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#### TYBURN'S WAITING.

The train was rounding the curve be-tween the tunnel and Basic. As it passed the dirt hole which sloped an eighth of a mile up the mountain rid several passengers rose leisurely and began to remove their baggage from the racks. One woman was already at the forward dorr of the car, where she had hurried as soon as the train emerged from the tunnel. She held by the hand a boy of nine or ten. Both ap-peared a little frightened.

peared a little frightened.

As the train swung round toward the station the door opened suddenly and a man came in from the smoker. His baggage lay on the end seat, and he had picked up and thrown an overcoat carees his arm before he noticed the baggs baggs baggs baggs baggs baggs baggs bad picked up and thrown an overcoat across his arm before he noticed the woman and child whom the opened door had forced back. He swung the door shut with a quick thrust of his foot.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I did not notice you were there."

"Oh, 'twa'n't nothin,'" the woman answered. "I seen you comin' an' jest stepped back. The train stops at Basic City, don't it?"

"At Basic, yes. The 'City' has not been used much since the boom broke." He gathered up his umbrella and valise, and placed his suit case near the door,

ad placed his suit case near the door, where it would be convenient the moment the train stopped. "You have

one there lately?"

"Not in more'n ten years. It was a busy place then, buildin's goin' up everywhere, an' streets full of carriages, an' folks that was buyin' an' sellin' land. I lived jest in the aige of the mountains before it started—when

sellin' land. I lived jest in the aige of the mountains before it started—when there wa'n't but two houses an' a depot. My folks are still there, I s'pose."

There was a slight break in the voice, and for the first time he looked at her, and with surprise. The weak, tired voice had quavered like that of an old woman, and the face had been half hidden by a sunbonnet. Now, as it was raised for a moment toward him, he saw that she was scarcely more than a girl, but, oh! so pitiful and wan and wistful, in spite of the joy of home coming which was shining in her eyes. The cheeks were sunken and colorless, and the eyes were inclosed by rings of toil and inadequate nourishment; but behind the dark circles and colorless cheeks he could see the ghost of what had been unusual beauty a few years ad been unusual beauty a few years

"You live here?" she asked timidly, as she saw the more kindly look come to his face.

"Then mebbe you know some of my folks?" eagerly. "Mose an' Sarah Hindy, in the aige of the mountain jest up the railread? Ma ain't more'n forty five, an' pa 'bout the same. They can't be dead."

Mose Hindy," repeated the man, musingly. "Seems to me I have -oh, yes, they moved from here seven or eight years ago, I believe—felt bad about their daughter, I heard." Then, curiously: "Are you the girl? Why did you not write?"

did you not write?"
The sunbonnet sank a little.
"They couldn't have read if I did,"
the quavering voice said, brokenly.
"An' I never learned how to write, either. Our folks never set much by books. But I—I lowed to find 'em jest the same, livin' in the same house. An
—an' Mary Creecy, is she here? She

"Yes; she married the foreman of my factory, and her brother Tyburn drives for me. I expect he will be at the station waiting. Here we are used to be my girl friend.'

As he spoke the train came to a stop, and he placed a restraining hand upon the woman's arm to keep her from lurching forward. Then he helped her

to the platform.

Tyburn was at the foot of the steps. Give me your bag, Mr. Healy," he
"The carriage is jest the other
of the depot. "We'll—" Then and, "The depot. "We'll—" Then he caught sight of the face inside the sunbonnet. "Kitty—Katharine Bale!" he ejaculated. "Where'd you come

gentleman says they're gone."
"Yes, a long time ago," harshly.
Then "I he with you?"
"No; he died 'most a year ago. I

started home just as soon's I could earn money 'neough to pay for the buryin'

urn's eyes went over her swiftly, then he caught one of her hands sav-agely in his and held it up so he could

agely in his and neight up so detection of the swollen, discolored hnuckles and horny fingers.
"Darn him!" he said, fervently, under his breath. "Did he make you do this?" Then, without waiting for an answer, and as though conscious of the people around: "Here, come 'round to the end of the depot, Kitty. I want to talk a little."

ed and strode to where he had left the carriage, forgetful of his employer's presence. The woman followed slowly. Mr. Healy hesitated a moment, then went briskly to the cor-

Tyburn," he said, "I have a num ber of telegrams to send off, and may be detained a half hour or more. In the meantime you would better take this lady to her destination. She does not look very strong. Then come back for

Tyburn scarcely appeared to hear

him.

