

care more for a gallipot than for your breakfast, and would rather read a tedious old medical periodical than see your family. It is too bad; Confess now, isn't it?"

The good doctor smiled with arch meaning as he laid aside his magazine and took his seat at the table. "You are right, Lucy," he said. "Physicians are such nuisances that I can never think of admitting another into the family; and as to number of the Medical Review, it is a stupid affair, sure enough. It is nearly half filled with a paper contributed by some young quack named Crosbie, or Crosbie, or some such name."

"Lucy busied and laughed, and laughed and blushed again. Her weeps were now fairly turned against herself."

"Well, my dear, did you miss any spoons yesterday?" Dr. O'Rourke inquired of his wife a moment later, and being answered in the negative, the old gentleman continued: "Then, unless little Thady considers your basket worth more than anything he could get here to-day, he will come back this morning."

"To be sure he will come," said Mrs. O'Rourke.

"To be sure he will, father," said Lucy.

"Well—perhaps," said the doctor, precluding to have his doubts.

Biddy here announced that the young gentlemen were already below stairs.

"Give him some breakfast, Biddy," said the doctor, "and then send him up. Now, you see," he added, turning to his daughter, "that little Thady is deep. He throws a sprat to catch a hake. He will keep on till he gets far enough into your confidence to steal something worth while."

"For shame, father!" said Lucy. "How can you be so uncharitable? He knows that honesty is the best policy."

"Very good! Very good," said the doctor. "And I'll tell you what, my pretty preppetess—I know you believe what you predict, and I'll make you a promise on the credit of your own faith. You shall marry this young Dr. Crosbie, or Crosbie, or whatever his name is, whenever Thady has a house to let you."

Before she could reply Biddy announced a caller. It was one of the doctor's tenants, and he directed that he should be shown up. He was a leasee of several large houses in a poor part of the city, which the doctor hardly saw once in a year, and could not point out without a guide. His lease was about expiring, and he called to obtain a renewal, but wished it on diminished terms, as he said there was a prospect that certain contemplated improvements in the city would ruin the property.

"Ho! ho!" said the doctor; "a hard improvement, that. They pay but little more than the taxes now, and if they are improved at this rate I shall be made a beggar with them. I must look into this a little, sir."

At this moment Thady made his appearance at the door. Lucy went to him and entered into conversation with him. He looked like another by this morning. Hope and pleasure shone in his face and his whole appearance was tidy and cheerful.

The doctor's leasee soon took his leave, having first conversed in an under tone a moment or two, with a frequent look toward Thady. The doctor's countenance showed that he had gained little in this interview.

"Now," said the doctor, as Lucy led the lad to him, "your name is Thaddeus, I believe?"

Thady bowed.

"I am very sorry to learn," the doctor went on, "that you are a very bad at a very impudent boy; though I might have guessed the last."

Lucy and Mrs. O'Rourke looked astonished, and poor Thady, gathering a hope of sympathy from their faces, said, as he hung his head and burst into tears, "Sure, sir, that will be news to me, wherever you heard it."

"Come, come, sir," said the doctor, "no more play with us—we've had enough. I don't want to condemn you unheard, and if you are deserving I would do you good. Now answer me straight, what have you ever done to maintain yourself?"

"I sold the papers, sir."

"I see. Yes that explains something. Why don't you sell them now?"

"My father, sir, took sick, and was very bad, and was day with another, sir, I spent my little money, and my other boys got me customers, and my mother's heart was gone, and my mother and sisters were starvin', and the rent wasn't paid, sir—an' the Lord save you and you from tastin' the bitter cup!"

"But how could a boy suffering all this be so full of fun and nonsense as you were yesterday, and as you would have to-day if everything had gone as you expected?" the doctor asked, in a kinder tone.

"Oh, sir there's many ways in the world, an' them as travels wan don't know the stones in another! Two or three days, sir, I shivered bare footed in the cowle, an' I toilt the people what I've toilt you just now, sir, an' I couldn't get a sixpence; so I thought of trying another tack, an' your kind face, sir, made me try it on you—an' that's the whole truth, sir. I'm no black guard, if I look wan."

