

dazzled and of the Canon's from the evening, printed on the memory for up, amongst to comfort. Often, in at the tables of the mass of the ever- of his beautiful as raised to the and often, at midnight, mighty stream and stormy did he see, in the white arms, and the calm, that slept and rest, that ventilated being northward and golden away till they and blue of the note; the over the ever- in silver all day teal-blue armor There was a griddle cakes, from the hands the butter, the Golden Vale; and agrarian in their grapes- was his good Catholic of the and God fearing allowed a day to of silent con- in bedroom after on whose lands of indecency was the widest mother, her be- rged under her rnal beads in her to and fro, was Martha of honest- alertness; and thoughtful Mary of there was Father and trust of children sprang for hands the widest as glad to lay his hand valourously de- Luke flung him- by the southern rgerly for a "de-

something, and married a big man, 'tis she that turned the poor man's head."

"I wish she had turned it the right way," said Father Pat, "for certainly 'tis screwed on the wrong way now."

"Father Martin says, too, that he is a rare good man under all his airs and non-sense."

"No one minds him," said Father Pat; "he'd speak well of an informer or a landgrabber."

"Why, then, now, Father Pat, no one knows as well as your reverence that there 'ud be many a poor family on the roadside to day but for the same Canon. Sure they say that when they see his grand writing up in Dublin, see his grand turkeycock on the top of the letter, and two words crossed, that they'd give him all he ever asked for. And sure when the Widow Gleeson was served last autumn, and there was nothing before her but the workhouse, and the Canon wrote to the agent, but he had only plain paper without the turkey-cock, they took no more notice of him than if he was an ordinary poor country parish priest. What did he do? He took the train up to Dublin, and walked into the office. Phew! when they saw his grand figure, they ran into rat-holes before him. Believe you me, Father Pat, there are very few priests in the country can make the Canon's boast, that no little child will ever sleep in his parish without a coverlet and the stars."

"That's all right, Mike," said Father Pat; "but why doesn't he keep his grand airs for Delmege?"

"Why," said Mike Dolmpego, "sure he must practice; and where would he practice but on you and me?"

"Well, he might keep them for Sunday and holidays," said Margery, who hated the whole lot, "or when his grand sister and niece come down from Dublin, and speak plain to plain people."

"True, Margery," said Father Pat; "we're a plain people, and we want plain, simple priests."

"But somehow Margery didn't like that either."

"Luke," said Father Pat, buttoning up his coat, "do you mean to say you're not joking, and that you sang 'The Muster-to-night'?"

"I was never so serious in my life," said Luke.

"You sang it all?"

"Every line!"

"Down to—"

"No more as craven slaves we bend To despot, king, or queen; God shields the right—strike sure and fast, 'Tis for our native Green."

"Quite so?"

"And he didn't get a fit?"

"Not up to the time I was leaving."

"Well, he has got one now. I'll have a sick-call to him to-night. By Jove! what will Tim and Martin say? Well, let me see! You're off on Friday. Tim will have you to-morrow; Martin on Tuesday; you'll be with me on Wednesday. We'll leave him to you, ma'am, on Thursday. Is that all right?"

"All right said Luke.

"The best crachure that ever lived," said Mrs. Delmege, as Father Pat strolled down the moonlit field. Just at the stile he thought of something and came back. They were all kneeling, and Luke was reciting the Rosary. Father Pat heard the murmur of the Rosary beads and joined in that blessed prayer that echoes after night from end to end of Ireland. Then he stole away quietly and mounted the stile.

"By Jove!" he said to himself, as he crossed shadow after shadow from the trees on the high hedge. "I believe he's in earnest. But who'd ever believe it? What will Tim and Martin say? We'll be talking about it till Christmas."

On Tuesday Luke called to see the Canon and made his adieux. He was not quite so nervous as on previous occasions, but he expected to receive a severe reprimand and a long lecture on his future conduct. Nor was he disappointed.

"I think it my duty," said the Canon, after they had exchanged preliminaries, "to say—ha—that there were a few things at our little—domestic meeting on Sunday, which I—ha—could hardly approve of. Is it possible that you were never—ha—instructed by your professor to rise with the ladies after dinner, and hold the door open as they—ha—departed?"

"It is not only possible, but a fact," said Luke, with the old contentious spirit of logic chopping coming back to him. "Besides, sir, I was engrossed at the time, and didn't hear you say 'Grace.'"

"This was really good for Luke; but he didn't see how his rapier struck home.

