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m in the Diocesan was choking with rance. He put his d mechanically, and his laurel crown no

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ose in consequence;

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ved down toward the

id the mother, affec-

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ith the affectionate er, saw deeper, but

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e fields rapidly, and

ng over a stile, found those unfenced fields

to the sea. A few e burnt grass lazily, and Luke, jumping

es of a rough wall fisherman's cottage

t dinner, and Luke, said cheerily in the

work ! and the work-

od bless you, Master u're a thousand times

, get a chair for the

ny little Mona," said

last Mass was to

e wurruld. in Baptism—"

alice of honey.

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akfast in

Luke, affectionately; "dear me, how she is grown !"

"And she got your reverence's blessing this morning, glory be to God! Wisha, thin, Master Luke, how my heart swelled whin I saw you at the

althar."
"And wasn't Moira there?" said
Luke. "Where is Moira?"
Moira was making her tollette, if you
please, but now came forward blushing.
Mona and Moira were twins, and it was
Luke who insisted that they should be

Luke who insisted that they should called Irish names.

"I have not much to boast of myself," he said, " but 'tis a shame that our little children should not be called by their beautiful Celtic names."

"This little fellow," said the

"This little fellow," said the father, pointing to a child, who was trying to choke himself with milk and potatoes, "was watching your rever-ence all the time. And sure, whin he come home, nothin' would do him but to get up on a chair, and say the Dominis wobiscum like any priest. Who knows? Quarer things

"I was thinking of taking a pull in the little boat," said Luke; "I see the oars and rowlocks in their old places. Is she stanch and sound as ever?" "Stanch as ever, you reverence,"
the fisherman replied, "Will you
want one of the byes?"

"No! I'll manage by myself. If you give me a hand to float her, I'll do the rest."

And a good hand ye are at the oar, Father Luke," said one of the boys. "Begor, ye could turn her agin any of

"Now, now, now, no Blarney, Der mot! No, no, one will do! I'll keep her out for an hour or two."

her out for an hour or two."

"Just as long as your reverence
plases," said the old man. "And, as
the day is hot, we'll take down the
sail, and make a yawnin' of it."

Luke pulled slowly out to sea; and
the swift exercise, and the ever-changing aspects of the ocean, and the invigorating breeze, drew his thoughts
away from the perplexing and irritat. away from the perplexing and irritat-ing subjects that had lately been vexing shojects that had lately been vexing him. There is something, after all, in what poets have sung about the soothing influences of Nature. Her mother's hand smooths down all the ruffled aspects and angry asperities of human feeling and thought; and her great silence swallows up in a kind of infinite peace, as of heaven, the buzzing and stinging of that hive of hornets,

"Each one moves with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies,"

No wonder that the best of the world's workers have sought peace in com-munion with the solitude of Nature, and munion with the solitude of Nature, and strength from the great sublimellessons she teaches to those who sit at her feet. And it was with the greatest reluctance, and only by a tremendous effort, that Luke Delmege, this momentous day in his life, turned away from the sybaritic temptation of yielding himself up wholly to the calm and placid influences of sun, and sky, and sea; and, like so many other fools, sought peace, the peace that lay at his feet unsought, in a dread introspection of self, and a morbid and curious analysis of men's principles and thoughts about himself and his little place in the world. It is little place in the world. It was his first great plunge into the feverish and exciting pastime of analyzing human thought and action; and then trying to synthesize principles that shrank from each other, and became a torture and a pain from the impossibility of ever reconciling their mutual antagonism and repellence. It was the fatuous dream that Luke pur sued through life with all the passion of a gambler around the green cloth; and it beckened him away from work of solidity and permanence, and left him in middle age a perplexed and disap pointed man.
In another way, however, this was no