"Very well put in—very well told, Thady. But I've something more to say yet. The house you live in is my mine, and your landlord is my tenant."

"The house, sir?" said Thady, "he's a better tenant than landlord."

"Well, he tells me that yesterday you lied to him—that you hadn't a shilling in the world."

"Lied to him! Sure, it was the blessed truth, sir!"

"But he says he threatened you with the purchase and the reformatory, and that this morning your mother found money to pay the rent in full. Now, you must have had this money at the time or you must have stolen it since, for he says you are very stout."

"Ah, look at him, your honor! Think of this backbitin'! He knows I am poor, he says, an' he threatens me with the reformatory for not payin' me

mother's rent. An' maybe he didn't tell ye, sir, that he toilt me that I might have begged money as well as shoes, an' abused me for the very kindness which your lady had for me. An' then he says I stole the money, an' still he puts it in his pocket idont a tear."

"Thady, you have made the case bad for your accuser, but you haven't helped yourself yet. Tell me honestly, where did this money come from?"

"It was loaned to me, sir. Maybe, sir, you think the impudent little black guard has no friends; but there's a God above who remembers the widow an' the fatherless, an' He sent a friend to us when we was all in the sorrow. An' it isn't the first good thing he's done, sir. He's come out of his bed in the bitter night, t'ine an' again, to relieve the pain of the poor who couldn't give him fee or reward, an' he's put his hand in his pocket over an' often to pay for the medicine for the dyin' man when he knew he could not live so much as to thank him—the blessings of heaven fall on him for it! An' now me poor father is in heaven, an' Dr. Crosbie may be long day meet him there—may be a long day off! Good mornin', ladies, an' you, too, sir; an' when next you would play with the poor, don't put the face before the tragedy, sir, if ye please, sir; for that's not the way of a blind alley."

Lucy was in tears, and her mother in silent amazement at the little fellow's eloquence.

"Here, Thady—stop!" shouted the doctor as the boy moved away. "Your name is O'Brien and the doctor's is Crosbie, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, here," continued the doctor, "is the Medical Review, in which your father's case is prominently set forth."

"I can read, sir," said Thady proudly. "Don't play with the bones of the dead, if ye please, sir."

"No, no, Thady," said the doctor, kindly. "I know Dr. Crosbie, and there are those in this house who know him better than I." Thady shyly looked toward Lucy, and she blushed crimson. "We will inquire about you, Thady. What rent do you pay?"

"A shilling a week, sir."

"Fifty-two shillings a year. And how many rooms have you?"

"Wan, sir."

"And how many tenants are there in the whole house?"

"Ten, besides the grocery on the ground floor, sir."

"Hum! hum! I said the doctor. "So the fellow gets more for that one house than he pays me for five—and he wants me to reduce his rent at that. Miserably must the poor be crushed by such bargains!"

"True for ye, sir," said Thady. "If your honor would only take the house into your own hands."

"I can't do that, boy," said the doctor, musing. "Thady," said he, after a pause, "how old are you?"

"Sixteen come Twelfth Day, sir."

"Hum! hum! Well, I'll ask Dr. Crosbie about you, and if he gives you half as good a character as you have given him I'll give you charge of the house you live in. You shall have it at the same price he pays—on condition that you don't charge the others more than enough to get your own part rent free and a fair price for the trouble in collecting. A dill not renew his lease for any of them, either. If you show yourself honest and capable, here's an opening for a living for you."

Thady's heart was too full for words now. He blushed, hung his head, stood still, and then went his thank.

"Call here to-morrow," said the doctor, willing to relieve his grateful embarrassment.

"Thady, said Lucy, calling him back, "I want a word with you. Have you a couple of pleasant rooms in your house to let me?"

"What, miss—me lady?" said the boy, astonished.

"What?" said Dr. O'Rourke.

"Why father," said Lucy, "you certainly have not forgotten your promise you made this morning that when Thady has a house to let I may be married."

