

The good little creature went and fetched a black bottle of an ancient cast, covered with dust and cobwebs. These I was anxious to shake aside; and indeed I thought that the wine would be better for me to press her a little. Ruth, however, would not hear a single word in that purport; and seeing that she knew more about it, I left her to manage the wine and the bottle. Ruth, however, would not hear a single word in that purport; and seeing that she knew more about it, I left her to manage the wine and the bottle.

"What is a little drop like this to a man of your size and strength, Cousin Ridd?" she said, with her cheeks just flushed with rose, which made her look very beautiful. "I have heard you say that your head is so thick—or rather so clear, you ought to say—that no liquor ever moves it."

"That is right enough," I answered; "what a witch you must be, dear Ruth, to have remembered that now!"

"Oh, I remember every word I have ever heard you say, Cousin Ridd, because your voice is so deep, you know, and you talk so little. Now it is useless to say 'no.' These bottles look like small, cramped hands. It was all, or nearly all, that he wrote. Long ago he had given up hope of the book which was to have been his life-work, and which he had entrusted to a country physician's responsibilities. Margaret had always resented this. What right had these people to his life, who scarcely accorded him a living?"

"Father," she said, suddenly, "what are you writing?"

He held the page with his fore-finger, as he met her gray eyes with a pair of startlingly like them. Then he smiled, and two wrinkles disappeared from his forehead, and two appeared about his mouth.

"Just visits, dear, to pay—and to be paid for," he answered.

"There are many more of the first than of the last, aren't there?"

"Why, surely!"

He smiled as he said it, but Margaret did not smile. So it had always been, and it would always be—four to pay and one to be paid for. And then she needed many things. No one knew it better than Margaret. Much responsibility devolved on her. The little half-invalid mother must not know, the children could not, the father did not. But Margaret had a complete understanding of the lease of life accorded by God to the wants, wishes and needs of growing girls.

"She thought with her impatience of her father's coat—how green it had looked in yesterday's blaze of sunlight! How green it would look in the sunlight of how many to-morrows! It was not right; it was not fair. She had a fierce impulse to hide him away from others and himself; to make him take his rightful place in the world; to lighten his path with the success her love and ambition craved. He spent himself freely on those who would not give him the same; he threw his love, his learning, his very life, into a battle which was not to the strong.

Margaret laid down the scarcely used pen, and looked at her watch. The offer of assistance trembled on her lips. But before she had time to speak a knock sounded.

Margaret knew that knock—hurried, anxious, impatient, that would not be denied. The old door had echoed to many scores of just such knocks.

"Oh dear!" she said. Her father started as soon as she knocked like that, and called to arms of the physician, sounded through his deepest slumbers. He was transformed in the twinkling of an eye. The worried old man, the patient physician, confident, engaged, the light of battle on his face. Margaret's heart thrilled as she looked at him.

In a moment he was back. He turned to Margaret, half-laughing.

"It's Mrs. Barr's baby—the healthiest little mite. Quite likely it is merely a pin sticking him, but I'll have to give her her mind at rest."

"But you're so tired. Why don't you let her wait till morning?"

"Why, Margaret? By morning I should have two patients on my hands. You don't know these young mothers."

"I know they haven't much consideration."

"Now, Margaret, that isn't like you. How can we expect her to think of anything but her little sick child?" As he talked the physician had been throwing things into a little black bag. He shut it now with a sharp click.

our house (if her grandfather could spare her), no discovered, before I left, that she must not think of doing so. Perhaps she was right in deciding thus; at any rate, it had now become necessary to give a living to her. And yet I now desired tenfold that she should consent to come, thinking that Lorna herself would work the speediest cure of her passing whim.

For some time to persuade myself, and upon looking back I could not charge myself with any misconduct toward the little maiden. I had never sought her company, I had never trifled with her (at least until that very day), and being so engrossed with my own love, I had scarcely ever thought of her. And the maiden would never have thought of me, except as a clumsy yokel, but for my mother's and sister's meddling, and their wily suggestions. I believe they had told the little soul that I was deeply in love with her, although they both stoutly denied it. But who can place trust in a woman's word, when it comes to a question of match-making.

But suddenly, as that thought came to her puzzled brain, another followed. There was something that would set things straight for the present and a little margin for the encroaching future. In a moment the impotent leather-covered book had assumed the proportions of the purse of Fortunio. There were dozens and dozens of visits with no check after them. Her father had not intended to send them out, but if she did, and the reluctant bills were safely paid, who could be anything but glad about it?