novel experiment. Very often, during his summer holidays, when his ambition had been stimulated by his academic successes to work more freely and large-ly for further distinctions, he had lain down in this same boat, and, looking up at the blue eye of Heaven, he had up at the blue eye of Heaven, he had spent hours in revolving the terminology and meaning of some philosophical or theological puzzle, and had reviewed all the authors, and all the authors opinions that had been arrayed for and against it. It was a practical and useful way of imprinting on memory all that books could tell; and very often, in the winter months that followed, he foll heak grantfully on these all fresco fell back gratefully on these al fresco studies, and the immense storehouse of he had accumulated with the sun as his lamp, and his desk the heaving sea. But this morning, as he rocked in the thwarts of his sea cradle, and heard nothing but the chirp of a and heard nothing but the entry of a sea lark, or the scream of a sea-gull, or the gentle lapping of the pure green water within six inches of where he lay, he had commenced the promium of the vaster studies, where no authors were to be trusted and experience alone could teach. But he was comalone could teach. But he was commencing his singular and irremediable mistake of supposing that the clusive and ever changing moods of the human heart could be reduced by propositions to a level rule, and that human action was controllable always by those definite principles that he had been taught to regard as away and mechangeable regard as fixed and unchangeable

Once and again, indeed, he raised himself a little, and allowed his eyes to wander over the beautiful, peaceful prospect that lay before him. Lap, lap, sang the tiny, sunny waves. He stretched out his burning hand, and stretched out his burning name, they clasped it in their cool palms. He saw far away the green fields, as they sloped from the sea and were half dimmed in a golden haze. White specks, dotted the verdure here and there; and great patches of purple heather stretched down and blended their rich colors with the deep red of the rocks, which again was darkened into cobalt, that the gentle waves were now fringing with white. Look long, and rest in the vision, O troubled soul! Why should the murmur of 2 few mites beyond that horizon of peace troubled thee? Altogether, thou art forgotten, there in thy Nautilus boat on the which he knew were the gentle

bosom of the mighty deep. Cast from thee care, and forget the stings of the wasps who dare not come hither to fret

wasps who dare not come hither to fret thee! Alas! and is it not true of us, that we must have the bitter myrrh in our wine of life; and that we create cares for the inxury of fretiulness, where the world has left us in peace? "There are two ways of looking at this question," said Luke in his soliloquy, as if he were addressing a class of students, "the subjective and the objective. Let us take the latter first as the more reasonable. Why should I be troubled because I am going to England and my class fellow to the seminary? Which is the better prospect? Which world you select, if the matter were left to yourself? To see a new country, to get on to the gangway of the try, to get on to the gangway of the world, where all types of races are passing to and fro in endless variety, passing to and fro in endless variety, or to be shut up in a vulgar little place, teaching Musa, Musae to a lot of snivelling school boys, and decimal fractions to a crowd just freed from a country National school? To stand in the pulpits of cathedrals, and speak to an intelligent and well-read audience, those wonderful things you have been reading in Suarez or St. Thomas, or to Lind yourself poring, night after night, over the Georgics of Virgil or the Anabasis? To deal Virgil or the Anabasis? To deal with inquiring, anxious minds, who listen to you breathlessly for the key to the mighty problems that are agitating them in their uncontainty and nor account of the company. Is his reverence inside?"

"He is. It's his office hour, and account of the company o ing them in their uncertainty and perplexities; to have the intense gratifica-tion of satisfying honest inquiry, and leading into the fold truthful but darkened souls, who will look up to you

darkened souls, who will look up to you as their spiritual Father forevermore, or to lead successfully through a concursus a few brats, who are punning on your name, and drawing caricatures of your face on their greasy slates?"
"Ridiculous!" said Luke, aloud.
"But let us see the subjective side. You, Luke Delmege, First of First, that is Senior Wrangler in the first ecclesiastical college in the world, have been set aside coolly, but contemptuously, and the preference of a diocesan honor and the preference of a diocesan honor
has been given to a student admittedly
and distinctly your inferior! You have
got a slap in the face from your Bishop,
the student admittedly and distinctly your inferior! and distinctly your metabor.

got a slap in the face from your Bishop,
not so gentle, though more metaphorical, than when he touched your cheek
in confirmation and said—(was it sarcasm? God forbid!)—Pax tecum!
You are snubbed before the diocese;
the stigma will cling to you during life,
and be reflected on your family! Does
not this arrangement imply that, in
some respect, morally, of course—in
character, in the power of ruling and
governing, or teaching, you are distinctly inferior to your humble classmate? You know St. Thomas better;
but he says his prayers better, my dear
Luke! There is your distinct inferiority; and you see now how wise that
old mediæval monk was when he said:

Tune videbitur saplens in hoc mundo tuisse.

