

AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED

THE OLD, OLD STORY OF WOMAN'S HEART

"When you say dem, Mam'selle, pray for poor Vinnie," she went out with her once bright face looking white and woe-begone. Ellen strove, but vainly, to discover that the danger might be at which Vinnie had hinted, mentioning her fears only to Howard. He flushed slightly, frowned for an instant, then smilingly told her that she was still a child, and he feared would never become a woman. Mrs. Boland was ill, with a wearisome sort of sickness, which did not confine her to her bed, but which rendered her almost incapable of moving from her chair. "It is the more provoking, my dear," she said to Ellen, with her wonted smile, "that this is the day on which our orders were to have been returned." She glanced ruefully at the neat parcels lying on her work-table. "My maid," suggested Ellen. "Would not do," was the reply; "she cannot speak one word of French; but if Vinnie would consent to take them." But Vinnie had paid her customary visit for that day, and Ellen was unacquainted with her residence. "My knowledge of the language is so slight," she said, pausing in her work of preparing some simple medicine for the invalid, "but if you think it sufficient, I will take them. My maid can accompany me." "Dear child," said Mrs. Boland, her eyes expressing the gratitude she felt for the offer; "but I fear to have you do this."

"Why more than others?" was the smiling question. "Is it because you fear I should be ashamed to do it? Surely, honest labor takes from the dignity of no character, no matter how exalted it may be, does it?" and placing Mrs. Boland's composing draught within easy reach of the latter, who reiterated her fears to have the young girl perform such an errand, Ellen hastened to her own rooms in search of Anne Flanagan. That person was in her own apartment. The young mistress knocked gently, and receiving no response, ventured to enter. Anne Flanagan was kneeling by the bedside, her face buried in the counterpane, and her hair dishevelled as though she had disarranged it in some violent emotion. She was not aware of Ellen's entrance, and continued to moan low and plaintively. A letter, deeply stained from age, lay open upon the floor with a curiously wrought little box beside it. After a moment's bewildered look, Ellen withdrew as noiselessly as she had entered. "Poor Anne!" she said to herself; "she, too, has her sorrows. I will not let her know what I have witnessed." Mrs. Boland looked anxious when Ellen, without stating the reason, said her maid could not accompany her, and but for the necessity which existed of the work being done in due season she would not have permitted the young girl to take it. The latter entreated, saying: "The distance is not far, and I can easily find the place you describe." It was just such a bright afternoon as invariably cheered Ellen's spirits, and as she walked rapidly along, darting quick glances at the gay Paris shops, and the balmy breeze of summer, she felt a lightness of heart for which she could scarcely account. Her knowledge of French, acquired principally from Mrs. Boland, who spoke it well, and from quondam conversations with Vinnie, enabled her to find easily the place which she sought. "Ah! Mademoiselle," said the polite tradesman, carefully holding up the articles to view. Then he continued in French "They are beautifully done, as usual." He turned his gaze to her, asking in the same language: "Are you Mrs. Boland's daughter?" She answered in the negative, and he proceeded to write the orders for the ensuing week. There were curious and beautiful things in the shop, and Ellen's eyes were delightedly roaming over each, when a gentleman entered to make some purchase. Something that attracted her attention; she turned involuntarily to look more closely—her eyes met. A start from her, an exclamation from him, and her hand lay in the hearty grasp of Malverton Grosvenor. "Here—alone! Miss Courtney," he said, after the first burst of surprise. "What does it mean?" The polite shopman just then stepped up with a card of orders which he delivered to Ellen, with a very respectful bow, requesting in French that they might be executed as soon as possible. The young Englishman declined making any purchases then, but did not again speak to Ellen till the two had gained the street. Then he said with a voice which trembled as much as her own had done: "Is it possible, Miss Courtney, that you are reduced to the necessity of—?" he hesitated, reluctant to complete the sentence. Understanding him, she replied, smilingly: "Not by any means reduced to the necessity; but doing this of my own free will."

