

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

LUKE DELMEGE

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CHAPTER XV.

AYLESBURGH. "I have been thinking of making some changes in the Cathedral staff," said the Bishop to the Vicar in the library. "I'm not too well satisfied with the seminary and should like to see more life and progress there. Would not Father Sheldon, with his very high ideas about the priesthood, be an admirable guide for young students?"

mighty mazes of the silken net. Then came a series of obligations and apologies accompanying the tremendous convolve, whilst every moment seemed to involve the Bishop more hopelessly in the silken intricacy. The brethren moved not. There was a faint sound as of a titter; but no: British equanimity and self-possession were proof against the temptation, and no one altered from his stately position to help the struggling agonist. It was too good to terminate or interrupt. They enjoyed it in British fashion by looking at one another. Just then the master of ceremonies came in. He ran his hands into the pockets of his soutane, looked around calmly, and said aloud: "Well, I'm blessed!" Then, moving forward, he pushed Luke, gently aside with "Allow me!" and, putting his arms under the tangled silk and ermine, he gently lifted it, and, kicking back the long, shining train, and it was done. Then he ordered all forward, and Luke, with burning face and tingling nerves, took his place in the procession. He found it difficult to compose himself during the Vespers, and forgot all about his sermon in the painful retrospect, until Arthur bowed to him, and to him over to receive the episcopal blessing. The Bishop saw his embarrassment, and smiled, as only a Bishop can, some invisible and intangible kindness. Then Luke was in the pulpit. He stammered through his text; then recovered himself, and spoke the first four sentences of his sermon well. His clear, metallic voice tolled slowly through the great overcropped building, searching into every corner, as he leaned on every syllable and accented every final consonant. Then, in an unhappy moment, his memory reverted to his little gauderies in the sacristy, and as the shame came back, he forgot the trend of his discourse and began to flounder through some dreary platitudes. But pride came to his relief, and his heart began to pump blood into his brain, until all the faculties fortified took up their work again, and the paralysis ceased, and the faithful and pliant instrument obeyed the soul; and without blunder or flaw, the beautiful discourse flowed on to the end, and men drew breath and said "It was good!" After Benediction, and before divesting himself even of his biretta, the Bishop came over, shook Luke warmly by the hand and said:—"I have rarely heard anything so beautiful and practical!" which, from a Briton, meant a good deal.

the paper in an envelope, and handed it to Luke. "Good-bye, Delmege," he said. That was all. "All alike," thought Luke, "made out of putty and then frozen." It was a week before he opened the envelope. Instead of £7 10s., the quarter's salary, the check was written for £15. A two hour's run brought the sad and disappointed Luke to his new home. He drove rapidly to the presbytery. The rector was not at home. The housekeeper left his luggage in the hall, and did not even show him his room. He went out to see the Church, muttering "brusque and British enough!" The little Church was very dark, and the air was redolent with incense. He said a little prayer, and looked around, trying to imagine his congregation. "Somewhat different from the Cathedral," he thought. "I shall not have to raise my voice here." He went behind the choir screen, and examined the music. He then studied the brass tablets on the benches, with the names of the pew-proprietors. There was no "Lord," nor even "Sir." "The Canon would be disappointed," he whispered. He meant himself, though he did not know it. He started at some names. They were connected with art and literature. "I must mind my P's and Q's here, he whispered. "Let me see." He went up to the peddles of the altar, and looked around, casting his eye in imagination up to the stained Crucifixion that lighted the front gallery. "Will do," he said. He meant "I'll do." He examined the cards in the pews again. "The Misses Pardee," he said. "I wonder who are these. 'Fraulein von Essler; Mademoiselle Deshayes; rather cosmopolitan.' 'Jeremiah O'Connor. Hallo, Jeremiah!' Can this be the Nineteenth Century reviewer? After all, I shall have some one to speak to."

in fishing in barren waters." "Your experience?" said Dr. Drysdale, mildly and apologetically. "You've been a good many years in the country?" "Two years and six months," stammered Luke, blushing at his own conceit. "Oh! I nearly agree with you, my young friend," continued the rector; "but there are practical difficulties, which, perhaps, at some future time, you, too, may be invited to solve. For example, did it occur to you that there is a heretical gas company that insists on being paid every quarter; and a heretical corporation that demands rates; and an organist who, though not a heretic, wants bread and butter; and a sacristan who, though an excellent Catholic, must be fed as becomes a Briton; and last, not least, a most estimable young Irish confereur who, perhaps, too—but perhaps, I'm wrong?—Can it be that our realistic brethren across the Channel live, in a balloon-like way, on fresh air?" "You have left them precious little else to live on," said Luke, who was half angry, half amused. Nevertheless, his training had already habituated him to common sense, and he rather admired the rector. Luke preached on Sunday evening after Compline. Luke preached well. He did not anticipate a very distinguished or appreciative audience, and his nerves were calm under the indifference. But when his practised eye detected quite an aristocratic and educated audience, he pulled himself together, and directed his train of thought in the channels that might suit them. "I dare say they have heard of me," the dear little idol whispered, "and expect something. I must not disappoint them." And here let it be said that in these last two years and a half Luke had picked out of reviews and pamphlets more theological information than he had acquired in a four years divinity course. And now he had to study more closely, and address his audience to special subjects, because he found, in a few weeks, that he was addressing not only a congregation of converts, but that, every Sunday evening, his audience was largely composed of Protestants of every shape and hue, from the eager solicitor, or doctor, or banker, down to the dragon from the cavalry barracks, who, during the course, sliced oranges for his best girl. This latter episode, indeed, rather disturbed Luke's equanimity at first, and his Celtic temper brought him perilously near an explosion; but he became accustomed to the unintentional irreverence, and, after a few Sundays ceased to notice it. Then he found that, on Monday or Tuesday, a Baptist, or Socinian, or Unitarian would claim an interview with the object of controverting some statement in the sermon of the previous evening; and Luke became suddenly aware that there was a good deal to be studied and considered before he could break through the crust of self-opinion that gathers round the right of private judgment. But he was anticipating. On the first Sunday evening, when Luke entered the presbytery, expecting to receive the congratulations of his rector, he was surprised to find the little parlor full of parishioners. Three or four families were represented, from father grave and solemn, and mother, smiling and happy, down to grown maidens and youths with great black eyes and pale faces, and even little children, who looked up boldly and inquiringly at the new assistant. There was a little amicable rivalry amongst them, and the question was—who was to secure this clever, handsome young Irishman as guest for the evening. "Now, Mr. Godfrey, you are always monopolizing our priests. There was no such thing as getting Father Collins to come to us." "Oh, dear, dear! and we used to say that Father Collins lived at the Hermitage." "Now, Mr. Godfrey, we really must make a rule that will not be infringed upon. We must have Mr. Delmege—Delmege," said Luke, smiling happily at this battle in his honor. "We have Mr. Delmege every Sunday evening and on alternate Thursdays." "Really, Mrs. Bluet, you are most grasping and intolerant. I appeal to the doctor." The doctor was tossing up the long ringlets of the little maiden of five summers, and here looked up. "I'm sure," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "I shan't interfere. If you could manage to divide him, as Solomon intended with the baby, it would be all the better." Mr. Godfrey, however, bore away the prize triumphantly. Luke had sense enough to whisper to his rector: "Shall I go?" "By all means. But don't stay later than ten. They'll like you all the better." And this was Luke's first introduction to a good pastor, whom ever after he regarded as the greatest and dearest of the "dii majores" who were enshrined in the secret temple of honored friendship, and to the circle of the gentlest and sweetest people that he had yet or ever known. It is quite true, indeed, that he had some academic discussions from time to time with his pastor, generally on political topics, but these, too, were tacitly avoided after a while. And for a time he was embarrassed and puzzled at the idiosyncrasies of English life. He couldn't manage cold roast beef and cheese and ale at 8 o'clock at night; and old John Godfrey was considerably enough always, when placing his hand on the cover of the Stilton, to shout: "Look out, Father Delmege!" So, too, he found it hard to understand how good men of forty or fifty could spend hours over a stupid game of dominoes, with nothing but counters in the pool; and he thought with insufferable. Sometimes, too, he fidgeted in his chair as he sat around a winter's fire, and a calm, Carthusian silence pervaded the whole family circle. "Isn't this enjoyable, Father Del-

