

pleasantly. There was no trace of patronage in Mrs. Pierce's manner, and Mrs. Rutherford forgot that they did not meet on an equal footing. A few minutes had wrought a great change in her. She had forgotten the cold she had forgotten her poverty. She looked younger—years younger. Her natural wit, asleep for many a day, asserted itself unexpectedly; and she said such piquant, clever things that the room rang with Mrs. Pierce's low laughter.

Then, suddenly, her forgotten bag slipped from her lap and fell with a thud to the floor, reminding her of her errand. Her short dream was ended. At once the haggard look returned to her face, and the pain in her heart awoke. She was poor again—poor as of old.

"But, I am forgetting my errand, Mrs. Pierce," she said in a changed tone, after she had hastily picked up her bag. "I came here to—well, not to beg, but to try to sell you some hand-made lace."

"Drink your tea and take another sandwich," Mrs. Pierce urged. "After that I'll be glad to look at your pretty things."

But Mrs. Rutherford would not. The tea had grown tasteless; she had remembered that she was not a guest. Replacing her cup on the tea table, she opened her bag, and drawing forth carefully-folded pieces of lace, began to spread them out as enticingly as possible, with her thin and trembling hands. As she did so Mrs. Pierce was looking not at the lace, but at Mrs. Rutherford's sweet, mobile face. It seemed to interest her deeply.

"This piece is a dollar and a half a yard," Mrs. Rutherford said in a businesslike tone, which she had been at pains to cultivate; "and this is seventy-five cents; and this other one, a dollar."

Mrs. Pierce took the first piece between her fingers.

"What lovely work!" she exclaimed. "I'll take all you have of this; and I must have some of that."

"How kind you are!" Mrs. Rutherford answered, and for very joy her lips quivered and tears poured over her cheeks. She had always kept her sorrows to herself, but, meeting Mrs. Pierce's tender smile, as she hastily wiped away her tears she said, half-sobbing:

"You are so kind! I—oh, I'm lonely and hungry! I've been hungry for many a day. I haven't a dollar in the world; I have no home. It's hard when a woman is as old as I, and all alone. I lost my husband many years ago, and my daughter died when she was little—only five years old. I've tried not to complain. I might have known that God would not forsake me. He didn't. He sent me to you, and you are buying my lace."

Mrs. Pierce gently stroked her hand. She waited until Mrs. Rutherford was calm again before she began to speak. "Listen to me," she said. "I am not being kind. The lace is lovely. I am glad to have it, and I can always buy whatever I like. I wish I were making some sacrifice to take it—I wish it with all my heart. I wish—"

She broke off abruptly—she who was never abrupt—and added significantly, after a pause: "You know, sometimes people give away what they really need."

"Sometimes," Mrs. Rutherford agreed wonderingly. She could not imagine what was in Mrs. Pierce's mind; but agitated as she was, understood that some special meaning lay hidden under her words.

"I know what it is to be poor—I know so well!" Mrs. Pierce went on, looking away from Mrs. Rutherford, as if she were speaking to herself rather than conscious that she had a listener. "I was once friendless and penniless in New York. When I was eighteen I went there to study art—went there with all a young girl's rosy dreams of success and of happiness. But I did not succeed. I grew poor and poorer. I was starving. I was growing desperate. The day I spent my last cent—it was the 8th of December, I remember—I stopped in the church on my way back to my cold attic room. I suppose my face told a story for as I prayed a woman, whom I had long admired from a distance—touched me on the shoulder. I see you are in trouble," she said. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"She spoke so sweetly that before I knew it, proud as I was, I had told her all. She gave me a \$20 bill. Somehow I did not mind taking it from her. And she gave me what I needed quite as much: tenderness and encouragement."

Mrs. Rutherford had dropped her lace. She clasped her hands together and looked into Mrs. Pierce's averted face.

"The next day," Mrs. Pierce continued, "I took my best water color from one dealer to another. I did not have to say a word. I had placed it before noon, and it was sold a day or two later. The buyer asked to see more of my work, and my day of bitterness was past. He, the buyer, was Mr. Pierce."

