OCTOBER 24, 1908.

sound of wind whistling through a copice of young larches that but one mo-nent before were radiant in their borrowed loveliness. A keen sense of desolution seizes ne. Again the awful thought—is it an

spite my remonstrance, takes off his coat and puts it round my trembling

coat and puts to round my tremoning form, for the rain is coming down in torrents. At last, thoroughly satur-ated, we reach the gate of the tiny

cottage-beside the old school house-

coltage beside the old school house 1 call home. As we stand the rain ceases suddenly, and the sky clears, and

from the blue of the heavens a shaft of

sunlight falls and rests on the fair head

of my lover. "A good omen," he says gaily, as he

"A good omen, he says garry, as he bends his handsome head until his face meets mine. Then one long lingering look, and I am alone. . . Ah! the weariness of the days that followed!

weariness of the days that followed! The everlasting routine of teaching was never more welcome than now, for

it helped to fill in the lagging hours.

bolt from the blue, came the crisis

The third day after Donal's departure

I was sitting amidst my pupils, drilling them with an eagerness that astonished

myself, when a shadow darkened the doorway, and a lady of most imperious

presence stood before me. She had my

Donal's eyes, but with the glint of steel

where his were all softness, and I shivered

'Yes," I manage to say, and I leave

my pupils in charge of a monitress, and lead the way across the green path which intervenes between my cottage

and the school house. Not a word is spoken by either until we reach my

spoken by either until we reach my little sitting room. Then the haughty eyes scan me up and down, and a sneer destroys the calm of the perfect lips. "He has not bad taste," she murmurs

audibly. I felt the hot blood rush to my brain

at the cool insolence, but gave no fur-

said, fiercely. I will never give my consent. Would you ruin my son ?"

So totally unexpected was this attack that I could not speak a word, but stood

like a dumb thing before her. "Speak," she said imperiously. "Say what you mean to do. What money will

The coarseness of her words burns

through the armor of my pride like molten lead, searing my self-respect, and leaving a very canker spot of agony. I could ery aloud in my abase-ment, but restrain myself, and answer onicite it Modam way forward you way

quietly, "Madam, you forget you are

I : aw the proud face wince, as if from

a blow; then there was silence, only broken by the quiet tick of the clock

on the mantelpiece and my own throb-

bing heart. "Madam"-I hardly know my own voice, so hoarse, so constrained it sounds-"I never sought your son, and before God I vow, after what has passed, and I will never marry him

passed, and I will never marry him until you come on your bended knees and ask me. I am poor—God wills it," I add with prond humility—"but I have yet to learn that a Blake is no match for a Darragh." With head erect and eves the bins. I then open

match for a Darragh. With head erect and eyes flashing, I throw open the door, through which my visitor

passes silently, relieved yet ashamed-

speaking to your son's future wife

satisfy you ?'

Girl, this fooling must end," she

as I met her gaze. "You are Donal's mother," I mur-

en, without warning like a thunder-

ay my Donal came e in his eyes, which e, bat which, with s, I quickly noticed. omen? "Come, Mary, we must go. It is turning to rain, and your dress is thin," Donal says, tenderly. "I see signs of a change," and his keen eyes scan the art," he murmured, My uncle is dying a change, a change, and his the hurry down the horizon auxiously. We hurry down the hilside, but before we are half way down the storm bursts in all its fary down the air is filled with the hearse ists on my going to the heir : besides." or old fellow is fond and the air is blied with the hearse rathe of thunder, whilst flash after flash of lightining throws up the rug-ged grandeur of Slemish. Torrified, I eling to Donal, who, da-

not be?" was my d at his lithe form, early manhood, and untenance, with the is of truth and the Perhaps, O God! I m. I clung to him entiment of danger. ed, shaking like a

BER 24 1908

ry," he said, looking s great height. He and I was a little, by reaching to his ale face and masses possessing nothing ve chosen me as hi ve chosen me as his anhood. His "White me. "You are just t," he used to quote. re dark pools which I would never

you fall in !" was my

comes too late, little ad at the first glance, body and soul; and the magical depths, I htful I care not go, Donal ?" was my

dearest; would you

er, doabtfally though t I wish Duty at the

nur, rising. "fam the mother of Squire Darrah," she answers formally. "Can I speak with you in private," as the wondering faces of the children dawn upon her.

dds cheerfully, "it is ks. It will soon pass. have a visitor. My ne to see her son's he said fondly. "I

orning." I like me," I murmur. a bit prickly." to like each other, he

her choice." I answer there some one else? little girl with fifty live on, and scarcely orld."