mege?" John Godfrey would say, taking the long clay from his mouth and exhaling a mighty cloud. "Very," Luke would answer, adding in his own mind, "not quite as bad as a fall, but a great deal worse than a college." But he got used to it, and his nerves were gradually toned down into the silky smoothness that reigned everywhere around him. And he began to see great depths of affection and love far down beneath the icy surface; and every day he was made aware of genuine kindness, gentle, unobtrusive, unobtrusive, until he grew to love these grave, pleasant people, and they loved him in turn. "Bah!" he used to say angrily to himself sometimes, "there's only a sheet of tissue paper between me and the politicians and journalists who have daubed it all over with the vilest of demagogues. When will the great man arise to drive his fist through the obstruction and let the two peoples see each other as they are?" And the great, white-haired Canon at home began to rise steadily in his esteem, and Lisalene, became more shadowy and cloudy than ever. Luke would not sing "The Muster" now. "I really must write to Sheldon," he said. I am almost tempted to write the Bishop to thank him. But I'll express it later on." CHAPTER XVI. ENCHANTMENT. The Canon sat in his favorite arm-chair in his rectory at home. The morning sun streamed in, and made a glory of his white hair, as of an Alp in the sunlight. The Canon was happy. And he was happy because he had not yet attained everything he could desire. For, you know, the unhappy man is he who, like poor Herder, has got to old age, and has nothing to look forward to this side of the grave. There were some things yet to be desired, to be reached unto, to be seized, —to be enjoyed? No! The enjoyment is the pursuit; it ceases when the hand closes down on the prize. And yet, with every consolation around him, and that most sublime of consolations, the growing happiness of his people, forever under his eyes, there were some misgivings—the rift in the web that fly in the amber, which are inseparable from all kinds of human felicity. A letter lay open on the table. It was a pathetic letter, and more pathetic still, it contained a poem. This the Canon read over and over, and the tears were in his eyes. Yet the Canon was happy, for he was a good man, and he had the power of relieving misery always within his reach. Indeed, it would be difficult to say which was the happier—the benevolent Canon who presented some poor woman with a brace of Orping tons, with the assurance that she would have a glorious "cluck" in the springtime, or the poor woman who was just about to enjoy the pleasures of proprietorship. And when he had got thirty per cent. knocked off the rents of his tenantry, he walked on air for several days afterwards. So the Canon was happy, for he was writing a check for £10 this morning, and the check was made payable to Louis Wilson. The old fool says some one. Not at all! You'd do the same yourself, my indignant friend, if you had a little account at your banker's, and if you chanced to have these lines addressed to you: He stood afar, as one without a God, Waiting in darkness for the deeper night, When sleep would come—the long and soul-less sleep, That would to him more peaceful than the hope of future immortality. In the silence of that solemn midnight hour, While the calm slept the world, and stars kept watch, And the land was flooded with the moon's light, And the heavens and the earth were steeped in beauty, He laid him down thus wretchedly. And a ray of moonlight glittered on the blade that flashed with deadly swiftness to his heart; And the stars looked down in pity as he sank to rest forever peacefully. The Canon was not a critic; nor had he an ear for music, or a final respect for accents and syllables. He had only an imagination. And he saw the moonlight, and the sleeping flowers, and the crushed grass, and the blade with the dark stain—ugh! and the Canon wept with pity, and debated with himself long and earnestly whether he would not change that check and write fifty. But the check was posted to No. 11 Albermarle Buildings; and the good housekeeper, whose rent had fallen into sad arrears, chuckled as she guessed: "A check from his humble!" But the Canon went around these days in an anxious and happy mood, fearful that every post would bring him an account of a coroner's inquest. But to all outward appearance he was the same grand, majestic Canon, and the people said: "How great and how happy!" During these happy months, Luke Delmege was floated along in a current of calm peaceful work, broken only by the innocent pleasures of refined and beautiful social surroundings. He had time to think at last, though he never ceased to work. And one of his thoughts was this: This fever and fret of work, work, work—What is it all for? What is the object of it? The answer was: Work needs no object but itself, because work is its own reward. There was something in it, but it was not quite satisfactory; for, in that case, an immortal being had no higher object in life than a steam-engine. He proposed the question often to himself; and he proposed it at a happy gathering at a certain house, which had gradually become his salon and academy. Here invariably once a week, sometimes twice a week, Luke had the inestimable privilege of meeting a small, select coterie of esoterics, representative of every branch of literature, science and art, and even divinity. For here came man's soft-mann red, polite, well-read