Perceiving her unwillingness to be pressed upon the subject, he did not

him, and your influence must, in the end, win him." "Dear mamma!" the gentle girl murmured, as she thought of it all; "what a trust she reposes in me," and she continued smilingly on her way, almost wishing to be a child again that she might skip along as two little ones just in front of her were doing. A fortnight had elapsed since her meeting with Malverton Grosvenor, and she had anxiously watched for some sign of the anticipated danger to her brother's club, but none appeared. The members continued to follow the same routine, and Howard's manner during the time was such as to set her mind more at rest than it had previously been. Vinnie looked gloved, and her eyes frequently bore traces of weeping, but she did not again allude to the cause of her anxiety; while even Taggart ceased to impart his information to Anne Flanagan, and he did not seek to intrude himself upon Miss Courtney as much as he had formerly done. Thus the young girl's fears were almost always unobserved, when she was opposing arguments, she put her hands together and smiled, till the smile became a grin, which imparted a half-arboreal expression to his countenance. "Ah! my beauty! hairs as haint a comin down must be brought down, hand that this 'ighly respected gentleman is a 'goin' to do," bowing to an imaginary listener. "They don't know as I knows wot I do know," shaking his fist in the direction of the assembly room. "Hand they don't think has h've got no power," making a gesture towards Ellen's apartments; "but hi knows, hand h've done it. Now some folks might hargue this way," speaking and gesticulating again to an imaginary listener. "Ere his young master, Mr. Denbigh, hand his master's father, Mr. Richard Denbigh—both very good to Taggart—both trust him a good deal. Now some people would say don't do it, because it will hurt young Mr. Denbigh; but I say, sir," speaking excitedly, as if answering some opposing argument, "presuming to have been advanced by his imaginary listener, "hany man's a fool, sir, has don't look out for himself. Hi ain't got 'ave hall my watchin' and creepin' around in bare feet, and settin' up nights in dark corners for nothin'; hand now that h've been a waitin' on those has 'as been givin' them selves hairs, hand treatin' me like a nobody, hand h've a chance to 'urt em, hand lay something snug by for myself, why, hi say nobody shall stop me from doin' it." Mrs. Boland watched the carriage roll up to the door; saw young, middle aged, and elderly gentlemen alight; some of the latter in antiquated costume—an evidence of how tenaciously their owners clung to the old times, even while they came to encourage by their presence, if not by their voice, the schemes of a newer age. By the light of a lamp, which hung pendant over the alcoved entrance, the watchers at the windows were enabled to see many of the faces of the arrivals. Each had a stern, uncountenance; even the most boyish-looking bore that in his face told of an indomitable purpose. Miss Flanagan blessed herself against the sight of the expressions in some of their countenances and muttered: "Lord save us! but they're queer looking men."

Ellen passed no comment. While she thought the gathering thus numerous, and as it were, biblically assembling, somewhat unusual, she was not disturbed by it; and when the last of the carriages had deposited its single occupant, and the latter had disappeared from sight, she withdrew to pursue her studies—evening being the only time she could obtain for them, now that the whole of her days were employed. Miss Flanagan seated herself on the other side of the study-table to sew, and while Ellen studied, and the maid lifted the shining needle, there came to the ears of both fragments of sentences of the speeches being delivered in the assembly room—never so distinctly heard before, because the speakers' voices were never so elevated, and never so full of passionate feeling. But all were spoken in French, and consequently unintelligible to Anne Flanagan, and though she wondered at the unwonted loudness of delivery, she did not seem to be concerned; but Ellen understood at times, and at length to bow her head upon

