

1906. I events, ve yester- les was? d her her Ath—Mrs, twice, but not finish the bench ster! In an at last, the woman looking for great ben- you know T hundreds upted Sis- rothy, "it n Charles, even it to osed some n sure you I joyously, I will turn not having d pay his secret of his ay nothing very." He shall ove slowly I will help er, I will be that some PICKER. reature, my her slary ngue, "Old n the alleg a poor soul d reason to Her small on of refuge oor she was as poor as n in posses- of kindness fished on all she was such with a happy in even the be a black vancy could ed her once n so happy about any- thinking. score years good care of a trust Him e rest of my of worry'n ly live one lay an' do an leave to a night I've ere wouldn't I've thanked n, and in the rely turn up, a few cents to appen. Just the Lord an' en Nancy's upation was gs in a junk- little room to ising chatter, y drop of children, ney for little ly worshipped day we were places before occupying the wined; Nancy I soap box, a grocery. For known her five consec- the old, bent and held her ted, toil-wor y trembled as Outside the sweeter rattling the sat. Nancy tching her, with a start, an forgot you m that did it, n' shrikes an e like that as off of an' was it always sets anny. It was this that he home to die, Danny? No? He was an' a to the drink company, and is off an' away n for high ten bitter time for t little sleep rin' where he doin'. Still, I prayers an' to me back that go. Just such remember what from the shop, every step of oo as I passed er (you know through the d of men lined Saturday night Poor fellows, them to keep ngs look back t goin' against n to the stuff their troubles ey never think n the little suffer for it. e saloon that n' a man come Drunk as he st fell down the heap in the

snow. Two men came out after him to pick him up and help him off home. By the light from the window I saw his face an' 'twas the face of a man I knew well, one of the neighbors just up the alley. I knew for a fact that his children were starvin' an' his poor wife tryin' to earn a few cents doin' a day's washin', an' her with a baby not a week old yet. Yes, indeed, 'twas that I knew it, for was I there in her little kitchen the day before when some folk from the church come down with baskets of coal an' provisions? I suppose you won't believe it, but the poor children were that hungry they just grabbed the raw potatoes from one of the baskets an' ate 'em up, skin an' all. An' the father couldn't feed his starvin' family because all his money went for whiskey. They can't find a penny to buy bread for the little ones, but they can always get a dime for a drink.

"Well the sight of him set me thinkin' of my own poor boy, an' when I got home, somehow I couldn't get him out of my head. The storm was beatin' fierce against the window, just as it's doin' now, an' wonderin' if my lad was out in it, I was beggin' God to keep a watch over him wherever he might be.

"Then, all of a sudden, the door opened an' in he walked. I knew it was the lad the minute I set eyes on him, but I guess none but his mother would have known him, so terribly changed he was. I knew, too, why God had sent him home to me, for death was in his face even then. I guess he knew it himself, though he had little to say in those first days after comin' home.

"Well, winter wore away an' the warm weather was comin' an' I began to worry about him. He was fallin' fast, but never a thought would he give to seein' a priest an' makin' his confession. "One evenin' I was sittin' right here, with him lyin' in the bed there as weak as a baby, an' I just made up my mind to have it out with him. We talked an' we talked, he pleadin' with him all the time; but no, he wouldn't listen to seein' a priest. At last he says to me:

"Mother," says he, "tain't no use talkin' to me of confession. I'm too black a sheep to be washed white now. Why, mother, says he, there isn't a sin you could name that I've not committed. "Oh yes there is, lad," says I. "You never committed suicide."

"No," says he, "but I tried three times. "Well, that in a way staggered me for a moment an' I couldn't think of a word to say. Then he says kind of fierce-like an' usin' words I couldn't repeat: "An' you can just bet that if I don't get rid of this pain pretty soon, I'll try my hand at suicide again an' I'll take care not to fall this time.

"Well, lad, says I, "when was the last time you tried it an' failed? "Back there in the winter," says he. "Just before I come home. "Too bad!" I says, shakin' my head. "Too bad you didn't succeed that time, if you're bent on suicidin'."