Anglican clergymen, who stepped over from their snug, if dingy, houses in the cathedral close, and brought with the man atmosphere of learning and refinement and gentle courtesy, which had a perceptible effect on the character and manner of this young Irishman. And here, mostly on Wednesday evenings, were gathered celebrities, who slipped down from London by an afternoon train and went back at midnight; and Luke began to learn that there were in the world a few who might be masters and teachers forever to a First of First. And Luke grew humble, and began to sit at the feet of some Gamsiell, and his quarter's salary was spent long before he had received it in buying books, the very names of which he had never heard before. And with his plastic Irish nature, he had begun to fit in and adapt himself to these environments, and even his dress bespoke a change. And he studied as carefully as a novice in a monastery, to subdue the riotous and impassioned elements of his nature, and to become as silky and soft and smooth as those with whom he associated. But he proposed the question to Amiel Lefevril, one of the three maiden sisters who presided over the salon, and who had heard a good deal from Catholic friends about this new light, which had suddenly dawned from Ireland on the gray monotony of a dull English cathedral town. And it came around in this way. The lady had got a letter from the great Master of Balliol, who had just finished his work on the Republic of Plato, and one sentence ran thus:—"You have endless work to do in your own sphere; and you must finish that, and not fancy that life is receding from you. I always mean to cherish the illusion, which is not an illusion, that the few years of life are the most valuable and important, and every year I shall try in some way or other to do more than in the year before." "You see," continued Amiel, "these are the words of an old man, a great old man; and how applicable to you, before whom the years are spreading in a long, sunlit vista." "But—but," said Luke, with the old sic-argumentary style, but now, oh! so modified, "life must have an object. There must be an ideal—an object to attain." "Distinguo!" said the lady, and Canon Mellich jumped from his chair at the old familiar word. "If you are selfish and self-centred you need no other object than the tonic of daily work to strengthen and purify every mental and moral faculty. But there is a higher plane to which you will reach, and where you become divinely altruistic. That is, when you acknowledge and understand that the crown of life is self-surrender, and when the interest of the individual is absorbed in the interests of the race." It sounded sweetly, and wrapped Luke's senses around as with an atmosphere of music and perfume; but his judgment was not convinced. "I thought I heard some one enlarge a few nights ago—yes, indeed, it was Canon Mellich—on the world-weariness of all our great writers and workers—the dread despair of Arnold of Rugby and Matthew Arnold—on the justification of suicide by George Eliot, and the wish that it could be justified by Carlyle." "Quite so," answered Amiel. "The necessary result of too great enthusiasm—the reaction from the Schopenhauer towards ashes and weeping. But brother, you were unhappy in your illustrations. Those bright lights selves only, leaving smoke and darkness behind them. You and we must seek better things." "I cannot quite grasp it," said Luke vainly strutting towards the insoluble. "I see some great idea underlying your thesis, but I cannot seize it." "Then I must take you by the hand, and lead you into the inner circle of the mystics. You know, of course, that all great thinkers now understand the nature of life's symbolism—that the whole world of experience is but the appearance or vestment of the divine idea or life, and that he alone has true life who is willing to resign his own personality in the service of humanity, and who tries unceasingly to work out this ideal that gives the only nobility and grandeur to human action—that is:— Seek God in Man! not Man in God, which latter has been the great human heresy from the beginning." It sounded nice, and it gave Luke a good deal of food for reflection. This self-surrender, this absorption in race, the ego lost in the All, and immortal in the eternity of Being—this is the very thing he sought for; and was it not the thing the martyrs sought for—the high-water mark of Catholicism? He ventured to hint vaguely at the matter to his rector, who rubbed his chin and seemed to smile, and said:—"I think, Father Delmege, you had better keep to John Godfrey and his pipe, and leave these Anglo-French blue-stockings alone." Luke pronounced the old man reactionary. "However," said Dr. Drysdale, "you want work for humanity. All right. I'll hand you over the county jail. You will meet some pretty specimens of humanity there." "This all this horrible mechanism," said Luke; "these English cannot get over it. Man is only a tiny crank in the huge machine—that's all they can conceive. How different this teaching—Man, a Symbol of the Divine!" Yes the beautiful, smooth mechanism was affecting Luke unconsciously. He no longer heard the whir and jar of machinery, or saw the mighty monster flinging out its refuse of slime and filth in the alleys and courts of southwest London; but the same smooth regularity, the same quiet, invincible energy, was manifest even here in the sleepy cathedral town. Here was the beautiful, the beautiful, the beautiful, perfect, with all fair colours of cultured man and stately women, and woven through with gold and crimson threads

of art and science at Luke felt the glam around with an atm light, and he felt it self to his envied helped a good deal. "Quick, quick, quick; you're two morning. These people know." Luke felt his past could not help him. Old Ireland, where leisurely for a se morning, and sit on talk of old times! the priest being had does he, for he salu as he passes into they say "God ble Or: "Look here, Delmege; now look There you have not and it must be all Or: "Could you Delmege, to mod little? This is not some of those ladie Mrs. S— start whilst you were A It was like an elec "God be with O Luke, "where the all right, and when preaching powers sound you can emi But he did none it became a clear of sled bells on a They had long, on theology during after dinner. In Luke would break a kind of mild grave, polite old contradiction on a tion. Luke did not dicted. Had he a college? An perceived that th commit an antagon or tell him he is the gravity of th quiet, gentle pers an effect on Luke ally he came to v are a good thing some thing in th that it were well amiable and t opinions. For th on Luke's mind though he never loved halls of h very deed, a pro when Luke, later accidentally th actually the auti markable philoso Dublin were quot in reviews, he was —who could eve This idea of t in grasping. I logical faculty th side of a question cent because othe same manner, that at his fir tively rude. H contempt for E was fencing wri of a mighty swor Ireland. One b and Sylvester, hopeless entang etc., and that other priests ca but Luke should "That's not and no theolog that." Canon Drysd and said: "I had some Palmiro on th young friend d his reply?" And Luke, a his own refutat But the beau and mildness telling insensib One evening even to ask qu ly man had b just visited B that Bunsen heathen. "Did you," you ever come Germany?" "Weg—Weg ber. Let me Weib, whi thing to old S gravely. "No!" said "He was on was heterodox have met his for Luke. He the ways of p in "I think," Anglican par tremely kind, a Sabellian." "What's th "Oh! I th heretics," re "A pretty Anglican. word, except Bishop as a papers." Later on started a litl ly enlarging race, and con possibilities "Consider said Olivett have grown into what w around and arranged a absolutely n of humanity something e anthropomor Deity is eve "There is said a bellig the nation's for a trifle; in morning cabinets can ist to blow of amusement."

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of art and science and literature. And Luke felt the glamour wrapping him around with an atmosphere of song and light, and he felt it a duty to fit himself to his surroundings. He was helped a good deal.

"Quick, quick, quick, Father Delmege; you're two minutes late this morning. These people won't wait, you know."

Luke felt his pastor was right; but he could not help thinking: God be with Old Ireland, where the neighbours meet leisurely for a smooch on Sunday morning, and sit on the tombstones and talk of old times! And no one minds the priest being half an hour late; nor does he, for he salutes them all affably as he passes into the sacristy, and they say "God bless your reverence!"

