

It is not always reliable to telephone at night, for the instrument is placed downstairs,—and for the present the pastor is not going to place it under his pillow,—and occasionally he sleeps the deep sleep that goes with a good conscience, and that ring is as faint as the voice of a hardened sinner's conscience. Just walk down and give the door bell a good pull,—that rings just alongside his bed, and in the still midnight will bring him to his feet in a jiffy. For a while the pastor sympathized with the disappointment of people who rang his telephone in vain for a sick call at two in the morning, until assured next day that it was too much trouble to have any one go for the priest, so they just waited until after breakfast. Wasn't it kind of them?

With some attention paid to the suggestion, the priests will have a better opinion of the telephone—that modern convenience.

A SPOILED GENERATION.

In an article entitled "A plea for the Rod," Rev. C. Clifford, editor of the Providence Visitor, says: "Seriously we have overdone the business of child worship in America; and for proof we find ourselves surrounded with about the worst-mannered generation it has ever been the lot of untrammelled democracy to produce. In every other section of the civilized world, even in France and Italy where he is all but spoiled by over-indulgence of every sort during the first five or six years of his existence, a growing boy is taught the elements of decorum. He is trained to defer to his elders on no other ground than the fact that they are elders. Years connote experience, and courtesy is the tribute he is habitually encouraged to bring in testimony of the older world's regard for it. He will rise instinctively and uncover to a woman, he will not lightly venture upon a familiarity with a grown man. He may be a 'muff' in a hundred other points; (and if he comes from the Latin districts of the continent, we fear there is no defending him on that score), but in the rudiments of civilization, the things that refine one and mark him as unconsciously urbane, city-bred in form, if not in reality, with the boorishness, which is the inevitable after-growth of isolation, rubbed off—in these things we say, America with all its magnificence of equipment has nothing like him to offer. We are poor in such jewels as Cornelia is said to have had the bad taste to parade. They began to disappear some thirty years ago, when a number of soft-hearted ladies and gentlemen up and down the country declared against the 'barbarism' of using the birch rod in the schools. We are reaping a whirlwind harvest for that thin crop of sentimental folly today. Let us carry our sheaves with such dignity as we can. The American child is mostly what its public school teachers have made him. We have spared the rod where it would have done the nation most service and spoiled a brood of citizens singularly in need of self-discipline."

There is yet harder and higher heroism—to live well in the quiet routine of life; to fill a little space because God wills it; to go on cheerfully with a pretty round of little duties, little occasions; to accept uncomplainingly a low position; to smile for the joys of others when the heart is aching; to banish all ambition, all pride and all restlessness in a single regard to our Saviour's work. To do this for a lifetime is a greater effort, and he who does this is a greater hero than he who for one hour storms a breach, or for one day rushes onward undaunted in the flaming front of shot and shell. His work will follow him. He may not be a hero to the world, but he is one of God's heroes; and though the builders of Nineveh and Babylon be forgotten and unknown, his memory shall live and be blessed.

If you could look into human hearts, you would be surprised at the faces they enshrine there, because beauty of spirit is more than beauty of face or form, and remarkable intellectual qualities are not to be compared with unaffected human goodness and sympathy.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

If you have a grey haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired step
Reaches Heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you have a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait until you forget it
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved one happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,
The future is unknown,
Tomorrow is a mystery,
Today is all our own.
The chances that fortune leads to
us,
May vanish while we wait,
So spend your life's rich pleasures
Before it is too late.

The tender word unspoken
The letter never sent,
The long forgotten messages
The wealth of love unspent.
For these some hearts are breaking
For these some loved ones wait;
So show them that you care for
them,
Before it is too late.
—Pittsburg Catholic.

PROVERBS UP TO DATE.

Better swallow your good jest
than lose your good friend.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
bitter are the uses of prosperity.
The rising generation owes much
to the inventor of the alarm clock.
If vanity were a deadly disease
every undertaker would buy fast
horses.

When the last trump sounds some
woman will ask Gabriel to wait a
minute.

A good field of corn is one thing
a farmer doesn't care to have
crowded over.

The Dead March is not necessarily
the one the musicians have murdered.

The oil of insincerity is more to
be dreaded than the vinegar of
vituperation.

A walk may improve your appetite,
but a tramp will eat you
out of house and home.

The man who cannot be beaten is
he who holds his head up when he
has been beaten.

Practice ever truth and upright-
ness till the cold grave; and deviate
not a finger's breadth from God's
ways! Then wilt thou, as on a
green meadow, go through thy pil-
grimage of life; then canst thou,
without fear and dread, look death
in the face; then will the sickle and
the plough be light in thy hand;
then canst thou sing over the water
jug, as if it were filled with wine.
But to the scoundrel is everything
full of trouble, do what he may;
the devil drives him to and fro,
leaving him no rest. The beautiful
spring smiles not for him, the fields
of corn wave not with joy for him;
he is a lover of lies and deceit; he
cares for nothing but gold; the
wind in the wood, the leaf on the
trees whisper horror to his heart,
and he finds no rest in the grave
after life is over.