the open book, that her companion might not perceive her agitation. The speaker, whoever he might be, was giving utterance to sentiments which could not fail to place his very life in jeopardy. He was applauded loudly and rapturously; the very cushion on which Ellen's feet rested shook, and Anne Flanagan started, and uttered an angry protest at the "outlandish noise." Now Ellen knew the danger that menaced the society, what Malverton Grosvenor's obscure remarks meant, and to what Mrs. Boland's frequent hints tended; but she pressed her face closer to the book, and controlled all motion, lest her mental agony might betray itself. What thoughts of anguish filled her mind; with what rapidity her memory reverted to the time when Howard was a very little boy, so good and so loving; how hard was the realization that which she knew him to be now—not alone an outlaw from God's Church, but a prescribed outlaw from the worldly government under which he was then living. Another speaker had taken the stand; one whose voice surpassed in force that of the preceding orator. Splendid and thrilling were the sentences he uttered, but pregnant with treason to the reigning dynasty. Ellen lifted her face, as one whose eyes were staring, when she saw the speaker reach her ears and rose involuntarily from her seat. At the same moment the door leading into the passage-way suddenly opened, and Vinnie entered. She was dressed in costume that she appeared utterly unlike herself; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkling, her lips apart as if to utter some exclamation; but she did not speak till she had reached Ellen's side, when, placing her hand on Ellen's arm, she said breathlessly: "That which I speak of, Mam'selle, has happened. I see den hang about. I know to-night de reason—outside, inside, dey wait. Dey come wid de company, and de company no suspect. Oh, mon Dieu! it is ruin for dem all, and no save—no save." She wrung her hands, then pressed them wildly to her forehead. Ellen, white as the ruffe of lace about her neck, could only stare in helpless bewilderment. Miss Flanagan rose, intending to scold the French girl for her "in-sensible capers," as she considered Vinnie's strange emotion, but Ellen's white look deterred her. An unwonted noise began in the assembly room. The shuffling of many feet, as if a number of men had moved suddenly together, mingled with the sound of excited tones; but still, above all, the clear, powerful voice, continuing to utter the treasonable sentences. Vinnie, in whom the sounds seemed to produce a state of intense excitement, placed a hand on the arm of mistress and maid, and whispered huskily: "You hear? Dat is dey coming—coming to arrest. We no save, but we can see." She drew a key from her pocket—the counterpart of that which, appended to Taggart's bunch, opened the door leading from Ellen's apartments into the assembly room. Neither mistress nor maid opposed her design; the former was stupefied, as it were, with the suddenness of the stream, drew near one of the largest and handsomest of the many beautiful and attractive booths. A pretty girl, standing in a conspicuous position, was holding up to view a marvellous string of shining pearls; the electric lights overhead caught and intensified its shimmering radiance until every pearl threw out its soft, moonlike beauty, dazzling the beholder. Truly here was a necklace worth a king's ransom. The pretty girl's voice was clear and penetrating. "Only \$2 a share," she said. "Who will take a share in the \$10,000 necklace, to help the fatherless children of France?" "I will," quietly answered the little woman in black. She opened her slender purse as she spoke. Within were a \$2 bill and some silver, nor did the gay crowd of women inside the booth know that it was almost all the ready money she had left in the world. At home, safely tucked away, was a \$10 bill. After that, unless she could find work, and find it soon, there was nothing for herself and her five fatherless children but starvation. With a low "Thank you!" she received her ticket; and, putting it in her purse, she passed on her way. Everywhere she heard the same cry—who would buy or take chances to help the fatherless children of France? Presently she was out in the raw, cold air again; and, drawing her

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CATHOLIC WORSHIP In the May number of The Biblical World Dean Bell, Episcopal dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, writes sympathetically about Catholic worship contrasting it with the worship of Protestants. Leaving the latter alone let us see what he has to say about Catholic worship. "Catholicism is a form of Christianity—and we ought not to forget that in the days of Christianity's greatest achievement it was the only form of Christianity there was—which maintains that Jesus in his one prescribed act of worship, the Lord's Supper, recognized instinctive religious feeling of mankind. Catholics believe that when Jesus took bread and broke it, and took the wine and passed it, and said: 'This is My Body, this is My Blood,' He meant to furnish His followers forever with concrete media in which a home, if you will, in which He might dwell among them—a home, if you will, in which He might be touched. So far as our human relationships are concerned, our bodies are the media whereby our souls make themselves known to one another. So says Catholicism, in religion—the essential feature of which is communion of God's spirit and our spirit—the bread and wine are Christ's Body and the Blood which vivifies

THE STRING OF PEARLS

TO BE CONTINUED

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ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY

The famous sanctuary in Donegal known as St. Patrick's Purgatory dates from the days of St. Patrick himself. The legends that describe its foundation are full of Dantesque episodes which have won for the shrine a place in European literature.

The ownership of this historic old sanctuary has just been decided in an Irish court of law. The plaintiff, who set up the claim which involved the ownership of Station Island, is Sir John Leslie whose estates surround Lough Derg.