Once decided, she wrote rapidly in her large, firm hand, so different from her father's. The table was soon littered with bills she wrote, "Please remit." When the rural postman arrived she had a load for him. And then she waited.

The waiting was not long. That evening there came a timid, hesitating knock on the door where a peremptory summons so often sounded. Margaret threw it wide. For a moment she did not know the woman who stood before her, a shawl thrown over her head. But she knew the voice.

"It's Mrs. Halloran, Miss Margaret, my dear. I've brought the money. Tell me, is it sick the doctor's?"

"Why, no. Father is quite well, but—"

"Is your mother worse, then?"

"No," answered Margaret. "What made you think so?"

"Won't you tell me what's wrong, my dear?" persisted the woman when it came, the bill marked "Please remit." My Dannie read it to me. Says I, 'He's in trouble, the little doctor.' And here's the money, Miss Margaret, thirty-five dollars. It leaves five over, but Dannie'll soon raise that, an I'll run up with it. It's near thirty-five hundred, the begrudge it for what he's done for me."

She unid the knots in an old bandanna handkerchief, and brought to light the pieces of shining gold and face, seamed and marked by care, her work-worn hands, appealed to Margaret. She spoke impulsively, putting the gold back in the old handkerchief. "I'll run up with it, Miss Margaret, thirty-five dollars. It leaves five over, but Dannie'll soon raise that, an I'll run up with it. It's near thirty-five hundred, the begrudge it for what he's done for me."

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"Crown" Iron Fences

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THE PLEDGE OF THE POOR

The little old father seemed very dear to Margaret, who was watching him as he wrote his records rapidly in his small, cramped hand. It was all, or nearly all, that he wrote. Long ago he had given up hope of the book which was to have been his life-work, and which he had entrusted to a country physician's responsibilities. Margaret had always resented this. What right had these people to his life, who scarcely accorded him a living?

THE MAN FROM KERRY

A TRUE STORY

A long time ago a young Irishman of the County Kerry enlisted in the English army, and was sent with the regiment to the Crimea war. He was a hot-headed fellow, warm-hearted, devoted to his country; in fact, wildly enthusiastic over Ireland was even mentioned, and brave to a fault.

HEAVY DRINKER CURED

SAMARIA CURED HIM AND HE HELPS OTHERS

A man who has been released from the awful cravings of drink, and whose life is now a life of peace and contentment, tells the story of his cure. He tells the story of his cure. He tells the story of his cure.

THE MAN FROM KERRY (Continued)

On one occasion at a game of cards a party of privates, of whom he was one, were invited to get into trouble. They were put into irons for the night, and when morning came Cormac and his comrades were dismissed with the stern reprimand and rebuffed for the Queen's regiments military obedience demanded when army rules were broken.

THE MAN FROM KERRY (Continued)

After their punishment they were sent to their barracks, but first they were ordered to see the doctor. Cormac foolishly refused, and for this second misdemeanor was flogged for contempt.

THE MAN FROM KERRY (Continued)

He did not utter a word, but took his medicine like a man. When he was released he went back to his company burning with indignation and shame and a bitter heart, determined to leave the army forever as soon as his time was up. This he did, returning to Ireland, and although he loved his native soil, the memory of what he had endured that he set out for America, the deep of the free, as soon as he could get together the money for his passage.

to come. It would be difficult to explain to her father, to feel his disappointment in her.

She drove to the station to meet him. All she saw was a man in a dark coat, and she felt that she had recognized him. She felt that she had recognized him. She felt that she had recognized him.

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A JEWISH DEFENDER OF THE FAITH

Some days ago The Leader, of Lexington, Ky., published a sermon by the Rev. George W. Morris, a leading Protestant minister of that city, in which the following peevishness was made: "To us there are two but two classes: those who are in Christ and those who are not. No matter what our personal feeling of friendliness may be, to this latter class alike belong pagans, Jews and Mohammedans."

