



# CHILDREN OF DESTINY.

A Novel by William J. Fischer.  
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## CHAPTER I. THE GRAVENORS.

Bluer House, the magnificent home of the Gravenors, stood in the very heart of Kempton, under the sheltering shade of several noble oaks, surrounded by well-kept lawns, its massive, white front facing one of the loveliest residential streets in the city. The estate was the especial delight of the good people of Kempton. On the spacious lawns the choicest flower-beds were to be found all the summer through, creations of brightness and beauty so artistically arranged by a genius, the trusty old gardener, Matt Pency. Several paths led from the street to a marble fountain in the centre of the lawn and here the men and women and children often came to quench their thirst. In the rear of the house stood the conservatory filled with the rarest plants all the year round, and not far off a well-kept flower-garden smiled pleasantly to the passer-by.

When William Gravenor first came to Kempton, in the thirties, all the place could boast of were ten houses, a tavern, a grocery store and a blacksmith shop. The village was a little child out of its cradle just then, learning to crawl up the hill upon which the future city was to rise. All about Kempton was God's own treasure trove, thousands and thousands of acres of rich timber land. On all sides mighty forest-trees lifted their sun-kissed kindly heads to the clouds. One night William Gravenor dreamed a beautiful dream, full of hope and promise. That night, the young sleeper dreamt he saw men at work at Kempton building a large lumber mill; others were busy cutting down the grand old trees in the woods. The lusty, vigorous song of the lumberman was music to his ears. Then the smoke from the lumberman's shanty rose snake-like to the skies, and all this filled his heart with joy. He saw men on their rats in the rivers and the lakes and the thousands of logs floating down lazily to the mill at Kempton. Very soon new families poured into the village and countless buildings sprang up over night almost. The streets were filled with the sound of traffic and cars; hundreds of tall chimney-stacks pointed heavenwards; there was a boom, and in a very short time Kempton threw off its child-hood's clothes and donned the garments of a vital, progressive manhood.

It was only a dream, but it set young Gravenor's brain a-thinking. He was a poor man just newly married, came to Kempton to gain a livelihood for himself and his charming young wife, but he was shrewd, manly, full of business tact and had two strong arms that were ready to do their share in the strenuous battle for existence. Here was the chance of a life-time, and one morning William with several others began to dig the foundation for his intended lumber mill. A few years passed, the project grew, and very soon the young lumber-king was making piles of gold out of those very saw-logs that floated carelessly down the river in the fall.

Years passed, happy fruitful years for the Gravenors. God gave them two children, Muriel and Arthur, who brought much sunshine into those early days. It was during this time of prosperity that Bluer House was built, but Mrs. Gravenor did not live long to enjoy it. When life held out its most precious treasures to her it was then God called her home. Fifteen years later the same message came to the lumber-king. He had lived a good life; he had given freely of his money towards charity to lighten countless heavy burdens—and he had done nothing to fear from the Prince of Peace. And thus the Gravenor millions fell into the hands of the two children—Muriel and Arthur—who, together with old Aunt Hawkins, the trusty nurse, and Matt Pency, the gardener, and several maids, constituted the Gravenor household at the time when this story opens. Arthur was then a handsome young man of twenty-eight and Muriel a shy girl of seventeen.

One afternoon in late July when Nature looked its loveliest, Aunt Hawkins hid away to a cool spot under the trees in the garden. A wave of heat had suddenly swept over Kempton but it was not to last very long for already a cool wind was creeping up from the lake through the not far distant cedars and hemlocks. The heart of the old nurse beat joyously as she seated herself on the mossy bench which was her favorite resting-place. She was a short, plump, good-looking woman with a perfectly round face. Her hair was a soft, silky white and though she was nearly sixty years of age, not a wrinkle was visible on her pleasant face. But her years were beginning to manifest themselves in her gait. She moved with difficulty, and her hands were already showing the tremor of age. Yet withal she was good to look at as she sat there, in her neat, plain, gray dress and white apron, a favorite volume of Dickens in her hand. There was a quaint, old-time comfortableness about her that was not at all unpleasing. These afternoon reading-hours out in the open were her special delight, and the Gravenor library was ever at her disposal. She was not an intellectual woman, but she was schooled in the philosophy of good living, and had it not been for her coming into the Gravenor household, things would have gone hard with the two small children when they became orphans. When Muriel was but a child and Mrs. Gravenor's life hung merely by a thread, the frail, little woman pressed Aunt Hawkins' hand and with tears in her eyes, begged her to take care of her two little children. And, when fifteen years later she felt that he was also to be taken away, his last words were: "Auntie! be good to the children. It breaks my heart to leave them. Continue to be a mother to them, for they have only you now." And the good woman fulfilled her promise. She guarded them as zealously as a bird would its young. They looked up to her in all

things. She was a second mother to them in every sense. Mrs. Gravenor herself had christened the matronly, tender-hearted woman "Aunt," and thus she was called by all who knew her intimately. Muriel, unknown to Aunt Hawkins, had stolen into the garden some minutes previously. She loved to be out there amongst the flowers. They were like so many companions—playmates to her, in their many colored dresses. Roses, dahlias, portulacae, nasturtiums and marigolds smiled everywhere. That afternoon, she had asked Matt if she might not gather a few roses for Aunt Hawkins as it was her birthday.

"And how old, pray, is the aunt to-day?" Matt asked, inquisitively.

"Sixty years, Matt," the girl answered gently.

"So, so—sixty years! well! well! I would not believe it. She is pretty spry for an old woman," he added. "Ah, but she's a good soul, she is. When first I came here about thirty years or so ago, she was a fine young woman then, but she had a broken heart 'n' I couldn't help pityin' her. Your father, girl, kind man that he was, took her in a few weeks before I came."

"Aunt Hawkins had a broken heart, Matt? What do you mean?" asked Muriel.

"Ah! 'tis a long, long story," the old gardener answered thoughtfully. "I cannot tell it to you now. Sometime you shall hear it all."

"Very well. You must not forget to tell me for I never knew that Aunt Hawkins' young life had been so sad."

"No, I shall not forget, Muriel," he said, as he turned down the narrow pathway that led to the street.

"Matt! Matt!" cried the girl, loudly. "What about the roses?"

The gardener turned with a pleasant smile on his face.

"Pluck all you want, darling," he answered tenderly. "The reds are the prettiest, but they're not half nice enough for you or Aunt Hawkins."

A few moments later Muriel was busy in the garden and as she bent cutting the rose stems, a little sigh escaped her lips.

"Poor things!" she murmured. "I wonder if the other roses will miss them."

She gathered the flowers together in her arms, and as she turned to leave the garden, the sunlight stole silently over her face, sweet in its girlishness and for a moment made it more lovely. God had given Muriel rare beauty of form and face. In her plain white dress, the cluster of red roses nestling sweetly against her breast, she appeared very beautiful. Aunt Hawkins always said that she looked like her mother. She had her fine, creamy complexion, her dark black hair, the same small, delicate nose and her blood-red lips.

Gently she glided down between the stately rows of holly hocks, with their crimson and lavender hoods, humming a favorite song. Presently she reached the garden-gate. Then she espied Aunt Hawkins on her favorite bench not many yards away. The old woman had her back turned. Slowly and noiselessly she tip-toed up behind her, then threw her arms about her neck and kissed her tenderly.

Aunt Hawkins had been so wrapped up in her book that she had not heard Muriel's footsteps.

"Goodness gracious, child! You frightened me!" shrieked Aunt Hawkins.

"Never mind, Auntie," the girl interposed. "The situation was really too tempting."

Muriel could not restrain her laughter and in a moment the dear, old Aunt joined in with her.

"But come let's be friends again," whispered the girl as she put her arms about her second time. "I'm sure you'll like me. Where do all the pretty roses come from, Muriel?" Aunt Hawkins asked.

"From the garden, to be sure. You see, I did not forget that this is your birthday, so Matt gave me permission to pluck the prettiest ones for you. May many more birthdays gladden your heart," the girl said with feeling as she handed her the fragrant flowers.

"Thank you, child! It is all very thoughtful of you and I appreciate your kind words. But alas! I am afraid I have seen most of my birthdays. The summer of life has passed over me, the autumn is now here and soon it will be winter. My darling soon it will—"

She did not finish the sentence. Her voice seemed to choke her.

"Ah, you seem to be sad, Auntie. I do not like to see you in such spirits."

"Some day, child, when you will be sixty, you too, like I, will look down the lone pathway of the years, with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain, upon those things, large and small, which at one time or other entered so largely into your life. Besides—"

There was a momentary pause. The woman toyed nervously, through the pages of her book while Muriel seated herself upon the grass at her feet. Then in a voice trembling with emotion, she began:

"You have never heard the story of my younger life. Have you not often wondered how I ever came into your household?"

"Yes, often, Auntie. It has been a puzzle to me. But at last I got to thinking that you have been here always."

"Ah no, child. 'Tis a long and sad story—but I had better not tell you."

"O do tell me, Auntie! Pray, do tell me!"

"Since you wish to know then, I shall tell you."

The kind woman closed the book on her lap, readjusted her eyeglasses and then proceeded:

"It is now thirty years since that awful night out in the woods. I remember it all so well. It was a clear fresh night in summer, radiant with moon and starshine. We had been married three months. Dave was a good man, and I loved him tenderly, loved him with a love that was strong and all consuming.

That night I waited long for him in the little, log shanty down by the hill. The evening meal was ready—but he did not come. My heart had strange misgivings but I trusted in God. The clock struck seven—eight. Another half hour ebbed away slowly. I grew desperate. Presently there was a rap at the door. The door flew open, and

there stood your father."

"I come to bring you no good news, Mrs. Hawkins," said he. "Hurry! Dave is dying."

"Dave dying—great God!" I cried. "What has happened?"

"The poor fellow was on his way home this evening when a hungry wolf attacked him. He was defenceless, but he fought and struggled with his hands until he choked the animal to death. The wolf, however, had inflicted such dangerous wounds in the death struggle and Dave has lost so much blood that he cannot live much longer."

"Where is he? I cried, despairingly.

"Down in the forest, near the bend in the river. The night watchman came across him accidentally a half-hour ago."

"Why did they not bring him home?" I asked.

"He is too weak," said your father. "The doctor would not allow him to be moved."

"Then he is dying? Perhaps he is dead now."

"No," replied your father, "I am sure you will still find him alive. But come let's go!"

"Quickly we hurried to the spot, your father and I. The earth seemed to reel before me. When I reached the spot Dave raised his head and smiled gently. "I am so glad you came. I am dying—take my hand," was all he said. His life hung by the merest thread. Another minute and the struggle was over. That very evening your father took me to Bluer House. My heart was broken but I found friends in your dear parents. They sympathized with me, and in time my suffering became less acute. Bluer House was to be my home forever they said, and I was glad. Then Arthur came into the world and I nursed him through childhood, and some years later your precious self, Muriel, was entrusted to me. You see, then, child, I have remained with you both until now. I loved your parents. They were good to me, and for their sake and yours I hope to remain with you until I die."

"O, I am so glad to hear that you intend remaining here always," joyfully cried Muriel, "and, though your early years experienced such great sorrows, I know that Arthur and I shall take good care that your last days may be those of peace. But see! there comes Matt. He seems to be worried about something."

The faithful gardener was walking rather briskly up the narrow path when Muriel summoned him. "Come over here, Matt!"

In a moment Matt joined them. Like Aunt Hawkins Matt was also well on in years, and as he stood there he looked the picture of simpleness and good cheer. He was a tall and very thin man. A large straw-hat covered his bald head and his canined face was all wrinkles. He had no mustache, but a long gray beard showed conspicuously, hiding a rather gaudy, red necktie which had undoubtedly done service for many years. His arms were bare to the elbow. They were strong and very brown. Plain, blue overalls covered a pair of trousers rather short in the extremities. Matt Pency was a very plain, ordinary-looking man, but he had his heart and love for his fellowmen, than many a city millionaire. Yet he was rather simple in many ways. He knew absolutely nothing about the world outside of Bluer House. For years he had attended to the gardening about the place, and people admitted that he was an expert at this sort of business. He could talk for hours about plant-life and its habits, and he had no doubts about it. Matt Pency would only shrug his shoulders and walk away in disgust.