The island itself is a barren rock and entirely valueless apart from the pilgrimage. Nevertheless, in 1881 Sir John Leslie, the father of the present baronet, set up a claim to the island on which the ecclesiastical authorities had erected a hospice for the accommodation of the pilgrims.

By his marriage with Marjorie, daughter of Hon. H. C. Ide, U. S. Minister to Spain, Shane Leslie is a brother-in-law to Bourke Cochran. Educated at Eton, the University of Paris, and King's College, Cambridge, Shane Leslie has already made a name in the world of letters.

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no doubt that it belonged to the Catholic Church. That was so at the time the estates were handed over to the Church of Ireland. Then a certain Dr. Leslie, who was Bishop of the Isles, and who transferred his affections from Scotland to Donegal, was put into possession of what had been apparently the lands of the Catholic Church surrounding Lough Derg, and which were then in possession of the Irish Protestant Church.

Hence the conviction is growing that the only fair and just measure of compulsion is compulsion all round. Munition workers are necessary, but it is by no means necessary that men of military age and fitness engaged in such work should escape military duty.

Apart from the fact that the religious associations and traditions attaching to the oldest and most venerated Pilgrimage in the Christian world make Station Island in Lough Derg holy ground for Irish Catholics, the case has other features of peculiar interest.

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The perpetuation of the old cries and the pernicious appeals to race and religious prejudice was a temptation to which politicians easily succumbed—the parties of course changing roles. In all such cases the tendency is towards reckless and dangerous extremes.

The tendency all too manifest to present the matter of compulsory military service as affecting after all comparatively few is precisely the most disquieting thing in the whole discussion. It is as despicable as it is dangerous, and abandons the only ground on which compulsory national service is justified.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

Readers of T. P. O'Connor's weekly letter are informed that the reason for its absence this week is the fact that T. P. is on his way to America. Millions, not of Irishmen alone, will wish the veteran Nationalist leader success in his mission to his compatriots on this side of the ocean.

THE GRAVE POLITICAL SITUATION

It may be said without any exaggeration whatever, that the life of Sir John Macdonald, from the date he entered Parliament, is the history of Canada, for he was connected and associated with all the events, all the facts which brought Canada from the position it then occupied—the position of two small provinces having nothing in common but their common allegiance, united by a bond of paper and united by nothing else—to the present state of development which Canada has reached.

These words are taken from the eloquent and generous tribute paid by Wilfrid Laurier twenty six years ago, June 8th, 1891, on the occasion of the announcement in Parliament of the death of Sir John Macdonald.

The result of that policy of sympathetic understanding and friendly relations was that for many years he was sustained in power by the almost united support of Lower Canada. To quote again from the leader of his political opponents: "The fact that he could congregate together elements the most heterogeneous and blend them into one compact party, and to the end of his

life keep them steadily under his hand, is perhaps altogether unprecedented. The fact that during all these years he retained unimpaired not only the confidence, but the devotion—the ardent devotion and affection of his party is evidence that besides those higher qualities of statesmanship of which we were daily witnesses, he was also endowed with those inner, subtle, undefinable graces of soul which win and keep the hearts of men.

We have seen, however, that this very statesmanship or political astuteness if you will, on the part of Sir John gave rise over a half century ago to "the old cries" of French and Catholic domination, to political appeals to race and religious prejudice. And generations of Canadians grew up familiarized with these political cries.

The lessons of the past are said to be a lamp to the feet of the wise who carry the burden of responsibilities in the present. If so there has never been a time in Canada's half century of national life when her past political history claimed more serious and anxious study.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

It is an old axiom, hoary with the accumulated experience of countless saints and sages, that the first step on the road to reform is the realization of error in the past. That many of the wisest and best in the various divisions of Protestantism have taken that first step becomes every day increasingly evident.

THE WIDE publicity given to Sir Oliver Lodge's recent work on spiritualism, and the unsettling of men's mind not otherwise securely anchored, for which it has been responsible, gives special interest to the affirmation of an Anglican clergyman of prominence in England—Rev. E. J. G. Forse, Vicar of Southbourne-on-Sea—that in all his studies along this line he has never heard of any medium eliciting a communication from one who had died a Catholic.

