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(Signed) PETER LAURENTIA WHYTE,
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During the coming School Term of 1909-10 we respectfully solicit the favor of your orders for the supplying of Catholic Educational and other text books, both in English and French, also, school stationery and school requisites.

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We should be pleased to supply any of the following books at prices given: The Christian Father, price 35 cents (cloth); The Christian Mother (cloth), 35 cents; Thoughts on the Sacred Heart, by Archbishop Walsh, (cloth), 40 cents; Catholic Belief (paper), 25 cents, cloth (strongly bound) 50 cents. Address: Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD office, London, Ontario.

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LAURENTIA;

A Story of Japan in the Sixteenth Century.

By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER IV.

A VISIT TO THE PALACE.

Laurentia had accompanied her visit to the palace. The success of her brother's fans had been complete. She had displayed the whole contents of the casket before the Empress and the ladies of the Court. The beauty of the paintings had been extolled, and the good taste with which the tassels were adapted to each, according to their shape and color, noticed and admired. When those which bore the emblems of the Christian faith were produced, some curiosity was excited. The Empress looked at them long and earnestly, but made no remark. When Laurentia timidly pointed out the one which had been copied from King Bartholomew's favorite picture, she said with a sigh, "The King of Omura is a wise and valiant prince," and then hastily adverted to another subject. Laurentia, notwithstanding, gazed at the picture with the heart of that monarch, and of the share it had in his conversion. But one of the elderly ladies of the Court dryly observed, "That the Kumbo-Sama tolerated, indeed, the foreign religion in such his subjects as were faithful and useful servants of the Crown; but that as a topic of conversation it was not acceptable at Court."

The Empress looked annoyed at this remark, and said to one of her attendants, "In return for the pleasure which the inspection of these ingenious works of art have afforded us, we will feast this maiden's eyes with the sight of the presents which the youthful Ambassador Mancio has brought to us from his country. One who has so much taste as she displays in setting off these lovely fans to the best advantage cannot but be delighted with the beautiful things which our envoy has lately laid at our feet with loving messages from the Japanese Emperor. He has sent us the most beautiful of the great high priest of the Christian faith."

Two of the ladies in waiting complied with the orders of the Empress, and having brought a large chest into the room, they proceeded to spread out on a gold fringed carpet the treasures to which she had alluded. When the Japanese embassy had been mentioned, Laurentia's cheeks had blushed, and as she stooped to hide her face, the beating of her heart was almost audible. She vainly tried to wrap in silver-paper the fans that were lying near her; her hands trembled too much. It was now more than two years since the day that she had stood in the port of Nangazaki waiting for the arrival of the ship on board of which Mancio, his colleagues, and his suite, had set sail for Goa on their way to Europe. Amongst the pages of the young Ambassador was Isafai, the son of her first door neighbor, and the playmate of her childhood. He had loved each other since the time that from each side of the trellised barrier which divided the two little gardens of their respective homes they had peeped each other with the blossoms of the peach and almond trees, and shared their sweets, or played at ball with oranges and pomegranates.

When they grew up, Isafai would have wedded the companion of his childhood sports, but Laurentia turned a deaf ear to his suit; not that she had ceased to love him—the daughter of the Capulets was not more tenderly attached to the heir of the Montagues than this Japanese maiden to the highly gifted and spirited Isafai. The glance of his dark eyes, the smile that beamed on his face, the light of his eyes, and the beauty of his face, were all as beautiful to her as the summer lightning in the western sky, or the first rays of sunshine on a lovely morning in spring. She would willingly have surrendered for his sake every enjoyment this world could afford; but her heavenly hopes, her faith, her divine privileges, she never dreamt could be foregone; she could not have wounded the Sacred Heart which had been wound for her for the sake of any human affection, however ardent, however pure. It was not her sacrifice she made, for it had never occurred to her as a possibility that a Christian could marry a heathen, a child of the Church one of its enemies.

Vainly did Isafai plead love and earnestly; in vain did he promise her the exercise of her religion and that he would bring to his home any other wife but herself, and never on any account divorce or forsake her; in vain he wept at her feet and implored her to relent. She looked upon him with a pitying tenderness which he could not resist, and his willingness to her contentment, but it was the look which the angel at the gate of Paradise might have turned upon the children of men pleading for entrance to the Eden they had forfeited. She did not, she could not have yielded. Nor did she seek the only means through which he might have obtained the blessing he so earnestly desired. He would not examine into the truth of the Christian religion. He refused to study its laws, or to confer with its teachers. In common with many of his countrymen, a proud sense of honor was the ruling passion of Isafai; and though he did not rank with the nobles of Japan, he shared in the spirit which prevailed amongst them, and he refused to make a concession which he considered degrading. He preferred any amount of suffering to aught that savored of humiliation. In abandoning Laurentia he was offering up a greater sacrifice to his pride than is often made by men who consent to God. It is not always true that men sin because they will not submit to suffering; they often suffer, keenly, cruelly, under the way of the father of lies. Since the day that he fell himself, like lightning from heaven, in his policy to blind men or to ruin them.

that had bent the knee to the divinities of Japan, and joined in the worship of Arima and Cooca—that had been under the influence of the low-minded, though often learned and eloquent, ministers of that foul superstition, she would have lost in his eyes, if not the beauty which attracted, at least the charm which subdued his heart. Often and often he had watched her on her way back from the Christ Church, and wondered, to borrow words from the American poet,

"That a celestial brightness, a more ethereal beauty,
Shone on her face and enlivened her form
When after confession
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her."