A Non-Catholic Apology for the Confessional

My experience on the bench and to my mind has convinced me that the confessional fulfills a need of humanity that is almost as instinctive as the need of religion itself. I have found that among young offenders the desire to confess to themselves is practically irresistible; on the slightest encouragement they blurt out the truth as if their tongues spoke in spite of them. Strange as it may seem, frequently the "bad" boys, have come to my chambers in scores, even while they were publicly fighting me, and confessed their crimes sometimes before they committed them with a pitiful eagerness that would soften the heart of the bitterest cynic who ever sneered as human frailty. Judge Ben R. Lindsey, of the Juvenile Court fame in Everybody's Magazine.

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POULTRY

Barred Plymouth Rocks

Best Five Dollar Barred Plymouth Rock Chicken in Canada. Best Five Dollar Barred Plymouth Rock Chicken in Canada. Best Five Dollar Barred Plymouth Rock Chicken in Canada.

Buff Orpingtons Leading in Egg Laying Contest

In the Great Egg Laying Contest now being held in England, the Buff Orpingtons are not only the best but the most prolific. In the Great Egg Laying Contest now being held in England, the Buff Orpingtons are not only the best but the most prolific.

IS IT WORTH IT?

As a rule, we have little sympathy with the man who complains that the Catholic Church is too expensive. The building and maintaining Catholic churches and schools is too great a burden for the average congregation. Churches and schools are necessary, but a sermon once a week is the preservation of the faith in the rising generation. Of the two, the school is the more necessary.

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The Catholic Record

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Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

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 and ability, and shows 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.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1910

THE CORONATION OATH FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

Once again the Coronation Oath has been introduced into the arena of British politics. The Orange Lodges and the Protestant Protective Association will issue their usual inflammatory declarations against the Church of Rome, while every little pulpiter throughout the land will voice his indignant protest against any meddling with the sacred constitution of the realm and his grave warnings of the dangers to the Protestant succession from Romish intrigue.

The Anglicans, if they were wise in their generation, would be even more anxious than the Catholics that the oath should be altered. A very large element in that sect has, especially in recent years, put forward its claim to valid ordination and shown a marked tendency to imitate the Catholic Church in the practice of those very devotions which the temporal and spiritual head of that Church, the reigning monarch must brand as superstitious and idolatrous.

While, for the sake of the reverence due to religion and the honor of England, we trust that tardy justice will at last be accorded, yet, after all, the presence to this very day of those crude sentences on the statute books of the realm may serve a good purpose. We are living in an age of such comparative religious tolerance, when so many kind things are said of us by those outside the fold, that we are sometimes tempted to think that the world is not so antagonistic to the Church as we were given to believe.

A DESERVING APPOINTMENT. Archbishop Quigley of Chicago made no mistake in securing the services of Mr. Thos. O'Hagan, LL. D., as editor of the New World. Among Catholic writers there may be some who possess a greater depth of scholarship and a more classic style of diction than he, but none who have used their pens to better effect in the defence of truth.

consign them, together with the Westminster Confession and the Thirty-Nine Articles, to the limbo of oblivion. THE MEMORIAL SERVICE. Now that the echoes of the memorial services have died away, the conviction forces itself upon us that this ceremony is one of the coldest and most empty that was ever dignified by the name religious.

representatives. He never voiced a sentence that did not ring true to Catholic ears. Had he kept his faith in the background, as unfortunately some of our Catholic writers do, he might have obtained more plaudits from the secular press and even more readers and admirers among his co-religionists; for, the truth be told, many Catholics are still governed in their choice of authors by popular sensation.

Dr. O'Hagan has the best wishes of all his Canadian friends for success in his new field of journalistic enterprise and we bespeak for him a loyal and generous appreciation from the whole-souled Catholics of the West. METHODISTS IN ROME. Our Methodist friends are naturally somewhat perturbed because of the revelations which have been made concerning the manner in which their establishment in Rome has been conducted.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS. From the pen of a prominent Catholic layman in Montreal, the Hon. Senator David, we print in this issue a reference to the Eucharistic Congress to be held in Montreal next September which has the true Catholic ring. We often give place to pronouncements of this kind from the clergy of the Church. It is but fitting that the laity, too, as occasion may offer, should make strong profession of their faith in, and obedience to, the Church of our Fathers.

NOTES AND COMMENTS. IT WAS NOT to be expected that the proposal to so change or modify the coronation oath as to bring it more in line with the boasted British principles of religious liberty and equality would be allowed to pass without calling into play the vile passions of that section of the English people represented by the Protestant Alliance and kindred organizations. To that ignorant rabble the "No Popery" cry is the sum and substance of the Christian religion.