"What is the matter, Matt?" asked Muriel, noticing the sour look on the gardener's face. "You do not look well. Are you sick?"

"Not exactly," he remarked, glumly. "You know I don't feel well when I left you an hour ago. Muriel, so I went to the doctor. He felt my pulse, looked at my tongue, gave me some medicine that almost turned me inside out 'n' charged me a dollar for all my trouble. By Jiminy! that's enough to put anybody out of humor, I think."

"Is that all he did?" asked Mrs. Hawkins. "Did you not receive any medicine, any liquid, powders or pills?"

"To be sure he gave me some stuff to drink—two doses, I believe. He called it some fancy, high falutin' name. Just a minute, I'll have it in a second. Ah yes! em-tic or some such sounding thing. Em-tic, yes—that's the word."

"I thought Matt he would not let you go without giving you some medicine," remarked Muriel.

"Medicine!" he retorted angrily. "Why, what good was the concoction to me anyway? Sure, I could not hold it on my stomach at all—at all. And to think he had the nerve to charge me a dollar for it when it wouldn't even stay down five minutes."

The two women at once took in the situation. Matt, poor fellow, could not imagine what they were laughing at. The sound of their voices irritated him and he stood for a moment, gazing about in strange bewilderment. Then he turned away abruptly.

"Poor Matt! simple as he is, he has really a heart of gold," remarked Muriel.

"I am afraid we hurt his feelings," exclaimed Mrs. Hawkins. He did look so pitiful when we laughed. It was positively rude, Muriel. I feel rather sorry for it all."

Just then a voice sounded from the garden—a thin, weak voice, tuned to some melody, tender and soothing. It was Matt's. He was busy at work amongst his flowers in his little world that was filled with beauty. Presently a lonely thrush joined in the old man's song in sweet accompaniment.

"Matt is singing, Auntie," whispered Muriel. "Listen! The poor soul seems to have forgotten the sting of our outburst of laughter."

It was a touching, plaintive strain and the two women could not help listening to the pleading voices of man and bird, that floated over the fragrant rose-bushes and the stately rows of tall holly hocks.

## CHAPTER II. THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

The little canary warbled cheerfully

in the library as Aunt Hawkins rose from her chair to stir the fire in the grate. It was a cold evening without. The winds were blowing wildly over the hills—rather an unexpected change from the warm, peaceful afternoon. The skies were filled with heavy clouds, and, here and there, in the blue could be seen the tranquil stars, sentinelling the glad hours of approaching night.

Aunt Hawkins felt rather chilly as she sat near the table doing a bit of sewing. In her hurry to finish her little task she had forgotten to add more fuel to the fire. A few feet away, book in hand sat Muriel, dreaming of the little silken-haired heroine whose stormy career she was following through the interesting chapters.

The library was the most inviting room in Bluer House. On the three sides of the room stood rows of bookshelves filled with the volumes that William Gravenor had collected in his life-time. On the other side of the room two large windows looked out into the moonlit night. The heavy damask curtains were only half drawn. Two large palms stood on pedestals near the pleasant windows. The floor was covered by a Turkish rug, and from the ceiling a heavy glass chandelier hung, full of many sparkling lights. Over the large arched doorway that led into the drawing-room hung two costly paintings in oil—likenesses of the former owner of Bluer House and his charming wife. Marble busts were on the bookshelves. Upon the table in the middle of the room stood the bouquet of roses which Muriel had given Aunt Hawkins in the afternoon, and a bowl in which three or four pretty gold-fish were swimming.

Just as Aunt Hawkins had seated herself after attending to the fire there was a rap at the door. Turning, she beheld Kitty, the cook, in her nicely starched white cap and apron, a small silver card tray in her hand.

"Pray, ma'am, pardon my interrupting, but someone just this minute left this note at the door and bade me deliver it post-haste to Mr. Arthur."

Arthur was not returned, but I shall see that the note is handed him, Kitty."

Mrs. Hawkins took the proffered envelope. It bore a woman's handwriting.

"And do you suppose, ma'am, that Arthur will be in for dinner this evening?" It is getting late—and—

"Kitty bit her lips nervously and plucked at her apron. "I would like to know how you see, ma'am, Silas promised to take me to the theatre to-night, and I would not like to disappoint him for all the world."

"And Silas Butterworth shall not be disappointed, Kitty," answered Aunt Hawkins. "It would be a pity to have Silas drive in from the country for nothing—so just hurry upstairs and put on your best clothes. Muriel and I shall see that Arthur is well cared for."

"A thousand thanks, ma'am," said Kitty. "Silas and I are engaged you know, but that is miles from getting married, eh? Kitty Frederick isn't in such a hurry to change her name to Butterworth. You may depend upon it, ma'am."

Just then Kitty heard footsteps outside. "Ah! I'm sure that's Silas!" And in a second she ran out of the room.

"Kitty is a good girl, Auntie," remarked Muriel, looking up from her book. "I do hope she will not think of marrying that Silas Butterworth for a long time yet."

"And so do I," interrupted Mrs. Hawkins. "It would be very difficult to please her."

Presently the old family clock in the hall struck eight. The house was quiet. The sound of the clock outside had the slightest touch of melancholy in it.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Muriel, "eight o'clock and Arthur not home yet."

"He is likely busy at the mill. This is the last day of the month you know, Muriel."

"But I am sure he is not at the mill at this hour. You know, Auntie, he went fishing this afternoon with a few of his friends."

"O I did not know that," answered Mrs. Hawkins. "By the way, Muriel, have you not noticed that Arthur has been acting strangely of late? He is not the same as he used to be."

"Yes, I have noticed it. The bright smile and cheerful laugh seems to have left his face. He always looks so worried. Only yesterday I found him sitting here in the library gazing into space. His mind seemed to be wrestling with some problem. He was so absorbed in his thoughts that he did not hear me enter the room. And then I always seem to see such deep lines of sadness in his face. I wonder what can be the matter."

"I have no idea, Muriel. Do you think he might be worrying over business affairs?"

"I hardly think so. Only last week he told me that everything was running smoothly at the mill."

Presently a light dawned in Mrs. Hawkins' mind, and her thoughts stole swiftly to the mysterious letter which Kitty had handed her but a few minutes before.

"Muriel come here," she said. "Let us examine this letter. It seems strange that it should have been brought here this evening. The postman never makes his rounds as late as this. How stupid of me not to have asked Kitty who handed her the letter."

"It all seems very strange to me," ventured Muriel. "See! the address shows a woman's handwriting. Who could it be from?"

That very moment the front door opened, and there were sounds of feet steps in the hall. Arthur appeared in the doorway, his face showing a faint smile.

"At last! at last!" joyfully exclaimed Muriel as she ran across the room to embrace him. "Really, Arthur I thought you were never coming. Auntie and I have been picturing all manner of things for the last half hour or so."

"That is really too bad, and I am sorry you were so about me, little pet," he said tenderly as he seated himself near the fire. "This is a cold night and I am nearly frozen. We would have been back hours ago, but we took

a canoe and sailed up the river, and, before we knew it, were miles away from home."

"Was the fishing good, Arthur?" questioned Muriel, eagerly.

"Yes, very. It was fine sport. It would have filled old Isaac Walton's heart with joy. I caught a great many fish, but I sent them to the homes of the poor people of Kempton."

"You must be hungry," interrupted Mrs. Hawkins. "Dinner has been ready a long time. Come Muriel! Come Arthur!" And she led the way to the dining-room.

"By the way, Arthur, she remarked. "Just a minute." She turned and walked over to the table and took up the strange letter.

"Some one left this at the door for you this evening," she continued. "I almost forgot to hand it to you."

Arthur looked at the address. He recognized the hand-writing at once, and a shadow crept over his handsome face. Quickly he walked over to the light, opened the envelope and eagerly read the contents.

Arthur Gravenor looked the picture of strong, athletic manhood as his eyes scanned the lines hurriedly. He wore a plain tweed suit of gray. His face was clean-shaven, fair complexioned, and, withal, good to look upon. Yet the color was fading quickly from the glowing cheeks. His perfect row of white teeth met for an instant, then he bit his lip. A strange look came into his eyes, and a heavy sigh escaped him. He whispered a few words under his breath but the two women did not understand him.

Muriel grew frightened.

"What's the matter, Arthur?" she said uneasily. "That letter seems to have brought you bad news."

"No, no, Muriel. Just as I read it a faint, sickening feeling stole over me and almost overpowered me. But I have been so long without my dinner. I think this is probably the cause."

"Then, come, Arthur, you shall not wait another minute," remarked Muriel.

Arthur stepped hastily to the fire place, tore the mysterious letter and threw it into the flames. Some of the embers, however, fell to the paved floor in front of the grate. Arthur did not notice them. He was too excited. Just then his thoughts were with the writer of that letter. Muriel, however, noticed the few white scraps lying around and decided that she would gather them at the first opportune moment.

Arthur sat at table that evening, but he ate very little. For the last four years the management of the extensive lumber business had fallen to his lot and it was only natural to imagine that there were many worries in connection with it for a young man of twenty-eight. After dinner he lit a cigar. He tried to smile, but it was a strange smile, such as Muriel had never seen before. She did not like her brother's actions at all.

"I am going out for a while this evening," he said to Muriel. "I have some little business matters to attend to. Now be a good girl and do not worry about me."

"How can I help it, Arthur? You know you are all I have in this world, and—"

Then the tears came to her eyes.

A feeling of pity stole into Arthur's heart, and he drew her to his breast, kissing her forehead tenderly.

"There! little angel!" do not cry any more!" he said with emotion. "I must away now. I will be back soon."

"This mysterious letter was not a good omen," she said to Mrs. Hawkins as she entered the room. "It contained bad news. I could read it plainly in Arthur's eyes. A change is coming over my brother. What can it all mean?"

Thereupon Muriel went to the open fire-place and picked up the torn fragments of the letter. There were eight or ten pieces. Lifting them to the light she approached the table and remarked: "I wonder, Auntie, if these fragments will give us a clue. They are pretty small, but perhaps we may be able to discover the writer."

Nervously the girl's eyes followed the words on the little, white fragments.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "Here's the name of the writer—Mazie Rawlins! Good heavens! Mazie Rawlins! the poor widow's daughter on Shelbourne Avenue—"

"What dealings can this girl have with Arthur?" asked Mrs. Hawkins.

"Ah, I see it all," cried Muriel, her face white with excitement. "On these slips I can decipher two phrases—'You torture me' and 'I do not love you.'"

The girl sighed deeply.

"O, I see it all," she continued. "Arthur is in love with Mazie Rawlins. He is going to her to-night. I'll follow him and see what it is all about. There is not a moment to be lost."

"Muriel, it is getting late. Are you not afraid?" asked Mrs. Hawkins anxiously.

"Afraid? No, Auntie. There is something wrong somewhere, and I will find out the cause. Poor Arthur! He has been acting strangely. I see it all now, and my heart breaks for him. The black cloak, Auntie—quick! I must go. Arthur, I am sure, is only a block ahead by now."

"I fear for your safety, child."

"Do not worry about me. Something tells me I must go, and go at once."

Muriel threw the black-hooded cloak over her shoulders, and was off in a minute.

"Good bye, Auntie, she said. 'Don't worry about me.'"

In a moment she was in the street, hurrying on as fast as her feet could carry her in the direction of Shelbourne Avenue. But there was no sight of Arthur in the throngs that passed her. Hoping to save time she entered the city-park. The hand was just then playing a pleasant waltz—full of dash and vigor. But the music did not appeal to her. In her present state of mind it only bored her. The wind-storm had abated. Only a cool breeze lingered, sighing through the trees.

In half an hour Muriel reached Shelbourne Avenue. The quaint, little cottage of Grandma Rawlins stood but a few blocks away. In the distance she

could see a pale light flickering in one of the windows. The name of Grandma Rawlins was well-known in the city. She came to Kempton in her girlhood and grew old with the place. But what made her a figure of special interest was her extreme old age. She was now well over a hundred and had been bed-ridden for two years. She was blind and God also took away from her the gift of hearing. She had three sons, but Mazie, the youngest child, was all that remained now. The other children were sleeping the last, long, eternal sleep in different parts of the world. Fate had separated them in early years, and God willed that they should never meet in this life again.