Or: "Look here, look here, Father Delmege; now look at that corporal! There you have not observed the folds, and it must be all made up again."

Or: "Could you manage, Father Delmege, to modulate your voice a little? This is not the Cathedral, and some of those ladies are nervous. I saw Mrs. S— last and look pained whilst you were preaching yesterday. It was like an electric shock."

"God be with Old Ireland," thought Luke, "where the people's nerves are all right, and where they measure you by the amount of the volume of sound you can emit."

But he did not down his voice, until it became a clear metallic tingling, as if of steel bolts on a frosty night.

They had long, amiable discussions on theology during the winter evenings after dinner. In the beginning, indeed, Luke would break out occasionally into a kind of mild hysteria, when the grave, polite old man would venture a contradiction on some theological question. Luke did not like to be contradicted. Had he not studied under—

at college? And had he not experienced that the right way to do combat an antagonist is to laugh at him, or tell him he is quite absurd? But the gravity of this dear old man, his quiet, gentle persistence, began to have an effect on Luke's vanity, and gradually he came to understand that there are a good many ways of looking at the same thing in this queer world, and that it were well indeed to be a little humble and tolerant of others' opinions. For the truth forced itself on Luke's mind that this old man, although he never studied in the hallowed halls of his own college, was, in very deed, a profound theologian, and when Luke, later on, discovered quite accidentally that this gentle man was actually the author of certain very remarkable philosophical papers in the Dublin Review, and that his opinions were quoted in the leading Continental reviews, he was snip, indeed, and thought—who could ever believe it?

This idea of toleration Luke was slow in grasping. He had such a clear, logical faculty that he could see but on one side of a question, and was quite impatient because others could not see in the same manner. There is reason to fear that at his first conference he was positively rude. He had a good deal of contempt for English habits instead of fencing sword play that goes on in Ireland. One brief case about Bartha and Sylvester, who had got into some hopeless entanglement about property, etc., and that was all. Now, all the other priests calmly gave their opinions, but Luke should blurt out impatiently:

"That's not what we were taught, and no theologian of eminence holds that."

Canon Drysdale rubbed his chin, and said:

"I had some correspondence with Palmieri on the matter. Would my young friend do us the favor of reading his reply?"

And Luke, angry and blushing, read his own refutation.

But the beautiful lessons of toleration and mildness and self-restraint were telling insensibly on his character.

One evening at the salon he ventured even to ask questions. A grave, elderly man had been saying that he had just visited Bunsen in Germany, and that Bunsen was a grand, colossal heathen.

"Did you," said Luke, shyly, "did you ever come across Wegscheider in Germany?"

"Weg—Weg—no, I cannot remember. Let me see—Weimar, Wieland, Wein, Weib, Weg—could he be anything to old Silas?" said the traveller, gravely.

"No!" said Luke, a little nettled. "He was only a theologian; but he was heterodox, and I thought you might have met him. This was really good for Luke. He was getting gently into the ways of polite society."

"I think," he whispered to an Anglican parson, who was always extremely kind, "that Wegscheider was a Sabellian."

"What's that?" said the parson. "Oh! I thought you knew all about heretics," replied Luke.

"A pretty compliment," said the Anglican. "No, I never heard of the word, except flung occasionally at a Bishop as a nickname by one of our papers."

Later on in the evening Luke started a little circle who were gravely enlarging on the evolution of the race, and conjecturing the tremendous possibilities that lay before it.

"Considering what has been done," said Olivette Lefevril, "and how we have grown from very humble origins into what we are to-day"—she looked around and into a large mirror and arranged a stray curl—"there is no, absolutely no limit to the developments of humanity. Something higher, and something even approaching to the anthropomorphic conceptions of the Deity is even realizable."

"There is not much hope for it," said a belligerent journalist, so long as the nation's are at one another's throat for a trifle; and so long as gentlemen in morning dress in their comfortable cabinets can get the unhappy proletariat to blow each other to atoms for their amusement."

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN EMPTY HOUSE.

He had not been particularly fond of the house when they lived in it, and he could not make out why he had asked for the key. It was just a fancy that came into his head when he saw it standing empty. The agent happened to live right opposite, and he acted on the impulse.

The house had been vacant for a good while, it seemed. The moss had grown over the path and there was grass in the corners of the steps. The key grated in the lock and would not move at first. It was always a troublesome door to open. He used to rush upstairs like a hurricane to unlatch it before he could turn the key. The key generally turned when she was at the far end of the passage, but, of course, he pretended that it had not. It was so good to hear her laugh at him and to see the sparkle in her eyes. She wore short dresses then, and her hair was down her back. Her hair had been put up these five years. Five? No, it must be seven. There was a big-eyed baby Vi now. Thank God! Vi's eyes still sparkled, and she still rushed at him like a whirlwind when he went to her house. Her way had never altered—never altered from the time she was a wee, toddling thing. Ah! The key had turned at last.

The hall looked smaller than he remembered. He wondered how there had been room to move in it. Here was where the little oak table stood—the little carved table that they thought an extravagance then. He always liked that table; but, of course, it would not do for the big hall of the big house that he lived in now. He must ask what had become of the table. He had not seen it for years. He always kept his vestas in the right hand drawer. Bert and Allan used to steal them. They were only little fellows then. Such little fellows! And now they would soon be men. Bert was going to Oxford next month, and Allen was taller than his father. They had done very well at school. They were good boys, good boys! What dreadful little pickles they were then! He could almost fancy that he saw them—the empty house was empty no more as he looked around.

Two small lumps were peeping round the top of the basement stairs—a keen brown-eyed face, and a good-humored blue-eyed one. The eager voices were in his ears—"Can't we have a penny for fire-works to-night, dad, 'cause we didn't have one yesterday, and I went up four places in Latin last week?" "An' I've got to bonus, and that's very good for me." "We could get better ones if you gave us a penny each." "Mamma said perhaps you would if we didn't bother till you'd got your coat off. Well, you'll get one arm out."

He used to tell them that they were a pair of young nuisances, but he never meant it. He hoped they always understood that.

Pat, pat, pat, on the kitchen stairs. "May on'y go see dada. Yes, May. Must. No, no; naughty Milly! Go away, Dada! Dada!" "All right, Milly; let her come."

A round little figure pushed the boys out of the way, and ran at him with a screaming laugh. "Want penny, dada. May, too." "Have you been bad or very bad today, Miss Pig?" "None bad!" "Oh!" cried both of the boys at once. "What does mamma say, I wonder? No, no, boys, no tales. Well, I'll see. You'll send me to the workhouse soon. You won't get any pennies then. And where is Dolly?"