added, a trifle sternly, l over my lips. "I entence for you. You or little girl. And what big, hulking fellow, ur shoe-lace ; knowing man of me. As for the od, for your sake, I

goes to my heart to , day out, teaching-hat will soon cease." on a rock at the top our feet nestles the the Braid, its young tenderest green, the promise of spring. es the town, the faint

the houses ascending the soft gray haze hyst and rose of he west, through the f drifting vapor, I see black and ominousng, gathering strength ad white forces until it pact mass, and like a eatens to destroy the the sun-god. silence. Is it an omen I shaver involuntarily. and into mine.

he whispers, "why "he whispers, "why Shall I play you some irs? Behold in me the ck!" And he cast a towards his beloved all my trouble, and licule of the villagers whim of listening to my

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

know it well since your parents selectspell, and with a crooning sound of ed their place here with us. Some of my colleagues say it's too small, but that's just what gives it its tone. And if you'll believe me, sir, we have to re-fuee applicants every day. " gladness I hide myself in that loved shelter. "White Rose," he whispered, "why did you do it? If you only knew my agony when I found you gone and not a trace. My mether was in as great trouble as myself." I look at him incredulously; but in his perfect simplicity of heart he sees fuse applicants every day.

me in silence. On it were traced the following abrupt words: "Girl, forgive my cruelty. I throw myself on your

mercy. Donal knows nothing; it would kill me if he should learn the part I

acted. When I saw his miserv I suf-

fered as woman never suffered before. On my bended knees I implore your

On my bended knees I implore your pardon. Take my son, make him happy, is the prayer of mother." I tear up the letter into shreds. "Donal will never know," is my silent thought; and I turn a happy, glowing

face to my lover. "White Rose," he says, "my mother welcomes you"; a little anxious ex-

pression stealing over his face. "Yes," I answer gaily, "it as all a misunderstanding. Donal, Donal," I

cry wildly, "take me home to Slemish. This hot city chokes me. Oh! for a breath of mountain air and the skirl of

Irish pipes." "White Rose," do you remember that last day after the thunder storm?

passionately. "The sun is shining after the storm,"

garden of love. Overhead the sky is blue, and the birds are singing, and we lose ourselves in its golden maze.— Shiela Mahon in Catholic World.

THE FEAST OF ALL SOULS.

Adapted from the French by Grace Tamagno. Just as the keeper was closing the

grace on this hazy autumn afternoon

Church.

trate it.

"Shall I ever forget it?" I answer,

"Yet you have sold some plots in the past year ?" " Oh yes, quite a number. " it not, and continues gravely: "She gave me a message*for you"; and fumbles for a note, which he hands

Henri's pride had evaporated, and so

his curiosity had full sway. "Do you remember a Mr. Jules Berion buying a plot here?" " Jules Berioni let me see. Oh yes,

now I remember. A tall, dark man. He was very thin and looked ill when he came here. I helped him to select the place. It was not long before he was brought here to occupy it. It's ot far from here ; look, on this side." "I thank you," said Henri, rushing madly in the opposite direction, to the

dered if his visitor were crazy. What is there about Berion's plot to

make him angry. Never mind, he'll soon get lost in that direction, then

The flower to his senses. The flower thieves, who were the source of all Father Bonnet's woe, could have stolen all the flowers in the cemetery without Henri's making any attempt to thwart them. His sudden attempt to thight them. This status plunge in the direction opposite to Berion's grave had been a flying from pain. He knew now that Berion had deliberately selected as his last resting-place a spot but a few yards from where he, Henri Michel, would repose when "The sun is suming after the storm, he says joyously. "Did I not say that it was a good omen?" My happy silence satisfies him, and hand in hand we enter again into the hence being former former that say is

Then he did it intentionally, he kept saying to himself as he paced aimlessly up and down the walks. It isn't blind chance, but he purposely did as we had planned when we were boys together. And now aiter wrecking my life he would disturb my peace after death ! And Jeanne permitted him to do it. She did not show him that even these poor visits of mine to our tomb would poor visits of mine to our tomb would become unendurable ! At first it had seemed so hard to be-