Grandma Rawlins, however, was well taken care of. Mazie tended and watched her carefully. Poor, frail, little woman, nestling sweetly in her neat, white bed—it was well that God had given her so good, so noble a daughter. Angels could not have made her last years pleasanter. The touch of Mazie's warm hand and the press of her red cheek were the gifts of life the old woman prized deeply.

Mazie Rawlins was a good-hearted girl. In order to make a living for herself and her invalid-mother she gave music lessons to a small number of pupils. Her constant devotion to her infirm mother did not allow enough time for her income was little and her best plan, careful saving she managed every year to make ends meet. She played the piano remarkably well and deserved a hearing from the musical world. In the years back, she had been a great friend of Signor Pastini, whose studio had stood just across the street from her mother's cottage. She had been a bright, little thing and had, however, decided talent, so the Signor took her in, and in time she developed into one of his best pianists. She was destined to carve a name for herself, but the ties of home bound her fast. Thus she sacrificed the concert-platform in order to care for her poor, old mother and in her heart she deemed it her duty to do so.

When Muriel reached the Rawlins' cottage the sound of music floated into the desolate street. Quickly she tip-toed across the lawn and hid behind the large rose-bush that stood in front of the half-open, cottage window. A soothing Mendelssohn aria was just then sounding from the room. Muriel recognized it. The music recalled tender memories to her. She pressed closer to the window, and presently her eyes stole into the plain, little cottage room. Mazie Rawlins sat at the piano. Her fingers moved slowly over the keys, but her thoughts were elsewhere.

"How pretty she looks!" Muriel whispered. "Poor thing! But where is Arthur? Perhaps after all I am on the wrong track. I shall wait a few minutes."

The minutes hung like heavy, leaden hours upon Muriel's heart. "I wonder what it all means," she mused. "Why should Mazie write my brother a letter?"

Just then footsteps sounded on the pavement. They were coming nearer and nearer. Presently a man passed by hurriedly. Another minute and there was a rap at the door of the Rawlins' cottage.

Mazie raised herself full length before the window. Every nerve in her body tingled. Her breath came in interruptions. Her eyes stared into the cosy little room.

Mazie ceased playing. Like a frightened bird she rose and turned towards the door. There was just the faintest smile on her lips. She halted for a moment. Her plain, black gown hung gracefully from her shoulders. She looked very pretty. The sudden excitement had brought the color to her cheeks. Her soft, bright eyes had a dreamy look in them as she toyed nervously with the little golden necklace round her throat. But it was only for an instant. Then the door opened quickly, and the man entered.

"It is Arthur. I'll remain here quietly and listen," whispered Muriel to herself.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## LARRY O'NEIL.

Half an hour past noon on a bright May day, Larry O'Neil, for lack of anything better to do, dropped into Christie's salerooms. Some necessary legal business had obliged him to leave his retirement in Donegal, and when he found the family solicitors were not to be hurried into any unwelcome speed, he found time heavy on his hands. Once he would have had no difficulty in spending a few days pleasantly enough in London, but that was prior to the time of the occurrence that had transformed the light-hearted Larry O'Neil into a gloomy and morose recluse.

The famous salerooms were pretty well filled, and an unoccupied chair and looked indifferently around him. As he did so, the occupier of the next seat turned towards him, eyed Larry doubtfully for a few minutes and then held out his hand.

"Captain O'Neil, isn't it?" the man said, eagerly.

"Larry's face darkened.

"No, I am in the service no longer," Mr. Hilton," he said quietly.

"Well, you're Larry O'Neil, anyhow," Mr. Hilton said, "though I doubted the fact for a minute. I never knew you had a taste for bric-a-brac."

"Oh, I haven't!" Larry smiled slightly. "I merely strolled in here because I had nothing else to do. Are you purchasing?"

"I have just bought a Kang-he-vase," Mr. Hilton replied. "It's very unique." Then he sighed. "One has to cultivate an interest in something or another."

"I suppose," Larry assented indifferently and rose to his feet. Mr. Hilton did likewise.

"There is nothing else I want," he explained. "Come to my flat for luncheon, will you Larry?"

Larry began to excuse. Mr. Hilton interrupted him.

"You'll do me a kindness, really old fellow," he urged. "I'm very lonely at times," and then Larry remembered that Mr. Hilton's wife, to whom he had been tenderly attached, had died at San Remo seven or eight years before.

"Thanks, then I will," Larry assented "but I should warn you that I'm not the

best of company." "Neither an I," Hilton responded. "Soon afterwards the two men were seated at a simple, well-cooked luncheon in a quiet street not far from Piccadilly. "I couldn't bear the country," the elder man confessed, "nor the house where Jane and I had lived so long alone together. My nephew, who will succeed me, occupies the house in the summer. I brought a couple of old servants with me to London." Larry was sympathetically silent. "But you, Larry, why have you turned hermit. Jane liked you—for her sake, excuse what might seem an impertinent question," Mr. Hilton went on after a moment. Larry looked across the table. "Do you not know?" "No," Mr. Hilton shook his head. "But, there—perhaps my question roused painful memories. Don't—" Larry laughed, a hard bitter laugh. "Painful memories are seldom long away from me," he said, "You know I went to India." "Well, I was in command of a troop during a period of unrest among the natives. A certain tribe was disaffected and we feared a rising. It took place, and though we had been in a measure expecting it, we were surprised at the moment I was in command, and I floundered hopelessly." "How was that?" "I don't know in the least. I felt drunk, stupid, dazed, and my hand had to help me into the saddle. What orders I gave I have no idea; but we were beaten back ignominiously, disgracefully, and all through me. Only for Tyson, the next in authority, matters would have been worse. As it was, India and England rang with the miserable story. There were some who said, because I was a Catholic and an Irishman, that I was a traitor." "But could you not account in any way?" "In no way. I have no recollection of anything really till our defeat was accomplished. I was a ruined and disgraced man. For myself, though, I loved service, it would not have mattered, but my father—the old man believes we are descended from Conn of the Hundred Fights. You can guess the blow it was to him to hear his only son described as a coward or a traitor." "Larry, you are neither." "I was one or other to all men. My father never openly reproached me or questioned me. Ah, Hilton, I think I could have borne it better if he had. I retired to Carriekind, and I have tried, God knows, to make the best of things, both for him and me. Sometimes I see a look on the old man's face that seems to me to ask for an explanation, and I can give none. I wonder you did not hear of the thing at the time it occurred." "When was it?" Larry mentioned a date. "Ah! My wife was dying then, abroad," Mr. Hilton said. "I was only interested in that fact. And then things are speedily forgotten. Some new sensation turns up." Larry nodded, a deeper shadow overspreading his face. "I seldom leave home," he said, after a moment, "but I had to come here. A piece of land was sold to the railway company. I dreaded meeting any of the set I once knew. I need not have feared—not things alone, but people are forgotten. You are the first to recognize me." Mr. Hilton looked nervously with his fork. He had liked Larry O'Neill well in the days long past, and ventured on a question hesitatingly. "And you—You are engaged, Larry. Did the marriage come off?" "No—how could it? I released Miss Trevor. She accepted Constance Trevor." Mr. Hilton thought a moment. "She is unmarried yet. I saw her at some art show not long since—as beautiful as ever. Did she act under compulsion? Her father was rather determined." "There was no compulsion. Constance simply thought as the world thought—I was either a traitor or a coward." "Strange!" "To none more so than me," Larry said. "How could any one account for what was unaccountable? There was only one person who believed in my honesty and courage." "Who was that?" "Mollie Blake. Miss Trevor's mother was Irish, you know. That's how my acquaintances with the family began. Mrs. Trevor was Mollie's aunt. Poor Mollie! She was an orphan, unprovided for, and exceedingly simple, young, unformed, and quite ignorant of the world, too. Yet her vigorous and foolish championship gave me comfort. I wonder what became of the child?" "Mr. Hilton shook his head. "Like you, I have not mixed much with my kind." "There was a long silence. Mr. Hilton was not an adept at the art of making conversation. He tried to think of something to talk about, while Larry sat grave and abstracted his thoughts far back in the past. The host was relieved by a summons from his man-servant, and left the room. When he returned he carried a vase in his hand. Larry had not moved. "This is my recent purchase," Mr. Hilton began. "It belonged to Sir Stephen Moreham, once Foreign Secretary. He died a year ago." "Yes," Larry responded, "I know. A sister of his was married to an officer in my—the regiment. Mrs. Tyson was a pretty, hysterical little woman, but very kind. She was much affected by that unfortunate affair. More than she had the least right to be, seeing we were the most acquaintances." Mr. Hilton had no desire to go back to the unsatisfactory subject. He began divesting the vase of its inner wrappings. "Just look at this, Larry, he said; "even if you aren't an art critic, the vase will appeal—" "There was a loud crash. The precious vase had slipped from its owner's hands and fallen on the side of the brass fender." "Oh!" Larry ejaculated. Mr. Hilton was gazing at the fragments in con-

sternation. "What a pity!" Larry said. "And the thing is shattered, I fear. No patching of it up?" "No, no," Mr. Hilton stooped over the pieces and lifted a couple of sheets of paper. Half mechanically he began reading them. "God bless me, God bless me!" he cried. "How on earth—what on earth!" He dropped into a chair, and went on reading while Larry retreated to the windows and looked out. When he turned from his momentary contemplation of the opposite houses, Mr. Hilton was still reading with distended eyes, the thin, crumpled sheets of paper. "Larry, Larry! Do you know what this is! It is most marvellous, most wonderful. How fortunate I am to find it! God bless me!" Mr. Hilton ejaculated excitedly. "What is the matter, Hilton?" Larry inquired. "And you here! Why it is simply astonishing, dramatic!" Mr. Hilton tried to compose himself, and held forth the sheets. "This is a letter from Mrs. Tyson to her brother, Sir Stephen. He must have stuck it in the vase." "Indeed!" Larry observed. "And forgotten about it. He was absent-minded, it is said, or perhaps he compromised with his action. One doesn't know, can never know," Mr. Hilton said. "Read the letter, Larry." "Why should I read what was not intended for my eyes?" "Nor for mine," Mr. Hilton laughed; then added solemnly: "Way, Larry, it is your justification. It was Mrs. Tyson had you—drugged." "Drugged!" "Yes. She was nervous about her husband going into action, into danger—a poor, foolish, goose of a woman she was, I should judge. She obtained some powerful native drug from an Indian servant, which she determined to administer to her husband when the hour of danger arrived. The dose was arranged to produce a form of illness that would render the person taking it quite unconscious. The illness was to resemble an attack of heart trouble that would even deceive medical men. Well, the woman placed the powder in a cup of coffee, and in the confusion of the moment you drank it, and not Tyson." Larry raised his hand to his head. "Wait a moment, please. I remember the coffee. It tasted queer, and I did not finish it." "Consequently you missed the full dose." "Tyson got all the credit out of the rising. He is General Tyson now," Larry said. "He was a brave soldier." "His wife was not a fit mate for him, evidently. She did not confess anything till your ruin was accomplished. Then she wrote to her brother telling him all." "I cannot believe it." "There it is in black and white. What are you going to do, Larry?" Larry made no reply. "Look here," said Hilton; "let me introduce Mrs. Tyson. I know her. She is a society woman and capable of denying the affair altogether if she is allowed. Let me tackle her. She might suspect you and be prepared." "Thus it was that Mr. Hilton journeyed into fashionable quarters that same afternoon and was fortunate enough to find Mrs. Tyson alone in her drawing-room. He told the story of the interview to Larry O'Neill at dinner. "She's a poor, weak creature, and capitulated almost at once. She was simply bewildered into doing so. The lapse of time had left her almost forgetful of India. What will you do Larry?" "Nothing, I think. So many years have passed, and I have grown accustomed to the present state of things. My father, of course, shall know." Hilton determined differently. "Oh, well, perhaps you are right," he commented, in non-committal tones; but next day he sought and obtained an interview with an important personage in the Foreign Service. He also called on Miss Trevor. As a result of these two calls Larry received a couple of invitations. The interview with the important man did not last long. Larry was determined to leave the past alone, and perhaps the Foreign Office individual was not altogether sorry. His interview with Constance Trevor was longer. The passing years had touched the lady but lightly. She was fully as beautiful, perhaps more so, than when Larry had seen her last; nevertheless, he greeted her, much to his own surprise, without a quickened pulse. "No, don't apologize, Constance," Larry said. "I may call you Constance, may I not? You could do nothing but follow the example of all the world. Nobody kept belief in me—well, except little Mollie Blake. By-the-by, has she married yet?" "No," she developed modern independent notions after my mother's death, and is a hospital nurse. Just at present she is spending a part of her annual holiday with me. She will be down in a moment or two. Won't you take a cup of tea—Larry?" Not only on that afternoon, but on several subsequent ones, did Larry partake of tea in Miss Trevor's drawing-room. Constance was never deceived. It was not for her sake he lingered in London when even his business at the lawyers had been accomplished. Four months later Hilton was induced to visit Carriekind, and one September evening he and Larry's father, the latter younger in looks and spirit than for years back—sat smoking by an open window while Larry and his wife strolled about the gathering dusk. "Mollie is just the wife for him," Mr. O'Neill commented. "She says she would have married him at that unfortunate time had he asked her; but of course she was only seventeen then." "And Irish hearty," Mr. Hilton replied. "I have a sort of pity for Miss Trevor," and the speaker laughed, "and for myself." "Yes. Didn't the truth come out through the breaking of my beautiful Kan-be vase? It was a beauty." Hilton laughed again, lightly, as if well pleased—Magdalen Roche in the Tasmanian Monitor.