"Why?" says he, lookin' real surprised. "Why?" says I, quite calm-like. "Hell's a pretty hot place, they say, an' the thought of facin' it mightn't seem so bad in the cold winter as it would now comin' or hot summer weather. That is, if one was really bent on goin' there. Still, says I, "I dunno but what hell's a pretty fearsome place to think of goin' to at any season of the year. It's a great pity, so it is, that people insist on tryin' so hard to keep them out of it. He must want us to go to heaven pretty bad when He'd send His own Son down into the world as a little baby to grow up an' suffer an' die for us as He did. Just think, lad, of all He suffered; the agony in the garden, the blows an' stripes and cruel scourgin'; His Precious Blood pourin' down like water. Then the long, wicked thorn they drin' into His Head, an' His sufferin' for three long hours on the cross. An' all that, lad, to keep us from goin' to hell and make us able to save our souls an' be with Him in Heaven. Then what do these same people do that He died for? They just turn around an' say to Him: "I don't care if you did suffer all that for me, I'm goin' to hell anyway, even if you have tried to save me."

"Danny, boy," I says. "Do you suppose it was for nothin' that you failed, these three times you tried to kill yourself? It was the good Lord, Danny, who wouldn't let you, for He wanted to give you one more chance to save your soul. "Look, Dan," I says to him, pointin' to a little picture I'd always kept hangin' on the wall. Do you remember that picture, lad, the picture of the Good Shepherd? Well, it's the Good Shepherd who's had you in His keepin' all this time an' has followed after you an' brought you back to me. I've prayed to Him for you day an' night, Danny, an' sure He's brought you home at last. Do you mind the day you first asked me about that picture? A wee chap you were then, the top of your curly little head no higher than that table there. It seems but yesterday, lad, that you stood an' looked at that picture an' asked me what it meant. Nothin' would do you but for me to tell you the whole story. So I sat just here, you on my lap with your big eyes fixed on the picture, an' I told you the story of the poor, foolish little lamb who strayed away from the fold one day an' wandered off to have a good time in the world outside. At first everything seemed lovely an' he skipped over the hills and the valleys an' played with the flowers an' listened to the birds singin'. He thought how beautiful the world was and how foolish were those good sheep to stay cooped up in the fold. The sun shone bright an' it was all just grand, an' when he saw the Shepherd followin' after to take him home, he kicked up his little heels an' galloped off farther an' farther. The dark night came an' the poor little lamb began to shiver with cold an' fear. By this time he was ever so far from home, wanderin' in a great forest where the branches of the trees caught and held him an' big thorns scratched an' cut him an' at last the poor lamb fell down amid the brambles an' briars an' hid his little head an' cried. He could hear the howlin' of the wolves as they come

nearer an' nearer an' oh! how he wished he had stayed safe at home. "Then, when the wolves were almost on him, he heard the Shepherd callin' to him an' he wanted to jump and run to him, but the thorns in the bush held him down an' he couldn't get away from them. Then the Shepherd came with him heard the bleating of his little lamb and had seen his blood on the leaves an' pulled away all the thorns an' started the poor tired little thing in His arms an' started home with him. At first the lamb was afraid to look up, for he was sure the Shepherd would be angry, but soon he heard the kindest, sweetest voice sayin' to him: "Why are you frightened, my poor little lamb? Didn't I know you by the pitiful sound of your voice, and didn't I call you by your own name? Do you not know that I am the Good Shepherd and would lay down My life for My sheep?"

Then the lamb caught sight of the Shepherd's hand and saw they were wet with blood and he looked up into the Shepherd's face an' beheld there nothin' but a wonderful love an' pity an' he knew he was forgiven.

"Do you mind that story, Danny; says I, do you mind it now, an' do you mind how often you made me tell it to you in the days so long ago? "Well, Dan, that's you all over. You're just like that foolish lamb, but the Good Shepherd has found you an' is bringin' you home. Look up into His face, lad, and see the blood on His hands and on the garment near His heart an' be forgiven. Don't fight against His goodness any longer."

