THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM. "My God, 1 love thee!" did I say,
And strove to say it truly—
"And I will serve Thee every day"—
And sought to serve I lim dily.
But was it Love that cried and
cried
Or Fatth and Fear that trembling

Or Faith and Fear that trembling 'Alasi I know not truly.

Another thought is mine to-day-It fills my soul completely, t charms all mournful doubts away Most tenderly and sweetly, "My God! Thou lovest, lovest

mel In Time and through eternity, Thou holdest me completely!"

Elizabeth Cecilia Waylen in The
Irish Monthly.

#### How Dick Rutherford Regained Faith.

From an Exchange.

There was a sudden sileuce-a sort of listening hush; "the organ's pealng voice was stilled-the Vesper hymn was done," and a young religious who had been kneeling for a moment before the high altar rose and ascended the pulpit.

His face was a striking one; it bore the unmistakable impress of intellectual power, strength of will and holiness. Purity of mind and heart was writ large upon it, and the clear eyes and sensitive mouth betokened gentleness and tenderness of feeling. Altogether it was a countenance that compelled a second glance, and a handsome man sitting about hali way down the nave withdrew his somewhat contemptuous gaze from those immediately around him and fixed it upon the preacher.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, inwardly, "why, it's Raymond - dear old Rayl - by all that's wonderfull Ray, a full fledged friarl a fisher of men! Who would have thought it? 'And yet:" memory recurring of boyhood and youth, of school and col-lege life, "it is not so strange after all. He was always a bit serious, the very soul of honor and as stainless as Sir Galahad himself," with a half-sneering, half-envious sigh. "Well, well, it matters little to me, for, whether I had found him a saint or sinner, friar or worldling, Ray will ever be my best, nay, my only true friend."

Thus musing, Dick Rutherford leaned back with folded arms and prepared to listen to the sermon.

"Who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light." The words, spoken in a deep, thrilling voice, lost none of their singularly forceful beauty, and the bitter worldweary man-young in years, but old in experience—with a few illusions and less faith listened as to a longforgotten melody, listened and enjoyed, for Dick Rutherford, avowed agnostic though he was, keenly appreciated earnestness in any shape or

"Light!" he muttered, "Yes, more light and fuller is what I want; I have outgrown the simple beliefs, the pious fables, which satisfied my youth. I'm tired of old opinions, tired of facing life's unread riddles, the meaning of which must ever remain locked and barred. The permission of evil, the problem of pain-what use to search into the'r inner depths? What use to .ollor, knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bound of human thought? What use, I say, to strive after the highest mental standard conceivable by us? We are no nearer to the light because the scale is infinite."

Meanwhile the old familiar truths of religion fell from the young preacher's lips, and Dick Rutherford listened, enthra sed, but not convinced. The logical conciseness of the arguments put forward, their clearness and calm, incontrovertible reasonableness, struck him forcibly-more forcibly, perhaps, than he would have cared to confess. The singular beauty of the speaker's voice and the graceful simplicity of his language pleased his hearer's

"Ohl the depths of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God!" exclaimed the young friar in those memorable words of St. Paul. "How incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearchable His

Then the organ pealed forth once more; the sermon was over.

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THE

Scarcely half an hour later the two friends, whose lives for so long had flowed in such totally different channels, met in a typical monastic par-

Company of the Confidence

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," the elder man remarked, surveying the other with sad, cynical, yet wholly affectionate eyes. But, it's no good, Ray, old fellow. I honor you; I would never deride the faith, if only for your sake. And if it satisfies you, heaven knows it ought to satisfy me, for I don't possessa tenth part of your intellect. Nevertheless, I can't believe-what's more, I can't even pretend to-and I won't renew our friendship under false pretences!"

After that evening Dick Rutherford returned to the monastery again and yet again, as though drawn by some magic spell; but his mental attitude remained unchanged.

Sometimes in the shady garden or sunny library, sometimes in his firend's cell, he spent many a pleasant hour. No word of controversy passed between the two, no useless discussions, no word of reproach. The friar had other methods, known only to his soul and to his God-moments of strenuous prayer, secret penances that none saw and none guessed. Nay, a daily penance, a ceaseless self-abnegation; for when more than seven years ago, in that silent hour before the altar he had heard the Master's voice, he determined to offer his life to God in the religious state for the return of Dick Rutherford to the faith.