'Tunc videbitur sapiens in hoc mundo fuisse, qui pro Christo didicit stuttus et despectus esse.'
'Tunc amplius lexaltabitur simplex obadientia, quam omnis secularis astutta.'
'Tunc plus lactificabit pura et bona conscientia, quam docta philosophia.'
'Tunc plus valebunt sancta opera, quam multa pulchra verba.'

"Yes, yes," cried Luke impatiently, res, yes," cried Luke impatiently, as the boat rocked beneath him; "but that's all 'tunc!' 'tunc!' What about 'nunc!' 'nunc?' Can it be that men's judgments are like God's? Then why was so much stress laid upon our why was so much stress that upon our studies? Why were we applauded as brilliant and successful students? Why were we stimulated to study by every human incentive that could be held out to us? Why did the Bishop himself become what a weight himself himself congratulate me if he had other ideas? Was there ever such had other ideas? Was there ever alon a puzzle as the ways of men? The Sphinx and the Isis-Veil were nothing to them! Then I'll fall back on the realities—the objectiveness of things. There alone is truth. But is it truth?" said the puzzled young priest. He had

When the war began between

1861, the town of Merriwell did not flame with patriotic ardor. The towns folk believed that the agitation against slavery had brought on the trouble, and f them said that the agitators should be permitted to do the little fighting required. The leading citizens owned the famous cotton mills of Merriwell, which were making money at the time; and they did not care to see the profits disturbed by the departure of hundreds of waves were departure of hundreds of young men for the battle field. So the town slumbered peace

neld. So the town sumbered peace-taily through the exciting summer, deaf to the appeals of the Governor, ex-cept for the ordinary formalities which decency compelled the citizens to go through. There were two or three meetings held, at which the rhetorical patriots shouted; a recruiting office was opened, where men might enlist for the defence of the nation; and many for the detence of the nation; and many resolutions, inscribed on fine parchment, informed the Governor and the world that Merriwell would do its duty by the Great Cause. After these simplicities, the people fell into a sleep, out of which neither Bull Run nor the senowed appeals of the Governor could renewed appeals of the Governor could rouse them. However, the hotheads singly went to the front, and wrote let-ters home. These letters, printed in ters home. These letters, printed and the local papers, proved how loyal and brave were the feelings of Merriwell brave were the feelings of stiggns used people; and the leading citizens used people; and the leading citizens used them as unanswerable argument to the critics. All these details prove how little people dreamed in those days that war had come to stay with the nation

war had come to stay with the nation four sorrowful years.

Father John Brisbane sat in his office just about this period, and pondered over the situation. As the pastor of the leading church in the town, he held a position of influence at this moment. O. dinarily it was not so, because the children of the Puritans had no love or respect for the faith and the Church;

Philip's. The situation contained a serious problem. ts delicacy made it serious, and father John felt an embarrassment in dealing with it. He knew himself to be a medioore man in most things, particularly in dealing with the outside world; but he had shrewdness of an instinctive kind, which enabled him to conceal his deficiencies and to steer clear of difficul-

ties. The present problem really frightened him, because he saw consequences sure to follow from any blunder of procedure. So he thought and schemed as he sat in his office, tryand schemed as he sat in his office, trying vainly to his upon a plan that would cover the whole situation. And while he studied in vain, the door bell rang and the house keeper ushered in the very head and front of the problem, Mr. Andrew Carlin. The whispered conversation in the hall floated in ahead of the smooth visitor.

'So it's thrue you're going, Andy?' Kitty whispered. "Well, God be with ye, and send ye safe home again. It's not for me to discourage any one, but I'm thinking the bullets are too thick out there to let a fine man alone."

'Thank ye, Miss Kate!' was the reply. "And I hope for a safe return myself. But a man doesn't go to war to dodge the bullets. I must take me

to dodge the bullets. I must take me

plenty of fine company. Is his reverence inside?"

"He is. It's his office hour, and everyone's welcome. Go right in."

"I made bold to step in to say goodbye to your reverence," Andrew Carlin began, humbly but proudly. "I'm off to day for the war."