"Well," continued the old woman, "we never said another word that night an' for several days confession wasn't mentioned between us. Still, I noticed that when he thought I wasn't lookin' he'd keep his eyes on that little picture, an' once I saw his lip movin' as if he were prayin'. It was early in June that his sufferin' was ended an' the good Lord took him home. Confession? Of course, he went to confession. Received all the last sacraments an' the priest standin' over him when he breathed his last in the arms of the good shepherd.

"Well, when they laid him away beside his father an' the two little girls that left me to go to God when they were babies, I said a great prayer of thanksgiving by the grave. I could lay my old head on the pillow at night now an' sleep in peace, for I'd know where my boy was. The Good Shepherd had heard my prayer and brought him home safe. That's why I say to you an' to every one:

"Hold hard, trust the Lord, an' He ain't goin' to forget you."—Isabel Williams in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

EVEN THE LAST. There was intense, yet suppressed, excitement in the Pasture Institute of Mercy Hospital that afternoon. The long, wide corridors echoed the noise of scurrying feet, and from the operating room came sounds of weeping, with now and then a shrill note of painful protest. A large crowd of boys—there were six of them—had been bitten by a mad dog, and their terrified parents had rushed them to the institute for treatment that would prevent the dread hydrophobia.

They were all more or less severely bitten, and the dog, which had been killed, undoubtedly had the rabies. They were all placed in position to receive the treatment—injection of the serum—and both from fright and nervousness the lads gave vent to loud weeping and wailing. Their mothers were almost as bad, and altogether the worried nurses and doctors had their hands full.

One of the patients was a sight never to be forgotten. He was a colored boy of twelve. George by name, a frightful object as he lay in his "mummy" lap, quivering but silent, while big tears splashed down her black cheeks as she looked him to and fro. It was found he must be put on the operating table at once. His upper lip and part of his nose were torn off, one eyelid and cheek were hanging by shreds of skin, and his arm on the same side was horribly lacerated. Tenderly they lifted him and placed him on a stretcher carriage and rolled him to the operating room, where his gashes were washed and closed, and twelve stitches brought him to the appearance of humanity, albeit swollen and disfigured.

The other lads were taken home by their parents, to return daily for treatment. But George was not able to be moved, so weak was he after his double treatment. A little cot was placed for him in the surgical ward, and so grateful and patient was he under his sufferings that he soon became a general favorite. Surprisingly soon his wounds healed, and he began to be allowed to get up. It was found, too, that his poor "mummy" had no place to keep him, and it was charity to allow him to remain where he was. So he went here and there, doing little turns for every one who asked them, and always with a jolly little humor of his own that made every one smile.

Many a weary face smiled a ghost of a smile from its pillow as George, with his grotesquely seamed countenance, cut some caper in the middle of the ward when he thought no one was looking. No one scolded him. His mummy came at intervals, and with uplifted hands, "blessed the Lord for dem ladies chab ob dah lil' raskill!" One day the Sister asked George if he said his prayers, and what church he attended. George knew no prayers, and had never been in any church before he saw the hospital chapel. He was "too bad to jine a church." By degrees he learned he had an immortal soul, and it was pathetic to see his great eyes looking out of the disfigured face as he drank in every word that Sister spoke to him of God's love for even the least of His creatures.

"Ah never knawed dat de Lawd had much time for lil' nigs like me," he said. "An' if I be baptised, an' you ladies suah dat all can snuggle into hebbin'?" He was assured that such was the promise of Him who never breaks His divine word. "An' will mah black soul turn white?" He was told that there were no black souls in heaven. It took much patience and instruction to give George the spiritual side of the matter,

but at last it dawned on him, and after that he seemed to grow thoughtful and often said he wanted to be baptised and become pleasing to the good God who saved him from death when he knew nothing about Him. Twenty days of the treatment were now over, and there were great hopes that all danger of hydrophobia had passed. George found out from his mummy that he had "never been christened, she had no time." So it was decided that George should be baptised in the hospital chapel when he was a little better instructed. George went home to the poor shanty his mother occupied when she was not out washing or scrubbing, but he returned every day for examination and treatment.