**HE WON'T HAVE MIRACLES.**  
Chicago New World.  
Last week the city press contained striking accounts of several cures that occurred at various Catholic Churches of this city. The dailies declared those cures "miracles" and wrote them up rather sensationally, but probably the intention was good.  
We fear that so much cannot be said for a professor in the Divinity School of Chicago University. This savant—the Rev. Dr. Willits—on last Saturday delivered himself of a lengthy fustian against miracles in general, and we incline to suspect, Catholic miracles in particular. Coming as it did, so soon after the chronicling of the cures at Chicago Catholic Churches, his discourse has been interpreted as rather pointed by many.  
It is true he confined himself to a denial of Old Testament miracles. The plagues of Egypt, the passing of the children of Israel through the Red Sea, the rising to life of the dead man who touched Elias' bones, a dozen things similar—all these he put down as purely natural occurrences around which the imaginative Jews grouped an interminable mass of legend and folklore. The rev. doctor evidently thinks the greatest Jews of old were stupendous liars. No man, he asserts, is able to perform a miracle. Few people, indeed, have ever heard of any mere man claiming such ability, still it must be conceded, even by Rev. Dr. Willits, that the Creator of the heavens and the earth must have power to direct Nature as He wills, and this being so it is conceivable that He may operate through man as His instrument.  
The day in which we live is grossly materialistic, a statement which none will deny, yet that even in the midst of the prevailing materialism a number of remarkable things are taking place is absolutely certain. We may not declare those miracles, since the Church, in her caution, reserves such right to herself, but we may term them cures when, obviously, such they are. As cures, however, they certainly transcend the laws of nature. The occurrence at St. Joseph's Church, this city, last week, is an instance of the kind. If we reject God as its author it simply denotes an accident of some years ago was shortened three inches, suddenly had it restored to its full length. Auto-suggestion is powerless to produce such effect. Lourdes has witnessed eleven cures of the kind, two of necrosis, one of cancer of the heart and three of leprosy—all these cures instantaneous. Moreover, forty-eight cases of a sort by means of been cured there and eight cases of dumbness, to say naught of those hundred cases of pulmonary tuberculosis cured and seventeen cases of cancer. In St. Joseph's Church, New York, last July, a woman was instantly cured of a ghastly cancer of the cheek and at St. Anne-de-Beaupre, Canada, the same day, a Protestant woman from Rochester, New York, was instantly cured of a malignant cancer of the breast. In neither of the last-named cases did the trace of a scar remain. Nature does not work instantaneously; nature does not heal without scars.  
But Rev. Willits may claim hypnotism as the agent employed. Very well; let him find one human being whose leg has been lengthened three inches by hypnotism. Let him gash his cheek with a knife and cure it instantly and without the trace of a scar by means of psychotherapy or by auto-suggestion. Let him go to the leper colony at White Castle, Louisiana, and attempt the cure of the lepers there by hypnotism. Let him go to the city hospital and try hypnotism on the cancer patients there. Let him put out both his eyes and self-hypnotize himself into perfect sight. Let him be made perfectly dumb and then get someone to restore him to perfect speech by means of hypnotism. If he doesn't know these things cannot be done, the world's greatest authorities on hypnotism so confess.  
It is shameful that such an attack on miracles should emanate from the Divinity School of a great Baptist university. What sort of divinity do such professors teach? Does Rev. Willits believe that God who created the universe has lost control of it? Does he conceive that the Author of Nature has no power to suspend the operation of its laws? What laws can Nature have outside His will? To deny the possibility of miracles is to deny either the omnipotence of the Creator or His infinite mercy. It is no wonder Chicago University is growing in the eyes of Christians everywhere. Evidently some of its instructors are somewhat to blame.

**CARDINAL MANNING'S LAST DAYS**  
It is safe to say that it will be a long time before the memory of Cardinal Manning fades from the minds of English Catholics. To the laboring classes he was particularly endeared himself by his advocacy of their cause, and, at the recent celebration of the anniversary of his birth, we may be assured that many a prayer went up from the workmen of England for the soul of him who was well named "the people's Cardinal." In the Century Magazine for August we catch a glimpse of the Cardinal in his last years when the pain which divides this world from the next was growing thinner and thinner every day. Robert Hickens in his article "The Spell of Egypt" incidentally brings in this allusion to the Cardinal: "Many years ago in London I went to the private view of the Royal Academy in Burlington House. I went in the afternoon, when the galleries were crowded with politicians and artists, with dealers, gossips, quidnuncs, and flaneurs, with authors, fashionable lawyers and doctors; with men and women of the world; with young dandies and actresses en vogue. A roar of voices went up to the roof. Every one was talking, smiling, laughing, commenting and criticizing. It was a little picture of the very worldly world that loves the things of to-day and the chime of the passing hour. And suddenly some people near me were silent, and some turned their heads to stare with a strangely fixed attention. And I saw, looking toward me an emaciated figure, rather bent, much drawn together, walking slowly on legs like sticks. It was clad in black with a gleam of color. Above it was a face so intensely thin that it was like the face of death. And in this face shone two eyes that seemed full of the other world. And, like a breath from the other world passing, this man went by me and was hidden from me by the throng. It was Cardinal Manning in the last days of his life."  
The present flood of conversions from American Protestant Episcopalianism to the Catholic Church makes the observance of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Cardinal Manning very interesting to us on this side of the Atlantic. Manning's conversion to Catholicism was not immediately due to the Oxford movement. The immediate cause of his conversion was the Gorham decision in which it was made clear that the Privy Council was superior to an Anglican Bishop in deciding matters of doctrine. Gorham was appointed to an Anglican living, and when his Bishop objected on the ground of his unorthodoxy with regard to baptismal regeneration, he appealed and the Privy Council reversed the Bishop. Manning protested against this usurpation of ecclesiastical authority by a lay body, but when he saw the larger portion of the Anglican clergy acquiesce in the decision, he became convinced that the church of England was no branch of the Catholic Church. When it became evident that Manning would give up his place in the establishment, it was suggested that he become the founder of an Anglo-Catholic free church. To this suggestion he replied: "Three hundred years ago we left a good ship for a boat; I am not going to leave the boat for a tub." Shortly thereafter he made his way back to the ship.—Sacred Heart Review.

**THE NEED OF REAL CATHOLICS.**  
In his address at the Federation Convention in Boston, Bishop Conroy made a stirring appeal for Catholic union against the evils of socialism and atheism, which he said were being widely disseminated among the people of the United States of all grades and classes of society. On being introduced by National President Feeney, Bishop Conroy said:  
"In the federation I see a mighty power for good. With Archbishop O'Connell, I hold that the federation ought to be a mighty wall to resist evil. It should be a living wall, not a dead wall, and it should be supported by the buttresses of the Church throughout the country."  
"It is not material power that will unify the federation; it is not Boston culture or the wealth of Chicago or New York or tangible things that will cement this federation and bind it together. Its unification is only to be found in the faith of Jesus Christ."  
"Every man must be a stone in the great wall. In order that every man do his part, he must not only be linked to the other parts, but he must be animated by faith and by Christian charity. It will be a deplorable thing if we do not bring the men of all social and intellectual grades to stand together in this federation. We must have men who will live as Catholics, think as Catholics, and act as Catholics in their daily lives at all times."  
"We need to carry on a work of education. The propaganda of atheism and socialism is being carried on in our minds, in our shops, in our factories, in the offices of our professional men and in the rural districts. Literature of this propaganda is circulated among those who are disoriented by their position in life, whether old or young. The false doctrines of rebellion against law, both of God and country, of atheism and socialism, are being disseminated and discussed widely. The young men of to-day can argue socialism and put forth its so-called principles in a very plausible way."  
"We must educate our young men so that they can meet the arguments of those socialistic atheists. Catholics must carry on this work of education among themselves, so that they may be able to overthrow the doctrines of their opponents. For this end they must be real Catholics, thinking as Catholics and living up to the teachings of Catholicity."

**A BROAD-MINDED MINISTER.**  
REV. CHARLES D. KELLOGG OF SANDY HILL COMMENTS ON A SERMON OF ARCHBISHOP O'CONNELL OF BOSTON.  
Rev. Charles D. Kellogg, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Sandy Hill, N. Y., writes a very interesting letter to the Sandy Hill Herald from Boston. In the first paragraph the reverend gentleman pays a fine tribute to Archbishop O'Connell, and makes some candid admissions regarding the Archbishop's criticism of modern Protestantism. That portion of Mr. Kellogg's letter to which we refer is as follows:  
"As the local papers state that I am spending my vacation in the city of Boston, I may admit that I was in that famous town last Sunday. I may possibly bring to the attention of your readers some items of interest that I gathered during my brief sojourn. The day was of especial importance to Roman Catholic brethren in connection with the great Federation movement. Archbishop O'Connell is one of the strong men of New England, a grand type of the noblest Christian manhood. He preached the sermon in the Cathedral, and set forth some vital truths that all Protestants will do well carefully to ponder and to consider. Among these is the undisputed fact that we are not succeeding in retaining the interest of the men in the services of the church in any degree to compare with our brethren of the Roman Catholic Church. That we are not paying the same deference to the inspired Scriptures as are they. That whilst in a former day the Bible among many of our number was a fetish, it is now a fable. And as still more solemn and alarming fact of the times, we are not extending to our boys and girls the influence in our schools of a moral and religious education. That

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**THE EVIL OF REPORTING SENSATIONAL CRIMES.**

The Chicago Evening Post raises a protest against the evil of reporting sensational crime. It believes that if the public would criticize the papers more upon this line they would find their criticism an effective remedy with the editors and proprietors. It contends that, although publicity in reference to criminals has its legitimate functions and defense, the parading of pictures of criminals and the assumption of their injured innocence or the endeavor to arouse indignation against them, work perniciously in the case of boys and girls of little education, who readily make heroes of criminals, glorified by indiscriminating and highly colored notoriety. It quotes from the Paris Cosmos the following paragraph, which is very suggestive for us in America to-day:  
"The reading of criminal narratives brings on a diseased excitement and creates a dangerous obsession in the case of some weak and impulsive persons. This is not the only danger of the excessive publicity given to criminal cases. Professional criminals find in such public narratives, filled with too minute detail, useful information about the way to commit crimes with the least possible risk. It is time for us to realize the truth. Let us stop advertising crime; and since examples are apt to be followed, let us make good deeds interesting to the public rather than blazon forth evil-doing."

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. Mr. Thomas Coffey. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence, ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its manner and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908.

EDUCATION.

