

occurrence was made doubly afflicting by the death only three days ago of his son, a promising young man, in business with his father. It is thought that his son's death had a great deal to do with that of Mr. Fowler. The deceased had no family except his son George, and his large fortune of several hundred thousand dollars will go to relatives in New York."

"I hope they deserve their good fortune, don't you, monsieur?" asked Mademoiselle Angelique.

"Yes. Will you not let me have the paper. You need not read any more now. I am tired, mademoiselle."

That evening a well-known lawyer came to the Almshouse. He had been summoned by a note from Townley. They had a short conversation together. Then the lawyer went away, rapping his nose.

Two or three days after Townley had a bad turn in his sickness. The doctor told Mademoiselle Angelique that this was a very dangerous thing, because he was too sick to stand another siege. The poor girl redoubled her care and affectionate interest. But there was no change for the better.

One day he awoke from a brief slumber, and opening his eyes saw Mademoiselle Angelique sitting with her back to him at work on the blue checked apron. There was a strange movement to her pretty shoulders and back that puzzled him. The deft needle would shoot out and be put in again with quick regularity, but there was this tremulous little quiver to the back. It was explained to him a moment later, for mademoiselle took the coarse old apron, and, burying her face in it, shook with low sobs. She was crying her poor heart out on the pauper's blue checked apron!

She was very quiet about it, not wishing to disturb him, but there was a listless droop to the graceful figure and an abandon to her sorrow that showed she was yielding herself unreservedly to the luxury of weeping.

Suddenly she wheeled about to see if Townley was awake, and he had just time to close his eyes and assume the appearance of profound sleep. His hand, thin from his sickness and as white as a woman's, was lying on the coverlid near the edge of the bed. A moment later he felt a light, warm breath upon it, and then such a delicate, timid pressure of soft lips. Then he heard a long sigh.

He kept up his pretence of sleep for several moments. Then he made some restless movements like one whose slumber is being disturbed. He heard mademoiselle hurriedly trip out on tip toe. He realized that she did not wish to let him see her swollen eyes.

Townley's lawyer came to see him a few days later, and, after he had talked for some time, Townley signed his name to a paper, and he went away after some very respectful adieus. Townley seemed much better after this visit.

(To be continued.)

THE AGE OF SELF-CONCEIT.

A reflecting observer finds much to amuse him, but more to sadden him, in the strange imitativeness of the human race, and its stranger unconsciousness that it is imitative.

As we all know—for we have been told it often enough,—we live in an "age of reason." Old things have had their day; we are better fed, better housed, better clothed than our ancestors. Above all, we are better mentally and physically. We take care to make it known that we bathe oftener than our ancestors. The Englishman and his "tub" have become a proverbial subject for laughter in the humorous papers. But the American with his "modern improvements" equally deserves to be laughed at. It would be hard to find—except perhaps in the unwritten annals of the untutored savage who first found a military coat and proclaimed himself civilized—more evidences of artless self-conceit than we moderns show every day. The "thoughtful magazine" paper is usually a laudation of the nineteenth century at the expense of every preceding epoch.

Cesar and Virgil, Constantine and Dante, would find much to amuse them in an age which, having forgotten almost everything good discovered or invented by previous ages, has occasionally an access of memory. It then assumes the attitude of little Jack Horner in the nursery rhyme, and admires itself immoderately.

In the United States we are cursed by a system of public schools, which are manufacturers of the mediocre. If they are intended to be machines for the levelling of all American human creatures to a condition of "equality," they answer their purpose; for they kill all individuality as far as possible, and grind away all points of interest in the unfortunate creature compelled to pass through them. They ignore every quality both of instruction and education insisted on in older countries, where the vice of self-conceit—generated through the essential principle of that revolt of Humanism against Authority, called the Reformation,—is not so rampant as among ourselves.

We are teaching other countries all about electricity and its uses, though I have no doubt the old Egyptians know more about the secrets of nature than we do, or perhaps ever will. We are inventing new appliances for speed in travel, for comfort, for luxury; and yet the life of the average inhabitant of a large city is no safer than it was three hundred years ago. A month ago everybody said that the kind of accordion-like attachment to trains called "vestibule" was a preventive against accidents. Jack Horner jumped up and danced a congratulatory jig, when lo! an accident occurs near Chicago, and the closing of this accordion business solidly prevented the saving of lives. Each new improvement brings a new risk.

There are many good and pleasant things given us by God in this our time through human agency; and yet, if we are to judge by the written records, we are neither so well educated nor so capable of appreciating the real good in life as our ancestors. There are more rich people than there were in the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent; but, in place of Michael Angelo's "David" or the Duomo, they build the Auditorium at Chicago or the Eiffel Tower at Paris! People spell better than they did in the time of *pater patriæ*, and there are more who eat with their forks instead of their knives; but one may well believe that there was more real leisure, more true comfort, and more genuine respect for what is good in life at Mount Vernon than in the thousand palaces which adorn every modern American city.

Does anybody read the Paston letters now? Or look for glimpses of the home life of Sir Thomas More? Or glance at the home influences that helped to make St. Francis de Sales or Cardinal Frederick Borromeo?

The public schools—at which our German friends who know anything sneer, which amaze the English, and surprise even those French who are not blinded by a government of pedagogues,—could not have produced men so humble, so simple, so great. Harvard and Yale, with their superficial Agnosticism and stucco "modernity," could not.

Let us not throw up our caps too violently over our progress, for the bells may jingle and show the shades of our ancestors what we really are. "Motle's the only wear ' for a time which is always asking questions and never answering them, yet which holds itself wiser than Almighty God.—M. F. Egan in *Ave Maria*.

THE FATHER TABARET STATUE.

On Thursday afternoon the unveiling of the statue of the late Rev. Father Tabaret in front of the Catholic University of Ottawa took place in the presence of a distinguished assemblage of prelates and clergymen. His Eminence, Cardinal Taschereau, presided (under a canopy specially erected) on the interesting occasion, and he was surrounded by His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, the visiting bishops, and the professors of the University in their academic robes. The Hon. John Costigan, Minister of Inland Revenue, occupied a seat on the platform on which the Cardinal's throne was erected. On an adjacent platform were a number of prominent clergymen and laymen, graduates of the University; whilst surrounding it were many prominent citizens of Ottawa. The general attendance was very large, the street in front of the University being crowded. Mr. W. Davis, of Ottawa, performed the act of unveiling the statue, after which His Honour, Judge Oliver, LL.D., of L'Orignal, president of the Alumni Association of the University, delivered an eloquent and impressive address, in the course of which he extolled the many virtues and good qualities of the noble man to whose mem-