"Kitty," he said, and now the anger in his voice was mingled with a yearning tenderness that brought a sudden mistiness to the woman's eyes, "you must tell me a few things. Why didn't you write — or get somebody to do it

him for always. You were a plump girl when you went away from here, an' the handsomest in all the country 'round; an' now!' Then abruptly: "A man who works hard outdoors all the time don't get hands rougher than

the time don't get hands rougher than yours. 'Twas field work?''
She remained silent.
"'Twas field work,'' he repeated relentlessly; and the hardest kind. An'—an' that devil kept you at it, an' beat you, an' took every cent you made for whiskey an' other things. He was the beginnin' of that kind of man when here. only he wore good clothes an' here, only he wore good clothes an' girls couldn't see it. An' he wouldn't let you write home, an' beat you for tryin' to?" He looked at her inquiringly, his face lowering and baleful.

But the woman still remained silent, only now her head had sunk lower and the sunbonnet was drawn over her face. Tyburn's hand reached forward grimly to lift it before he noticed that she was crying. Then all his anger and bitterness dropped away like the mask it was, leaving his strong features working curiously.

"Kitty, Kitty, girl," he said huskily. "I was tryin' to be worse than him. We won't never speak of it any more. We li just talk of when we was children an' played on the mountain side together. Now get in the carri-

She drew back.

"I ain't nowhere to go, Tyburn," she answered simply. "Ma an pa have gone. I must look for work first, an' if I can't find it here I'll have to try other places. Only I can't ever go back again, not over the mountains," and she shuddered. "I shall take you straight to sister

"I shall take you straight to sister Mary's" Tyburn said, looking away in order to keep his voice steady. "She married a well-to-do man, an' has a nice home. I board with her. The first thing to do is to get you stronger. You tremble like an old woman when you walk. Afterward you can talk about work if you want to. Get in."

One evening, four months later, Tyburn and Kitty were walking up the plank sidewalk from the post office. In these four months Kitty had gained much of the beauty and form which had been promised by her girlhood. Her cheeks were beginning to fill out Her cheeks were beginning to fill out and color was coming into them, and there was a new light and a stronger there was a new light and a stronger purpose in her eyes. The weak quaver had gone from her voice also, and instead of the sloping shoulders and hesitating gait, she now walked erect with quick, confident movements. And yet she had not altogether rested during these four months, for she had in sixted our taking the burden of house-

ing these four months, for she had in sisted on taking the burden of house-work from her friend's shoulders. It was just being home, she said. As they walked along she was telling her companion of new plans. That day she had secured employment in the blanket factory, and would commence work the next morning. Tyburn lis-tened quietly until she finished, then

broke out:
"You know there ain't no need for it "You know there ain't no need for it Kitty. You know I ve been waitin' for you to get strong so I could say the same thing I did before—before you met him. It didn't seem right to persuade you were so weak an' tired. But now you're trong again an' know your own mind.

were so weak an' tired. But now you're strong again an' know your own mind. An', Kitty," his voice trembled in spite of his efforts at self control. "I've been waitin' a good many years. I've never felt to marry nobody else." Her head rose impetuously to stop him. "But you must think to marry some-body else, Tyburn," she said earnestly. "You're too good a man to be wasted that way. An' you must stop thinkin' of me, for it can't ever be, after—after what's done gone by. I'm goin' to work hard an' try to make up for things, but I can't marry. I ain't much, but I couldn't be so mean as to harm a man like that. Now, Tyburn, harm a man like that. Now, Tyburn, please," touching his arm as she saw he caught sight of the face inside the sunbonnet. "Kitty—Katharine Bale!" he ejaculated. "Where'd you come from?"
"Over the mountains—to see my folks," she answered. "An'—an' this gentleman says they're gone."
"Yes, a long time ago," harshly. Then "I. he with you?"
"No; he died 'most a year ago. I while. When it gets too hard, I

—a while. When it gets too hard, I shall grab you up an' run so fast an' far you won't be able to get breath to

say no."

"I'm sorry Tyburn." There were tears in Kitty's eyes, but her voice was firm. "I shan't ever marry any man to hamper him. I've gone ag'inst what I knew was right once, but I won't be no use for you to wait an' ask

won't be no use for you to wait an' ask me ag'in, ever."

There was much sickness in Basic that fall, malignant typhoid, and one by one the poorer portions of the town were put under quarantine. Then one evening Tyburn helped what he thought to be a drunken man to his home, and the next day the man came down with the lever and within a week it was dead. Tyburn did not hear of it until the funeral, but within an hour after that he was on his way to the woods, for what he said was to be a lew day's hunting. But it was to watch himself.