At this the beginning of the scholastic year, it is useful to reflect upon the character and importance of any educational system. Few systems have had such a run and few have so little to commend themselves as the public school or godless one. Its founders and advocates claimed for it that it was the key which alone would open the temple of peace and the halls of learning.

observance or punish vice. Artificial morality based upon social observances will not do. It cannot form a system of education or lead the present system out of the mire up to the rock. Bible reading has been long enough tried to convince unprejudiced witnesses of its failure. Even if the old-time respect for the Bible reigned amongst non-Catholics it would not improve matters. Outside of the Catholic Church there is little or no respect for the Bible. Science has done its evil work: it has torn to pieces the volume of which its Protestant ancestry claimed to be the only guardians.

AN OUTRAGEOUS PRACTICE. A debate took place in the Senate, on the 17th of July, on a bill introduced for the purpose of regulating the sale of proprietary or patent medicines. The discussion on this measure revealed a condition of affairs in some parts of the Dominion which calls for swift and drastic action on the part of those who have at heart the welfare of the country.

A BRIGHTER FUTURE FOR IRELAND. It seems there are Orangemen and Orangemen. In Ireland they have two kinds, the Old Line Orangemen, and what is called the Independent Orangemen. The latter seems to be a wholly sane class. The former, together with their prototypes in Canada, consisting of persons of all nationalities, including Mohawk Indians, are taken in the bulk, far from being rational. They are as a class almost entirely in the hands of the Grand Master boss, who has an object of his own in keeping the memory of the Battle of the Boyne "red hot."

most interesting phase of her century-old struggle for self-government, and forces hitherto antagonistic are converging on the national highway that leads to Home Rule within the Empire. The main causes of internecine strife and division—the established Church, the landlords, education—have, one by one, been removed from the sphere of controversy, and many of those who fought on opposite sides in the Church and land wars are now to be found on the same side preparing for the final assault on the remnant of the ascendancy that is entrenched behind Dublin Castle.

A SUGGESTION.

We desire to say a word to the license commissioners in the different parts of the Dominion, and trust that no one will be so uncharitably disposed as to imagine that we have any political motive whatever in so doing. In their dealings with the liquor business politicians of every hue are guilty of shortcomings.

Almost invariably, whenever a license is applied for, party interests are taken into consideration. The whisky seller, as a rule, is expected to be ever on the alert to forward the interests of the party from whom he expects a license, and the Tammany politician holds the big stick over his head, which will descend with tremendous force if he violates the unwritten law of the license commissioner. These commissioners in too many instances are selected, not for their fitness for the position, not because they hold a high place in the estimation of their fellow citizens, but because they are strenuous party men, willing to smother the better instincts of manhood and citizenship if such a course would only redound to the advantage of the party.

AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW BROOKLYN COLLEGE.

At the laying of the corner stone of the new Brooklyn College, Rev. T. J. Sheeley, S. J., was the speaker, and he discussed the problem of the relation of education to the unrest of the masses in the United States. His words are well worthy the consideration of those in Canada who are wont to worship the public or colorless schools of the Dominion. Speaking of public opinion as having endorsed this system of education Father Sheeley said: "A terrible power is public opinion has done the mightiest wrongs, it has brought on more unjust wars, it has nailed Christ to the cross. What hasn't it done, that great and mighty public opinion? Public opinion in America is nothing more than the characterless, the conscienceless,

the goddess Lucifer of destruction." He quotes Horace Mann and Elliott of Harvard as having admitted that the flooding of the country with educated men without religion gave us dangerous ruffians and that it is impossible to teach morality without religion. "The American People will realize," Father Sheeley concluded, "that it is not the fear of men bringing in anarchy from abroad but rather the anarchy of our own nurseries and schools which should be taken into account."

FEW PEOPLE GIVE THOUGHT TO THE FACT THAT IN THE AGGREGATE IT COSTS THE CATHOLIC PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES AN IMMENSE SUM OF MONEY TO SUPPORT THEIR PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

Under the above heading you have made timely and fair criticism on the state of the Catholic schools in New Glasgow and all over Pictou county, Nova Scotia. It is surprising indeed that the Scotch county of Pictou, the home and birth-place of such eminent and liberal-minded educationists as Sir William Dawson, Rev. G. M. Grant and Rev. Mr. Patterson, as well as that of Dr. McKay, the Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, and a former principal of the Pictou Academy, would allow prejudice or injustice of any kind to exist or be practiced within its borders. This matter is of notoriety and has been well aired and severely commented on by the Antigonish Casket some years ago, but so far no change has been effected. It is gratifying to find such an able and fearless journal as the New Glasgow Eastern Chronicle espousing the cause of the oppressed Roman Catholics at its very door. The foundation of the Eastern Chronicle is sound, fair and irresistible, and in the end, even if after a struggle, bound to win. It is vain and useless to keep these grievances before the public unless the remedy to remove them is clearly pointed out and understood.

ANIMALS IN THE BIBLE.

At a time when the critical world is subjecting everything to scientific scrutiny, an article in the Catholic Encyclopedia which discusses the animals in the Bible, is not untimely. "The Bible" says the Encyclopedia, "makes no pretensions to science; it has passed away since the despised Galilean was in an agony of bloody sweat in the olive garden above Jerusalem, one moonlit midnight; and yet the world, though it has got hold of railways, electricity, and I know not what bravery of scientific invention, is intellectually no farther advanced than that journals and papers, which it is almost a shame to mention, are the most popular to-day on every street corner. In the old garden the forbidden tree of knowledge was the tree of the knowledge of evil as well as of good. In these days of decadent novelists and versifiers we are apt to forget what purity is, what literature is. Art for art's sake is made the excuse for outraging on printed pages every one of the decencies of life: and the shelves of public and private libraries are flooded with spurious sentiment, spurious eloquence and spurious philosophy. I know of no remedy for this deplorable state of affairs save the old-fashioned one of the cultivation of the true religious sense." Day by day our separated brethren recognize the wisdom of the Catholic Church in its system of education. Children trained to have regard only for the things of this world cannot, in the nature of things, be expected to give thought to Christian principles in worldly pursuits.

PRIEST AS LIFE-SAVER.

The Rev. John T. Tracy, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, St. Louis, saved an elderly man a few nights ago from two foot-pads who had attacked and knocked him down. Without any weapon except his fists, the brave priest set upon the thugs, and so effective were his blows, the two men were soon put to flight. Then Father Tracy assisted the stranger to his home. Father Tracy has a record as a life-saver. In 1904, when the grand stand collapsed at the National League Park in Philadelphia, he saved the lives of four persons by tearing heavy beams and timbers away, and two years later, at the risk of his own life, he rescued a little girl from a tangle of live wires in St. Louis, being severely shocked and burned. He was once confronted by two highwaymen himself, and put them to flight by covering them with a small derringer pistol.

ception of the amphibia and such small animals as moles, mice, and the like. Beasts are divided into cattle, or domesticated (behemth in the strict sense), and beasts of the field, i. e. wild animals. The fowls, which constitute the second class, include not only the birds, but also "all things that fly" even if they "go upon four feet," as the different kinds of locusts. Of the many "living beings that swim in the water" no particular species is mentioned; the "great whales" are set apart in that class, while the rest are divided according to size, have, or have not, fins and scales (Levy, xi. 9, 10). The reptiles, or "creeping things," form the fourth class. References to this class are relatively few; however, it should be noticed that the "creeping things" include not only the reptiles properly so called, but also all short-legged animals or insects which seem to crawl rather than to walk, such as moles, lizards, etc. From a religious viewpoint, all these animals are divided into two classes, clean and unclean, according as they can, or cannot, be eaten. We shall presently give, in alphabetical order, the list of the animals whose names occur in the Bible; whenever required for the identification, the Hebrew name will be indicated, as well as the specific term used by naturalists. This list will include even such names as griffin, lamia, siren or unicorn, which, though generally applied to fabulous beings, have nevertheless, on account of some misunderstandings or educational prejudices of the Greek and Latin translators, crept into the versions, and have been applied to real animals.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD, — Sir — Under the above heading you have made timely and fair criticism on the state of the Catholic schools in New Glasgow and all over Pictou county, Nova Scotia. It is surprising indeed that the Scotch county of Pictou, the home and birth-place of such eminent and liberal-minded educationists as Sir William Dawson, Rev. G. M. Grant and Rev. Mr. Patterson, as well as that of Dr. McKay, the Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, and a former principal of the Pictou Academy, would allow prejudice or injustice of any kind to exist or be practiced within its borders. This matter is of notoriety and has been well aired and severely commented on by the Antigonish Casket some years ago, but so far no change has been effected. It is gratifying to find such an able and fearless journal as the New Glasgow Eastern Chronicle espousing the cause of the oppressed Roman Catholics at its very door. The foundation of the Eastern Chronicle is sound, fair and irresistible, and in the end, even if after a struggle, bound to win. It is vain and useless to keep these grievances before the public unless the remedy to remove them is clearly pointed out and understood.

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THE CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN THE AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE QUESTION BEFORE CANDIDATES FOR ORDERS.

Dr. William McGarvie formerly Episcopal Rector in Philadelphia.

How grave is the question which this open-pulpit canon presents to the candidate for orders who is looking forward to the exercise of the Catholic priesthood...

THE EFFECT UPON THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

With the drying up of the supply of High candidates for the ministry must come the gradual extinction or radical transformation of the churches which at present teach more or less of the Catholic system.

THE REAL PURPOSE OF THE CATHOLIC MOVEMENT.

Has then the Catholic movement been without a purpose? Have all her prayers, and tears and sacrifices been in vain, and as water poured upon the earth?

THE QUESTION BEFORE THE LAITY.

What possible hope can there be of any further growth of the Catholic movement among the laity? Where will be found the layman of any intelligence who is going to accept the principles of the movement when his common sense will show him that those principles have not behind them the authority of the Episcopal Church?

THE OPEN PULPIT AN EXPRESSION OF THE REAL MIND OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

He is a foolish man who closes his eyes to facts, however disagreeable and painful they may be. The enactment of the open-pulpit canon, which was the work of the House of Bishops, was the death knell of the Catholic Movement.

The Movement are written large on every hand, and may be read by all who are willing to open their eyes. No one appreciates this more than those whose far-seeing statesmanship secured the passage of the canon.

This disposition to turn to the Protestant bodies, and to make common cause with them, is not confined to the Episcopal Church in this country. Throughout the world, wherever Anglicanism is found, the same tendency is manifest.

As to economic socialism, there are schemes proposed by socialists which are not only objectionable, but are very desirable. Many people are attracted to socialism by this very feature.

SOCIALIST TACTICS.

The Socialists of the United States have opened a campaign against the Catholic Church by publishing five million copies of an official document.

FATHER TABB'S UNQUENCHABLE HUMOR.

It is evident that though Father Tabb has lost his sense of sight he has not lost his sense of humor. The Newark Monitor tells a characteristic story concerning him and his life-long friend, the late Bishop Curtis.

LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

A NON-CATHOLIC SCIENTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

In an article in the current Outlook, under the heading "Letters of a Vagabond," we read of a non-Catholic scientist's impression of the Cathedral of Cologne—a cathedral, in our opinion, the most glorious and majestic in the world.

His voice saying to them: "This is not your rest, and to lift up their eyes to the vision of that kingdom whose bounds are the uttermost parts of the earth. At length God's grace has demonstrated to those who have eyes to see that it was never the purpose of God to make the Episcopal Church as a body what we would fain have had her to be.

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KEEP AWAY FROM THE PUBLIC DANCE HALL.

"The public dance hall is an unmitigated evil," says the Tidings of Los Angeles, Cal. "It is run for money and its doors are open to all who have the price of admission. Investigations made in certain dance halls of this city have shown that men and women whose lives are vicious frequent these places constantly, and it is further asserted that the dance halls are made a recruiting station by persons of evil life who come from that district of the city known as the 'under world'.

IRISH-GROWN TOBACCO.

THE LIKELY RESULTS OF THE GRANT.

The fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced his intention of giving a sum of £5,000 each year to the Agricultural Department for the encouragement of tobacco growing in Ireland is important, not so much for the amount of money involved as for the recognition which it gives on the part of the Government that the industry is entitled to some special consideration because it was suppressed by the British Parliament more than seventy years ago.

lead such self-sacrificing, hardworking, clean, abstemious lives as the Catholic priests.

