

in fault? Might she not have known, should not she have taken for granted the truth which must have been so easy to read in Falconer's face, though he never put it into words? And you with her there was something very different from the pride that kept him silent. The virgin reserve of a young girl's heart is more sacred than pride of self. It is the maiden instinct which makes the woman always the shrine, and never the pilgrim. She is not a seer, but the one sought. She dares not take anything for granted. She has the right to wait for the voice, the word, the avowal. Then, and not till then, if the pilgrim be the chosen one, the shrine may open to receive him.

Not all women believe this; but those who do are the ones best worth seeking and winning. And Claire was one of them. It seemed to me, as I mused, half-dreaming, on the unfinished story for your promptitude and kindness. And now will you add to them by taking me into the church?"

"My name is Mrs. Rossiter," she added. "He knew her name. The Rossiters had stood high in the land since the second Rossiter, the son of the one who had come over with Lord Baltimore, had signed the Declaration of Independence. She spoke with the excellent modulations of a woman of the highest culture.

The two entered the Cathedral; she did not explain herself, but knelt in a rapture of ecstasy, her face wet with tears of thanksgiving, as she raised it towards the tabernacle. He stood for a little while, and then he knelt, with his face turned towards the altar. After a time she rose, and genuflected, and he, being a gentleman, imitated her.

"I need not explain to you," she said, gently, "the reason why I have detained you—for I see that you, also, are a Catholic. Oh, who can express the consolation of the Blessed Sacrament! I must trouble you," she added, after a pause, "to call a cab for me."

He watched the cab disappear, and turned to go on his way, when a sob arrested him. The twilight was coming, but he recognized the little girl in the thin frock and the faded straw hat; she was crying.

"I have lost it," she said. "If you have a match, sir, will you help me to look for it? It was a five-dollar note the lady gave me with the flowers."

He looked into her face. What strange harmony bound these Catholics—she had "seen him in the church," where he thought nobody could see him, and, therefore he was not afraid. She had an honest face—a pure face—she looked to be scarcely thirteen, and her face showed she had suffered.

One evening, before dinner, he dropped into the cathedral, and stood at the door. People entering and leaving noticed the tall, military figure, with the closely-trimmed white mustache, who stood so erect—as if determined not to kneel—in the clear light of the autumn afternoon. Something drew him, and, by degrees, he entered the cool and silent church. He advanced further and further through the nave; and there he stood, his eyes fixed on that small point in the cathedral, to which all things in the cathedral seemed to converge. He knew what it meant.

"If I could accept Christ with my heart, I could kneel before the Host," he said, as he stood there; for Washburne Bolton was deeply read in philosophy, and he had none of the ignorance of the vulgar, to whom even the mysteries of the life around them have no sacred meaning.

He turned away, after a long period of silence. Then he went back half-ashamed; and certain that nobody saw him, he made an awkward genuflection. "To the unknown God!" he said, apologetically to himself. "Marcus Aurelius, if he lived to-day, might do this same thing."

pastures successively invaded the nose, the lips and the mucous membrane of the mouth.

"Mme. Rouchel was attended during the thirteen years that the disease continued by Dr. Bar of Gorze, Dr. Kramer of Saint-Julien les-Metz, Dr. Ernest, Dr. Bendier of Wiesbaden and Dr. Muller of Metz. Nothing brought her any improvement. She had to take to her bed from December 1902 to May 1903.

"The wounds had become frightful. The perforation of the right cheek had enlarged, and a hole appeared in the palate which emitted a nauseous odor of ozena; and all this was accompanied with intolerable headaches and ear-aches. To this must be added the functional disorder resulting from cold local passing through the nose, owing to the perforation of the palate and the escape of liquids through the cheek.

"From this instant the soul of the sick woman was thrilled with confidence. She lost one day with a large party of the people of Metz. On the way from Metz to Paris the journey was one of terrible suffering and distress, when she saw all her fellow-passengers instinctively draw away from her on account of the offensive nature of her wounds. Sister Sophia alone had the courage to dress the sores. From Paris to Lourdes was a still more painful stage in the journey.

"The good woman's prayer was strikingly artless. She shall herself tell the story of her arrival. With Josephine and Marie Berre of Farschwiller she goes to the Grotto.

"I knelt down and asked her—our good Lady—to dress her own wounds and bandages. If she wanted to punish me, she might put the wound on one of my legs, not on my face and in my mouth. * * * And then I told her that she had never been known to refuse to hear a poor sinner."

"She washed at the pools. Saturday, September 6, she would not let any one touch her sores, her state was so frightful. She wished to dress her own wounds and to hide herself as much as possible. The Bishop of St. Die was that day in charge of the procession. From a sense of delicacy, the poor woman did not take her place with the rest on the Rosary square, but hid away in a corner of the church.

"Just as the Bishop entered with the monstrance, she heard the priest say, 'O Lord, who would take away the wound and the bandage, which was as wide as my mouth, fell on to her Prayer Book, marking it with a large blood stain. She thought the dressing had been insecurely attached, and went to take shelter behind a pillar of the great stair, and adjust the bandage as well as she could with a double knot. Then she found her way to the Grotto and beat down to get a bit of water. In spite of the knot, the bandage again fell.