"When she had passed," it seemed indeed to him, "like the ceasing of exquisite music."
He had seen her go into the abodes of sickness and poverty with a strange mixture of feelings, half disgusted, half admiring; the prejudices of his country and education striving with that intuitive sense of virtue which exists in the nature of man, and the presence of which has not blinded his perceptions. "Strange! unnatural!" he would exclaim, as he saw her bending over some poor wretch covered with a loathsome disease, or gently closing the eyes of some dying sufferer. And yet he would not have interfered to withdraw her from those singular pursuits. He thought she never looked so beautiful as at those moments. But he would not be touched; he would not admit the first ray of light into his soul, which by degrees would have enlightened him. He shut out the truth, "refusing to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely." At last the mental conflict grew too hard to endure, and he broke away from an influence which irritated his pride and wounded his feelings.

The Japanese Embassy was at that time about to sail for Europe. He offered himself to accompany Mancio, one of the envoys, as his page, and the offer was accepted. The ship set sail from Nangazaki, bearing away one proud and aching heart to those unknown regions which seemed to the Japanese almost as untouchable as the world beyond the grave; whilst another was left behind, sleeping in so much sorrow and grief that he could not see the elasticity of youth and of a naturally buoyant disposition to overcome in some measure the effects of that grief; but nursing at the same time a cherished hope, laid before God every day in prayer, and for the attainment of which he would more than life, was continually offered up.

The report of the return of the Embassy had reached Meaco. The envoys had met the Emperor at Ozecca, and there laid at his feet the gifts which the Emperor of Japan. None of the Ambassador's suite had yet arrived at the capital. Laurentia had only heard that Mancio had entered the novitiate of the Jesuits, and was residing at their house in Ozecca. The ship on board of which Mancio, his colleagues, and his suite, had set sail for Goa on their way to Europe. Amongst the pages of the young Ambassador was Isafai, the son of her first door neighbor, and the playmate of her childhood. He had loved each other since the time that from each side of the trellised barrier which divided the two little gardens of their respective homes they had peeped each other with the blossoms of the peach and almond trees, and shared their sweets, or played at ball with oranges and pomegranates.

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schemes in his mind which his religion stands in the way of, and in consequence he is beginning to hate; though he is personally much attached to your father, especially to his interpreter, Father Rodriguez. But hearken now, Laurentia, to what I am about to say. I should like to have a Christian near me who would whom you call the only true God, and who, if I was in danger of death, would open to me the gates of heaven by the means you spoke of a moment ago. I will attach both you and your brother to my service. In a few days the Emperor, attended by all the Court, proceeds to Farnini, there to inspect the preparations he is making for the reception of the Chinese Ambassadors. Nothing that is proper to the magnificence of the occasion is to be neglected. The Emperor, who is now in his eightieth year, had been recently received into the Church. His wife, the good Agatha, had long been regarded by the Christian women of Meaco with the sort of love and veneration which St. Francis of Rome inspired in her day, or the pious Madame Acarie at that very time in Paris. She was the leader in all charitable undertakings; the advocate of the poor, and the comfort of the afflicted. She often travelled great distances, suffering the while incredible hardships, in order to visit some of those small communities of Christians who seldom could enjoy the ministrations of a priest, but who patiently kept the faith and supplied religious exercises, humbly and faithfully performed for the scanty amount of sacramental advantages afforded them. She gave them every consolation that sympathy and encouragement could offer; and under such circumstances, and thus remained in active communication with numbers of Christians scattered over the land.

Her great allies and firmest friends were the blind, the lame, the deaf, and the aged, who, by charming the ears of the peasant, in whom the love of music was a perfect passion, often found a way to their hearts, and won them to the faith by their touching, extemporaneous and sweet words alone.

Meeting as usual in Agatha's humble abode, the little band of Christian women rejoiced that day at the return of the long absent daughter of Justo Ucondono. She did not speak of the dangers she had been exposed to, but only asked that some prayers might be said in thanksgiving for a great mercy received. Laurentia's appointment in the Empress's household was then discussed, and advice given to her as to the line of conduct to pursue in that difficult position. Comely Agatha said, with a smile, "The wisdom of the serpent with the simplicity of the dove."
"Mother," said Grace to her friend, for she always gave her that name, "can you call to mind the circumstances which attended the interview which took place about five or six years ago, about a child whom I rescued from a watery grave in the kingdom of Arima?"
"That is indeed taxing my memory severely, dear Grace. We have, thank God, rescued so many infants since that time, that I can scarcely remember the circumstances of each particular case."
"It was almost the first time I ever came to your house that Anselm, who happened to be present, related this story, and so I suppose it has remained fixed on my recollection. He said, I think, that one morning, at break of day, he was walking by the side of the river which flows through the town of Arima, and that much lower down, and nearer to the sea, he saw something floating on the breeze, that tiny craft was making its way, and he saw the little boat in which infants are so often left to die. It was far beyond his reach; he could not swim, and no boat was at hand. In the very centre of the wide stream, borne onward by the force of the breeze, that tiny craft was making its way, and he saw the little boat in which infants are so often left to die. It was far beyond his reach; he could not swim, and no boat was at hand. 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