She smiled, looking again at Mrs. Rutherford; then added quietly:

"All that came long afterward, but it was only a little while before I was able to save \$20, and then I began to watch for my benefactor to repay her. Day after day I watched, Sunday after Sunday, but she was never in the church. At length I went to see the pastor, and asked him for her address. He could not give it to me. She had left the parish and (he thought) New York. He, being comparatively new there, had not known her well; but this he did know: that on the very day of which I spoke she had lost every-

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thing in the failure of the Mutual Trust Company. She had gone to see him on her way to the church he remembered, and had told him that the only money she had in the world was a \$20 bill in her purse. And—that was the bill she gave me."

There was a long, long silence before Mrs. Pierce leaned forward, and, taking Mrs. Rutherford's hands in hers, said very softly:

"You will let me pay my debt—my great debt—won't you?"

For a moment Mrs. Rutherford hid her face in her hands. When she tried to speak she could not say a word; but, before Mrs. Pierce could prevent it, she had slipped on her knees beside her, and, clinging to her, she wept aloud, because her joy was too great for her heart to hold.

"You were so sweet and good I couldn't help it!" she murmured at last.—Florence Gilmore, in *Ave Maria*.

WHY PARISH SCHOOLS ARE THE BEST

"Evidently Catholics are determined to have their children educated in the Catholic way," wrote Cardinal Farley, in a New York daily paper. After giving a summary of the parish schools in New York, the cost of maintenance, etc., His Eminence proceeded to show what "the Catholic way" is.

To begin with the Catholic child in the parish school is taught his religion, and the precepts of Catholic morality. "The Catholic idea is not that religion should accompany secular training and stop there, but that the secular studies should themselves be pursued under the aegis of Christianity, so that at no time during the session should the pupil be removed from its sanctifying influences." The symbols of religion—the crucifix and sacred pictures—are among the fittings of the classroom. They are constant reminders of the value God placed on the soul.

And the prayers recited at the beginning and the end of the day's work and at frequent intervals between the children are imbued with the idea that obedience to civil rulers is a religious duty since back of the civil authority is the authority of God. Moreover the teachers themselves are in the most cases men and women who have given up the world to work for God in the instruction of youth, and the very sight of their habits serves as a constant example of that self-renunciation which is at the root of true character-training. And when such a teacher demands the obedience and respect of his young charges his demand is enforced by the fact that he himself is living in a state of constant obedience to his own superiors.

Every patriotic citizen, no matter what his creed, ought to thank God that in a land where reverence for law is none too common there are schools where submission to authority, civil as well as religious, is insisted on as a religious duty, and that not by words only but by the immeasurably more eloquent voice of example. Then again the children are brought regularly to the parish church for confession and Communion, for Sunday Mass and other devotional purposes, and in some cases they have Sunday-school as a supplement to the regular religious training of the week or they are required to hand in a synopsis of the sermon. In short, the whole school is permeated with the atmosphere of religion, not a religion of mere pretty phrases and weak sentimentality, but one that has definite and clearly grasped doctrine for the basis of its moral teaching. Is it any wonder that children so trained grow up to become useful law-abiding citizens, loyal to their God and to their country?

The Cardinal meets the objection that the time given to religious instruction must be taken from the other studies, by pointing to the records of examinations in which parish schools and Public schools took part, side by side. To see the religious teachers in session each year at educational conferences and summer schools is to be convinced of the efficiency of such teachers.

And lastly, (continued His Eminence) the Catholic schools, having behind them the sound traditions of

centuries, have been notably free from those hasty experiments with novelties that have done so much to impair the efficiency of other educational establishments. Not all movement is progress, and while we are glad to improve in every possible way, and are not wedded to a blind conservatism, we have never suffered our schools to be converted into experiment stations for inflicting on the bewildered and mystified children the latest pedagogical fads.