At first it had seemed so hard to be-lieve that Jeanne, who was but just out of the convent, had delibe ately deceived him every time they met. For her father had wished a long en-gagement so as not to lose so soon his only daughter. But when Henri dis-covered that Jules, who knew every secret of his heart, was her accomplice in deceit, his whole world appeared to be tumbling about his ears. Then he gate of the mortuary chapel over the remains of his parents, Henri Michel stopped for a minute to look at the cemetery of Passy, full of melancholy or despite the legislative enactments of her politicians, the universal observ-ance of all the great feast days, shows in deceit, his whole world appeared to be tumbling about his ears. Then he had quitted France for several years, and when he came back they had been some time married. Afterwards Henri had taken another how intimately the national life is con-nected with the teachings of the

So on the third of November, the day after the feast of All Souls, scarcely a grave but was bedecked with garlands or Afterwards from indicates another long voyage hoping like many another to gain from perpetual motion and the almost daily change of sights, the for-getfulness of his own griefs. But it was all in vain. At last be realized plants which had been placed there the day before. Wherever he turned he saw full blown roses, violets which were but just beginning to wilt and chrysanthat life is too precious an opportunity to be wasted, so he had returned home and tried to be of use to the world by um spread out like bright stars. Then there were other flowers which had been carefully planted, such as devoting his time to scientific research. He had but once met each of the two geraniums of every shade of red, white narcissus and gay fuchsias, until it al-He had but once met each of the two people who had caused him such unhap-piness. Last year shortly before Jules Berion's death he had received a letter from him. At sight of the well-known handwriting he could scarcely bear to hold the envelope long enough to set a metch to it without of causea break. narcissus and gay fuchsias, until it al-most seemed as if those who had been buried here had bedecked their rosting-place thus gaily out of gratitude to their friends on earth, whose prayers had helped them on their souls' journey. The autumn leaves blown gently off the trace by the mild breeze seemed match to it without, of course, break-ing the seal. When all that was left of the trees by the mild breeze, seemed even to make a flutter of life in this city of the dead. And the movement ing the seal. When all that was left of it were a few charred bits he had felt a childish pleasure in ringing for his serv-ant and bidding him, "Clean up that rubbish at once." One month later two lines in the newspaper had caused him to regret his deed. The lines were, "The funeral of Mr. Jules Berion geograph vasterday. The interment was eity of the dead. And the movement within was symbolic of the life without the walls—for Passy unlike the other cemeteries, is situated in the midst of the eity whose bustle seems to peneoccurred yesterday. The interment was at Passy cometery." In the course of his reverie he had

earth. There is, besides, her pre-his even adorned his grave on this first All Souls' Day after his death. For the first time in eight years the bitterness first time in eight years the bitterness of his grief gave way. A feeling of tenderness went from him toward the friend who had suffered so for his dis-loyalty to him—and who had suffered through the same person. Now he for-gave him for being buried in the spot where he knew at least his old friend would see him. Then there is rememwould see him. Then Henri remem-bered that the unadorned grave was only a symbol of the soul with nobody to pray for it, and he thanked God for the faith which makes us

resting place, now piling armfuls of flowers on his grave.-The Rosary Magazine.

MARY; THE PERFECT WOMAN. The Dolphin, II.

AN APPRECIATION. Consider for a moment what is in-cluded in the phrase " Mother of God." Of course, no phrase, in this relation, ever framed by mortal lips can be made exhaustive, can be fully expressed by human intelligence in this earthly tabernacle. We must be transformed must be transformed and translated before we can see and realize, and then describe in a phrase, our Blessed Lady as she was, as she is. But short of perfect mental or visual

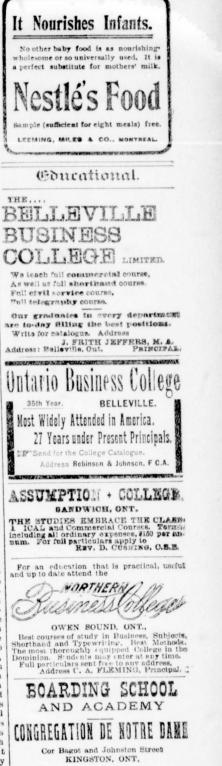
only, the Body and Blood of God. It only, the Body and Blood of God. It implies and means the habitation of God, for a given time, within the un-stained and untainted bosom of Mary. It implies and means the nursing, feeding, washing, dressing and soothing of God, as an Intant, at the hands of Mary. It implies and means the putting into His cot and taking out of His cot, at night and by day-God. It implies and means the teaching of the Child-God to walk, to talk, to work, to play. But the phrase implies and means more than this. The title, Mother of God, teaches, that God lived with, was the teaches, that God lived with, was the daily companion of, was subject unto Mary, during His Infancy, His Child-hood, His Adolescence, His full Man-hood, being God, for the space of thirty years. Conceive this, if it be possible—of course it is impossible for any child of Adam to conceive—com-muning, consorting, abiding with God. muning, consorting, abiding with God, even for a single year, a single day; seeing Him face to face; hearing His conversation and talking with Him; asking Him questions and listening to of a common Father. Is all, or much of this too realistic in