Dolly would be in the drawing-room reading. She ought to be practising, of course; but she preferred a book. She was too absorbed to look up till he bent down and kissed her—she had a quick smile for him then. She all cry after him before she could walk. She said "dada" when she was barely five months old, and she could say one hundred and seventy-three words when she was eighteen months. He made a list of them. He laughed slyly at himself for remembering such a trivial thing. Her baby was very like Dolly used to be—very like; only not quite so pretty, to his mind. Dolly was his first child—the first child is the wonder of wonders always; still a child to him, though she was a woman and a mother. But he was back in the old drawing-room, and Dolly was back at fifteen years—and Bert had snatched her book, and was dodging her round the ottoman. His own voice sounded in the ears of the child with the children.

"Come, come, boys!" his young voice said. "What will your mother say if she finds you've been in the drawing-room in those dirty boots? Give them another wipe, then. What is that down in the garden—a Roman soldier, eh? It looks to me like the copper lid. Eh, Milly?—dinner?" All right. You can take Miss Maisie!"

But May held to his leg, and began rubbing one fist in her eyes. "Oh, very well; she can stay if she's very good. Come on, piglet. What I carry a big girl like you? Only 'little big,' eh? Up you come, then! Now, boys, get those lessons done while I have dinner. Yes you can do them at the other end of the dining table if you're very still and quiet. Fireworks? We'll see about them when the lessons are finished. I dare say Vi will get them for you. She'll pass for thirteen. Now for that 'quiet dinner' mother said I was to have."

Somehow, he never did have a quiet dinner in those days. The children were so young—he was younger then. Ah! He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. People must grow older; and he was not really old—just old enough to have come to his full powers and armed success. His time was precious nowadays. He could only spare a few moments for a look round the house. It was an absurd fancy, a ridiculous fancy.

He started at the sound of his footsteps in the empty house as he began to climb the stairs. The boys used to slide down the banisters; and the girl! This was the boys' room. How pleased they were to have a room to themselves when they moved here! He

let them choose their own pictures out of those degraded from the former dining room. He had expected that they would select the gaudy ones, for which he had no other use; but their taste was, unfortunately, good. They persuaded their mother to buy plaster figures for the mantel shelf from a man who called—Queen Victoria and an Italian flower girl. The flower girl lost an eye when Alan first had a cataplasm, and Bert lent the Queen to May for a doll when she had measles. It never went back. What young scamps they were! But they had grown up fine fellows—fine, manly fellows!

The green shell that he put up for their boys was still there, but it had been repainted. He had meant it to be pale blue, not green; but it is easy to confuse colors by gaslight, especially when you have two little boys to help you. The stain was still in the boards where Alan upset the paint pot. He stood a long time looking down where their bed had been. Most mornings he came in to stop a pillow fight, or settle whose clothes were whose—they were so much of a size. Most evenings he came down from the study to adjust a difference concerning the sharing of the bed or the clothes, or to give them drinks of water, or fetch them biscuits, or tell them that they really must be quiet. They made a great deal of noise. But they were only little fellows. He always tried to allow for that.

He used to come in the last thing at night to see that the gas was safely turned off and that the windows would not rattle. The boys were inclined to doubt whether the lions were really safe in the Zoo if they heard a noise in the night, and then, of course, they shouted for their father. It was always a cold weather that they disturbed his slumbers. He felt very cross sometimes, he remembered, but he didn't give him self away by showing it. No one has any right to lose his temper with a child. Besides, they were frightened. And they were only little chaps—such little chaps!

This was the nursery. He always had to go in twice to bid May good night—sometimes three or four times. "I shan't have any peace till you are grown up, monkey!" he used to tell her. Now his baby was quite a big girl. How the years had flown!

The elder girls' room was next to the nursery. What bonny girls they were, and how they loved romping and fun! They used to make faces at him round the door, and he would lie in wait with the long dusting broom. Once Violet was in ambush up the stairs with a pillow. She missed him and hit the gas globe. He told his wife that he had broken it. It was his fault, of course, for encouraging them to romp.

Sometimes he would put a booby trap on the bathroom door to catch them in the mornings. He rose early and worked very hard in those times. There was need of hard work with so many mouths to fill. Thank heaven, he was still a busy man; but the need had passed. Work does not often bring its full reward, but it brings something. He was no longer a poor man, thank heaven! He did not care very much for money himself, but he had always wished to have a little for the children when his time came. But his time was not yet up. No, no—not yet.

This was his room, and his wife's. She had a busy life then, but it had been an easy one these last few years. The reward of a man's labors comes first to his wife and children. He could not wish it otherwise. He did not wish for an easy life, ever, he thought. There was always work for a man.

In this room he used to lie awake and wonder how to make both ends meet. One—two—three. The hours struck so quickly one after another. He seemed scarcely asleep before the morning came, and May's tap, tap, tap, at the door. When he let her in she would scramble into his place before he was back in bed. He would pretend to be very cross, and she would laugh. The baby laugh was mingled from the house now. Many years. How she should laugh when the crocodile taut was eating her—the crocodile that was made of legs and bedclothes! They were equally useful for making a camel, with a hump that vanished just as she was slitting down.

There was no sleep for him after May arrived. Her restless feet made a wonderful draft in longe never ceased practising. He had to get up at home now. Many years. He would beg for a story. "In a minute," he would protest sleepily, but she used to put her chubby arms round his neck, and kiss him with a soft, wet mouth. "You're a dear dada. Now tell May 'tory.'" She was a big girl now—a big girl. He went and looked thoughtfully out of the window.

Only Alan and May would be left at home now. Bert was going to the 'varsity. Alan would be going in a year or two. She would not stop long after him. Her impudent beauty caught men's eyes already. And when his baby went—The street lamp that was just lit flickered unsteadily. There must be a mist on the windows. No, it was on his spectacles. "Well, well! He would go up to the old study and congratulate himself on the improvement that he had made in that respect."

The study was right at the top of the house—one of the attics. It was too hot in the summer and too cold in the winter; but his work had prospered

there. He remembered how he made the carpet for it, by cutting the best pieces out of an old one. Nothing was left of the odds that had furnished the room, except the tall nest of drawers that his wife had given him. They were too good for the other things, they said then. Now she wanted to turn them out of his study, because they were not good enough for the rest of the furniture; but he held to them. He was not given, as some are, to friendship with inanimate things; but he could not look upon these just as furniture. Sheaves of his writings had passed through them—the writings that were part of himself, that had changed as he had changed. Or was it as the children changed? There was always so much of the children in his stories. When there were no longer any children they would be an old man's writing—an old man's writings. No, no! His heart would never be quitted while he had the memories. He would never lose these. They were with him now.