And now, before concluding, I would like to indicate another field in which the parish school has wrought a blessing. It has frequently happened that a pastor sets up a school in a district where poverty and ignorance walk hand in hand. The children are gathered in and gradually through them there is introduced into the homes a leaven of true culture which could not otherwise have been imparted. Without any officious meddling with the private lives of these people the Church becomes a source of betterment even in the things of this life, the parents benefitting as well as the children, and an acute observer might after a few years recognize the Catholic Church at her old but never abandoned task of healing the nations, as though the ancient days were come again, when Goth and Saxon and Celt were Christianized and civilized by the missionaries that went out from Rome. This is no fanciful picture but a fact of actual experience.

Such is in brief the principle on which the parish school is based. It rests on the firm foundation of Christ's command, which the Church through long ages has ever striven to fulfill until she has accumulated a store of experience that places her far beyond all possible rivals. She knows the human nature with which she is dealing, its capacities and its limitations. And with these in mind she knows that the only way to train up good citizens, good fathers and mothers, is through the teaching of the faith once delivered to the saints. All other methods are sadly inadequate. For man needs to learn to bear the yoke from his youth if he is to grow up a useful and law-abiding member of society; and that process of subjecting the intellect and the will to the higher law can not be accomplished by any means that has not back of it the sanction and authority of religion. In the words of Cardinal Newman: "Quarry the granite rock with razors or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of man."

Nor will it be denied that the large measure of individual liberty enjoyed by citizens of our republic calls for higher motives of conduct than any man-made methods of control of human actions can furnish. Monarchies, it is said, largely rest on the honor, but republics on the virtue of their subjects. Taking this for granted, it applies more pertinently to the people of this nation than to any other living under a kindred form of government. The vastness and variety of our population gathered from the ends of the earth within the brief span of little more than a century, of every and no form of religious belief, call loudly for the religious training of the rising generations.—Sacred Heart Review.

A MAN'S BELIEF

By William H. Sloan, M. A., in the *Missionary*

In regard to the physical economy of the globe, does it make any difference what a man believes? Would it make any difference to a machine whether he thought lead was as good for tools as steel? Would it make any difference to a man in respect to the industries of life, if he thought that a triangle was as good as a circular wheel in machinery? In respect to the quality of substance, the forms of substances, the combinations of substances, and the nature of motive powers, does success depend upon sincere believing or on right believing? Suppose a man should think that it made no difference what he believed, and should say to himself, "I wish to raise corn, but I have not the seed; so I will take some ashes and plant them; and I believe sincerely that they are as good as corn"—would he have a crop of corn? What would his sincerity avail? The more sincere he was the worse it would be for him; for if he were not sincere, he might slip away in a lucid interval and get a little corn, and plant that. In all material things, the more sincere our readers are, if they are right, the better; but the more sincere they are if they are wrong, the worse they are off. In the latter case, sincerity is the mallet that drives home the mischief.

How is it in respect to commercial matters? Just now a great many are manufacturing weapons and supplies for the embattled hosts of Europe and Asia. Does it make no difference whether a man thinks that wool that is mere dust and sweepings of wool is as good for blankets as honest wool? Does it make no difference whether a man thinks that corn-stalks and sticks are as good as machine guns and rifles? Does it make no difference with the sale of a man's goods, whether they are manufactured of one material or another? If a business man believes right in respect to his business, he prospers; and if he believes wrong, he does not prosper, however sincere he may be.

How is it in respect to navigation? Does any man say, "I have my own

theories about astronomy, and I will sail my ship according to them. I do not believe the talk of the books on this subject; and it does not make much difference what a man believes respecting it." Does it make no difference what a seaman believes about charts? Suppose the captain of a ship should say, "I know the chart says that here are three fathoms of water, that here are two, and that here is one, but I do not believe it; I know that my steamer draws thirty feet of water, but I believe that I can run it over a twenty-foot bar"—does it make no difference what he believes? It makes all the difference between shipwreck and safety. Throughout the whole realm of physical truth, a man is bound to believe, not only sincerely, but correctly. In business, in manufacturing, in navigation, in all things that relate to the conduct of men in secular affairs, men must be right—not merely sincere.