idea and treatment ? Does the conception seem to verge too nearly to the point of reverent profanity? Does it evince undue want of restraint, or exaggeration, or bad taste, or ill con-cealed enthusiasm on the part of the writer? It may be so. But the ques-tion for the Catholic should rather be-

torical existence, so to say, in the eternal counsels of God, of which we know but little, though that little be aduadrated with clear precision in many passages of inspired prophecy. There are the post-historical portions of her career, since the Assumption, of twenty centuries, of which we know fragmentarily, more, though still but little by comparison to what will be re-vealed hearafter. Both these eras in her mystic history have to be accounted for. Neither of them, however, can be glanced at here. Suffice it to say that the testimony of both, so far as our imperfect knowledge allows us to as our imperied; knowledge allows us to judge, whether writ by the finger of God in the Sacred Scriptures, or handed down by the equally trustworthy traditions of Christ's Church, more than confirm, they emphasize the position here maintained. That position, it may be repeated, is this : that there was a something almost unthinkable, quite indefinable with exactitude, altogether unique and abnormal, preter-natural, and without any example or repetition — a something which per-tained to our Lady's story that could be allowed in the store of no other

tained to our Lady's story that could be affirmed in the story of no other daughter of Eve. It is a question, then, to be asked and answered, in what did this mysterious and hitherto unknown something consist? All the Inknown something consist. An one facts and circumstances we have glanced at; all the prophecies and tra-ditions which could be, but have not been quoted; all the necessary and logical deductions from both sources of logical deductions from both sources of divide knowledge—all point to a pre-eminent and singular position occupied by Mary in the Christian scheme of Redemption, which stands absolutely and widely apart from all human experence in religion or history. What was that position? In theory it forms the dogmatic foundation of the one hundred and fifty rhythms on the mystical his-tory of the Perfect Woman.

tory of the Perfect Woman. The theory which underlies the poem seems to be capable of the following ex-planation, which, though it may be non-theological in form, may not, per-haps, be un-theological in substance. From the beginning of man's creation, so far as we know, the Un-originated Unity of God has been revealed as con-sisting of Three distinct. Personalities Unity of God has been revealed as con-sisting of Three distinct Personalities forming One Single Supreme Deity. Each Person of the Un-originated God-head appeared to bear a special rela-tion and office towards His creature man; and each one of the Three had re-lations towards man without confusion lations towards man without confusion between any two of the Divine Personalities. Of course, this Un-originate triform unity has imaged Itself in created matter—in addition to the creation of humanity—in cases too numerous to be here named. But, later on in the ages, another revelation was made of another unity which, in place of being un-originate and triform in character, was of twofold origin and was created in time. Here also, as veli in nature as in grace, there existed other and not less numerous ante-types which not obscurely pointed to this second form of created union, which may be called that of Dual-Unity. It is possible, even probable, that many of these instances of Dual-Unity, in regard to persons and things, which are mentioned in prophecy or history, which hich are existed mystically or really, had, and were intended to have, more or less relation to, more or less connection with, the Christian religion. In any case, the the Unristian religion. In any case, the revelation of this later and created bi-fold union was made to man in the most intimate connection with our Holy Faith. And although the law of being Michel to his parents' tomb was very painful because of the many other gloomy recollections which flocked to his mind, still it was impossible for one of his highly wrought nervous temper-ament, not to be affected at the sight of this mortuary oasis in the heart of the gay city. His countenance which the gay city. His countenance which the gay city. His countenance which same tomb. Then though he had folt deep sorrow for the loss of his parents, son had been more the work of his bepasses silently, relieved yet ashamed booking. "What have I done?" I reiterate again and again whea I realize all that has passed. "Thrown away my own has passed." Thrown away my own has passed. "Thrown away my own has passed." Thrown away my own has passed. "Thrown away my own has passed." Thrown away my own has passed. "Thrown away my own has passed." Thrown away my own has passed. "Thrown away my own has passed." Thrown away own has passed." Thrown away by own has pass summated in the union of God with Man in her spotless flesh—this was the prim-ary instance of the principle of which we are conscious, viz., that of Dual-Unity Unity.