"Sit down, Mr. Carlin, if you please," Father John replied rather coolly. "How many good men do you take with you?"

you?"
"Why, there's a few of the boys
going, I believe," said Carlin, flushing
suddenly, and then he fell silent; for
something in the expression of Father
John, who was looking with great earnestness at the street, alarmed him. He had an uneasy conscience, and could not help showing it. How had the priest learned of his secret service as a

riest learned of his secret service as a recruiting agent?

'From here you go to Washington, I suppose, Mr. Carlin?'

'Yes, your reverence, and then straight to the front where the fighting

He spoke proudly, although Father John looked at him with a curious smile. Andrew lost his pride on the spot. For two months he had lived in the esteem of his friends and neighbors on the strength of that statement, which had lifted him from the commonplace level occupied by a homely, thick witted, dull nonentity, the butt of his circle to a place of importance. Witty, bright, important men, without his courage to enlist, had taken second place in his company, and listened to him as to an oracle; and on the conceit born of two months' flattery he had to the conceit born of two months' flattery he had entured to invade the office of the greatest man in Merriwell, and bid him good-bye as easily as one gentleman would another. "I don't believe," sald Father John,

with a smile, "that you will ever see the fighting line, if you can help it. I know you have no intention to go so far. When you leave this town, after sending away a score of fine boys to the war, and bringing another score with you to Washington, you are going to Albany or Buffalo to do the same thing. You are a government agent, Andrew Carlin, and not a very nice one either."

Andrew went livid at that accusation, which blasted him at once and forever in the community, and left him exposed to public contumely and tar and feathers.

"It was only yesterday that I got on your track," Father John continued.
"Nice work for you to be engaged in, trapping innocent boys, the sons of widows, the supporters of poor parents rever read:

"Only this I have known, that God made man right, but he entangleth himself in an infinity of questions."

TO BE CONTINUED.

FATHER JOHN'S DIPLOMACY.

By Rev. John Taibot Smith.

When the war began between the war series ward do you. But I shall see to that, Mr. Carlin. I shall change your programme right away. You shall go to the front with the other boys to-North and the South in the sad year of

to the front with the other boys to-morrow, and do your share of the fight-ing. I shall tell the whole story—"
"Oh, for Ged's sake, your rever-ence!" Carlin broke in ence!" Carlin broke in—
"To Terry Qainn, not to the people,
Oh, if I mentioned it to the people, you
would leave the town in a suit of tar
and feathers! And Terry Qainn shall and feathers! And rerry Quin shart keep it a secret so long as you stay at the front, until you get an honorable discharge. But the minute you disappear from the front, the story will be told from the pulpit of St. Philip's. You need never come back to Merri well then. Now tell me, who has taken your place as the betrayer of the innocent young people of this parish?"
"Martin Hyland," Carlin half whis

pered, unable to speak from horror and shame.
"Tell him to get away with you tomorrow," said Father John, impressively. "Do you understand, man?"
"I do—I'll tell him!" sobbed Car-

lin. "And tell the man who bribed you "And tell the man who bribed you to ravage and tear the flock like a wolf, that hereafter I shall do the re-cruiting in this parish. Tell him that if he sends another traitor like you and Hyland, I shall expose him for what he is, and leave him to the mercy of the

people, the heartless villain!' "And do you go to the front, Andrew Carlin, with the honest determination to do penance for your villainies the last month. Do you think the carse of the Widow O'Neil will ever be lifted from you, for sending her one child, her sole support, her decent boy, to the war, with your deceptions and your

stay with his mother."