The other boys were pronounced immune, but the doctors were not so sure of George, he had been so frightfully bitten. Three days passed, and George had not put in an appearance. The sisters and the doctors were distressed; not knowing what to think.

On the evening of the third day two colored men who belonged to a livery stable appeared at the hospital door with George between them. He was snapping and growling, with saliva flowing out of his mouth. "Poor little fellow! After all the efforts that had been made he was doomed. It was the dreaded hydrophobia.

He was perfectly conscious and immediately recognized the sister in whose care he had been. "Ah, is gwine to be baptised right soon, Sister. Ah feel powerful surh dat ah is a orful sick boy, ah has such a orful misery in de troat."

"Yes, George," said the Sister, deeply sympathetic; "we shall have you baptised very soon."

Her practical eye saw evidence at once of the awful paralysis of the throat that prevented swallowing even the saliva.

George was carried to the isolated ward, where an orderly and a nurse were detailed to watch him. It was now nearly midnight, and soon his convulsions were frightful to witness. He was strapped to the bed, but he would work out of bed onto the floor, while the terribly infectious spitte flew in all directions. Twice he was rolled in a linen sheet by the attendants and laid on the bed. It was courted death to go near him; the infection might be communicated through some little cut or abrasion of the skin, and the poison that dropped from the poor swollen lips never ceased.

Between the convulsions he was perfectly conscious, and would cry out pitifully that "he couldn't help it"; that "he was so sorry" and "when would he be baptised?" Poor little George! About three o'clock Sister came to the room, and, leaning over the head of the bed, looked at the poor lad. He was in an interval of quiet and exhaustion, but she saw that the end was near.

"George," she said, "I am going to get the priest to baptise you. I will go at once, and then you will soon see God and the angels in heaven."

"Bress de good Lawd!" said the poor, dying boy between his gasps. Po black George is a-gwine to see you in hebbin, P. I'll nigga will hab a white soul."

The priest came hurriedly. George was in a terrible convulsion. It was almost impossible to touch him, and the sight of the water visibly increased his agony. "Close your eyes, George," said the chaplain. "I am going to baptise you."

George made a strong effort. "Bress de good Lawd! Ah is loagin' to be baptised—oh de good Lawd!" He lay quiet still, and quickly and reverently the priest, leaning over the head of the bed, poured the waters of regeneration on the poor little negro. He had indeed a "white soul" now, and with a sigh of relief he was quite calm and still. "He may last a few hours," said the priest, as he left the room. "I will come back after Mass."

At six o'clock the Mass bell was ringing, and as the priest crossed over to the sacristy he met the Sister who had charge of George. She whispered: "Remember George in your memento, Father; he has just died."

The Lord had taken to His Sacred Heart of His creature—Rev. Richard W. Alexander, in the Catholic Standard and Times.

THE "YOUTH'S COMPANION'S" IDEA OF PURGATORY.

TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF CHEAP AND IGNORANT SNEERS CONCERNING A CATHOLIC DOCTRINE.

From the Sacred Heart Review. Cheap sneers about the Catholic Church's doctrine of Purgatory are usually the result of ignorance. That is at least the most charitable assumption. Such ignorant sneers were more common than at present. Of late years non-Catholic writers are less given to condemning, or sneering at, Catholic doctrines or practices which they do not understand. Present day scholarship demands exact knowledge of even Catholic matters, and exact knowledge of Catholic matters is not to be found in old-time Protestant notions concerning the Church. This being so, we are rather surprised to find in the Youth's Companion of July 23 an anecdote which looks harmless enough, but which contains a very unwelcome slur at the Catholic Church's teaching on Purgatory. It is of a certain Catholic Indian woman who went to consult the priest about getting her husband (snapp) out of Purgatory. Here is how the Youth's Companion tells what follows:

"The priest told her to put down her money, which she did without retaining any for herself. He then prayed for her husband. When he had concluded, Moll asked: "Is he out?" "Yes." "Are you sure?" "Yes." "She then snatched up the coins and started to leave. "Hold!" cried the priest. "If you take that money I'll pray your husband back into Purgatory."