He turned to sit in the old chair, and found that the room was empty. The dusk was creeping over it, and the corners were full of shadows. It was a room of shadows and corners, a room to think in. He had sat there so often in the twilight thinking: "Thinking of the stories that he made, thinking of his own; facing the things that a man has to face. No one can help him with some of them—no one."

It was here that he sat and faced his darkest hour. He had not liked to think of it ever since. He wiped his forehead as he thought of it now. The daylight grew into twilight; the shadowy twilight frame came creeping toward him along the floor. The twilight deepened into darkness. There were whispering thoughts—dark thoughts—in the room. He could not escape them. He got up and lit the gas, to take refuge in light, and they whispered to him still. His thoughts went back to the depths. God forbid that we should follow them and pry into his memories. We all have our dark hours—all.

Suddenly, the door burst open, and the girls pushed one another into the room. They could hardly speak for laughing. He could hardly speak. He passed it off for laughter, too. Dolly had done her hair up, and put on a last season's dress of her mother's. Violet had borrowed his overcoat and hat, and a clear to stick in her mouth. They spoiled the cigar, he remembered, and he had to have the hat ironed. He thought that they saved him. People see what children owe to their fathers. They do not see what their fathers owe to them. Oh, God, if you hear any prayer of mine—if I have struggled in a man's blind way, and that is a prayer—bless my children!

The children! It was they who furnished the house when the furniture was shabby and spare. It was they who gave relish to the food when the larder was scanty. It was they who filled the mind and left no room for the lumber and cobwebs; and they who filled the heart and left no room for the empty heart ache; they who made the labor easy and the reward worth having; they who hardened to the sacrificial that were nearest to a prayer!

The children! It was they who had brightened his goings and comings. They clustered round him and clamored upon him as he went down the stairs. They smiled at him and rushed after him from the doorways. They waved at him from the windows as he passed through the gate. They followed him into the road for another kiss as he left the empty house. He was not a man who prayed often, but his lips moved silently in a prayer.

"You'll find the house much as you left it, Sir Albert!" said the agent deferentially, when he handed back the key. "Times have changed for the better with you since then, but to him that he was smiling at his babies. He looked back to them once more before he turned the corner, and he was smiling still.

God, to whom all things are possible, would know the reward, he thought, for his years of strenuous life—the life that had been his prayer. When time had gone with its fleeting and houses were levelled with the dust, the memories not to be fully satisfied shall not be granted thee. Take courage, therefore, and be valiant, as well in doing as in suffering things repugnant to nature. —Thomas a Kempis.

The world has need of every man and woman in it. Age counts for little so long as the spirit is young. The tasks vary of course, but in the final harvest the efforts of each, how ever small and ineffective they may have seemed at the time, count for something.—Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

Educational.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE SANDWICH, ONT. The studies embrace the classical and Commercial Courses. For full particulars apply to Very Rev. R. McBeary, C.S.B.

THE ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE BELLEVILLE, Ont. 40th year. Affiliated with the Institute of Chartered Accountants.

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UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA CANADA Conducted by the Oblate Fathers Degree-conferring powers from Church and State. Theological, Philosophical, Arts, Collegiate and Business Depts.

GRACE BEFORE AND AFTER MEALS. It is a good thing to feel grateful and it is a better thing to show it, hence the good old Catholic practice of grace before and after meals.

LOYOLA COLLEGE Montreal An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers Schools Re-open on Sept. 4th.

A MENACE TO CHILDREN'S MORALS. "Nothing is more impressionable than the soul of a child," says the Monitor of Newark, N. J.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens enfeebled nursing mothers by increasing their flesh and nerve force. It provides baby with the necessary fat and mineral food for healthy growth.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$2.00 per annum. THOMAS COFFEY, Editor and Publisher.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, with interest and pleasure.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 24, 1907.

BISHOP POTTER ON SOCIALISM.

In our last issue we referred to the charge which Bishop Potter of New York made against the Church in that she is indifferent to the physical, mental and moral needs of the working people.

earth, impelled by a force which they apprehend not, appalling to the Church, yet always rejecting the Church. Never was heresy more subtle.

ERRORS CONDEMNED BY THE SYLLABUS.

The theory of evolution although materialistic in its origin and applied primarily to explain the origin has within a generation been marshaled to do duty in a spiritual sphere.

from proposition 27 to 52, and up to proposition 59, although proposition 57 condemns the theory that the Church is hostile to science. The modernists applied evolution to truth, and maintained that it is "no more immutable than man himself, since it is evolved with him, in him and through him."

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

We see from our American exchanges that interest in Catholic education is increasing not only in the stress attached to the primary but still more to the dangers arising from the attendance of Catholic young men and women at non-Catholic academies, colleges and universities.

circle are two teachers, father and mother, who will have the gravest responsibilities for the evils afflicting society. In proportion as home life is weak, distorted, un-Catholic, in the same proportion will society suffer.

A BIT OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

We have received a very interesting little brochure, the author of which is the Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State. It recalls the events subsequent to the selection of Ottawa as the Capital city of what is now the Dominion of Canada.

A PARISH OF CONVERTS.

At Newton Grove in North Carolina there is a parish almost entirely made up of converts. Father Michael Irwin is the present pastor. The story is a well known bit of history.

A REMARKABLE ORATION.

We have much pleasure in printing this week the following oration of the Very Rev. Dean Mahoney, of Hamilton, on the occasion of unveiling of the statue to commemorate the memory of the late Father Funcken, at Berlin, Ont.

YOUR EXCELLENCY, RIGHT REVEREND AND REVEREND FATHERS, YOUR WORSHIP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We are assembled here this evening to honor the memory of a great and good man. The world proclaims the exploits of its heroes, and erects monuments to perpetuate their memory.

THE HIERARCHY OF THE PROVINCE KNEW HIS VALUE.

The hierarchy of the province knew his value; the successive Bishops of his own diocese frequently consulted him and he received particular marks of honor from the present occupant of the See of Hamilton, Dr. Dowling, whose only regret is that the state of his health prevents him from being present this evening to add his note of praise for the memory of his dear friend.

became the theatre of the life-work of Father Funcken. For many years he labored single-handed, teaching the various branches himself, and forming his youthful disciples in the mould of true scholarship.

Whether at this early stage of his work, as a reward for his self sacrifice and devotion, there was given to Father Funcken, as to the patriarch of old, a glimpse of the future we know not; but certain it is that conception he formed of the St. Jerome's College of the future was no commonplace one.

No wonder that in spite of his humility the name and fame of Father Funcken as a great man and a great educator soon spread beyond the confines of Ontario, and that as soon as the young men, who he sent abroad to be educated, returned after their long course of study, students flocked to St. Jerome's College, not only from Canada but from many parts of the States as well.