"Ho! ho!" said the doctor. "Well, when one has a pill to take the sooner it is off his mind the better. Marry as soon as your mother can get you ready, for I see you are both of a mind. But don't you go and tell Dr. Crosbie what depends on his endorsement of Thady here."

"Sure, sir. Dr. Crosbie would not tell a lie to — to — to free Ireland," said Thady earnestly.

"Get out of the house, you little rogue!" said the doctor. "You've done in two hours what my wife and daughter have been trying in vain to do for two years."—M. F. Saechain in the Mount Angel Magazine.

THE PERSONALITY OF A BISHOP

ITS FAR REACHING INFLUENCE IN THE LIFE AND GROWTH OF THE DIOCESE OVER WHICH HE RULES.

REV. PHILIP R. McDEVITT, the able and beloved Superintendent of the Parish schools of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, enjoyed the high privilege of preaching the sermon at the consecration of Right Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., the new Bishop of Portland, Maine, in the cathedral of that diocese on Thursday, October 18. Bishop Walsh, it may be stated, advances to the episcopate from an office similar to that occupied by Father McDevitt, that of Superior of schools of the Archdiocese of Boston, and in the choice of the Philadelphia priest as the preacher at the consecration ceremony of October 18 is seen a happy expression of the esteem engendered in the district incident to the labors of two devoted men for the same holy cause—Christian education. Father McDevitt had a distinguished audience, including all the prelates of New England, prominent State officials and a vast congregation of the laity. His spoke in part as follows:

Truly the complexity and vastness of the Catholic Church and her oneness in faith constitute an ever present miracle and must compel the question, what the power that coordinates into our simple belief the nations of the world? What the ever abiding influence that keeps and has kept through the ages the countless heterogeneous bodies of men, one in belief, so that the child of the Church, at all times, proudly claims that the spiritual inheritance that is his comes down so him pure, unchanged and undiminished. Is it of God or of man? It is of both.

The unity of the Catholic Church is divine in its origin: Almighty God, however, deals with all institutions that concern man in a human manner. Hence in the maintaining of the unity of the Church, the most wonderful perhaps of all her notes, God makes use of human instruments, those whose duty it is to guard the Church and especially that note which brings her closer to the one God of truth. Those upon whom rests the responsibility for the oneness and the purity of the faith are the chosen Bishops, the Pope himself being one by reason of the power of order, while the priest is but the delegate of the Bishop.

To day we assemble to witness the consecration of one of those leaders in Israel; and the ceremony, so beautiful and significant, suggests a few thoughts upon the character and labors of those who are honored by the Most High.

I would here express the conviction that the preacher's place on this occasion might more fittingly be filled by one of the distinguished members of the hierarchy. A Bishop is the only one who can adequately describe what is the character, what are the labors of a true Catholic Bishop.

With the wisdom and strength that flow from the grace of order, with the knowledge that comes from the testing or the modifying of theories in the actual government of the Church, as a one familiar with the religious, moral and social aspects of his office, can best tell the character, the duties, the trials, the labors, the failures, the successes, the sorrows and the consolations of a Catholic Bishop. I shall be pardoned if in his presence I presume to speak what another might more fittingly utter. What I shall say is drawn from the observation of the working out in another field of activity, of principles, fundamental and universally recognized.

The life, the soul, the animating spirit of a diocese is the Bishop. He inspires, strengthens, encourages, or he culls, stifles and paralyzes. He dominates for good or evil priests and people, and he leaves the impress of his rule upon a diocese for generations. Flow powerful and far reaching is the personality of a Bishop. Most striking of all the reflections is the fact that while he molds and fashions by word and deed, he makes the keenest and deepest impression through the influence that flows out from his interior, spiritual life. We are apt to forget that the mightiest forces of nature are secret and hidden, and that the great deeds of a man's life are not always those which place his name high and clear on the scroll of fame. Truly has it been said that a man's most effective work is often done when he seems to be making the least effort; that there is a power coming from an individual, not by voice of design, but silent and involuntary; that this power takes its quality from the very substance of a man's character and flows from the very spirit of a man's life. What a man has, no gives; what he has not, he cannot give, and no verbal declarations, no high sounding pretensions can make things other than they are. "It is not what we say and do, but what we are," says a thoughtful philosopher, "that actually counts in our dealings with men."