One morning early before the people

One morning early before the people had begun to appear on the atreets, he staggered to the sidewalk outside his sister's yard fence.

"Mary, ob, Mary!" he called. Then, when she appeared at the door:
"Don't come any nearer. You know that empty cabin up by the big rock, where we walk sometimes?"

"Yes."
"Well. I want you to send some

winder. Mebbe the wind's blowin' CONVERTED BY HISTORY AND give you." SHAKESPEARE.

that way."

"Tyburn," the voice said slowly and distinctly, "can—you—go—straight—to—the—cabin—by—yourself?"

"Course," indignantly; "straight's an arrer. But I'll wait two hours." TALE FROM REAL LIFE BY REV. RICHARD W. ALEXANDER, IN THE MISSIONARY.

"N," peremptorily; "you must go at once, straight. I will see 'bout the food an' everything necessary, an' will have a doctor there 'most as soon as child. She is now a charming woman. She is a convert to the faith, and, when I asked her how it was, she told me you are. An 'll have a nurse. I'd make you come in here, but there's your sister an her children, an' there's children in both the next houses. So mebbe 'twouldn't be best. Now go,

the story.

Of all her kin, she is the only one in the Church. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, are still living; and in her childhood a Catholic was spoken of with contempt and derision. She had not one Catholic acquaintance, nor any Catholic friends, but always something Tyburn raised his hand to his fore head undecidedly. But the voice had been clear and incisive, and just now it was easier for him to obey than think. So he nedded wannely and tranted like resentment stirred her heart every time the faith was mocked. She wanted to defend what she knew noth-

to the actions of Henry VIII. on the subject of his marriages, divorces, and wholesale wife-killing, and especially his rebellion against the Church, and her teachers' answers were not satis-factory. She decided in her childish mind that he was a monster, and when it came to the point of his assuming the supremacy of the Faith and becoming the head of the Episcopal Church of which she was a member her whole soul which she was a member her whole soul recoiled in horror from the thought. She accidentally mentioned this to a teacher in the college with whom she was slightly acquainted, and when she found; this lady was a Catholic, and agreed with her opinion, she opened her heart.

This woman was rather startled at the clear brain and logical mind of this

the clear brain and logical mind of this little girl of ten, and rather shrank, (lest she should lose her situation). from the task of answering the thousand questions asked; but she gave Edith books, and once allowed her to go to

Benediction with her.

The child was almost wrapped in ecstacy. Here, in this Church, she felt a joy, a satisfaction she found nowhere else. It was really the house of God. Her heart told her so and, many a time she stole there alone to pray. She read everything about Catholics she could find, always disdaining every-thing against the Faith, and boldly defending it in a way that startled her preceptors, and at home, while she was a good Church going Episcopalian, no one dared to defame Catholic doctrines in her presence, and she was so clever at repartee that her opponent always got the worst of it. Shakespeare was her favorite author, and she began to be an amateur performer on the college stage. Time passed on, and one day, as she was making a visit to the Cathedral of her city, the Bishop passed through the nave. She knew him by sight, and followed him into the residence. "May I speak to you Sir," she said. "Certainly! my residence. "Ma Sir." she said.

child." said the Prelate; "What is it?"
"Why, I love the Catholic religion, and I want to be a Catholic.' " And why ? my little girl," said the

surprised Bishop.

"Because there is nothing but contradiction in our religion," said the wise little lady. "There is no peace, for even our ministers do not agree, but when I go into your Church I feel at I were in the house of God, and as if I were in the house of God, and He was there, and, besides, Catholics all believe the same thing."

"What is your name, dear, and where do you live?"

"Of course I do, Sir, and I'll be one

"Yes," said the Bishop, placing his hand on the child's head. "I think you will. How old are you?" Nearly thirteen.'

"Well; suppose you wait a while. Suppose you wait just five years, and if you are of the same mind as you are now, come and tell me, and you shall

"Five years!" said Edith aghast!
"Why, I'll be an old woman." "Way, I'll be an old woman."
The Bishop laughed a ringing laugh.
"You won't think so then, my dear,
but you must wait till then, for I won't
let you say anything to me before the

five years are up."
"And what shall I do all that time,"

nerve force.

"I love Shakespeare," said the child, "and I am putting him in con-trast with my English History. The books I study do not tell the truth

about Henry the Eighth."

The Bishop looked startled at the little logician. She amazed him. It was either wonderful grace from

Heaven, or wonderful precocity.
"Well, child, read other histories and be sure to say your prayers, and come back in just five years. And now good-bye, and God bless you Edith. I

won't forget our bargain.