"I can really hardly credit it," said the Canon. "It is painful to reflect that we alone—ha—were supposed to learn, by—ha—some kind of intuition, the amenities of social intercourse."

The Canon was so pained that for a few moments there was dead silence, broken only by the ticking of the clocks.

"Then," he resumed, at length, "your rencontre with my—ha—clever nephew was hardly a happy one. I thought the inter-relationships between body and spirit were part of your—ha—philosophical curriculum."

"Your nephew was Christian enough to deny that there was such a thing as soul at all," said Luke, flashing. The idea of being catechised on philosophy by this old man, who probably had never heard of a more recent writer than Tongiorgi or Liberatore! And all this to a "First of First!"

"Ha! that was only for a post-prandial argument," laughed the Canon. "But you lost temper and got confused, and you never heard of these—ha—Odic forces? Dear me! What are our professors doing? And with what singular equipments they furnish our young men for the battle of life!"

There was another spell of silence, during which Luke drew up to the bar of justice, and solemnly condemned his professors as a set of "efete old fossils."

"I should hardly," said the Canon, returning, "care to allude to that—"

—ill timed and rather vulgar—melody to which you treated us; but you are—ha—going to England, and your mission will be—ha—inoperative and ineffectual if you import into the ministrations of your daily ministry such treasonable principles as those contained in that—ha—street-ballad. You were never taught operatic music in Maynooth?"

"No, sir," said Luke; "it was sternly interdicted."

"Dear me! how reactionary! And it is so—ha—re-acting. Did you notice that pretty duet, 'A nostri monti'?"

The Canon placed the tips of his fingers together.

"Yes, it was pretty," murmured Luke.

"And my nephew's rendering of 'Hear Me, Gen—tel Maritana'?"

"I did not follow that," said Luke.

"And then to compare that fiery Marcellaise, which you so unwisely derided! Do you think now really—ha—that 'Honor me boys,' is an expression suited to a drawing room audience, or do you not see that it would be more fitting in a street-corner ballad or the heavy atmosphere of a—ha—tap-room?"

Luke was silent and angry.

"It is quite possible," continued the Canon, "that you will be thrown a good deal into—ha—English society. You may be invited to dine with the—ha—aristocracy, or even the—ha—nobility. I hope, my dear young friend, that you will never forget yourself so far as to introduce into such lofty and refined circles such dithyrambic and—ha—revolutionary ballads as that under discussion."

Luke said nothing, but continued tracing the pattern of the carpet.

"You must sink your extreme national sensibilities," said the Canon, "in the superior ambitions of the Church, and take care not to offend the prejudices of our dear English brethren by too pronounced references to those—ha—political issues on which we—ha—differ."

There was truth in all that the Canon was saying, though put rather brutally, and Luke had only to listen. Then there was a surprising change of front.

"I have written to the Bishop and obtained the requisite permission for you to celebrate three Masses in your father's house, not only now, but on all subsequent occasions when you may—ha—be resident in your paternal home."

"Oh, thank you so much, Canon," said Luke, most gratefully; "that's a great favor."

The Canon went on, not noticing the ebullition.

"As I was saying—ha—I think this arrogation of rights that are parochial seems hardly consistent with Canon Law; but I have not insisted too warmly on my privileges as parish priest, lest I should seem to the lofty dignity of the respect due to the lofty dignity of the episcopate. Nevertheless, in the opportunity of remonstrating with His Lordship for having set aside one of my parishioners, and selected one of rather mediocre abilities, if I am rightly informed, for a position in the diocesan seminary which demands both talent and character."

Luke was at first bewildered. Then he saw through the Canon's kindness beneath his coat of backrack.

"I'm sure I'm greatly obliged to you, sir, for such trouble. I confess I did feel some annoyance at first, but now I should prefer to go to England."

"And I quite approve of your decision," said the Canon, suavely; "indeed, it is one of the chief regrets of my life that I was unable to graduate on the English mission. Nevertheless, I believe he's in earnest. But who'd ever believe it? What will Tim and Martin say? We'll be talking about it till Christmas."

Here the Canon sank into a reverie, as if meditating a subtle revenge against the Bishop.

"Do you know," he said, waking up suddenly "anything of the science of heraldry?"

"No," said Luke, promptly.

"That's a very serious loss to you," replied the Canon; "what did you learn, or how did you employ your time?"

"To tell the truth, I'm beginning to think," said Luke, "that whatever I learned is so much useless lumber, and that I must get rid of it somehow and commence all over again."