Therefore, if sincerity, zeal, truth, justice, humility, piety and reverence dominate the life of a Bishop, quickly indeed, will priest and people respond to the all moving influence. No fact is more luminous, more certain than the play of mind upon mind, of heart upon heart.

No child can withstand the influence of a parent and no people can resist the force breaking forth from a true pastor's life; no diocese can remain unmoved by the silent grace that radiates, from the high, noble and spiritual life of the man of God who presides over its destiny. His influence is as restless as the incoming waves of the sea.

Around the true Bishop ever gather a loyal, God-fearing people and a noble priesthood.

What should be the work of a Catholic Bishop? The ultimate end of a Bishop's life are the honor of God, the glory of the Church and the salvation of souls. * * * The means and methods by which the high purposes of a Bishop's life are accomplished vary according to times and conditions and partake of that wondrous adaptability of the Church herself.

Now a Bishop is a St. Ignatius—a

martyr, pouring out his life's blood in testimony of Christ. Now a St. Augustine, illuminating the world with the light of his glorious intellect. Now a St. Acharn—victim of persecution and harassment, hunted like a wild beast of the forest. Now a St. Gregory, dying in exile because of his love of justice and his hatred of iniquity. Now a missionary, like St. Patrick, carrying the light of faith to the people buried in heathenism and paganism. Now a St. Thomas of Canterbury, ever doing battle against tyranny and oppression that would enslave and destroy the Church. Now a St. Francis de Sales, drawing to God multitudes by the sweetness and the loveliness of his character. Thrilling and inspiring is the story of the heroism, the zeal, the labors and the loyalty, the devotion to all that is high and noble, of these leaders in Israel.

What should be the work of a Catholic Bishop in America? In this land, blessed by God as few lands are, there is a Bishop surrounded by loyal, generous and obedient priest and people may carry out in peace and tranquility the divine mission of the Church. True, indeed, there have swept over this country the storms of religious hatred and persecution, but the causes of these sudden outbursts were found in misconception and misrepresentation. Now every day sees the waning of unwarlike prejudices; and this time is not far distant when the great unified Catholic body will behold in the old Church of the centuries not a power to be feared and suspected, but an agency mighty in the rebuilding and the preservation of the institutions of the land. We rejoice that no atheistic oligarchy, fraudulently claiming to be a sister republic, is here to hamper, resist or strangle the Church. No secular official, whether King or legislator, either by law or custom, can dominate the Church that she seems rather a part of the State machinery than the one divine organism founded by Christ, the Son of God.

Here in America varied and vital interests claim a Bishop's zeal. Problems, religious, educational, social, philanthropic, humanitary, civic and financial demand his attention. Nothing can be neglected; all must be looked after. But with Church free and independent of the secular power the Bishop is at liberty to adapt the methods of action best suited for his environment. But no matter what work may be attempted I venture to say that success, in greatest measure, will follow whenever the mode of procedure is adopted that has been fraught with so much success in the scientific world. A few words will elucidate this thought. The triumphs of modern medicine form a marvelous history. Face to face with disease the physician of to-day claims many a victory that was but a dream of the physician of the past. But the transcendent glory of the physician of to-day has been achieved not so much in the cure of disease as in the prevention of disease. Curative medicine has its thousands of victims, preventive medicine has its tens and tens of thousands. Now the world has ever its deep moral ailments. Sometimes the heart grows sick when are contemplated the iniquities of our times, the corruption of our political life, the violations of right and justice, the breaches of trust, the ease and flippancy with which the marriage ties are formed and broken and the sorrows and sufferings of humanity.