But, although this extraordinary incident did remain in the Bishop's mind for many days, at length it was forgotten. Not so with Edith. She said in her heart, "I am a Catholic and have just five years to wait before I can tell them

She continued a brilliant course of study: was always first in her classes: and showed a remarkable taste for amateur theatricals.

When she was seventeen, after a course of study in New York, it was decided she had excellent talent, his trionic talent, and she began a stage career. At the first she seemed to win favor, but, after a few months as an actress, she found the life too hard, her nerves were unstrung, her health shaken, and she returned to her home her ambition disillusioned, her heart

disappointed.

She wanted to be an actress. She she wanted to be an actress. She was nearly eighteen. During the past years she had never lost sight of the Bishop's words. The five years were now up. And she had read "English History," thoroughly, and had read books explanatory of Catholic doctrines. She had dived deep into all sorts of classic literature and with a wonderful memory, had made herself perfectly at classic literature and with a wonderful memory had made herself perfectly at home with the classics, with all zorts of topics, and finished an extended college course. Her year on the stage had even made her more eager to be educated "all around." She had a Catholic prayer book now, and a cruci-fix. She hesitated about a rosary, lest she might lose it somewhere.

The five years were up, and this extraordinary girl, who had no Catholic instruction, no Catholic friends, no home influence to help her, presented nerself at the Bishop's house

The Bishop had changed greatly in five years. So had Edith. She was a beautiful young woman and when she introduced herself as the little Edith who had been directed by him to re-turn to him after five years, he could

scarcely believe his senses.

He remembered the circumstances perfectly, and asked her innumerable questions. She told him the story of her life simply. He was deeply inter-ested. He had no objections to offer; but he gave her a little Cateohism and appointed a time for her to return. Edith returned at the appointed hour,

Edith returned at the appointed nour, with the whole Catechism memorized. The Bishop asked her question after question. He even went into abstruse questioning. He could not puzzie her, nor shake her faith. He was conquered. "Edith," he said at last: "You are a child of grace. God has done wonders for you. Go home and think over it all and to-morrow I will baptize and confirm you."

With delight, Edith returned home There was no use saying a word about it at home. She made up her mind she would tell them the next day, after she was baptized, that she was a Catholic, and let come what might. She would face it. It she were put out of the house she would be a teacher, and she felt she would be eminently qualified.

Next day she was baptized and constructed in the Cathodral after.

firmed privately in the Cathedral after the Bishop himself had given her some the Bishop himself had given her some parting instructions for her first con-fession and first holy Communion which where do you live?"

"My name is Edith——and I live in —street."

"Are there any Catholics at home?"
Edith laughed.

"Father would soon banish them if there were. He hates the name. I think he would punish me if he knew I spoke to you or came to this Church."

"And yet you want to be a Catholic?"

"And yet you want to be a Catholic?"

"Of course I do, Sir, and I'll be one ly. She knew what she had done. She was ready to leave the house, and laughingly told them she would go that day. But one after another cooled down and finally she had it all her own

nown and many she had it all her own way; embracing them all, through sheer happiness, and promising them heartily, to their horror, she would pray them into the Catholic Church. She has not done this yet, reader, but she has radiated the beauty and loveliness of a noble womanly character by her fervent practice of the one true faith. She is the center of a circle who love her and look up to her, and, if her mission is not yet accomplished, she has before her a long life wherein to

fulfil it. " After all," she said smiling, " l "And what shall I do all the said Edith mournfully.

"Just what you are doing now.
Going to school studying well, and trying to read the correct side of history as well as the side your text books

"God's blessed goodness to me, and then to Shakespeare and English History."
But I replied, "To those who love God all things work together unto good." guess my conversion is due, first to God's blessed goodness to me, and then

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So he nodded vaguely and started up the sidewalk. Kitty watched him anxiously for some minutes. But, in spite of his wavering steps, he was heading toward the cabin. He would reach it all right. Then she hurried down-stairs. Mary met her at the foot. What do you mean, Kitty," she began wildly; "you're not goin' up there to him an' then come back to me an' the children? 'Most everybody dies of typhoid this year."

wanted to defend what she knew nothing about, and every one told her so. When she went to school study was delightful to her; her remarkable memory and logical brain, her versatile talents, even before she reached her "teens," were a subject of pride to eachers and parents.

She began to study English history quite critically before she was ten studied Shakespeare's historical plays. A thonsand constitution and the same time studied shakespeare's historical plays. "That's all right, Mary," answered Kitty, soothingly. "I'm not comin' back. You wouldn't have Tyburn to

straight, straight to the cabin.'

back. You wouldn't have Tyburn to be without a nurse, would you? Only you'll have to take care of my boy." "But everybody dies 'most, an' you'll take it," remonstrated Mary, you'll take it, remonstrated Mary, hysterically.