"On returning to the hospital she met her two companions from Farschwiller, who exclaimed: 'Way, Mme. Rouchel, you have no sores left! How well your face looks now!'

"Oh, Sister!" says the sick woman, "I have just been mourning because my bandages fell off."

"The Sisters gave her one more look and cried out: 'Why, you don't want any bandages at all! Thank God and the Blessed Virgin.'

happened six applications they sometimes work miracles like this. Why did not the Metz doctor try these methods? Then there would have been no need of going to Lourdes. Might not suggestion of a vaso-constrictory process be accountable for so many things at present beyond ken.

"To all such incubations there is but one reply. What harm can possibly be done by imparting hope to the despairing? How can medical science suffer from the confidence of a patient in divine skill? No. At Lourdes we have nothing to do with the rivalry of unauthorized medical methods. The cures wrought there have no connection with medication but with creation.

"The case of Francis Vion, born at Lalleryriat on April 15, 1890, is one of the most remarkable as to evidence.

"An infantryman of the 27th Regiment at Dijon, he was sent in November, 1882, to Montcaulès-Mirons (Saone et Loire). In helping to load a tree, he says, he saw a great flame strike him full in the face. His eyes became so weak that in less than three months he was blind. At the Dijon Hospital, where he was under care, his case was diagnosed as detachment of the retina of both eyes. In 1883 he was sent home with a renewable gratuity of 27. He says he was not at all devout, and heard his mother's rosary with impatience.

"In 1884, Dr. Dor, an oculist, of Lyons, gave him the following certificate: 'I, the undersigned, Doctor of Medicine, 2 Quai de la Charite, Lyons, hereby declare that Vicin Dary Franck, a discharged soldier of Lalleryriat, who has been blind since the age of seven, has had his sight restored, and his left eye has been restored, if nevertheless cannot tell night from day. With his right eye M. Vicin Dary can scarcely count his fingers less than a foot off. Hence he cannot work and must be reckoned blind in both eyes, and incurable. Doctor Dor, Lyons, Sept. 16, 1884.'

"At Lussat, his case was diagnosed in the same way with the same prognosis. Under Doctor Dufour, a very well known oculist, the treatment had failed. After two prolonged trials, he was told that remedies were useless.

"In 1887 the sick man made a novena at his mother's request, but would not try the water of Lourdes because he was 'too unworthy.' He seems to have been a rather pusillanimous person. Certainly he says, 'I am too unworthy,' as if he were under a fixed idea, such as often betokens a rather elementary cerebral development. On his mother's death, in 1890, he was admitted to a home at Comiort, near Bellegarde (Aisne). There a good Sister of Mercy suggested that he might recover.

"The following is a report of their naive conversation: 'Poor fellow,' said the Sister, 'you are still young to be so blind. If you have faith, and love the Blessed Virgin enough, you may come to see well enough to get about.'

"Sister, I am too unworthy."

"The Blessed Virgin does not mind that. I must tell you of a man who was crippled in both legs and not very devout, and he got well. He was a carpenter at Lavaur."

"Sister, it's no use. I am too unworthy."

who was crippled in both legs and not very devout, and he got well. He was a carpenter at Lavaur."

"Sister, it's no use. I am too unworthy."

"This expression of moral insignificance and unworthiness occurs over and over again in the days of sadness for the poor young man. Feeling his way with a stick, and by an iron wire running along the side of the path, he often came to a stand before a statue of Our Lady in the garden.

"On Sunday he was present, as usual, at the reading of the Gospel by Sister Martha. It was the story of the Publican and the Pharisee. He took it to himself, thinking, as always that he was not good for much. He even said so out loud, and Sister Martha quietly remarked: 'Do you suppose the carpenter was any better? You can always pray.'

"Well, Sister, if you like, you may get me a little water at Lourdes tonight. The good Sister gave him some. He went to bed very tired. They heard him say over and over again: 'I am too unworthy.' He seemed to himself to be wrestling with an invisible enemy.

"But at last he seized the bottle convulsively, and nervously broke the seal, and thrice with his forefinger rubbed the water on his eyes. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'Sister has made a mistake; she has given me a bottle of ammonia.'

"You make sure he put the bottle to his lips. 'Then like the report of a gun, he burst out: 'I see! I see! Simon Simon, I see you. Go and fetch the Sisters.' His companion happened to be still up, and asked: 'If you can see me say, how I am dressed.'

"You have a knitted vest on, and a tie, and a hat."

"When the Sisters came up he begged them to pray. 'Hide the lamp,' said one of them. 'The light will hurt his eyes.' 'No; leave it,' he replied, 'nothing harms me.' They gave him a book and he read fluently.

"There is nothing easier to diagnose than detachment of the retina. Iridotomy relieves it albeit but temporarily as a rule. So here we have to do with a special cure. Two retinas do not become restored in this way by a simple application of plain water."