I may be pardoned if, in the light of the importance of the subject, and the conspicuous attention that the newly consecrated Bishop has given to it for many years, I refer to the question of questions in our day—that of education. It is not necessary to dwell upon the clearly recognized position of the Church. Because she is the Church of Christ, guided by the Holy Spirit and rich with the experience of centuries amid the nations of the world, she possesses the only true solution of the educational problem. She contends that education must embrace religion; that morality and religion are inseparable and she does not hesitate to say that the elimination of religious truth from any system of popular education must eventually be disastrous to our Christian civilization. For these principles she stands and to make them effective she bids schools arise over this broad land where religious and secular training shall go hand in hand for the perfecting of the whole child. No more constructive and powerful agency for constructive effort in behalf of his people is to be found by a Bishop in America than that of Catholic Christian education.

What glorious possibilities unfold themselves when is scanned the field of Catholic educational effort in America. The Church herself is pre excellence the teacher of the world. As a teaching organism she has ever followed the soundest principles and employed the

best methods of education. No proof of this vital truth is needed for those who believe the Church to be divine, because the very fact of her divine mission implies that when Christ gave her authority to teach, He likewise gave her right principles and methods of teaching. Hence, with the Church as an inspiration and a guide, by reason of her principles and methods, with a great army of men and women consecrated to the high calling of the Christian teacher, the leaders of Israel have but to co-ordinate these elements of power in the work of education to produce mighty results.

SCORES DANCE HALLS.

Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, addressed a meeting of the w men of the Cathedral parish and the other Catholic parishes on Sunday afternoon, giving one of the most forceful addresses ever heard in the Cathedral. It has been the desire of the metropolitan for some time to address the various temperance organizations of women in the Dubuque parish, and on Sunday the announcement that he was to address them brought out a large delegation of interested workers. The Archbishop was especially severe on the dance hall evil, and announced his purpose to adopt severe measures to stamp it out. In speaking of this matter he said:

"I beg of you, dear friends, most earnestly to take this to heart. It concerns the purity and the happiness of our young people. What the school is for the soul, so the dance hall is to the young. Such halls exist among us. Then our duty is to keep an eye on them, our duty to stamp them out of existence. It is the intimate duty of each to see that no young man or woman of your family should enter these dance halls. During this winter season never see a sign of this and especially on Saturday night see to it that none of your family shall go to the dance hall. I shall call the clergy and advise them to refuse admission to those who frequent these dance halls. And the parents shall likewise be refused admission. You see how profoundly I take this matter. Please co-operate with me and spread it among your friends in the city, to all Catholics and decent people. Let every young woman make up her mind that nothing shall influence her to enter such a place. Take this to heart and work for it, and it, during the winter the word comes to me that the dance hall evil is on the wane, how I shall bless you for your aid in putting a stop to the evil."—True Voice.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

If we bore carefully in mind what Christmas really is, we wonder what our Christmas gifts would be, and whether Christmas would be quite the time of hurry and worry, confusion and care, that only too often now it is found to be. Christmas is really the season of peace; the time when God gave to earth His own most wonderful gift, His Son Jesus Christ. But that coming of Jesus was not in luxury and grandeur, to riches and state. No, He came in poverty and lowliness to a stable, to want and cold. Surely our first thought on Christmas ought to be of Jesus, of the love of Jesus, of what we can do for Jesus. But what is it really that we do?

Are we not so busy with Christmas preparations, in the way of Christmas presents, that we do not find time to prepare as we should for our Christmas communion? If our thoughts were centered on that—on the meaning of the Child Jesus in His Sacrament of Sacraments, not being content with the obligation of hearing Mass only, but craving to hold that most precious Sacrament in our very hearts as hearts would, I somehow think we should begin to consider also what gifts we would and could give to Him in His poor and needy; and that gradually we would care less and less, we grown people, for Christmas gifts to one another. Those could come on birthdays, birthdays, anniversaries, instead. Christmas day would be kept sacred for our offerings to our pastors, who bring our Lord to us—for our gifts for children, "the little ones" of Christ's flock;—and for our lavish offerings to Jesus in the person of His poor, sick, lonely members, whether in hospitals, prisons, noveis, or wherever they might be.

Shall we not think this matter over, very carefully; and decide, once for all, to keep Christmas—Christ's birth day—for Christ indeed, giving our hearts and everything else to Him?—Sacred Heart Review.

No one can be good or great or happy except through inward effects of his own.—F. W. Robertson.

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