"With a twinkle in her eye, she answered:

CATHOLICS AT THE THROTTLE.

EXPERIENCE ACQUIRED THROUGH ENGINE RIDE.

Some years ago that erratic genius, Elbert Hubbard, wrote a paper styled The Bigotry Bacillus, directed at the A. P. A. movement, says R. C. Gleaner, in the Catholic Columbian. Though one as a rule is loth to quote from him—as he too often wallows in the mire of mere materialism and worse yet, sensualism—still as a drop of water will often gladden even a mud puddle, in a similar manner he often bears witness to a truth or edifying incident. In the course of this paper he says:

"Once it was my privilege to ride from New York to Albany on the engine of the Empire State Express. The engineer was a little, bronzed, weather-beaten man of nearly fifty. I showed my permit, and without a word he motioned me to the fireman's seat in the cab. He ran around his engine with oil can in hand, then climbed to his place and waited for the conductor's signal to start. I was watching, too, and back in the crowd I saw the hand swung aloft. At the instant, the engineer turned and made a quick motion as if crossing himself, seized the lever, and we were off. For exactly three hours the telegraph poles sped past, and we rolled and thundered onward through towns, villages, cities; over crossings, switches, bridges, culverts and through tunnels and viaducts at that terrific rate of a mile a minute. The little man at the throttle looked straight out ahead at the two lines of glistening steel; one hand was on the throttle, the other ready to grasp the air brake. I was not afraid for I saw that he was not. He spoke not a word, but he looked at me nor at his fireman, who worked like a Titan. But I saw that his lips kept moving as he still forced the flying monster forward. At last we reached Albany. What a relief it was! My nerves were unstrung. I had enough for a lifetime. The little engineer had left the cab and was tenderly feeling the bearings. I turned to the fireman:

"Bill, why does he keep moving his lips when there at the lever?" "Who's th' ole man? Why, don't you know, he's a Catholic. He allus prays on a fast run. Twenty years he's run on this road with never an accident, never touches a drop of anything—the nerviest man that ever kicked a gauge cock, he is shurely me!"

Hubbard adds that it is a fact that nearly one half of the men in the employ of the railroads in the United States are Catholics.

I know of one old engineer who told me he always watched the passengers as they entered the cars, prior to starting on his "run," for he always felt somewhat a bit more comfortable when he noticed a Catholic priest or even a Catholic Sister going on the journey with him. He also told this bit of a joke on himself. His fireman was not a Catholic, but had become accustomed to his engineer's moods, and always knew a priest was aboard by the apparent good humor of his friend.

"Well, Tom," the fireman said one day, "what priest is aboard to-day?" "Oh," replied Tom, "I don't know his name. I only caught a glimpse of him as he entered the coach—but it is all right." Notwithstanding this assurance, matters did not jog along as usual, said the engineer: "A few miles out a spark from the locomotive fired the top of the mail car and we had to stop to put the fire out, de-laying us about fifteen minutes. I tried to make up the lost time, but the engine did not respond. She was a bit balky. Steam was not up to the notch and we pulled into the depot at the end of my run nearly twenty minutes late. Jumping out of the cab, I met the trainmaster. He smiled and said: 'Hello! Tom, late to-day—no priest aboard, eh?' 'Yes, there is,' I said. 'Just then the passengers began moving out of the cars and along the platform to the depot exit; there was my priest, but he happened to be a High-Church Anglican one, so I said, "that accounts for it; wasn't the genuine article. I knew something was wrong."

These veteran railroaders deserve kindly consideration at the hands of the public, for much depends upon their judgment and courage. I have often noticed the supreme look of satisfaction upon their faces as they end their journey, safely landing their train.

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