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gathered to his fathers. Then he did it intentionally, he kept

Although this pilgrimage of Henri Michel to his parents' tomb was very painful because of the many other gloomy recollections which flocked to his mind, still it was impossible for one of his highly wronght nervous temper

A few hours later, when old Bonnet was going his rounds before locking the gates, he was amazed to see the man who a few hours before had rushed in the opposite direction from Berion's the gates are public.

the top of Slemish at there ever such an un-

I answer penitently, But play, play !' Perhaps it will drive thoughts. Who knows

you again ?" woman, no more of gently but firmly. "I a month at the latest-le opens his arms with gesture, whilst a look streams over his face. y head. My poor, weak so cold beside the lava passion. Tears of joy se, and a silent prayer eart in thanksgiving for ous of all gifts—a good

orld never listened to that which my Donal y spring morning on the Old Gaelic airs of surthat seemed to have ry spirit of the moun-l, like the sunrise, with ors woven into exquisite ippling over with laugheam tumbling down th d, with the weird loneountain and the solemn leaves in autum; now he wind in a hurricane ang saplings in its fary; angely sweet. I listen which in its intensity

to pain. sk, huskily, "play 'Saves over his pleasant face.

he murmurs. "But, if must." imsical saying he com-

e, wild agony of the for me; the tears run like rain, and sob after he tension of my over-

s. ary !" A pair of loving e. "You must not give the future-the bright,

re." ik of nothing but your er, weakly. r such a s ort time," he

falls on my face. I look All the golden glory of mished, the sky has be-ad there is a moaning

mother's feelings?" I ask myself, and the serpent of doubt enters into the

the serpent of doubt enters into the paradise of belief in my lover. "No," I ery aloud passionately, "nor will he ever know. I shall send in my resignation at once, and the broad seas will divide us before his return. Oh, my lovel, my lovel we of the second of November, it was solely because his former friend who had died within the year, had been burked in the same cemetery, he did not know exactly where. Henri had decided that the meeting with his destined haid the meeting with his destined return. Oh, my love! my love! we were too happy." Then I fall to weeping bitterly.

that the meeting with his destined bride, who was now the widow of his former friend, would be far too painful and so he had chosen the day aiter the feast for his visit of filial piety. Now as he sat here, the mild autuun beauty of this scene, associated as it was with meny of the purest and holiest senti-ments of his youth, he felt a sort of weage which he had not known in years. Before the week is out I sail secretly, under an assumed name, for New York, to an auat, the only relation I have in the world, who has long entreated me to live with her. When I arrive I am so weak and ill that I have to be carried so weak and ill that i have to be carried off the steamer, and for many weeks I lie prostrate after a sharp attack of brain fever. And it is a very white-face girl who stares out of a Broadway window and imagines she hears the skipl of Lieb nice. peace which he had not known in years. Henri had thought, in avoiding a neeting with Jeanne, he had done all that was necessary to keep the wound to his honor and his pride from bleeding afresh. But he had overlooked the alskirl of Irish pipes. Can it be possible, I ask myself, that

only three months have elapsed since the sun of my happiness set? Three years rather, each day of interminable most morbid curiosity that had possessed him ever since he had read of the death of his former playmate, Jules Berion. His pride had so far years rather, each day of interminable length, for it is freighted with the misery of a soul in agony. Has Donal forgotte: me? No word. They say Love overcomes all obstacles. I smile Jules Berion. His pride had so far prevented his trying to surmount the barriers which he himself had placed be-tween them when he had discovered their treachery, For his betrothed Jeanne by her infatuation for Jules Berion had not only made him ridiculous before all the world, but she had also estranged him from his best friend. But his dreadily. Three short decades - so soon! "Love is deathless"; I laugh soon! 'Love is deathless''; I laugh aloud in bitterness of spirit, and the sound jars on my over-wrought nerves and leaves me weak and hysterical. My brain is on the verge of madness-a little thing saves me. My wild eyes rest on the tender green of my box of shamrocks, and a peace ind scribable Greens over my tortured spirit. With him from his best friend. But his pride now seemed to be weakening and any chance occurrence might give his curiosity full sway. So, it was a little thing which accordingly happened. The guard had locked the gate of the creeps over my tortured spirit. With The guard had to be been and you be the projector-chapel and with the pride of proprietor-ship entered into conversation. Was it not natural that he should mistake loving fingers I place them in a glass and note every perfection of the deli-cate trefoil through the radiant trans-parency of the water. Again I am on Slemish, and a whilf of mountain air it not natural that he should mistake Henri's immobility for silent admira-tion. And old Father Bonnet was justly proud of "his cemetery," " his flowers," and even "his dead." Thus naively imagining he was echoing his visitor's sentiment's, he said : " "No wonder won admire it, sir. It's cools by fevered brain. So real is it that I turn round involuntarily, and the