Take one thing further. There are affectional and social truths. Does it make no difference what a man believes in respect to these? Is there no difference between pride, vanity, and selfishness, on the one hand, and tenderness, sympathy and love, on the other? If a man has social intercourse, does it make no difference what view he takes of these things? Will it make no difference with his conduct, if he thinks that pride and love are about the same thing, and that one is a proper substitute for the other? His sincerity makes the mischief worse, in such a case.

It is only when we come to moral and religious grounds that men begin to urge the maxim that it makes no difference what men believe, with any considerable degree of confidence. They reject it in its application to material truths, to physical sciences, to business, to social intercourse in life, and in all this they hold to the necessity of correct belief. It is not until they come to religious truths, like the difference between Catholicity and Protestantism, that men begin to say, "It does not make much difference what a man believes."

Let us take the lower forms of moral truth, and see if it is so in our daily intercourse. A non-Catholic who has a sick son at home, goes to church, and he hears a minister preach about the necessity of believing only certain great doctrines, and on his way home he says, "It is not so much importance what a man believes, if he is only sincere in it." When he gets home, he finds there has been an altercation between his sick son and the nurse. There is a lie between them somewhere. And the child calls back his father's theory, and says in respect to the sinfulness of lying, "Father, I do not think it makes much difference what one believes if he is only sincere." What will our non-Catholic friend think about it then?

Our friends of other faiths are trying to bring up their children to follow in the footsteps of the fathers in regard to a virtuous life. Do they not desire to bring them up to believe that honesty is the best policy? Do they not desire to bring them up to believe that purity stands connected with their prosperity in after life? Do they not feel the greatest solicitude about the teachings they are receiving? Are they not determined that they shall be brought up to distinguish between truth and falsehood, honor and dishonor, purity and impurity, temperance and drunkenness, nobleness and vulgarity? They do not look for a special providence of some kind to overcome in later life, erroneous education. As John Ruskin says: "If you prepare a dish of food carelessly, you do not expect Providence to make it palatable; neither, if through years of folly you misguide your own life, need you expect Divine interference to bring around everything at last as if you had done right." How particular men are when it is moral truth that is applied to the reasoning of their children. How long would they keep a Sunday-school teacher in their Sunday school who held, in respect to these subjects, as they hold in respect to doctrinal matters, that it does not make any difference what a person believes?

As it is with the lower forms of moral truth, the Catholic believes that both experience and Revelation teach us it is so with the higher forms of moral truth and religious doctrine. There is a definite and heaven-appointed and vital connection between the things a man holds to be true, and the moral and spiritual results that follow in that man's life.

The Catholic believes that all truths are important, especially those that bear upon a man's eternal salvation, and all such truths show with equal rapidity the effects of being believed or rejected. There are many doctrinal truths that bear such a relation to our everyday life that the fruit of believing or rejecting appears almost at once. These

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are Spring truths, that come up and bear fruit early in the season. There are other truths that require more time for working out their results; these may be called Summer truths, and their result does not ripen till July or August. Other truths, in respect to showing the results of belief or disbelief, are like late Autumnal fruits, that require a whole winter to develop their proper juices. But in these last the connection between belief and conduct is just as certain although it is longer in making itself appear.

On this subject the Pittsburgh Observer wisely discourses:

"It has been truly said by a recent anonymous writer that the pessimism and weariness of life from which our age is suffering so severely is due, not so much to any one of those minor causes to which the wise ones of the world are so apt to refer it, as to the absence of that strong and all-conquering faith in the existence of God and in His constant guidance of the individual life which Christianity emphasizes and confirms so strongly and without which human nature at best remains sadly imperfect and incomplete."

"How often in these days of doubt and uncertainty, of wavering and wandering, one is reminded of that faithful saying of the great Cardinal Newman—'Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go.'"

What our Lord does is well done; we have but to submit. Do not complain of trouble, it will be well repaid, a rich recompense awaits you in heaven; let this thought encourage you.—Sister Louise, S. N. D.

Let us take courage until the end, and let us not grow weary of thanking our Lord for so many favors, graces, and—crosses!

If I can not yet bear my cross joyfully, at least I will bear it willingly, since God has laid it on my shoulders.

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