The real and solid value in God's
eyes of holy desires is not half
understood by us; they could be
nourished so easily, and yet so
rarely are encouraged in our inner
life. This happens through a mis-
erable shyness with God, a sort of
false humility, which tempts each
one to say, as it were: "It is ab-
surd in me, incongruous in one so
bad, to utter such desires or to
pretend to them." This is not
humility—it is an unholy and de-
testable diffidence.

The little I have seen of the
world teaches me to look upon the
errors of others in sorrow, not in
anger, said Longfellow. When I
take up the history of one heart
that has sinned and suffered and re-
present to myself the struggle and
temptation it has passed through,
the brief pulsations of joy, the
feverish inquietude of want, the de-
sertion of friend—I would fain leave
the soul of my fellowman with Him
from whose hand it came.

FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

(A Tale of fact in fiction's garb).

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"If it were lawful, my Constance, we should not see half the nobility of England exiled from the court, fined, imprisoned, and in constant suffering. Men are not so in love with all this as not gladly to escape from it, if conscience permitted. No, Constance, my beloved, do not urge me to do that which you would yourself hereafter despise me for."

Constance endeavored to disengage herself from the close embrace in which she was held.

"It is time we part, then," said she, as haughtily as she could.

"Constance, you will not leave me in anger?"

"I have tarried too long," said she. "It is not a maiden's part to be rejected, you count a sacrifice of feeling too great to win my hand."

"Constance, have you no mercy?" said he, in a tone of anguish; it is my honor and my faith that stand between us."

"No, no," said she, "it is not so, let me go, Walter; choose quickly between my love and happiness and the vision of honor you conjure up. I will never disobey my father. Seek me as he bade you, or seek me not at all. We part forever."

She was gone.

He watched the flutter of her white dress along the terrace. He saw her lean on Rose, who had been waiting at a distance. He saw her gather the flowers as she went along, and those she disliked she cast down at her feet. She stood for an instant on the steps, and the moonlight cast an unearthly radiance on her snowy robe and golden hair. She looked like some vision from fairy land, as she disappeared within the house. He followed the path her tiny feet had trodden; he picked up those scattered leaves of autumn roses, and laid them next his heart, and then he went to his own chamber, went to the struggle with himself for life or death. The breeze whistled blithely by that cool, bright evening; the round of life went on, but though mortal eyes saw them not, and mortal ears heard them not, intent upon the scene bent the gaze of heavenly intelligences, and keenly they listened to every sigh and groan that burst from the aching heart in Walter de Lisle's lonely chamber.

Differently, in truth, was that night spent by the betrothed. Constance never entertained the thought of losing her lover. She was flushed with triumph, she had performed her father's behest—resisted Walter's arguments, and she did not doubt the next day would bring him a captive to her feet, and she pictured to herself bright visions, how the Baroness de Lisle would comport herself in the proud court of Elizabeth, how rapidly Walter would advance in favor and trust, and how, through it all, she would be the star that led him on, the best cherished of that noble heart.

The light in her eyes and the smile that sat on her lip, reassured her father that victory was secure, so that though Walter was missed from the supper table, he did not feel anxious.

No, Walter did not sup that night, neither when the weary inhabitants of the house sought their beds did he follow the example. Constance slept soundly, smiling in her sleep.

On the ground, fighting with his anguish, lay Walter de Lisle, close beside was the invisible tempter, busy at his work.

"But for a little time," he whispered. "Elizabeth must ere long recognize the rights of her Catholic subjects, and queens do not live for ever. Can you not even secretly serve your party by your influence? Deceit, oh! call it not by that name, it is not that; it is understood by everybody in these days when religion has changed with each Tudor that has sat on the throne; it is only a scruple of yours thus to relinquish all the sweetness

of life. What would life be without her? And then in glowing colors he painted the future with Constance, and in hues that made the heart shrink back—the future without her. Walter half yielded; he began to form plans, how much he would give up, he would see Lord Beauville again; would argue it with him once more. He would show Constance his meaning more clearly. It was a fearful crisis in Walter's life; but in the darkest hour we are not left alone, and if the tempter was on the one side, an angel in glorious array, was on the other, strengthening, pleading, bringing back bygone memories of innocent and happy days. The eyes of angels and saints were bent upon that lonely boy, and in the courts of heaven there went up many a prayer for him from the whiterobed throng. On earth, too, in the vigil he was wont to keep, Father Mordaunt prayed in the chapel of the college at Rheims, and impelled by a sudden memory of the boy he had loved so much, he prayed especially for Walter. Walter at last fell asleep, still lying on the ground, and he dreamt strangely and confusedly. He was back at Rheims in the old chapel; there was a figure all in white; he could not see who it was; yes, it showed his mother's face and vanished slowly away, then again, he too was clothed in white, he was to serve Father Mordaunt's mass, but the chapel seemed to move about in a marvellous manner. The falling of some heavy weight woke him up; he awoke saying aloud, "Ne nos inducas in tentationem, sed libera nos a malo."