The only effect of the circulation of this nasty pamphlet will be to justify all that the opponents of socialism say of it. The Appeal to Reason has always been a dirty rag, and the assertion of a Warren person that the socialists have maintained a dignified silence in face of unjust attacks is entirely untrue.

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A FRANK ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

This sermon delivered by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop O'Connell at the Cathedral the other Sunday before the delegates of the Federation of Catholic Societies, has produced a deep and lasting impression upon the general public, and especially upon the religious-minded outside the Church.

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said, 'a rationalist. But I never knew what religion was before. How these men must have believed in God when they dreamed this thing into existence! There was something in this old faith which has passed out of our life. With all the advantages of steam and engineering skill, we couldn't build a thing like this to-day. There was a great light shining in those days which has long gone out. And yet we call them 'The Dark Ages.' 'Yes,' he went on, 'the men who built this cathedral believed that God was watching them. They thought of Him personally, with great, kind, loving eyes, leaning over the battlement of His high heaven, smiling down on their labor—almost within reach of their endeavors. I suppose the men who put the cap-stones on the towers felt themselves consciously nearer God than the unfortunate ones who only worked down here on earth.'

THE APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER.

Speaking of prayers for sinners, St. Teresa says: "This is a more profitable form of almsgiving than it would be if we helped a Christian whom we save with hands fast chained behind his back, tied to a post and dying of hunger—not for want of food, because plenty of the choicest delicacies lay near him—but because he could not reach them to put them into his mouth. Let us also suppose he is extremely exhausted and on the point of dying, and that not a tender death but an eternal one. Would it not be extremely profitable for us to look at him, and give him something to eat? What if by your prayers you could loose his hands?" (Interior Castle, vii, Mansion, ch. L.)

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THE LIKELY RESULTS OF THE GRANT.

HOW TO CURE A HEADACHE

To attempt to cure a headache by taking a "headache powder," is like trying to stop a leak in the roof by putting a pan under the dripping water. Chronic headaches are caused by poisoned blood. The blood is poisoned by tissue waste, undigested food and other impurities remaining too long in the system. These poisons are not promptly eliminated because of sick liver, bowels, skin or kidney.

"Fruit-a-tives" cure headaches because they cure the cause of headaches. "Fruit-a-tives" act directly on the three great eliminating organs—bowels, kidneys and skin. "Fruit-a-tives" keep the system free of poisons. "Fruit-a-tives" come in two sizes—25c and 50c. If your dealer does not have them write to Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

duty at the rate of a shilling per pound last year amounted, I understand, to about £3,300. Therefore, if the same rate is continued by the Department of Agriculture, at least a couple of hundred acres may be employed in growing tobacco in Ireland next year. This is, at any rate, progress, slow progress, it is true, but still progress.

One advantage which the new arrangement as to helping tobacco growing in Ireland undoubtedly possesses is that the matter is now entirely under the direction of an Irish authority—the Irish Department of Agriculture—which has done a great deal already in enabling experiments to be made. The grant will be made to the Department, and, therefore, the tobacco growers will, in the future, be obliged to go no further than Dublin for the assistance which they are entitled to receive.

Although as I have been compelled to point out, the recognition given to Ireland in regard to her tobacco growing is exceedingly small, still it is something to go on with, and it now remains for those interested in the subject to prove within the next five years that tobacco growing can be made profitable and permanent in its usefulness to the country.

Already some excellent tobacco has been grown and manufactured, and those engaged in the work are enthusiastic about it. At any rate, it is open to those who have the means and desires to do so to try their hands at producing this crop, which, seventy or eighty years ago, was grown in several parts of Ireland. The law which prohibited the growing of tobacco in Ireland in 1831 stands now repealed, and the Irish Tobacco Act of last year has been adopted by the Government, and is embodied in the Finance Bill of this year. That, at any rate, is at least something gained, small though it be.

As illustrating the jealousy with which even the slightest concession of justice to Ireland is regarded in some quarters in Parliament, it is of interest to note that the moment it was discovered that Ireland was to be allowed, and even encouraged, to grow tobacco, gentlemen from England, Wales and Scotland at once rose and demanded the same rights. Of course, the Chancellor replied that he would consider all representations on the subject from those countries. But the difference lies in this, no considerable experiments, certainly no official experiments, as to tobacco growing have taken place in Great Britain very recently, whereas the case for Ireland rests upon the fact that a considerable sum of money and a great deal of labor have been expended upon experimental tobacco growing in Ireland for the last six or seven years.

The results of these experiments have been of a character which amply justify anything that may be done for the encouragement of the industry. For some time back the whole question of tobacco growing in Ireland has been on a more or less vague and irregular footing. After this year, however, the matter is on a clear and distinct understanding. Tobacco growing, after many years, has been legalized, and the growers know exactly the extent of the consideration they may expect from the Government for the next five years anyway.

Under these circumstances everyone who desires (and who does not?) to see fresh sources of employment offered to country people, will wish the promoters of tobacco planting every good fortune and much increasing success.

WILLIAM REDMOND.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

SERVING TWO MASTERS. "You cannot serve God and Mammon." (St. Matt. vi. 24.)

Notwithstanding these clear words of to-day's gospel there are many who wish to be the friends of Mammon without becoming enemies of God. They dally with the world, they try to serve it and God, if not at one and the same time, at least alternately. They do not appreciate the enormity of sin: in fact, they begin to doubt if God will, after all, condemn a soul to eternal pains for one mortal sin. Their confessions are mechanical affairs, without any serious conversion from their life of sin. There are souls to whom the Holy Ghost addresses those awful words: "I would thou wert cold or hot; but because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will vomit thee out of my mouth."

How foolish to suppose that we can save our souls by a divided love! "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." And if for the sake of the world we forsake Christ in anything, we show where our treasure is and in what service we are. If our easy-going Christian were to appreciate the enormity of the least sin, he would but admire God's justice in condemning a soul for a single mortal sin. It is not so much the single act which we call a mortal sin for which the soul is condemned, as for the moral leprosy which made the sinner capable of so monstrous a crime. No words can adequately describe the awful leprosy which covers that soul which is in a state of mortal sin. When it becomes conscious of its state, after death it would be a greater hell for it to stand in presence of its outraged Creator than to suffer the miseries of that darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. When it will be brought before the judgment seat of God, before Whose majesty the angels veil their faces with their wings, it will cry out to the mountains to cover it and the hills to hide it from the sight of God.

Let not our easy-going friends think, therefore, that sin is a matter of small consequence. They are mistaken if they think that the sacrament of penance will do their work for them. If any man goes to confession without doing his share, by honestly repenting of the past, and sincerely purposing to walk in the way of the commandments for the future, the last state of that man is worse than the first. By no trickery can we get into heaven; God requires an honest service and a whole-souled fidelity.

But he caps the climax of folly who thinks to put off his conversion until his old age. To-day's gospel asks: "What man, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?" Who can count upon a day, much less a year? But even if we could count upon an old age, who tells us that we shall become truly converted, when it is apparent that the only reason for our conversion is the impossibility of sinning any more? Confession is not the magical charm our easy-going friends would have it to be; it cannot make a foul sinner into a saint by slight of hand. God might save the worst sinner in a moment, as he did the penitent thief. But who is certain that He has done so in a single other case? Let us not try to cheat God. He cannot be mocked. He has told us clearly that we must serve him with all our hearts, or we are none of His. We must choose between Him and Mammon. It is not impossible to choose. What shall it be—God or Mammon?

NOTABLE CONVERTS.

WHAT THE PURITANS FAILED TO FORESEE.—AN EXTRAORDINARY CONVERSION.

The great intellectual struggle of sincere and honest souls in search of the true faith is sometimes marvelous in its results. When Cardinal Newman led the Oxford movement his sole object and aim in life were to restore order in the chaotic state of the Anglican church. Honest, sincere and powerful in intellect, he traveled to Rome to learn and convince himself thoroughly of the errors of the Catholic Church so that he might bring out in bold contrast the beauties and grandeur of the Anglican Church and the necessity of the schism of Henry VIII. During his stay in Rome he studied Christian principles to their foundation. Doubts began to arise in his mind as to his heretian undertaking, viz., to connect the Anglican Church by some invisible chain with primitive Christianity. The more and the deeper he studied the graver and more serious were the doubts which arose in his honest, sincere and His. We must choose between Him and Mammon. It is not impossible to choose. What shall it be—God or Mammon?

After reaching England the darkness grew denser and through the mist he could see no light which would enable his powerful intellect to trace the invisible chain from the foundation of the Anglican Church of Henry VIII. back to primitive Christianity. The missing links were visible in the Church of Rome. He told his brother Francis his mental struggles, his doubts, etc. His brother honestly and candidly told him that in his state of mind nothing remained for him to do but "to go back to Rome." He took the step which shook the faith of thousands of Anglicans.

Such cases are not rare. They speak volumes. A short time ago in Bridgewater, Mass., a notable convert, the son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, one of America's greatest preachers, created a similar sensation. Rev. Charles E. Stowe, a minister of high standing in

the Congregational Church, whilst preaching to his congregation, quietly slipped off his gloves, and as reported said:

"Our Puritan Fathers never would have made the break they did with Catholic Christianity could they have foreseen as a result thereof the Christless, moribund, frigid, fruitless Protestantism that can contribute neither warmth, life, inspiration nor power to lift us above the weariness of sin. Alas! it is only too true that the heavenly city, which our Puritan Fathers yearned for and sought, with prayers and tears, has become, to many of our Christless descendants, a frigid city of ice palaces, built of pale negations, cold, cheerless, shining in a pale winter sun with an evanescent glitter of a doubtful and insubstantial intellectual worth.

As the icebergs from the frozen north floated with the ocean currents, they only to be melted and disappear in the warm waters of the equator, so shall these transcendental ice mountains melt in the warmer currents that the Holy Spirit will bring to human hearts from our crucified but now risen and glorified Lord.

The full, rich, glorious Christ of Catholic Christianity has been dragged from His throne by these advanced thinkers (God save the mark!) and reduced to beggary. A pale, bloodless emaciated Syrian ghost, He still dimly haunts the icy corridors of this twentieth century Protestantism, from which the doom of His final exclusion has been already spoken.

"Then in their boundless arrogance and self-assertion they turn upon those of us who still cry with Thomas before the Risen One, 'My Lord and my God,' and tell us that there is no middle ground between their own vague and sterile rationalism and the Roman Catholic Church. If this be so, then for me, most gratefully and lovingly I turn to the Church of Rome as a homeless, houseless wanderer to a home in a continuing city.

We are hungry for God, yearning for the living God, and hence so restless and dissatisfied. The husk of life's fruit is growing thicker and its meat thinner and drier every day for the vast majority of our people. In many and important respects life is brighter in the so-called 'Dark Ages' than it is today. The seamless robe of Christ is rent into hideous fragments and trampled in dirt."

A little over ten years ago, John A. Kensitt, the ultra-Protestant who besides manifesting a bitter antagonism to the Catholic Church itself, specialized, so to speak, on trying to destroy the "Catholic party" in the Church of England. He was then attracting great attention on both sides of the Atlantic with his personal interference with services in advanced Anglican churches in London. The writer has seen the modest little church of St. Ethelburga in a crowded district of London where Kensitt began his campaign. The veneration of the cross on Good Friday, and the Asperges following the Catholic custom of sprinkling the congregation with holy water, were naturally very distasteful to the self-constituted champion of Protestantism. He got a few drops of the water one day, and went to the nearest police court to register a charge of "assault and battery." Freedom of worship, however, prevails in London, and the police was singularly unassertive. So when Mr. Kensitt tried to break up a ritualistic service in that city, and made off with the Crucifix, which he had snatched from the hands of the officiating clergyman, his proclaimed zeal for Protestantism did not avail to mitigate his offense in disturbing public worship, and he got the ordinary penalty. All these things are naturally recalled by the announcement that one of his late prominent supporters, the Rev. A. C. White, has been received lately into the Catholic Church. Like Kensitt, Mr. White spent years in denouncing Catholicism up and down the land. He was called upon to counteract the literary activity of the Catholic Truth Society of Great Britain, and his pen was long employed in exposing "the errors and superstitions of Rome." He must, however, have been an honest man, for as he studied the alleged "errors and superstitions," he gradually became conscious of his own error, and manfully followed the light. While his defection is a hard blow to the followers of Kensitt, it rejoices Catholics that another sincere soul has initiated the Scriptural example of St. Paul.—Intermountain Catholic.