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find no single word from one who died a professed Catholic: nor did any of these planetic souls seem to have met any Catholics in their wanderings. "It seems to be quite clear (on their own evidence) that the world into which the 'Big Hole' has been broken" is not the place where dead believers go."

A GOOD story comes from the trenches in France illustrative of the alertness and agility of the average American, born of his corner-lot training in the mysteries of baseball. Such training may be said to be the birthright of every normal citizen of the United States, and for that matter of every Canadian too, for baseball has come to be only a shade less the national game of Canada than it is of the neighboring Republic.

IT APPEARS that an American soldier, enrolled in one of the French regiments, took part with his corps in the defence of Verdun. They were bombing and being bombed by their German foes. The German grenade throwers seem to have gotten the range of the squad in which was this American, and seven grenades, which ordinarily would have had disastrous results, were thrown at them in rapid succession.

IT USED to be a current saying in England that Waterloo was won on the playgrounds of Eton. With perhaps equal truth it might be said that Germany suffered at least one repulse before Verdun as a result of corner-lot baseball in America.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

FIGHTING ACTIVITY is again lively on the Galician front, according to German and Austrian official reports received during yesterday and last night. One of the Austrian reports speaks of the use of heavy artillery. The Germans say that the activity was at Smorgon, to the west of Lutsk, on the Zlochov-Tarnopol Railway, and on the Narayavka River.

"I have actually seen the course of a German submarine—which thought itself undiscovered—marked from day to day on the chart at a British base. The clues to all the ramifications of this work are held by a few men at the Admiralty in London. It is difficult to convey in words the wide sweep and subtle co-ordination of this ocean hunting; for the beginning of any tale may be known only to an Admiral in a London office, the middle of it only to a commander at Kirkwall, and the end of it only to a trawler skipper off the coast of Ireland."

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sends along the entire front in the Sugana Valley to Asiago, the old fighting ground, on which the attention of the Allied countries was fixed with great hope for some time after the Italians commenced their first offensive in that region.

THE ITALIAN FORCES in the Trentino, as well as on the Carso Plateau, report successes. In the former area the Italians exploded a mine under the spur of a hill, killing the garrison and carrying the summit of the height. It is not clear from the despatches to what extent this advance carries the line toward Trent, but it seems to be a position of commanding importance. In the campaign against Trieste the Italians repulsed attacks on points they had taken near the coast line and further inland, and also succeeded in advancing their line for some distance.

THE UNITED STATES LIBERTY Loan was oversubscribed by more than a billion dollars. This is a gratifying bit of war news for all the Allied nations. For the moment it is not known how far advanced the first United States expeditionary force is in regard to beginning its work overseas. What is certain, however, is that a great effort is being made to place at the disposal of the Allies a very large fleet of airplanes and a large force of aviators.

CONVENT-INSPECTION BILL

PASSED IN FLORIDA

The convent inspection bill has just passed the Senate in Florida, disguised as a measure providing for the inspection of "all closed institutions." It was substituted for a still more odious bill which had been submitted to the House. Even had the press not clearly designated it as "the convent inspection bill" the debate in the Senate could have left no doubt as to its real purpose.

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ON THE FRENCH FRONT there has been some very heavy fighting north of the Aisne, the Germans attacking along a front of about a mile and a quarter being driven off at all points with the exception of one salient in the centre which, it is admitted by the French, was penetrated, and is apparent by still held. The famous Chemin des Dames was the scene of the attack by specially picked forces on a considerable front. The Germans on the other hand claim that southeast of Moronvilliers they held most of the positions they had won against the French attacks, losing only one unimportant portion of the ground.

LIVERPOOL, June 7. — Rev. Basil Withorne Holman, B. A., Cantab, who was ordained by the late Anglican Bishop King, of Lincoln, in 1901, was received into the Church by Father Carey, at Holloway, recently. After having spent four years in the Lincoln diocese, as curate of Horn-castle, he became acting Anglican Chaplain to the Forces in 1904 for eighteen months, and went to Lucknow diocese, in India, in 1905, as chaplain on the Bengal Ecclesiastical Establishment. He left on account of ill-health in September, 1913, and when the War broke out, he joined the New Zealand army as private in August, 1914, and was with that army both in Egypt and in France. He is still attached to the New Zealand army, in which he is now expecting his commission.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

NOT WORTH WHILE
It's not worth while to tinker with a deal that isn't straight.