Note.—"But if such person or child so passing, or sent, shall after become comfortable and obedient to the laws of the Church, and shall repair to church and continue in such conformity, he shall, during such term as he shall so continue, be discharged of very such disability and incapacity."—Burn's Ecclesiastical Law.

CHAPTER VIII.

"But there are some Lutheran baits by which the Devil propogates his kingdom and inveigles many in your sphere. What are they? Gold, glory, delights, pleasures: contemn them. For what else are they but the scum of the earth, a hoarse air, a feast of the worms, specious dunghills! despise them. Christ is full, He will feed us; He is King who will honor us; he is rich who will endow us with all felicity."—Edmund Campian.

Very early the following morning Walter went out. He roused the slumbering porter and passed through the gates and in a few minutes reached the high road. The sun was hardly risen, and the air was keen, and refreshed him as it blew on his aching brow and fevered cheeks. His mind was in a very tumult. Every sudden passion contended fiercely within, and the long warfare of the night seemed only to rage more wildly. Spirits good and evil still battled around him. He took no heed of surrounding objects, and was unconscious that a rough looking peasant who had advanced towards him from the opposite quarter had been scanning his features with the utmost interest. He started when the man spoke.

"God save your honor may this be the way to Apswell Court?"

"It is hard by," said Walter; but you keep early hours, my friend and I doubt me whether you will find the porter willing to attend to you."

"Perhaps," answered the man, "your honor will condescend to tell me if there is a young nobleman called De Lisle tarrying at the court?"

"You speak with him," said Walter, hastily, forgetting in his surprise the caution of the times.

The peasant bowed and taking a letter from his vest presented it to Walter.

Canadian Pacific TIME TABLE

	Lv.	Ar.
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via all rail, daily	15 00	12 30
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via lake and rail, Mon., Thurs., Saturday	15 00	
Tuesday, Friday, Sunday		12 30
Rat Portage and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	8 00	18 30
Lac du Bonnet and intermediate points, Wed. only	7 00	19 30
Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnecola, Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Rapid City and Rapid City Junction, daily ex. Sunday	7 30	20 40
Pettapiece, Minniota and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Moosomin, Virden, Regina, Moose Jaw and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	8 25	14 00
Glenboro, Souris and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	13 35	12 15
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola, and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Friday	7 30	
Tues., Thurs., Saturday		20 40
Napinka and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs., Sat.	8 25	
Mon., Wed., Friday		14 00
Brandon Local, daily except Sunday	16 30	12 20
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary, Lethbridge, Macleod, Prince Albert, Edmonton and all points on coast and in East and West Kootenay, daily	18 05	8 50
Stonewall branch, daily except Sunday	16 50	10 20
Winnipeg Beach, daily except Sunday	16 10	10 00
St. Paul Express, Gretna, St. Paul, Chicago, daily	13 55	13 40
Emerson branch, daily except Sunday	15 45	10 45

F. P. BRADY, Asst. Gen. Supt., Winnipeg
C. E. MCPHERSON, Gen. Pass. Agt., Winnipeg

Canadian Northern TIME TABLE

Leave Winnipeg	STATIONS	Arrive Winnipeg
EAST		
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Boniface, Ste. Anne, Steinbach, Bedford, Sprague, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Stratton, Emo, Fort Frances.	Daily ex. Sun.
10 25		16 25
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mine Centre, Glenorchy, Atikokan, Kashabowie, Mattawin, Kakabeka Falls, Stanley Jet., Ft. William, Port Arthur.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 25		16 25
WEST		
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Gladstone, Plumas, Dauphin.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Tues. Thurs. Sat.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Mayfield, Humerston, Halboro, Glenuale, Neepawa, Eden, Burnie, Glen-smith, Dauphin.	Mon. Wed. Fri.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Sifton, Ethelbert, Minn-tonas, Swan River.	Wed. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Mon.	Bowman, Birch River, Novra, Mafeking, Powell, Westgate, Erwood.	Wed.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Ashville, Gilbert Plains, Grand View.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Fri. Sat.	Fork River, Gruber, Winnipegosis.	Sat. Tues.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Oak Bluff, Sperling, Homewood, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
7 00		17 50
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Norbert, St. Agathe, Morris, Myrtle, Roland, Miami, Belmont, Wawanesa, Brandon, Ninette, Minto, Elgin, Hartney and intermediate points.	Daily ex. Sun.
8 05		18 25
SOUTH		
Daily	Twin City Express between Winnipeg, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 14hrs. 20min. Via Can. Nor. and Great Nor. Rys. Morris, Emerson, St. Vincent, Hallock, Warren, Crookston, Ada, Glyndon, Barnesville, Fergus Falls, Alexandria, Osake's Sank Centre, St. Cloud, Clearwater, Monticello, Ossea, Minneapolis and St. Paul.	Daily
17 20		10 10
Daily	Minneapolis and St. Paul Express via Can. Nor. Ry. and Nor. Pac. Ry. Morris, St. Jean, Letteller, Emerson, Pembina, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Superior.	Daily
13 45		13 30

City Ticket Office, 431 Main Street. Phone 1000.