"I'm not afraid. My—my husband had typhoid once, an' I nursed him through the fever an' didn't take it. I don't believe I will now, an' I don't believe Tyburn will die. But I must hurry an' get things ready."

Tyburn did not die, but it was more Typurn did not die, but it was more than three months before he was able to leave his bed and totter across the cabin floor to a seat in the doorway. There he sat a long time, gasping for breath and gazing moodily at the distant mountain tops. Kitty came to him there after she had arranged his bed and tidled the room.

bed and tidied the room.
"Don't it look good, Tyburn?" she said. He did not answer at once, but pres-ently turned to her with a dreary

"I-I don't know as it does, Kitty," he replied. "You heard the doctor tell me it would likely be six months be-fore I could begin to do any work, an' fore I could begin to do any work, an that my eyes an' hearin' wouldn't ever be quite so good again. That's just the same as it I was gettin' to be an old man." He was silent for some minutes then added: "An' that ain't all, Kitty. It'll take every cent I've got to pay the doctor an' for medicine. You see, the doctor an for medicine. Tou see, before you came I never saved anything. I didn't feel any need. What I got I spent to help Mary an' the children. I've only been puttin' by the four months you was here, before I was sick. What is it?" for she was now standing by his side, her hand upon his shoulder, smiling down into his face.

"Will you marry me, Tyburn?"
He gazed at her stupidly for a mo
ment, then his lips began to quiver.
"Don't, Kitty," was all he said.
"But I mean it, Tyburn," exmestly.

"I said I would never marry a man to "I said I would never marry a man to hamper him. But I'm strong an' well now, an' you're weak, an' the doctor says I can get all the work I want nursin'. I can be makin' money while you're growin' strong, an', '' lowering her voice a little, "I believe I've always loved you, Tyburn, always. That the other was only a crazy spell. —that other was only a crazy spell.
Why, Tyburn!" her voice suddenly catching and then breaking into sobs. For the tears were streaming down Tyburn's face now. But he held out his arms.—Frank H. Sweet in Short

#### INCULCATING THE THOUGHT OF IMMORTALITY.

BY SISTER M. FIDES, CONVENT OF MERCY,

The religious teacher cannot too frequently, too deeply, too thoroughly cut into the nascent minds of the children before her that basal Christian dogma -lmmortality. The mind strongly fortified with this belief differs essentially from the mind without it.

Most things of life are subjective, similar chances, vicissitudes.

similar chances, vicissitudes, sorrows coming to different minds have results widely different; the chances, vicissi tudes, sorrows being like nature, the results so different, the cause must be ought for in the medium unto which hey come—the mind of the individual. they come—the mind of the individual.
And just here lies the work of education, of home environment, of religious beliefs and practices, above all, of the teachers' personal influence potent for good or for evil.

The child of the Catholic school and

home, having within him the glad ring-ing dominant note of faith in the im-mortality of the soul, ought to be stronger in the battle of life, happier, stronger in the battle of life, he more fitted to survive than his less companion unto whom all ends in chaos, all close down haphazard with the collapse of the bubble Time.

Is this the case? The results of

parochial schools in comparison with creedless schools are not yet mature enough to answer with a decisive yes yet the trend of the day, the anxious

yet the trend of the day, the anxious awakening of good men to the results of godless homes and schools, make answer tentatively yes.

Chief, then, among the lessons of the classroom, in every grade from primary to academic, and at every seasonable time from first day at school until graduation day, let the glad, hopeful note of the soul's immortality sing ever in the heart of the child: so will he assimilate this truth: so will it grow with work the escaping words.

"Bat you? It idin't mean to tell that, Tyburn, she said gently. "I was thinking of ma and part," is hard adadnow. We won't speak about him jest this once, then forget

"You write — or get somebody to do it for you? It is almost killed your pa and ma."

"Well, I want you to send some many as a comple of hours, and a every seasonable to any place in the plant, shoped and material food for healthy growth.

"I — I did try to, Tyburn, but he stopped suddenly, her lips closing quickly, as though to eathoh and hous; "there we hurriedly into the house; "there here wherriedly into the house; "the strong the head.

"I didn't mean to tell that, Tyburn is he said gently. "I was thinking of ma and packed provided the provided the provided that is in him, or stumbling he shall rise again and go on, only kinder where where soon's you can the beautiful graduation day, let the glad, hopeful note of the child's or will be sent of the child's or