close to me; then I felt a caressing touch on my hair, and in anotheri mark. As he handed it to me she stood very close to me; then I felt a caressing touch on my hair, and in anotheri mark. My only feeling was one of unutterMy only feeling was one of unuttertabernacle built to have his harmony in did not intend to have his harmony in stone marred by such a discord as bad stone marred by such a discord as bad painting on its wall would make. Of course, there was no native genius in to realize the pastor's ideals. Nor was there money enough in the treasury to justify bringing an artist from New justify bringing an artist from New audone. When some of the impatient parish-When some of the parish the parish-when some of the parish the parish-when some of the parish the parish-that better should be the parish th

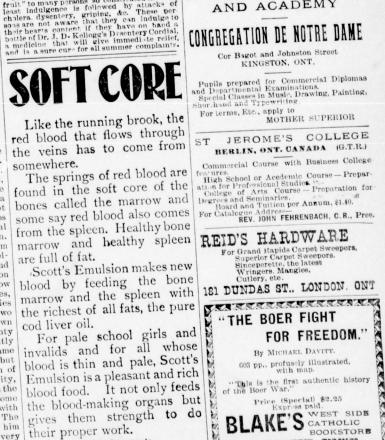
the cup of teal held to upset and spill its contents full over the front of the young woman's pretty frock. She sprang back and shook out the rufles in dismay, her eyes snapping angrily.
"You careless, awkward booby !' she screamed; "you have ruined my gown."
"You should not have been standing so near," I retorted, angrily, folding my arms and facing her with flashing "Tut ! tut ! she said, disdainfully;
"Tut ! tut ! she said, disdainfully;
"I forgot that little boys do not like to be called pretty."
I took my hat and stood erect. "You have driven me in your carriage, I have driven me in your carriage, I have driven me in your carriage, I have partaken of your hospitality of the second pretty."

was upon him than he had known for a long time. The next few mornings he went to

The next few mornings he went to Mass. One morning, he met Father MacLean, the assistant, who said to him: "You don't get to work this early, do you? You know Mass is being celebrated just now." "I'm going to Mass," answered Foster with a twinkle in his eye that balled the young priest. "Aren't you afraid we'll make a Cath-olie of you, if you do such things?" blie of you, if you do such things?', 'Not much afraid, wish you could,

said Foster. There in the same place, when he model. went in, was his unconscious model. There was a great charm about her face. There was a great charm about her face. simplicity and purity were its keynotes, a spirituality he had never seen before illuminating it, and adding to it a certain intellectuality he had not hitherto known, though his friendships had been with women whose mental calibre had undeniable distinction. That was the thing that first set him thinking—her unmistakable, cool intel-ligence about what she was doing and about what was about going forward on about what was about going forward on the altar. He began to meditate how the altar. He began to meditate how strange it was considering all the ages, all the centuries piled on centuries between them, that there were two women, one far away in the first dawn of the religion of Christ, one in twenty hundredth year thereafter, apparently feeling the same exaltation, the same we set in the second second

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