"A very proper resolution," said the Canon. "Now, let me see I—Delmege! That must be a French or Norman name. Could your family have been Huguenots?"

"They were Palatines," said Luke.

"They lived over there at Ballygarron in the valleys, and became Catholics several generations back!" said the Canon. "Our family, as you are aware, are Scotch—Murray, Moray. It was one of my ancestors who held the painter of the boat for Mary Queen of Scots when she was escaping from that castle, you know; and it was the great queen who, extending her gloved hand to my—ha—ancestor, gave our family its motto. 'Murray,' she said, 'Murray, sons take.' I hope," continued the Canon, after a pause, "that I and my family will never bring a blot upon the fair escutcheon of our noble house."

Luke did not know exactly what to reply, but he was saved the trouble; for the Canon rose, and saying, in his most grandiose manner, "that he understood it was customary to demand—ha—a young priest's blessing," to Luke's consternation, the old man knelt humbly on the carpet. Luke repeated the words, but dared not, from old veneration, touch the white hair. And the Canon, rising, placed an envelope in his hands, and said:

"When you have said your three Masses, kindly say ten Masses for me! Good-bye! I shall hope—ha—sometimes to hear of you from your excellent father. Good-bye!"

The astonished and bewildered young priest opened the envelope when he had passed out of sight of the presbytery, and took out, with mingled feelings of surprise and gratitude, a note for five pounds.

"'Tis a queer world," said Luke. "I wonder when shall I understand it? If you value your peace of mind, Luke, let the mighty power alone! It has vexed humanity from the beginning, and shall remain insoluble to the end. Find your work and do it. But who was ever content with this? Or what greatest sage was ever satisfied to look at the Sphinx of life without asking the meaning in her eternal eyes?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

"THE GLORY OF GOD" AND THE KING.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

His Majesty King Heinrich of Spleberg-Schlopp, one of the smaller semi-independent kingdoms of Central Europe, strolled out of the gates that gave entrance to the courtyard of his palace, with a squashy felt hat upon his head and a big cigar between his teeth. The King, still a youngish man—who had only lately succeeded by the grace of God and of Kaiser Wilhelm—had spent a tedious, worrying day in the company of his Lord High Seneschal, making arrangements for his forthcoming coronation. He felt, therefore, that it would be a welcome relief and refreshment to saunter out alone into the adjoining park and to lose awhile the cares of the King in the negligent freedom of the private citizen. His Majesty had proceeded but a few paces beyond the courtyard gates when he was accosted by a small boy, apparently about eight years old, who carried his hands deep in the pockets of his knickerbockers, and his sailor hat far on the back of his curly head. He was looking at the King timidly, withal eagerly.

"I beg your pardon, I wish to ask you something," he said, with childish courtesy.

"Well, my little man, what is it?" inquired His Majesty, kindly.

"I saw you coming out of the gates of the palace, and I thought that perhaps you would be taking him a message from me."

"I dare say I could," replied King Heinrich. "What is the message that you wish to send?"

"I want to ask the King if he'll give me and mother places in the church, so as we can see him crowned," said the little boy. "Would you—would you really—ask him for me?"

"Oh, yes! I dare say I could," answered King Heinrich, both amused and touched by the eager loyalty of his little subject.

"And do you think that he'll—say—yes?" exclaimed the child, with anxious excitement.

"I think so. The King pays a good deal of attention to me."

"Does he? Oh, that is splendid. I speak you're the Chancellor, aren't you? Father says that the Chancellor runs the King?"

His Majesty's eyes twinkled, but he answered, gravely:

"No, my little man; I'm not the Chancellor. At present I am merely a private individual, like yourself."

"Oh!" said the little boy, with a puzzled look. "But, please, is what father says true? Does the Chancellor run the King?"

"No, that's not the case," replied His Majesty, smiling. "The King has a very decided will of his own, and he expresses it, I can assure you."

"With a sigh of relief," said the child, "with a sigh of relief. I think ever so much of the King; so does mother. But I couldn't think anything of him if he was run by some one else. Could you?"

"I should entertain an even poorer opinion of him than I do now," answered the monarch, with befitting modesty.

"What!" cried the little boy, his opening wide in pained astonishment. "Don't you think much of the King, then? Don't praps you are a Socialist, like father. Father says—though mother and me's sure he's all wrong—that the King is a useless idler, who does no work, but has a good time out of the taxes."

King Heinrich laughed.