and worn, with eyes that look as if they had never slept, but with the light of great love in their burning depths. He stands there reproachful, but with out-stretched arms. Am I dreaming? "Mary!" The voice breaks the

days of his youthin nopes and preasures before she and he had deceived him: his betrothed and his best triend. If he had visited the Michel mortu-ary chapel this year on the third instead of the second of November, it was solely ered, because he would not stoop to employ the only means of finding it out, and that was, had their married life been a happy one? And now as he walked along beside the cometery walls, this question kant, clamoning for an kept clamoring for an this question

this question kept changing for an answer-were they happy? On the one occasion that he had seen Jeanne entering her carriage, her con-spicnous style of dress and the effront-ery with which she stared at him plainly showed that his former sweetheart had scarcely toned down in these years. His encounter with Jules had been so different. He had looked at Henri so appealingly until the latter had turned away abruptly-and still he had selected his grave close to his former friend's ! These various questions, with the aid of his feet, were unconsciously bearing lodge Henri toward the keeper's When he again came face to face with old Father Bonnet he spoke to him with lowncast eyes and flaming cheeks, as if he were about to commit a crime, but he asked him the exact location of Ber-

ion's grave. In view of his recent experience of his visitor's lack of mental equilibrium, Father Bonnet felt it necessary to copy from the register the exact location of Jules' resting place, and to hand it to the erratic gentleman in front of him. Henri walked along counting the

Henri walked along counting the walks until he came to number fifteen, then to the fourth row. But when he came to it he stood spell-bound with surpise for a few mo-ments. He saw the name of Jules Ber-ion duly carved on the very simple head-stone and the date when he died. Dat in the middle of the wilderness of But in the midst of the wilderness o flowers which were scattered broadcast over all the surrounding graves this new head stone was perfectly bare, the grave was already deserted. Before this evidence of the tomb not having

and truths of necessity included and involved in her grand simple title? Nothing can be added to this all-comprehensive term, to com-plete the exactitude of its definition; plete the exact tude of his demittion , though much may be added in the way of supplementing it in love, in devo-tion, and in reverence. Still less, if possible, may auy thing, on any ac-count, be subtracted from it, or from any ecount, be subtracted from it, or from any

thing it conveys—seeing that it has conveyed, from the very first and in miniconveyed, from the very first and in min-ature, the creed of Christendom. Least of all may be spared the truth in this connection that, as a clean thing cannot come from that which is unclean, and as infinite purity cannot be united with that which lacks purity; so, if Mary be indeed Mother, and if Jesus be indeed God, Jesus could not possibly have dwelt within that which was not essentially pure, and Mary must needs the creed of Christendom have develt within that which was not essentially pure, and Mary must needs have been, by God's own will and deed, the one sole instance in a fallen world of an Immaculate Conception.

It hardly need be said that, amongst It narry need be said that, amongst the countless myriads of human beings who have lived and died on earth, of only one august Personality can these things be affirmed, that they are facts and that they are true. May the Per-fect Woman, is the one, unique, abnor-mal, unparalleled Personage of the Jewish and Christian dispensations of whom such things can be affirmed. As our great Catholic poet, Aubrey de Vere, has well sung of the Virgin Vere, has Mother :

One only knew Him—she alone Who nightly to His cradle crept. And lying like the monbeam prone. Worshipped her Maker as He slept.

This thought alone is sufficient to point mentally to something peculiar in our Lady's history, to something singular in our Lady's creation, which singular in our Lady's creation, which was not granted to any other, which differentiates her from every other, created human being with a history— and that apart from her supreme gift of

this evidence of the tomb not having was not granted where the provided yesterday, nor in fact any differentiates her from every other, created human being with a history— ances in pitying his friend. The answer to all the questions that had been bothering him was here before his eyes. He saw what his friend's life must have been with her, who had not which represent her mortal life on

TO BE CONTINUED.



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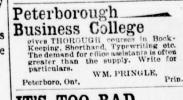


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