"You never irritate a fellow," the latter remarked on a certain evening as they paced one of the long gravel walks side by side, "you've no sentimental picty about you - not a spark! You're rational and sensible in spite of your cowl."

"Does it seem so extraordina" Dick, that a cowl and common seest should go together?" asked the young friar, with a whimsical smile. "Are reason and religion necessarily incompatible?"

"Not always. But you must admit, Ray, that good people are often confoundedly condescending and desperately unconvincing to somers like my-That's the fault I find with the generality of them. I never profess to lead a particularly virtuous life, yet I should hesitate to censure my fellowmortals as unmercifully as many of them appear to find pleasure in do-Still, to condemn any form of faith on account of the imperfections of those who practice it is, to say the least, illogical. No human institu-tion is flavless."

"And the Church is divine," returned the other, gravely, "but its members are human enough, God knows. Well, Dick are you coming to the ceremony on Sunday?".

"What, the crowning of the scatue? My dear boy, you forget I've put away chillish things!"

"Nevertheless, I ask you all the

" 'Faith of our Fathers. Mary's Prayers.' I suppose that is what you have in mind." "Don't sneer, Dick; that remark

was wholly unworthy of youf" "Yes, it was a wretched piece of cheap cynicism, and to atone for it

I promise to be present at the ceremony next Sunday." Dick Rutherford was as good as his

word. Long before 3 o'clock in the afternoon in question he had made his through the fast gathering crowd that thronged the church precincts and found a seat in the spacious building, which, despite some inward whispers of self-mockery, always brought him an unwonted sense of rest.

The ceremony, simple in expressior, boyhood; the very scent of the flowers stirred vague sweet memories of a time when he "remembered to have been joyful and free from blame," the strains of the well-known hymn, "Welcome, Month of Mary," filled his heart with emotion to which it had long since been a stranger. Even the temporary altar of the sanctuary, upon which stood the statue of Our Lady, soon to be crowned, excited no movement of scoffing criticism. In truth, a feeling now far removed from religious enthusiasm swept over him as the grand organ rolled forth its surging waves of sound and the whole

of the immense concourse of people

**PICTURE** 

that filled aisles and naves, nay, every inch of standing room, to overflowing took up the familiar refrain and echoed triumphantly, "Welcome, Mouth of Maryl"

The sermon was short and simple, but touching and singularly eloquent. When it was over there followed a thrilling pause, while the pretty little child upon whom the pious task devolved, stepped forward and took the floral crown, only to appear high up a moment later, and deftly place it upon the head of the statue Not a whisper, not the faintest rus-

tle could be heard in all that vast assemblage; there was a strange hush, and then, across the listening silence, broke the sound of a strong man's

"God hath His mysteries of grace, ways that we cannot tell," and us the sermon proceeded, Dick Rutherford became more and more moved.

"Am I growing a sentimental fool?" he asked himself impatiently once or twice. And then the old, old influences began to work; he bowed his head on his hands and the tender tones of the Mother of Mercy seemed to call "like a friend's voice from a distant field."

A few minutes later the crowd streamed out into the sunshine, and the erstwhile agnostic was left alone before the tabernacle.

"You were right, Ray," he said, in rather an unsteady voice some hours afterwards, when, his confession over, he wrung the young friar's hand and reluctantly prepared to depart, 'Mary's prayers and your's have done what all else failed to do, and my storm-tossed soul has found peace at last "

THE CAT AND THE BURGLAR. A Denver correspondent of The St Louis Globe-Democrat writes as fol-

lows:

An old lady living alone in a large and dreary house in the western su-burbs of this city has just told the neighbors, or an attempt to burglarize her house, and the marvellous manner in which the attempt was thwarted. She is well known to have considerable money, as the income from her property exceeds her expenses; and as she has a horror of banks it is the general impression that she keeps the money about the house. She is quite alone, except for a servant woman who comes in the morning and does the work, returning to her home at night. She is always followed by an enormous cat, brindle and white, rejoicing in the name of Dot. He weighs at least sixteen pounds, and attracts a great deal af attention on account of his size, but allows no one to touch him but his mistress.