"Thank God!" Carlin murmured.
"You may go," said Father John,
after a moment of thought—" but it
must be to the front. Terry Quinn
shall be told what I know, and he shall keep it a secret. You are the kind out of which informers and perjarers and traitors are made, Andrew Carlin. Pray God to pardon you for your sins against the innocent, and shed your against the innocent, and sace your blood for the country as some atone ment for the blood you were willing to shed for money. Yes, I give you my blessing, poor, unfortunate man!" He stood and made the Sign of the

Cross over the broken figure that crouched to receive it; then Andrew Carlin fled from the house, and hid himself from all eyes until he left town in the company of Terry Quina.
"I think we have scotched the

snake," said the priest thoughtfully, as he took up another part of the problem.
This part concerned the behavior of the Government agent who had in duced Carlin and Martin Hyland to act as sub agents in the work of enlisting men for the army. Would be come from under cover as soon as Carlin delivered the biting message confided to him? He had everything on his side as the Federal agent; his business ap pealed to the common-sense of the people; he had nothing to be ashamed of but his method, which could easily be explained away; and if he were a man of courage, he would come to the priest out of manly resentment. And he came as Father John desired, with the cold aloofness of a State official in dangerous times, conscious of his power

"I received from one Andrew Carlin, an enlisted soldier, a message which he said was sent to me by you. My name is Wilcox. I am commissioned by the Government to secure enlistments. Your message was a threat and an in-sult, if you sent it as Carlin delivered

to injure a man who had taken the at-titude of Father John. The stolid calm of the priest met his insolence like a

"I am much obliged to Carlin," said Father John. "The message was to this effect: I shall do the recruiting in this parish; if the Government agent sends another traitor like Carlin and Hyland to work in my parish, I shall expose him for a heartless villain."

"Precisely what I got," said Wil-ox. "I shall send it to the officials cox. "I shall send it to the in Washington."

The two men looked at each other

significantly. "And I shall send it to the newspapers and announce it from the pulpit of this church," replied Father John. of this church, replied Father John.

"You must understand, Mr. Wilcox, that I have not the slightest objection to my people contributing their quota of men to the army. By their quota I mean their proper proportion of men. I think their natural ardor will go benefit the regions are notation in time. youd the proper proportion, in time. I shall myself encourage them to enlist in that proportion. But there is a method to be observed in all things. Some things neither I nor my people will tolerate. One is your trick of employing also greatures like Carlington. ploying sly creatures like Carlin to steal children from home, to work in secret like thieves. Another is to ravage my parish with the mean resolve to take all our men if you can, while the native population here sits at its fire-side and laughs at the slaughter of 'the Micks' at the front. You know as well as I do that the trick has been tried with success in various places, and that it is going to be tried wherever it is feasible. Now, understand me clearly. I sent that message by Carlin for the one purpose of bringing you to this office. You are here, and I tell you to change your tactics or take the risk of exposure all over this country—that is, if you are as guilty as Carlin."
"Carlin exceeded his instructions,"

officials. I know it would be a real servcompared in the local paper and sent a copy purpose of leaving poor men without a means of living and thus driving them purpose of leaving poor men without a means of living and thus driving them to the war, is bound to react upon your important office. We are not fools, you can understand by the manner in which we discovered and punished Carlin and

The official left with smooth words of regret, and ate his anger as he went. Father John had all the points of vantage in the affair: for the Government instructions to recruiting officers insisted on the utmost delicacy in deal. ing with the people, and above all things the avoldance of scandal. Having settled with Wilcox, Father

John took up the third and concluding part of the problem with a light heart, because it lay strictly within his own domain, and could be settled at leisure in his own fashion.
"The women seem to have got over

their scare since the last batch of boys wint off to the war," Kitty said that evening, as she poured the tea. "So many of 'em don't be running to the house to have your reverence keep their sons from 'listing, or bring 'em back from the war, like Phildy O'Naill."

To the war what he though a finish men. He invited the whole parish to attend the service of selecting the recruits; and a great crowd saw him pick out one by one the noble fellows who were to represent St. Phillp's parish in the war, and heard his words of compliment and good will to the selected volunteers and O'Neill.'

enough to carry a hen across the road ; and as for his looks, well God help his children if they take after him!"

"The last of a big family, Kittythe last of a fine family scattered to the ends of the earth. Why shouldn't she have joy in her one child, and she so lonely? No, the women are not com-ing so often with their complaints, bein fact, none at all. And I may say there will be none for a long time."