"What! tell your father from me," he said—and I know His Majesty well—that the King has to work as hard as any of his subjects, and harder than most of them. While, as for his having a good time out of the taxes—well, the necessary expenses of his court are a very large that he has, after all, a very moderate sum left over to spend upon himself."

"That's what mother says."

"Then your mother is a very sensible woman."

"Sensible? Oh, yes!" cried the little fellow with enthusiastic conviction. "I don't think there's anybody in the world quite so wise as mother."

"That's good," smiled the King, patting his curly head. "Stick to that, little man; you can't do better. But about those places for the coronation." (His Majesty produced his pocketbook and pencil.) "If you will forward me your name and address, I will forward you the tickets to-morrow."

"My name, is Eric Ericson," said the little boy, "and I live at Platz Imperial."

"Very well. The tickets shall be sent to you there—one for yourself and one for your mother. Or perhaps your father might like to come, too," added His Majesty, slyly, "even though he does entertain such a poor opinion of Kings."

"I—think father would come if the King sent him a ticket," answered the child. "Father thinks very little of Barons. But when Baron von Krautfeld asks him to dinner, he always goes. I should like to see the glory of God descend upon the King's head. It might make him think differently of the King after that, mightn't it?"

"Eh? The glory of God?" exclaimed King Heinrich.

"Yes, Father says, you know, that the coronation is only a silly and expensive sham. But mother says—and mother's always right—that it's no such thing, but that the King really goes to church on purpose to receive God's blessing. And when the Cardinal anoints the King, she says, the glory of God descends upon the King's head, and follows him, afterwards, all the days of his life."

The little boy spoke with earnest and reverent solemnity. His Majesty was silent. He felt embarrassed. To tell the truth, this was an aspect of the coronation that had hardly occurred to him. The child went on:

"Oh! I am so longing to see the glory of God come down upon the King's head. Please—oh, please—do you think the King will be like Moses?"

"Like Moses? Eh? What? I don't understand."

"I mean will his face be so bright with God's glory as no one won't be able to look at him; and will he have to wear a veil, so as people's eyes shan't be blinded?"

"I fancy not," said the king, with unwonted gravity. "I fancy, I doubt whether you will see the glory of God at all, my little man."

"Why not?" cried the little boy, eagerly. "The children of Israel saw it when it came down on Moses."

"Yes," said the king, in some embarrassment. "But—well, the times have changed since then, you see."

"But God hasn't changed."

"No—I suppose—Ahem! I mean, of course, God hasn't changed."

"I shall ask God to let me see His glory descend upon the King's head. Then it's sure to be all right, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes! Do that!" replied His Majesty quickly. The king would like you to do that."

"Would he? I'm so glad. But how do you know? You haven't asked the King."

"Little boy," said His Majesty. "I am the King?"

The blue eyes opened their widest in wonder—in disappointment. "You! But you don't look a bit like a king!"

"Don't I?" smiled King Heinrich.

"In what way?"

"Why, you're got on an ordinary felt hat and a grey suit, just like father's—and—and you're smoking a cigar. But I see how it is," he cried, with sudden gloom, a light dawning upon him. "It's because you haven't been crowned yet, and the glory of God hasn't come down upon you. Mr. King, please, after that, you'll be quite different, won't you?"

"Yes," answered His Majesty, thoughtfully. "I hope that, after that, I shall be quite different."

"Of course you will!" exclaimed the little boy, "for the glory of God will follow you all the days of your life. Mother says so. I speak it will hover round your head like the circles in my Sunday picture book. Please, don't you hope so?"

"I hope so," said the King. "Good-bye, my little man. I will not forget about those tickets, and don't you forget about that prayer."

Then His Majesty proceeded on his way. And the little boy, wild with delight and happiness, ran off to his home in the Platz Imperia, which was only a few hundred yards distant.

There he found his mother, and with her, his father, who had just returned from business. He told them eagerly of his wonderful experience. At first even his mother could hardly believe him. His father made no secret of his incredulity, treating the whole story as an extravagant jest.

"Some one has been playing a joke with you, sonnie. That's about the truth of it," he laughed.

"No, father. Really not!" protested little Eric, earnestly, the tears coming into his blue eyes. "It was the King. He told me himself he was."

"Oh, yes. The gentleman told you he was. I don't doubt that. I might pass myself off as His Majesty, if that's all."

"But it was the King—I know it was the King. It was mother, wasn't it? Say it was," cried the little fellow, turning to her appealingly.

"Perhaps the child is right," she said to her husband. "Perhaps it was the King who talked to him, after all."