It's not worth while to sell yourself for anything on earth.
Life judges us by what we are and not how much we're worth.

The tempter cannot bring you joy nor happiness nor friends.
His path that seems so smooth to tread in sorrow always ends.

This lesson once the Master taught when Satan proudly came
And offered Him the world if He would only stoop to shame.

"It's not worth while," the Master thought and spurned him there
And then, yet in a thousand different ways still Satan comes to men.

O boy of mine when you are moved to actions that defile,
I'll pray you'll have the wisdom, too, to say they're not worth while.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

DEAR MAMMA, SHE KNOWS

My pa, he scolds jes becuz
He says I'm gettin' 'tough ;"
He says my face is never clean

My pa he says I ain't no good
At doin' anything ;
I' ruther fool away the time

My pa, he says I'll never be
A business man like him,
Becuz I hain't got any "drive"

My pa, he shakes his head and sighs
An' says he doesn't see
Where I get all the careless ways

My ma she knows most everything
'Bout boys an' what they like ;
She's never scoldin' 'bout the muss

HER THOUGHTLESS DARING

My mother was seated in a large rocking-chair, with Laura and me on her lap, in our cozy sitting room, one winter evening at dusk.

After a pause Laura said :
"Mamma dear, we're still waiting for you to tell us a little story, before we turn on the lights and start to study our lessons."

"That afternoon we had received a letter from my aunt stating that grandma was very ill, and we both knew that was what made mamma so quiet and thoughtful.

"One summer afternoon, while mother and I were alone, Foxy jumped the corral fence and ran away. Our neighbor had not his alfalfa field fenced in ; he had over half a dozen horses staked out in it, and that was where Foxy went.

"It was not very far from home. Mother and a neighbor lady, who had just come on a visit, were watching me as I walked after Foxy.

"I soon found I had a hard task on my hands, for Foxy and I, among other games, often played hide-and-go-seek and tag. He just kept out of my reach, circling round one horse after another.

"Mother was motioning for me to come and get a saddle horse, but though I had been running so the sweat was trickling down my face, I was too angry over Foxy's teasing to obey her.

"All the horses were galloping around, one had torn loose and was fighting with another one. I was on one side of them, and Foxy on the side nearest home.

"Only one thought of capturing Foxy possessed me, and—I dashed under the bridge of fighting hoofs.

"A cold chill ran down my spine as those thoughts rushed through me. But I was too proud over catching ing Foxy, who was nibbling at my neck with his soft lips, to think much about it, until I lifted my tired head from the glossy neck and looked toward home.

"Dear mother had nearly fainted on seeing me rush under the fighting horses, and the other lady was helping her into the house.
"Foxy followed me home willingly, but my pride was all gone. As soon as I had the colt locked in the stable, I ran in to mother's room, and kneeling by her bedside I begged her forgiveness, not alone for my disobedience, but also for my thoughtless daring, which had come near costing my life."—Catholic News.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

July is the month of the Precious Blood.
Why is the blood of Jesus called the Precious Blood? Because it was the blood of God Himself, veiled under the form of man.

We also term it the Precious Blood inasmuch as it was the blood of One Who was not only full of grace, but was Himself the Source of all grace, as that the grace that dwelt with Him was infinite, and the grace that manifested itself through the veil of flesh had no bounds or limits, save those that the mere face of His human nature carried with it.

The Precious Blood is also precious on account of its effects. One drop of it was sufficient not only to cleanse the world from sin, but to earn all possible graces for all the millions who have ever lived on earth.

Ruskin said that the training which makes men happiest in themselves makes them most serviceable to others, and his statement would be equally true with its parts transposed ; service to others is one of the shortest roads to happiness.

What an exquisite provision of the all-wise Creator—this reflex effect of kindness, and how blind we must be not to see it !

THE OUR FATHER

In the ninth chapter of St. Luke it is related that one of His disciples said to our Lord, "Lord, teach us how to pray, as John also taught his disciples."

"When I was about twelve years old my dearest playmate was a little red colt with light mane and tail. His name was Foxy. He was beautiful and loving, but—oh, so mischievous.