On several occasions when dogs have strayed into the premises Dot has sent them howling from the place. "Last Wednesday night," she says, "I wasn't feeling well and went to hell as soon as the servant left. I rlcep up stairs in the south room. Before going to bed I went all around below stairs and fastened every door and window, just as I always do Dot was sleeping on my bed, just as he always had done all his life. In the night I was awakened by a snucen motion he made, and found when I put my hand on him that he had raised his head and was listening, trembling all over, he was so mervous. I thought he heard a rat, and was about to go to sleep again when he sprang to his feet and stood beside me ,growling very low Then I listened, and distinctly heard footsteps creeping up the stairs. I was so frightened that a smothering sensation came over me. In all the years I had lived there alone such a thing had never happened. I could hear the footsteps come up to the top of the feeling stairs, along the wall for the door of my room. Directly he found the door, and then the hand west feeling for the latch and having found it, turned it and the door opened. I knew well enough what was going on, but I could not move or even scream just lay there as though I were dead. I heard the feet begin to move slowly across the floor toward my bed, and soon he was touching the bed. Just at that moment Dot made an awful leap, and I am sure he must have

landed square on that man's head, for of all the wild yells that ever came from a mortal throat that was the 'Dich! Dick! come an' help; the devil's got me! he screamed, and ran for the door, Dot jumped off, but the man must have been blinded with blood, for he missed his footing at the top and fell down the whole flight of stairs. At the bottom Bor pouncor stairs. At the bottom Bot pounced on him again, and when his comrade ran to his assistabce Dot gave him a taste, and I heard him swear that the whole top of his head was torn off. They went out by the celar window. I don't know how they found out how everything in the house was situated, and I don't believe they will try it again."

THE BRIGHTEST FLOWERS must THE BRIGHTEST FLOWERS must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil Croup, whooping cough bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

ARK OF THE COVENANT. (Eugene Davis in The Rosary.) the dun horizon, smiling, As from

A rainbow to the clouds, God spoke on high,
And Nonh saw reselendent in the sky
The covenant and compact of the

While on the heights of Ararat the

Reposed after the winds and waves

grew calm,
God poured on earth the bounty af
His balm
And turned to gold the skies that once were dark.

So she's the ark that o'er the stormy tide Bears her foud children to the har-

bor bright
Where lies in light Christ's sancti-Though tempests rave athwart the waters wide,
Her covenant looks from the starless night,
Pointing to day, to Heaven, and to God! fied abode;

THE LITTLE ARISTOCRAT.

"Birds have as much character as human beings," said a specialist on birds. "Some are the most arrant little aristocrats, while others are regular little plebians. I had a little fellow some time ago who, despite all my efforts, would not bathe. Each morning when, with his white porce-lain tub in my hand, I approached his cage he would resolve himself into the sulkiest, dreariest little ball of feathers you can possibly imagine. I coaxed and pleaded; I even bribed. Bathe he would not. So consistent was he in his determination not to bathe that I named bim Tramp. One morning I broke the tub, and in its place I took a shallow blue and white dish of Japanese ware. Tramp eyed me for a moment with all his old hostility, and then as he caught sight of the pretty dish he flew down from his perch with chirps of joy and darted into the water before I could take my hand from the cage. I had found the way to his heart, and his morning bath now became a daily source of joy to both of us. But one fatal morning I broke the blue and white In an apologetic manner I brought Tramp once more the regulation white bath dish, hoping that his cleanly habits were by this time so engrained that he would overlook the prosaic appearance of his tub. Not so. An angry flutter of wings, a threatening little beak, a perfect tempest of shrill cheeps and twitterings and then sulky silence on the topmost perch. So it went on till I secured another blue and white dish, and then peace and harmony and morning baths

AGE OF DEER

agein."

Romance has played a prominent part with regard to the longevity of deer. What says the Highland adage?

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a Thrice the age of a horse is that of a

man. Thrice the age of a man is that of a

Thrice the age of a deer is that of an cagle,

Thrice the age of an eagle is that of

ao oak tree. This s to assign the deer a period of more than two hundred years, and the estimate is supported by many highly circumstantial stories. Captain McDonald, of Tulloch, who died in 1776, aged 66 years, is said to have known the white hind of Loch Treig for 50 years, his father for a ike period before him and his grandfather for 60 years before him. So in 1826 MacDonald of Glengarry is reported to have killed a stag which bore a mark on the left car identical with that made on all the calves he could catch by Ewen-MacIan-Og, who had been dead one hundred and fity years. Analogous stories, it may be noted, are told in countries on the continent of Europe where deer are to be found in any number .- Chambers' Journal.

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