Amidst all his college work Father Funcken's zeal found time to pursue his missionary labors in many parishes of Ontario, and he was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him, irrespective of race or creed.

Honor to whom honor is due. This evening is unveiled this magnificent monument erected by the grateful alumni to the memory of their bene-

factor. True, for own day Father's excitement, for rare are the impressions on more than one vocations he found of others' ous and commo the length as But when the silent, this bell toll to fut spiriting story of

INFALLIBILITY JUDGMENT.

FREEMAN'S JOURNAL:—The difference between the private judgment of the individual and the infallibility of the Church is a subject which has been discussed in the pages of the Freeman's Journal.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost. THE POWER OF GRACE.

"For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh..."

The two-fold principle in man, of which the Apostle speaks, is a matter of our common experience.

It is the power of distinguishing between right and wrong which makes the great difference between us and the lower animals.

Take courage and be consoled by the experience of St. Paul. Thrice he besought the Lord that a grievous temptation might depart from him...

A MONSTROUS CALUMNY.

A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN ON THE CHARGE THAT PAPAL INFALLIBILITY INVOLVES PAPAL DEIFICATION.

During the Vatican Council a series of letters appeared signed "Pomponio Leto," arguing very strongly against the definition of Papal infallibility...

Referring to a projected petition of the minority of the Bishops to the Pope, that His Holiness would desist from defining his own ex-cathedra infallibility...

However this may be, "Pomponio Leto" takes one position, adopted also by Professor Nielsen, which seems to me strangely extravagant.

Referring to a projected petition of the minority of the Bishops to the Pope, that His Holiness would desist from defining his own ex-cathedra infallibility...

God is infinite. Has the Pope defined himself as infinite? Such a question requires no answer.

know the truth of any post apostolic untruth or revelation.

When she authenticates one, this only signifies that she judges the evidence for it such as to make it unwarrantable to oppose it precipitately or boisterously.

Nor does the Pope know more than another man of what is going on in other visible worlds.

Nor is even doctrinal infallibility an inherent attribute of his being.

Protestants, it is true, maintain that Catholics have received various doctrines unknown to the primitive Church, even embryonically.

Now, in view of the fact that the Pope owns himself limited, sinful, everything of God enters into a man, his perfection consists in the hardening of natural affections.

RELIGION AND AFFECTION.

Do not imagine, as some do, that when the love of God enters into a man, his perfection consists in the hardening of natural affections.

The best son will make the best priest, and the best daughter will make the best nun; that is to say, the best training for the most perfect character, is as a disciple or a handmaid of Christ...

For what does my heart beat? What is its main concern in life, its absorbing interest?

HIS WIFE WAS THE CONVERT MAKER.

The force of my wife's good example in attending scrupulously to her church duties was the most important factor in my conversion.

My father died, leaving me to the care of my grandparents, when I was only four years old.

Having been brought up in such an atmosphere I naturally became imbued with his ideas, which made me bitterly antagonistic towards everything Catholic.

One Sunday I told her that I intended to visit the different churches, to see which I liked best, and to join that one.

Now that I have had charge of the exhibit at the exposition in Cincinnati and was attracted by the religious exhibit, which I think included most of the Protestant denominations.

The good Father's and my wife's prayers must have helped me. I was resolved into the Church by Father Moeller, now Archbishop, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and in honor of the same I have placed my family under the protection of the Blessed Virgin.

I have two sons now studying for the priesthood, and my daily prayer is that Almighty God may grant them a true vocation for non-Catholic mission work in this archdiocese.

For what does my heart beat? What is its main concern in life, its absorbing interest?

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.

Whereas, Ignorance of the truth is the chief cause of the religious indifference so frequently met with among Catholics...

This is the preamble of a resolution, made by the Federation of Catholic Societies recently at Indianapolis, inspiring the dissemination of Catholic books and periodicals...

In the past, the truth should be made manifest, so logical in its conclusion, that it is the very name of God Eternal!

With bleeding feet, the Catholic devotee follows his Saviour to Calvary, often 'mid the taunts and jeers of the mob similar to those which hooded and hounded Him Who is "The Way, the Truth and the Life."

This following of the cross, now as in the olden time, is a reproach. Now that men have not Christ to crucify, they crucify His truth by misrepresenting its tenets...

As the Babe lay on the manger-straw; as the Boy lay awake at night in the cottage at Nazareth; as the Man worked hard all day in the village shop; as He preached and cured; as He walked up and down the land...

As the Babe lay on the manger-straw; as the Boy lay awake at night in the cottage at Nazareth; as the Man worked hard all day in the village shop...

Galt Corrugated Sheets advertisement featuring an illustration of a man standing next to a large sheet of corrugated metal. Text includes: 'THIS IS THE SHEET METAL AGE', 'All that is necessary to make a factory, warehouse, barn, shed or outbuilding of any description, wind, water, fire and lightning proof is to cover it with Galt Corrugated Sheets', 'Made of the finest corrugating iron procurable, they will give at least fifty years satisfactory service.', 'The Galt Art Metal Co. Limited, GALT, ONTARIO'.

VACANCIES FILLED... advertisement for The Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada. Text includes: 'The vacancies on the Board of Directors of caused by death and resignations, having been filled, the Board as now constituted comprise the following members: Robert Melvin, President, Guelph; E. P. Clement, K.C., 1st Vice-President, Berlin; F. C. Bruce, 2nd Vice-President, Hamilton; Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada, Ottawa; J. Kerr Fiske, Toronto; W. J. Kidd, B.A., Ottawa; William Snider, Waterloo; Walter D. Beardmore, Toronto; Sir H. Montagu Allan, Montreal; L. J. Breithaupt, Berlin; Hume Cronyn, London; Geo. Wegenast, Managing Director, Waterloo, Ont.'

THE SUMMERTIME advertisement featuring a map of North America. Text includes: 'It is a wise course to make proper preparation for the coming months of Winter, and so in youth—the Summertime of life—it is only right that provision should be made for the Winter months of old age. Nothing is more pitiable than an old age of want and helplessness, especially where it follows a youth of plenty.', 'In those prosperous times, every young man should make preparation for the future by securing an Endowment Policy, which, besides providing for a mature age, free from care and anxiety, would give protection to those dependent upon him in the meantime. See one of our representatives at once, or write to-day to the'.

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JUST RECEIVED Beautiful Lace Pictures. STEEL ENGRAVINGS ASSORTED SUBJECTS. Size 3x4 ins.—30c. per doz. 2 1/2x3 1/2 ins.—20c. 1 1/2x2 1/2 ins.—15c.