"One summer afternoon, while mother and I were alone, Foxy jumped the corral fence and ran away. Our neighbor had not his alfalfa field fenced in ; he had over half a dozen horses staked out in it, and that was where Foxy went.

"It was not very far from home. Mother and a neighbor lady, who had just come on a visit, were watching me as I walked after Foxy.

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are found in the human father are to be found a thousand times increased in Our Heavenly Father.
We present ourselves to Him as children, not as slaves. He is ready to listen to us as a Father, not as a vengeful ruler.

The wonderful lesson that is taught us by the introductory words of the Lord's prayer is a lesson of absolute confidence in God's love for us.
Humble yet not cringing or awe-struck, we are to depend upon Him, who clothes the lilies of the fields and numbers even the insignificant sparrows, not one of which falls to the ground without the Creator's knowledge.

Ruskin said that the training which makes men happiest in themselves makes them most serviceable to others, and his statement would be equally true with its parts transposed ; service to others is one of the shortest roads to happiness.

Kind words are the more effective for simplicity. A simple, expressive word between speaker and recipient is just what a straight line is between two points—the shortest distance, the most direct connection.

And there is a time for even the kindest words ; at some moments silence is the greatest eloquence.
Wise is the man who having nothing to say refrains from giving wordy evidence of the fact.—L. E. Eubanks, in The Magnificat.

The flowers got into a debate one morning as to which of them was the flower of God.
And the rose said : "I am the flower of God, for I am the fairest and the most perfect in beauty and variety of form and delicacy of fragrance of all the flowers."

And the crocus said : "No, you are not the flower of God. Why, I am blooming long before you bloomed. I am the primitive flower ; I am the first one."

And then God's wind, glowing on the garden, brought this message to them : "Little flowers, do you not know that every flower that answers God's call, and comes out of the cold, dark earth, and lifts its head above the sod and blossoms forth, catching the sunlight from God and flinging

it back to men, taking the sweet south wind from God and giving it back to others in sweet and blessed fragrance—do you not know they are all God's flowers?"—St. Anthony's Messenger.

Let us look at the Sacred Heart. What a simple yet grand lesson it teaches us for the bearing of all pain ! "Learn of Me, for I am meek, and humble of heart."

Mary's thoughts were all of, or for, God. He was all in all to her. And can we not imitate her in this? He has told us how we can actually be as a mother to Him—by fulfilling His holy will—and we should strive to feed our minds with the thought of Him, His perfections, His beautiful ways, as Mary did, and so we shall come to love Him, and loving Him we shall never want to grieve Him by preferring our will to His.

A broad mind is indulgent in excusing, diminishing and easily forgiving the faults of others. It is a mind which understands that human nature is weak and liable to fall, and to fall even frequently in spite of a good will, and that, in the designs of Providence, a man's failings often enter into the work of his perfection, and that we should show neither astonishment nor anger at a man's fall, but should kindly help him to rise.

Let us talk with each other, not at each other. Let each bring to the common centre what he knows, lay it in the crucible of united knowledge, and quietly abide the result.

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WHO WOULD EVER have expected to see you here? I thought you left Canada some years ago. My Bill! You look just as natural as ever. Let me see now, it must be thirty years since I saw you before. That was the time that your father and my father were attending a meeting in Toronto, and were staying at the Walker House. Gee! Those were the happy days. I will never forget. My! How you laughed at me when I fell sliding on the clean floor of the Office of the Hotel. My Dad thought I had been here in Toronto lately? Is that so? I was there myself last week. My Gosh! they have got the floor fixed up beautifully, and the Meals are just as good as ever. In fact, I think they are a little better. It does an old timer of that Hotel a lot of good to see the way in which they look after women and children when they go in there. Mr. Wright, the Proprietor, is on the job all the time, moving around to see that everybody is attended to. Nothing escapes his eye. No doubt there will be lots of other Hotels in Toronto, and many of them pretty good ones, Billy, but there is only one WALKER HOUSE for mine. Well, Good-Bye Old Chap! All right, that's a Go! Walker House next Tuesday. Mind your Step, you are getting old now, Bill. Good-Bye!

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