TWO PRINCES; A BITTER CONTRAST. ONE AT THE DOOR OF A MONASTERY, THE OTHER AT THE GATE OF A PENITENTIARY.

On August 10, the Cathedral of Cologne was the scene of a unique and impressive ceremony. The aged Prince Karl zu Loewenstein, in religion Frater Raymundus, who made his profession in the Dominican Order on August 1, received subdiaconship at the hands of Cardinal Fisher. His ordination to the priesthood is set for the Advent Ember Days. This the last stage in an eventful career stretching over more than half a century.

Born in 1834, the prince's whole life has been devoted to the service of his church and his country. In 1868 he became the leading spirit in the German Catholic conventions, organizing and managing them every year until his retirement in 1898. In 1869 he was unanimously chosen to preside over the first Dusseldorf convention. Under his able management and with the aid of his liberal donations these conventions, which have meant and still mean so much for German Catholicity, weathered many a storm and gave the lie to many a pessimistic prediction. His popularity was perhaps second only to that of the great Windthorst. In 1902 he founded the Anti-Duelling League, over which he presided until 1907.

A STARTLING CONTRAST. While this man, full of years and merits, is standing on the threshold of the priesthood, another scion of a princely house, more ancient still than that of Loewenstein, is vainly attempting to clear himself of the degrading

charge of perjury. Philip von Eulenburg-Karl zu Loewenstein—what a contrast! Both are men of the highest rank, standing almost on the topmost rung of the social ladder. Both had great wealth at their command, and both wielded great influence over their fellow-men. And yet how different are their dispositions, their conceptions of life and their destinies!

The one, in spite of his brilliant talents, his high culture, his artistic tastes, his social gifts and his diplomatic adroitness, a man whose darker side can be viewed more closely only with complete exclusion of the public, the other a true nobleman, a knight, "sans peur et sans reproche," whose escutcheon bears untarnished the proud device: "Fuer Wahrheit, Freiheit und Recht;" a man of noble mind, of pure morals, of unflinching courage of conviction, who, after a long life spent in the most unselfish service of his country and of his Church, voluntarily steps off the stage of public life to live henceforth, forgotten of the world, for God alone.

The one, although he exercised for decades of years an uncanny influence on domestic and foreign politics, could control himself so little that he finds himself face to face with the criminal judge; the other exchanges the prince's ermine, which he had worn in all honor before the world, for the humble habit and cowl of the friar.

The one boasts of having been the champion of "Protestant empire idea" at the courts of Catholic sovereigns, and of having earned for his pains the hatred of clericalism and ultramontanism; the other has always and everywhere "given unto God that which is God's," and unto Caesar that which is Caesar's. Wherefore he is honored by all men of noble mind, Protestants as well as Catholics, and their admiration follows him into the solitude of the cloister.

The one, in his frantic efforts to save his honor as a "man of the world," and to win the approval of his opponents and lay his misfortune at their doors; the other, who has left the world to become in a stricter sense "a man of God," can look up to heaven and pray, "Forgive us our trespasses," because he can also in very truth, "as we forgive those who trespass against us."

A conclusion presses itself upon us; if culture is the embodiment of man, then we have in the prince in the quiet Dominican cell its true image and likeness; in the prisoner prince of the Charite in Berlin its caricature.

How explain this contrast? We have no right to judge any man; God alone searcheth the heart. One thing is certain; whoever takes his religion seriously and practices it manfully may perhaps find himself in his old age at the door of a monastery, but hardly at the gate of a penitentiary.

THE DUSSELDORF CONGRESS. Speaking of Prince Loewenstein naturally reminds us of the fifty-fifth Catholic convention, which meets at Dusseldorf, the Munich of the Rhine-land, from August 16 to 20. It promises to be the most important of the convention hall, superbly situated on the right bank of the Rhine, is the largest ever constructed by the Catholics of Germany. It measures nearly 300 feet in length and 140 feet in width, and has a seating capacity of over twelve thousand. It is built in the later Byzantine style, and the grand central tower and the eight flanking minarets, when illuminated as proposed, will present a fairy-like aspect. The workmen's parade will equal, if not exceed, the monster demonstration at Essen in 1906. Over fifty thousand men are already scheduled to take part.

The golden jubilee of the Holy Father, according to a published resolution of the central committee, will be the keynote of the whole celebration. Of course, ample provision has been made, just as in former years, for the adequate discussion of the burning social and religious questions of the day. The Catholic inhabitants of the Dusseldorf (two-thirds of the population) hope to realize a long-cherished project of erecting a new cathedral, the majority from the City Council, by means of the wholesale shaking up of convention will give to the indifferent or free and easy-going Catholics.

Speaking of the good results effected by these monster manifestations of Catholic life and faith, a well-known writer of Cologne recently said to the attendees at the Katholikentag does me more good than a week's retreat.—Catholic Standard and Times.

BULL AGAINST THE COMET.

OBJECTS TO PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN'S CRITICISM.

Writing in the Sacred Heart Review the Rev. Dr. Starbuck says: Of all singular remarks concerning the Church of Rome made by President A. D. White, and which I learn principally from Father Campbell, S. J., and Dr. Walsh, through the Messenger, and also from the Ambassador himself, through the Atlantic Monthly, it seems to me that there is nothing quite so surprising as his contemptuous rejection of Dr. Pastor's testimony that there is no record of any Papal edict which can be interpreted as even distantly resembling a "bull" against a comet.

Dr. White's mere contradiction of Pastor signifies little, since the latter has found a document which Pastor had failed to notice, the Papal archives being exceedingly voluminous, and having probably, in the course of ages, fallen more or less out of chronological order.

The extraordinary point in White's rejection as quoted in the Messenger is the assumption that a Roman Catholic

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Dr. H. SANGHE & CO. 380 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal. historical scholar, no matter how high a standing and character—and we know that there is none now living, who stands above Pastor—would not dare to state the truth about an external, contingent fact, a public and official declaration of the Church, verifiable from diplomatic archives, if he thought the statement might be disagreeable to the Holy See, lest a work of his should be suppressed by the Index; nay, that he would feel himself bound to make a positive affirmation contrary to the truth, for fear of such a condemnation.

Dr. Vernon did not live, I understand, to see the Pope honestly fulfill his frank declaration. Had he seen it carried out, we have little reason to suppose that it would have made much difference to him. He had higher titles and higher positions than the Lansings and the Christians, but in his preface to Lansing's book, whereby he voluntarily brings himself down to the level of this unhappy demagogue, he shows beyond question that he is completely possessed by Luther's avowed principle: Do not ever shrink from setting forth a good plump lie if it will advantage the Protestant cause. Never retract a calumny against an active Papist, for the very fact that he is such a Papist turns a calumny into a truth. Being ipso facto a child of the devil, he has always done the thing you allege, or something else exactly equivalent. What difference does it make if I say a man has stolen two double eagles and it turns out that he has stolen four single eagles? Does this unessential difference of fact make me a slanderer against him? The law takes no account of trifles.

If I have not across I will make no progress toward heaven. A cross—that is to say, all that disturbs us—is the sting which stimulates us, and without it which we would remain stationary, receiving all the dust of the road, and perhaps sinking by degrees into evil. A cross is the spring which pushes us forward in spite of our apathy and our resistance.—GoldenSands.

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## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

### Going to be Generous.

It would be impossible to persuade most people that they deceive themselves, but it is a fact that we are all, in greater or less degree, the victims of self-deception. We are constantly deceiving ourselves as to what we are going to do in the future. We draw wonderful pictures of the great things we shall do when we are able to. We feel sure that we will erect and endow a library to our native town; that we will send poor boys and girls to school and college; that we will be wonderfully public-spirited in every way. We pity the close-fisted, narrow, indifferent men in our community who are perfectly able to do the things now that we are going to do later. We are not understanding why they are so stingy and so blind to their opportunity for embellishing themselves in the hearts of their fellow men. We do not understand why they should be so shortsighted.

Do not deceive yourself by thinking that you are going to do great things in any direction when you get a lot of money, if you are not doing the little things with a little money. I never knew a man to do great things with a lot of money who did not try to do little things with a little money. Nothing is more deceptive than the belief that we are going to be very generous when we accumulate a fortune, for selfishness fattens upon money, until it becomes a voracious, greedy animal. Somehow, when our income begins to increase, our wants, which we felt sure would always remain so simple, grow faster than the income, and, strange to say, we can look upon those in want about us without being much disturbed. Pitiable cases of suffering, such as used to make our hearts bleed when we were poor ourselves, no longer arouse our sympathies. We become more and more hardened, until finally we are not only not disturbed because we do not assist struggling merit, but we can even enjoy our luxuries while those within a few minutes' walk of us are hungry and in rags.

We are like the cholera victim. When he first hears that cholera is epidemic in his neighborhood he is terrified with fear; but when the dread disease has once fastened itself upon him he looks without emotion at the weeping relatives at his bedside, because one of the characteristics of the disease is the utter indifference of the victim. He cannot understand the anxiety of those about him, and even when the chill of death is upon him, and his flesh is as cold as marble, he will tell you that he feels perfectly warm.

The possession of wealth seems to dull our finer sensibilities so that we are indifferent to the needs and the sufferings of others. It takes a very strong character to remain unselfish as his wealth increases.

If you are really anxious to do good, begin now. You can do a great deal with a little money, and if you have no money, you can give kindly, helpful thoughts. You can give encouragement. The desire and the inclinations are the main things.

### A Smile From a Stranger.

Most of us owe debts of gratitude to strangers whose kindly smile has sent sunshine into our aching hearts, and has given us courage when we were disheartened.

It is a great thing to go through life with a smiling face. It costs little, but who can ever estimate its value! Think how the pleasure of life would be increased if we met smiling faces everywhere—faces which radiate hope, sunshine, and cheer! What a joy it would be to travel in a gallery of living pictures radiating cheer, hope and courage.

Who can estimate what beautiful, smiling faces mean to the wretched and the downcast—those whose life burdens are crushing them!

Many of us carry precious memories of smiling faces which we glimpse but once, but whose sweet, uplifting expression will remain with us forever.

### Who Gives Himself for Principle.

Lowell says: "The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle." The fact that a man sends his cheek to help along a charitable enterprise may mean a great deal, or it may mean very little; he may have some axe to grind, some ulterior purpose back of it all; but when a man gives himself for his principle, we may know that he is honest.

When a man is willing to make a sacrifice of his personal comfort, of his time, his energy for a cause, it is pretty good evidence that he is sincere.—Success.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE.

"Did I ever see the likes of that child? Whiles my back is turned and I washing the carriage, and that stiff with rheumatism that I'm not turning 'round after on business, along comes she ax to her wheel, goin' for all the world like a race horse. She jigs catches sight of the blanket fallen off your master's horse that he's brought in, boy fashion, all in a sweat, and in eye's twinklin', if you'll believe it, she's put the blanket on and jumped off the machine and wrapped the beanie up snug as a cat in a chimney corner. See, jes' now she's hugging Doc. I never saw the beat of that child for lovin' kindness."

Uncle Sol, Mr. Ray's man-of-all-work, had a fashion of talking to himself, and rarely to others.

"It's safest," he would say, shaking his gray head very earnestly, "it's safest for a man to have his self for his oftent companion, then, if there's any trouble he can easy settle who's made it."

Uncle Sol was not the only one who thought thus of Amy Gray, for long ago the people of Saybrook had given her the name of Little Miss Sunshine, and well she deserved it.

She it was who, on the school playground was the usual umpire to settle all sorts of vexed questions between the

scholars—all animals recognized her as their friend. Ducks would waddle yards out of their way to tuck out to her the story of injuries received from small boys, and innumerable dogs had a way of limping into the Gray's yard, sure of sympathy, or if it proved a case of broken bones, she would tenderly carry them over to her staunch friend, Dr. Seymour and make over the case to him, repaying his care by one of her own bright smiles.