"I'll believe it," laughed Eric's father in his derisive way, "when I see those tickets that are coming here to-morrow. Perhaps, His Majesty will send the Lord High Seneschal round with them or will be the Chancellor? What do you think, sonnie?"

"I don't know how he'll send them," answered the little fellow with quick confidence. "But I know Mr. King will send them. He promised."

Next afternoon the tickets duly arrived. They were left at the house, of course, by the Lord High Seneschal, not the Chancellor, but by a servant wearing the royal livery, and they were enclosed in a large envelope inscribed with royal arms. Of their genuineness there could be no doubt. Even Papa Ericson did not try to dispute it. He knew what the coronation tickets were like, for some of his friends who had obtained them had shown them to him, and he himself had been moving heaven and earth—all in vain—to obtain one. But now the coveted treasure had arrived through eight year old Eric. He was delighted to have it, but the way in which it had come (when his own persistent solicitations had failed so ignominiously) rather annoyed, not to say galled, him.

So he affected to pooch-pooch the ticket. He glanced at it with a show of peevish irritation. He tossed it contemptuously on one side.

"Oh, father," cried the little boy, in great distress at his parent's conduct; "you will go, now the King has sent you a ticket, won't you?"

"Oh, don't worry me! Don't know, I'm sure. Great nuisance, I call it. Why the thunder and lightning couldn't the King have left me out of it? I don't want to seem unwell to His Majesty, but I do so loathe these stupid functions. There, Eric, run away. I've other and more important matters to attend to." So Eric ran away, quite contented. He knew now that his father would go. This was the way in which he expressed himself when Baron von Krautfeld sent him an invitation to dinner.

The succeeding days were days of great preparation. Eric's father spent hours with his tailor fitting on and fussing over his court suit. His mother must, of course, have a special frock and bonnet for the occasion, and Eric himself must have a new velvet jacket and knickerbockers. But although the little boy, as a rule, was keenly interested in his new clothes, as children are, on this occasion he seemed quite indifferent to the matter. One thought occupied his mind, one sentence he kept repeating to himself with happy, eager anticipation.

"I am going to see the glory of God descend upon the King's head."

"Was this prospect alone that engrossed his fancy. All else seemed trifling and immaterial. And again and again he repeated, smiling softly, to himself:

"I am going to see the glory of God descend upon the King's head."

Also, when he said his prayers each night and morning, he never forgot to ask:

Please God, let Thy glory descend upon the King's head; and please, please, let me see it. And please let it follow the King all the days of his life, like the golden circles in my Sunday picture book."

Once, as he uttered this prayer at his mother's knee, he felt a warm tear drop upon his neck. He looked up at her, puzzled and wondering:

"Why do you cry, mother?" he said.

"Don't you like me to ask God that?"

"Yes, yes, dear; very much. But you see I am afraid that my little boy will be disappointed."

"Oh, mother. Then don't you believe that the glory of God will descend upon the King's head? And it was you who told me it would!"

"Yes, Eric, I am sure it will. But I don't think that you will see it, dear. The glory of God is invisible. It cannot be seen with these our earthly eyes."

"The children of Israel saw it on Moses," answered little Eric, "so why shouldn't I see it on the King?"

"Things are different now, my darling," said his mother.

"But God's not different," he replied. "I asked the King if he was, and he said, 'No.' What God did for Moses He can do for the King. And I know He'll make it so as I can see His glory descend upon the King's head."

When Papa Ericson told her husband of this conversation he laughed aloud in his scoffing, contemptuous way.

"That's a good one," he said. "A man of the world like the King and the glory of God! Who ever heard of so incongruous a combination?"

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that," expostulated his wife, earnestly. "After all, if the coronation service has any meaning—"

"It hasn't," interrupted her husband, with impatient scorn. "It is just a grand spectacular show—an imposing function, calculated to impress the minds of the vulgar. By the way, my new court suit has just come home from the tailor's. I must go and try it on. I should like your opinion as to how it fits."

About the same time the King in his palace was engaged in an interview with the Lord High Seneschal. The official had found it necessary to consult His Majesty upon certain formalities of the coronation service, as to the proper ordering of which he knew the King to be extremely particular. One of the questions raised by him was the precise quality and kind of oil wherewith the King desired to be anointed, His Majesty replied: "I must leave all those points to you, my Lord High Seneschal. Order them as you like. The formal details of the ceremony rather concern the spectators. For my part, I shall be thinking of quite other matters." The Lord High Seneschal left the royal presence filled with obsequious astonishment.