"The following is a report of their naive conversation: 'Poor fellow,' said the Sister, 'you are still young to be so blind. If you have faith, and love the Blessed Virgin enough, you may come to see well enough to get about.'

who was crippled in both legs and not very devout, and he got well. He was a carpenter at Lavaur."

"Sister, it's no use. I am too unworthy."

"This expression of moral insignificance and unworthiness occurs over and over again in the days of sadness for the poor young man. Feeling his way with a stick, and by an iron wire running along the side of the path, he often came to a stand before a statue of Our Lady in the garden.

"On Sunday he was present, as usual, at the reading of the Gospel by Sister Martha. It was the story of the Publican and the Pharisee. He took it to himself, thinking, as always that he was not good for much. He even said so out loud, and Sister Martha quietly remarked: 'Do you suppose the carpenter was any better? You can always pray.'

"Well, Sister, if you like, you may get me a little water at Lourdes tonight. The good Sister gave him some. He went to bed very tired. They heard him say over and over again: 'I am too unworthy.' He seemed to himself to be wrestling with an invisible enemy.

"But at last he seized the bottle convulsively, and nervously broke the seal, and thrice with his forefinger rubbed the water on his eyes. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'Sister has made a mistake; she has given me a bottle of ammonia.'

"You make sure he put the bottle to his lips. 'Then like the report of a gun, he burst out: 'I see! I see! Simon Simon, I see you. Go and fetch the Sisters.' His companion happened to be still up, and asked: 'If you can see me say, how I am dressed.'

"You have a knitted vest on, and a tie, and a hat."

"When the Sisters came up he begged them to pray. 'Hide the lamp,' said one of them. 'The light will hurt his eyes.' 'No; leave it,' he replied, 'nothing harms me.' They gave him a book and he read fluently.

"There is nothing easier to diagnose than detachment of the retina. Iridotomy relieves it albeit but temporarily as a rule. So here we have to do with a special cure. Two retinas do not become restored in this way by a simple application of plain water."

"The following is a report of their naive conversation: 'Poor fellow,' said the Sister, 'you are still young to be so blind. If you have faith, and love the Blessed Virgin enough, you may come to see well enough to get about.'

Educational.

BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED

We teach full COMMERCIAL course. As well as full SHORTHAND course. Full CIVIL SERVICE course. Full TELEGRAPHY course.

OUR GRADUATES IN EVERY DEPARTMENT ARE TO-DAY FILLING THE BEST POSITIONS.

Write for catalogue. Address: J. FLITCH JEFFERS, M. A., PRINCIPAL. Address: Belleville Ont.

Assumption College, SANDWICH, ONT.

THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASSICAL and Commercial Courses. Tuition including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum. For full particulars apply to Rev. D. COUSINS, C.S.B.

Loyola College MONTREAL

An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

Schools re-open on September 6th

For terms and other information apply to The President, 68 Drummond St., MONTREAL

Young Men and Women should take a course of training in Shorthand and Typewriting at the

NORTHERN Business College

Owen Sound, Ont.

There is a large demand for young men stenographers, very much larger than the supply. A thorough and practical course including the following subjects: Shorthand (Pitman's System), Touch Typewriting, Penmanship, Spelling, Letter-writing and general Office Practice. Students admitted at any time. Full particulars sent to any address from Address:

C. A. Fleming, Principal. Owen Sound, Ont.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN ONT., CANADA. (G. T. R.)

Commercial Course with Business College features. High School or Academic Course - Preparation for Professional Studies. College of Arts Course - Preparation for Degrees and Seminaries. Board and Tuition per Annum, \$14.00. For Catalogue Address: REV. JOHN FERRENBACH, C. R., P. Res.

CENTRAL Business College STRATFORD, ONT.

The largest Business College in Western Ontario. There is no better in Canada. Enter now if possible. Catalogue free.

ELLIOTT & McLACHLAN, Principals.

Systematic Study of the Catholic Religion

By Rev. CHARLES COPPENS, S. J.

Author of "Lectures on Moral Principles and Medical Practice" and text books on Logic and Metaphysics, Moral Philosophy, Oratory and Rhetoric.

THIRD EDITION. Price \$1.25 post-paid. Catholic Record Office, London, Canada.

"Peerless" SELF-PRONOUNCING Webster Dictionary

FOR THE VEST POCKET 30c. post paid. CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.

Catholic Scriptural Calendar For Year 1906

A Text for every day in the year taken largely from "The Roman Missal," and following the ecclesiastical year and times and days of devotion.

Price 35c. post-paid. Catholic Record Office, London, Canada.

Peterborough Business College

A strong reliable school situated in one of the most progressive manufacturing cities of the Dominion. The attendance is steadily increasing and the demand for its graduates often greater than the supply.

Write for circular. Wm. Pringle, Prin., Peterborough, Ontario

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE K.D.C. FOR NERVOUS DISPEPSIA

HEADACHE, BRUISES, SPINDLES, ETC. PREPARED BY DR. J. S. G. AND SONS, 100 N. BROADWAY, N. Y.

Advertisement for Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour. Features a royal coat of arms and text describing the flour's quality and availability. Includes the slogan 'What Flour Granulation Means in Bread-Making' and 'Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour.'