COLORED PICTURES Plain Edge. Assorted Subjects. Size 2 1/2x4 1/2 ins.—15c. per doz. \$1.00 per hundred.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, CANADA

CHATS WITH

The One Thing You I know young men to get on in their single evening they give up their calling. They are always in the right their ability will lose heart when they or they get discouraged of some one else wess in some other they had not better the same line. If tached to his occup easily induced to be sure that he l place. If nature position, if the call it is a part of your get away from it. thing from yourself brain cell, every blood corpuscle of You can no more g a leopard can get. So when a young not think he had b I feel very certain place God called h he was made for his real being as h is nearer to him closer than his photograph of it. I for in every cell i not get away from The thing which distinctive, which is this one sup want to do, and f delayed from it, swerved from this, or iron circumsta give up hope of a sue our object. Some people courage the per character to get way which stau their ambition. to be pushed th into things for wness or taste. T strong enough to their way to t pushed aside by them, and do the have little or n If there is an person should p pursue his ideal, great opportuni for the unfoldme possible to him. to make his life distinctive, chie thing. If he does not carry out hi will be more o matter how mu by a sense of his handicap. A Supreme Aim There is grea that has no res persistent, burns all bridg clear all obsta arrives at its g it may take, n face or the cost The inspirat aim transform shittless, ambit for-nothing m energy had a sometimes tran ly, brutal, coa into a cleanly. When a res purpose, a res man, he is a everything in the fears, the temptations v but yesterday, had blighted i if by magic, breath of a n system take t and confusio place of ana facilities aw effect of this clarifying ch in a stagna water clarifi move, to do up in place vegetation, make joyous here.—O. S. In the op year the te to give up this selected. T are heavy, a by dropping will be an anxiety whi charged w students' w an serious any of the Patient's less the hours selves and ward of per Fra Albe sometimes, counsel est dents. Ho "Everyth firm persist "All suc through thought, g gives way, marches th eternal cit Know w thought fr should be see you t Violence itself and of heaven, eous thou malice is "Success faith will and natur put their "Of 30

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The One Thing You Were Created to Do. I know young men who seem anxious to get on in their careers...

Some people have not the moral courage, the persistence, the force of character to get the things out of the way which stand between them and their ambition...

A Supreme Aim in Life Means Success. There is great power in a resolution that has no reservation in it—a strong, persistent, tenacious purpose...

The inspiration of a great positive aim transforms the life, revolutionizes a shiftless, aimless, dissipated, good-for-nothing man...

In the opening weeks of the school year the temptation often arises to give up this or that study of the course selected...

Patience and persevering effort will lessen the difficulties to be overcome, the hours will gradually adjust themselves and before many weeks the reward of persistency will be reaped.

Know what you want to do, hold the thought firmly, and do every day what should be done, and every sunset will see you that much nearer your goal.

Success is for those who deserve it, faith will remove the mountains of trouble, and nature is on the side of those who put their trust in her.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

speaks of its faith in self, which is a good thing to have; to win true success one must not forget that every best gift and every perfect gift is from above.

THE BROKEN CRUCIFIX.

Little Maggie climbed up on the sofa and dattened her chubby face against the window pane. She was alone, except for the kitten and a scantly clad rag doll...

She explored the bottom bureau drawer, removing the articles one by one, taking them to the window to examine them. None of them seemed to please her childish fancy...

“Here comes mamma!” exclaimed Maggie running to the door to meet the person heard coming up the creaky stairs.

Maggie stood in the center of the room watching him with distrust, while she clutched the crucifix under her arm and pinched her cheek with her disengaged hand.

The man gazed at the image of the crucifix and gasped for an instant as the image held before him. With a muttered imprecation he swung his clutched fist and dashed the crucifix to the floor.

“Me poor old mother’s cross,” he muttered, with a shudder, “an’ I broke it.”

“He was sober now. “Bad luck to me,” rising from the table and holding the bottle between himself and the light, he said, “Twas you that done it, an’ curse ye, I’ll have no more of ye.”

“No, don’t take it, mamma. It’s my dolly, ‘tause Pinky said so,” and Maggie ran away to the sofa.

A GREAT PRIEST AND PREACHER

It is the world coming to an end? One hundred years ago the Londoners, led by Lord George Gordon, the Scotch nobleman and fanatic, flung the blazing torch into Catholic homes and slaughter the unhappy ‘papists’ escaping from the flames.

WERE “GOOD” TO THE POPE. The Monthly Messenger of St. James’ Place United Free Church, Edinburgh, Scotland, contained recently a letter from the Rev. J. W. Dunbar, the minister, written from Rome, in which, describing his visit to Italy...

“During our stay in the metropolis we encountered a temptation. It so happened that I had a letter of introduction and strong recommendation to an official in high standing in Catholic circles.

“Oh, it’s papa,” she said in evident disappointment, as a man staggered into the room. The newcomer fell into a chair by the table, and after repeated attempts, managed to light a bit of candle stuck in a bottle.

“He (Father Vaughan) makes you quail; he sends you away trembling, with a hundred emotions, hopes, anxieties, regrets, resolutions, aspirations. He grips you, buffets you, ralls at you, and seems to throw his great arms around you and drag you panting, flushed and gasping, toward him with the light of heaven.”

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WHEN YOU ASK FOR

SURPRISE PURE HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

Church that it would seem to make little difference, but when you come to look at our Lord’s teaching you will find that His Church is the Church in unity with blessed Peter, that its source of stability and unity rises from that fact.

What ever is becoming the matter with the Catholic young people of the United States? During the last twelve months not less than twenty clergymen in the country have found it necessary to advise marriage from the altar.

Long courtships, he said, should be avoided, and when they concerned two members of his parish were wholly unnecessary. He told them they had grown up together, and understood each other as well as it was possible for them to do, unless they were occupying one dwelling. There had been a dearth of weddings in local Catholic circles and the advice of the holy father is expected to stimulate activity in that line.

There will be no New England Puritan array of old maids and old bachelors in the United States if the voice of the Catholic clergy is heeded.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart. Thus hast the Lord thy God loved me. It is too much to give Him my whole heart in exchange for His?

I have within my breast at Holy Communion that Sacred Heart that loved me uninterruptedly throughout the three and thirty years. I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart. I will bless Thy Name forever, yes, forever and ever.

WHY I AM A CATHOLIC. Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J. I was asked during the week—Why I am a Catholic? I said that among other reasons was this—that I had the strongest objection to going to hell.

Mr. Bennett goes on to say that his first impression was that of disappointment, so simply and quietly does he proceed to tell some familiar Bible story. He finishes it and then begins to apply the lesson or moral to every day life and as it would seem to every listener.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR SURPRISE PURE HARD SOAP. INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

WOULD HAVE MARRIAGES. INDIANA PRIEST ADMONISHES HIS YOUNG PEOPLE TO BECOME SERIOUS.

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