One day when Amy was suffering from a very painful sore throat, uncomplaining as usual, the doctor said:

"Oh, Amy, how I wish you could send your recipe for bearing pain and trouble so bravely to some of my patients, with very little the matter with them and surrounded with all the comforts money can procure, who are always bemoaning the hardships of suffering."

But little Sunshine had not always been blue and cloudless. Two years ago she had a devoted father and pretty horse, but one sad day, as she came from school, she met her mother at the gate with a white, drawn face, saying:

"Amy, dear, get on your pony as quickly as possible and go over for the doctor, for your father is, I fear, very ill."

Little Sunshine will never forget that ride, nor the cold chill that struck her when she learned Dr. Seymour had just left for a five-mile drive to Farmer Reeve's place.

Oh, if she might only overtake him! For once she thought nothing of overtaxing her beloved pony's strength as she urged him on at full gallop. Through the long shady village street out on the turnpike they hurried, but never a trace of the familiar chaise was visible. When at last the Reeve's farm had been reached, right glad was the exhausted child to see Dr. Seymour and the farmer standing talking on the porch. Their smiles of greeting were arrested by seeing that all the sunshine had vanished from the child's face as, breaking into tears, she told her story.

In another moment, leaving the panting pony to the kind farmer's care, Amy found herself seated by her friend's side gaining courage with every mile.

But loving care and medical skill cannot hold back those the dear Lord call to the rest of Paradise; and with the father's death, Amy was obliged to bear the grief of leaving her pretty home, for a tiny cottage on a lonely country road.

One day shortly after the funeral, Dr. Seymour drove up to the cottage and asked for Amy.

She came out, looking white and pale in her black dress, but greeted him with her usual smile, and the doctor felt very loth to tell her his errand.

"Little Sunshine," he said, "you have been so brave, it breaks my heart to have to tell you your pretty pony is dead. It had very tender care, but the strain of that hard ride proved too much for the poor little fellow."

"Oh, doctor, was it my fault?" sobbed the child.

"No, dear; don't blame yourself. You did it all for the best and saved your father some hours of suffering."

"Then dear doctor, when I miss my dear pony, I will think he died for his master's sake who was so kind to him, and he will be my martyr-pony."

That night the good physician told the story of Little Sunshine's self-control by the bedside of a rich patient, and during the sleepless hours, she thought how she, too, might brighten other lives by more patiently enduring her pain and devising means of giving others pleasure.

Two mornings after this Adam's large press left at the Gray cottage a express case directed to "Miss Amy Gray," and when, with awkward fingers, quite unused to tools, she accomplished the task of opening the case, Amy found a wonderful wheel, one of the most approved sort, its nickel plating shining brilliantly, and attached to the saddle was a card with the words:

"For Little Sunshine, from one who has learned, she hopes, from her life, a lesson of self-control and thought for others." — Emilie Foster in Our Young People.

### SIR THOMAS MORE.

The Irish author, Henry Giles, thus gives us a pen picture of Sir Thomas More, one of the most interesting figures during the reign of Henry VIII. of England: "A just man is always simple. He is a man of purest aims and purposes; there is no complexity in his motives, and hence, there is no jarring or discordance in his character. . . Fidelity and truth. . . throb in the last recesses of his moral being; they are embedded in the life of his life."

Place him in the legislative assembly, he maintains inviolate the trust given to him. Place him in the council of the executive magistrate, and no favor can win him and no danger appal; indifferent to office and fearless of power, he will assert the highest right, and he will stand by it, whatever the cost. Place him on the bench of justice, no prejudice can approach him, no passion can move him. Place him in the presence of a tyrant, call upon him for his opinion, let life or death hang on the result, he will not speak rashly, but he will not speak falsely.

Place him in the dungeon, shut him in the fair earth and the open sky; . . . call him from the dungeon to his doom, he goes rejoicing to the scaffold; he looks cheerfully on the axe; he faces death almost with gaiety; he forgives his enemies; he pitilessly destroys, he wishes good to all men; he gives a moment to silent prayer; he meekly lays his head upon the block—then, there is the echo of a blow that sends a soul to heaven. This character is not imaginary; it is real, it is practicable. The original is Sir Thomas More, of England.

When Sir Thomas More heard that the saintly Bishop Fisher was executed by Henry VIII. for his refusal to traffic in the garments of our Lord and make an impious pretence of recognizing the guilty guide, the Lord Chancellor of England cried out:

"Oh, Lord, I am unworthy of such glory, but I hope Thou wilt render me worthy!" He did not have long to

wait, for a similar fate awaited him on July 6th, 1535. Sir Thomas More was one of the most eminent men in England and Henry had awarded to him many honors. His sound wisdom and unspotted integrity were recognized everywhere, and he was noted for gentle and courteous manners.

It is said of him that when a lady sought to influence him by a present of a valuable cup, he ordered her butler to fill it with wine, and having drunk her health returned it; and at another time when he was presented with a pair of gloves filled with gold, he accepted the gift but returned the money, saying that he preferred his gloves without lining." His offense was similar to that for which Bishop Fisher was condemned to the block.

He resigned his position as Chancellor when Henry defied the Pope's decree and married Anne Boleyn. He was committed to the Tower, and after many attempts made in vain to change him or make him disavow his deep convictions, Henry finally ordered him to be beheaded. His devoted wife, seeking to save his life, came to the prison and begged him to accede to the King's wishes, but he refused. When about to mount the scaffold he asked a man near by to assist him in climbing the steps, saying with his gracious smile: "When I am come down, my friend, I will ask no one to assist me." On the scaffold he proclaimed that he died for the Catholic faith. He devoutly recited the "Miserere," and then calmly laid his head upon the block.

His head was stuck on a pole and placed on London Bridge, where it remained for two weeks. His daughter, Margaret Roper, secured possession of it in a remarkable manner. It is said that one day as she was passing under the Bridge in a boat, as was her daily habit, looking on her father's head, she exclaimed, "That head has lain many a time in my lap; would to God it would fall into my lap as I pass under!" Her prayer was answered, and it did fall into her lap. It was shrewdly suspected that the bridge-keeper had managed to lower the treasured head of the martyr to his faithful daughter. She was imprisoned for a time for having taken it, but liberated and permitted to keep it. It is preserved in a niche in St. Dunstan's Church in Canterbury.—Derry Journal.

### A TRIBUTE TO FATHER TABB.

SECTULAR PAPER TAKES OF HIM AS SOLDIER, POET, PRIEST, TEACHER AND CONVERT.

The Baltimore Sun, in a sympathetic article on the affliction of Father Tabb, says:

"Rev. John B. Tabb, A. M., soldier, poet, divine and for many years instructor in English at St. Charles College, Howard county, has for a long time past been an increasing sufferer from failing sight until at the present time his active duties as one of the faculty of St. Charles' have had to be abandoned."

His fame abroad.

"In the literary world there is no name associated with St. Charles' College that has reflected greater glory to the institution than that of Father Tabb, whose rare gifts as a poet are recognized on both sides of the Atlantic. A prominent British literary critic some years ago placed him in the front ranks of living American poets, and a writer in the London Spectator some twelve years since did not hesitate to say he is one of the greatest living poets in the English language."

Father Tabb has published several small volumes of exquisite verse—poems lyrics, quatrains— that combine the beauty of Keats, the imagination and spirituality of Shelley and the love of nature that is the distinguishing charm of Wordsworth. The poems are characterized by a delicate fancy unexcelled in any poetry of our language and a depth of tenderness as rare as it is beautiful.

"By birth Father Tabb is a Virginian. He was before taking holy orders a Confederate soldier and, as he sometimes styles himself, 'an unreconstructed rebel.' He was a fellow-prisoner of the poet Sidney Lanier at Point Lookout during the Civil War. Mr. Edwin Litefield Turnbull not long since harmonized a theme entitled 'A Melody From Sidney Lanier's Flute,' which was given Mr. Turnbull by Father Tabb himself, for the gifted priest was born a musician as well as a poet, and those who know him intimately as a poet lecturer to good music know also that he plays the piano with much skill. Students leaving St. Charles' College tell many stories of creeping near the music room at twilight to hear the poet priest, forgetful of the world drawing sweet melodies from his favorite musical instrument."

FROM EPISCOPAL TO CATHOLIC.

"After the close of the Civil War Father Tabb was received into the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and for a while labored in the Diocese of Maryland. Here he formed a friendship with the late Bishop Alfred A. Curtis, who, like himself, afterward entered the Roman Catholic Church.

"In appearance Father Tabb is slightly above average height, slender of figure and quick in his movements. In the class room his original methods of instructing and his wonderful ability of fixing important facts in the minds of

others made him an especially interesting teacher. Gifted with pencil as well as pen, he not infrequently illustrated his meaning by a drawing on the black-board of the class room, and he cared not how humble or humorous his illustrations might be so that it emphasized the point which he desired to be remembered.

About Ellicott City Father Tabb is warmly beloved by all who know him, and especially by the boys of the town and of the several colleges. With him they find infinite interest in instruction in a walk through the woods or a ride about the lanes.

PUBLISHED WORKS.

"Among the poet's published works are the following volumes: 'Poems,' 'Lyrics,' 'An Ode to Mary,' 'Rules of English Grammar,' 'Poems Grave and Gay' (for children), 'Two Lyrics,' 'The Rosary in Rhyme,' besides numerous contributions to American and English magazines.

"One of the most beautiful verses by Father Tabb is the following, called 'Evolution.'"

Out of the dusk a shadow,  
Then a spark;  
Out of the cloud a silence,  
Then a lark;  
Out of the least a rapture,  
Then a pain;  
Out of the dead cold ashes  
Life again.

### CURES AT LOURDES.

SEVERAL RECOVERIES DUE TO INTERSESSION OF OUR LADY.

So keenly do Americans follow the progress of the different movements, old and new, to improve physical conditions by means of religion or by means of religion and medicine combined, that a reference to the report of the Lourdes commission appointed by the late Cardinal Richard, of Paris, is timely and important.

The committee was made up of prominent clergymen. Among them were the canon of Notre Dame and one of the professors at the Catholic Institute in Paris. Five cases are cited, all of them concerning women, and in each case the evidence collected, "both medical and general," tends to show that a serious organic disease was cured instantaneously, radically, and, according to all appearances, permanently. The names of the five women are given. They are all living; one of them being a nun.

The most interesting case is that of

Marie Lemarchand, now Mme. Authier, who is referred to in Zola's "Lourdes" as Elise Roquet. She was cured at Lourdes August 21, 1892, at the age of eighteen. The doctor's certificate says that she had been suffering from a painful form of tuberculosis. When she returned from Lourdes, after an absence of ten days, the doctor scarcely knew her. "It was a graceful young girl who advanced toward me," he writes, "instead of the human wreck, and so forth, adding: 'The tuberculosis had disappeared.' A crowd in which Zola was standing witnessed her transformation. The other cases are detailed in a similar manner.

The conclusion drawn by the late cardinal archbishop is that these five cases are typical Lourdes miracles. He avers that they cannot be explained away through medicine or psychology. The cures in each instance "was too sudden, too radical, especially considering the serious nature of the disease, to be accounted for under any known law; nor, the report goes on to say, can any hidden law be urged in explanation, since it is contrary to reason to suppose that nature contradicts and makes war upon itself and by exercising some unknown force suddenly repairs the damage inflicted upon the human body."

"That is the canonical judgement," on several recoveries due to the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes."—Editorial in Washington Times.

### The Altar Boy.

It is only by privilege that boys not in minor orders may serve in the sacred functions at the altar. This office was originally reserved to those only who had been ordained acolytes. The order of acolyte is the highest of the minor orders, and next to the sub-deaconate. In the early ages of the Church the dignity and functions of the acolyte were so highly prized that only the most fervent were deemed worthy of it. To be an altar boy is, then, a very great privilege—in fact, next to the dignity of the priesthood itself. What greater privilege can we imagine than to be numbered among the chosen ones, who day after day minister close to the altar where the wondrous sacrifice of Calvary is once more being offered up, though in an unbloody manner, to appease the divine wrath?

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