Kitty reported this solemn utterance to her cronics, to be borne to the utter-most limits of the parish; and along with it went the information that on the coming Sanday Father Brisbane would preach a long and important sermon on the great convulsion which threatened the American Republic. There had not been much said in St. Philip's on the subject, although the other pulpits had blazed once a week with patriotic eloquence. The news, therefore, took on importance, and at the last Mass the church was filled with the perishioners. Among them in quiet corners, sat two or three reporters, and some insignificant non Catholics commissioned to report the quality of the discourse to the interested. Father John entered the pulpit with

a dignity peculiar to that day. From the moment he appeared in the sanc-tuary until he stood in front of them with the book of the announcement in his hand, his congregation watched him with an attention and admiration ac corded in our flippant day only to the greatest orators; and the hush of expectancy among them would have done honor to an O'Connell. After the pectancy among them would nave done honor to an O'Connell. After the formalities and the reading of the Sacred Gospel, he began a solemn description of the great misfortunes which now threatened the very existnce of the Republic. This nation, he said, had opened its

arms to the oppressed peoples of little, storm-to-sed Europe, and in particular to the children of unhappy Erin. Driven out by a barbarous government and an apostate nation, the Irish had and an apostate nation, the Irish had found not only a home but an opportunity in the United States; and their gratitude was as wide and as deep as the sea, in consequence. Now that terrible danger menaced the nation, the time had come to display that gratitude; the place of every able and untrammelled man was at the front, rifle in hand, to defend the liberty and integrity of the Union; and, in due time, no doubt at that point the Irish would be found. Many of them, with rash impertinence, had already thrust rash impertinence, had already thrust their services upon the Government, without waiting for those formalities which obtain in all polite and civilized communities. The Americans had, with the help of France and Spain, founded the Republic, and shaken of the English voke; theirs was the duty the English yoke; theirs was the duty now to defend it—to take the field chose to assist them.

It pained him greatly to see the cheap impertinence of certain members of his parish who had rushed to enlist before any native American had asked them, and had hastened to the front before the natives had done more than discuss the existence of armed rebellion. The children of the men who had founded the Republic would know how and when to defend it : it was not for them to pretend to set an example; and he, therefore, forbade any man of the parish to join the army without his permission. However, that the fire of gratitude and patriotism should be kept burning, he would himself form a small battalion of willing volunteers, and have them trained in the military art in the basement of the church, under a competent instructor; and when the right moment came—when the Gov ernor of the State asked for their ser-vices—he himself would select the members whose glorious duty it would

said Wilcox, swallowing the rage and pride which choked him.

"I accept your explanation and apology," Father John answered suavely.

"And as your are close to important sentences. After a few days the more was a polynomial base at large and the large and knowing began to laugh loudly and sent copies to the leading citizens of the State, whose slowness in recruiting volunteers had much disgusted and wearied him; and the town officers of Merriwell suffered such ridicule from

their neighbors that they took up seriously the work of recruiting.

Meanwhile the battalion of St.
Philip raised the dust in the church basement twice a week, and swallowed a great part of it in learning the simple accomplishments of the private soldier. Father John came in occasionally with half the parish to admire and applaud a formal review, and to compliment the instructor and his men. One Sunday he read from the pulpit the double invitation of the Mayor of Merriwell and the Governor of the State to send to the war what he thought a proper proportion of his valiant men. He in-vited the whole parish to attend the 'Neill.''
"Have you seen the widow O Neill to the disappointed remainder.

"Have you seen the widow O'Neill since?" queried the priest.
"And Phildy too, your reverence.
Never in all my life did I see such joy as that woman has in her boy," said Kitty, with tears in her eyes, although the laughed at the same time. "And indeed the gossoon hasn't brains to the disappointed remainder. The ceremony of departure had all the dignity and pathos worthy of such an affair—Father John blessing the company as its members entered the train and moved away amid the cheers of the crowd. The next Sunday he read the warm thanks of the Governer

to him and his parish for their united service. Pride ran so high that it was a full month before the fun-loving people guessed the method of selection employed by Father John in naming the volunteers. It was then declared that he had picked out the wild lads, quite useless to their parents, the lazy ones, the shiftless one; those without home ties or relatives dependent on them, the inveterate bachelors, and so them, the inveterate bachelors, and so on. The laugh arose again; but Father John, while refusing to admit or deny pointed out that any court of military men would have selected those men as the best material out of which to make veteran soldiers.



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