"Other matters!" What does the King mean?" he soliloquized. "And he such a storker for all the niceties of etiquette! Only yesterday morning he whole world was given to these important considerations. But to-day he talks of them with contempt. What has come over His Majesty? To his question he could find no answer. His ideas were entirely circumscribed by ceremonial. That the glory of God should have entered into the King's thoughts never crossed the mind of the Lord High Seneschal.

At length the day of King Heinrich's coronation arrived. The Cathedral was packed. Princes and ambassadors, peers and courtiers, all in gorgeous apparel, thronged every available inch of nave, of transepts, of chancel. 'Twas an impressive scene, an imposing spectacle. But two, and two alone, in that vast and splendid concourse had neither eye nor thought for this outward pomp and circumstance—a little boy in a front seat of the chancel and the King, who knelt at the altar railing with bowed head.

Slowly, solemnly the Cardinal Archbishop read on until at last that point of the service was reached where it was ordered to anoint the King. With conscious impiveness, as if he should invite and challenge comparison for his dignity and presence in the face of this great occasion. His Eminence performed the sacred office, and as he did so, lo! the midday sun, bursting through a curtain of hoary clouds, struck aslant the great painted window behind the altar, so that a stream of colored light fell upon the King, and a thrill, childish voice, clear and distinct in the solemn stillness, exclaimed: "Mother! Father! Look! It is the glory of God descending on the King's head!"

All heard it. Perchance it carried their thoughts on a sudden to Him Whose presence among them they had till now forgotten. I know not. But this I do know. Tears were in the King's eyes, and great thoughts, high resolves in the King's heart as he knelt before the altar, bathed in the crimson light.

So when at length the service was ended, and the King had retired into the Lady Chapel, which had been fitted up as a royal robing room, he sent a messenger with full directions to find the little boy and bring him into His Majesty's presence; and by and bye the messenger returned, leading the child by the hand. Then the King said to his attendant courtiers:

"My Lords and gentlemen, will it please you wait on me here again in five minutes' time? I desire a few words with my little subject."

At His Majesty's word the courtiers, dissembling their curiosity, bowed and withdrew, and the King and the little boy were left alone.

"So you have had your wish, my little man?" said King Heinrich, gravely. "You have seen the glory of God descend upon the King's head?"

"Oh, yes!" cried the child with breathless eagerness. "I saw it ever so plain. And it was splendid—splendid even than I expected. Do you know, I thought the glory of God would be white, like the electric light is. But, oh! it was all in beautiful, shining colors, like a rainbow. I was so surprised and glad. Please, wasn't you surprised and glad, Mr. King?"

"Yes, I was surprised, and I was very, very glad," rejoined His Majesty, smiling.

"You're not like Moses," said the little boy, gazing earnestly into the King's face. "I can bear to look at you, and there's no ring round your head like there is in my Sunday picture book. But still you look quite—quite different from what you was the other day. Then you looked just an ordinary man, like father. But now you look a real King. Please, that's eos of the glory of God, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered the King, thoughtfully, "that's because of the glory of God."

"And, please, it will follow you all the days of your life, won't it?" inquired the child, with eager anxiety. "And it won't never let you look like you was before you was crowned, will it, Mr. King?"

"Indeed, I hope not, my little man, replied His Majesty, very gravely.

And, perchance, he would have said more of that whereof the King's heart was full, but at that minute the obsequious courtiers thronged in again. So the King, stooping, kissed the little boy upon the forehead and directed the Lord in Waiting to escort him back to his parents. Then took place the recession progress through the great Cathedral, the King leading. And in the minds of all who saw him was the thought:

"How regal the King looks!"

All had known him as a courtly and gracious prince, but this majestic dignity in him was something new.

"Surely 'tis the weight of his high position," said they. "Now it comes home to the King for the first time."

So much they noted. It was too evident to escape remark. Yet they saw not the glory of God in the King's face. Perchance it was not there to see, or perchance, it was there, but the observant eyes to see it, not being little boys of eight years old. Let that, if you will, remain uncertain. But this at least is sure, and history recordeth it, that the careless and worldly prince became, when crowned, a good and righteous King, and so continued all the days of his reign.—The Austral Light.

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Wash suits \$250 up. Cloth suits \$8 to \$16. Skirts, waists, and silk coats at manufacturer's prices. All garments tailored to your measure within one week. Free cloth samples and fashions. Southcott Suit Co., London, Ont.