CORPUS CHRISTI. The coming Eucharistic congress to be held in Montreal adds special significance this year to the solemnity in Corpus Christi. Representatives from all parts of the Catholic world will at that congress bear testimony by their presence and by their words, to the belief of over two hundred and fifty million of Catholics in the Real Presence of Our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of the Altar.

THE DAILY PRESS affords perhaps the best indication of the improved state of public feeling in this regard. Of all the great dailies in the mother country and in Canada a mere fraction would, we think, be found to voice any other opinion than that favorable to the abolition of at least the denunciatory clauses in the Coronation Oath.

he should have held a reception for the Roman freemasons and delivered an address at a public banquet at the capitol. From this we may infer that Leishman's assertion as to the Vatican's knowledge of Mr. Roosevelt's proposed movements is as gratuitous as the rest of his communication. And deceitment of whatever persuasion will not fail to honor the Holy Father for his dignified bearing throughout the whole affair.

RECORD is concerned, as a leave-taking of a very unpleasant affair. But now comes news from Italy, which, while by no means relieving Mr. Roosevelt of responsibility, places the blame where it more directly belongs, and at the same time affords us a passing glimpse of the tortuous methods of the anti-Christian element in Europe.

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THE READERS' CORNER

CONDUCTED BY "COLUMBA"
A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive

Human language is expressive, the human heart is subject to many emotions, as we go along the road of life many things influence us, but in all the wide expanse of literature and of language there is one word sweeter to our human ears, there is one love first in all our hearts, there is one influence that directs our steps from the cradle to the grave—it is the name and the love and the influence of a mother. No matter how long we may live, no matter how much we may forget, no matter how far we may wander from the path the maternal hand pointed out for us, still we never altogether forget the gentle figure that soothed our childish griefs, allayed our fears, taught us to trace with our baby hand the saving sign, and murmur with our baby lips the first Hall-Mary.

Time, distance, sin itself cannot altogether obliterate this fair image of our childhood's years. We may forget everything else, we may outrage the conventions of society, we may defy all law, human and divine, we may even forget God, but our mother—never. Never truer line was ever penned than Gray's beautiful, "we may have many friends but only one mother." God bless our mothers one and all, and may we be worthy to call them that sacred name.

We must not try, it would be vain for us to try, to sound the depths of meaning in that word—the eloquence, the pathos, the poetry of a mother's love. We must not try, and we need not; for do we not all feel that, in the heavens above, The angels whispering to one another, Know not among their burning words of love A more endearing name than that of Mother!

Almighty God, when He would place His love for us beyond all human doubt, could find no stronger example than that of a mother. "Can a mother forget her infant so as not to have pity on the child of her womb? And if she should forget, still will I not forget thee." The sublime dignity of motherhood has something about it of the divine. The love of a true and worthy mother is the most vivid image of the all-embracing providence of God.

"Selon of Kerry Kings is a Poet in Canada." So a writer in the Toronto World inscribes an article on the man and the poet, Garrett J. O'Connor. It is an appreciative notice—too eulogistic, Columbia thinks, for however much we may admire the man and the theme we must admit that the poetry is but indifferent. But first as to what the writer says:

"Garrett John O'Connor, or to put it into the words of another, O'Conair, is one of the royal line of poets, poets by divine right, because they sing out of a true heart, fervently, and because they wear the purple and the gold of any world's fame." The poetic heart, the writer says, will respond to those clear and sweet and natural carollings, untaught as a bird song and fragrant as hedge-flowers.

Here are two lines from his "Watch for Spring": "An' the bulbs are pushin' their green tops out of the ground While a gurgling robin is filling the air with sweet sound."

One need not be a seion of a Kerry king to write that. I like his "Mak in a medda." I quote the second verse: "Makin' hay in old Ireland, under the soft blue skies; But faix, I felt like a bosthoon when the tears came to my eyes. Isn't it queer now, naybor, that one's eyes should get that way, At a simple little picture of a colleen makin' hay."

Oh, 'twas a beautiful medda, wid hawthorn hedge, and the clover spread I could almost smell the clover spread I could nearly hear the cuckoo callin' so blythe and gay As it whistled in the medda where the girl was makin' hay. There were other pictures, naybor, but none so sweet and grand As makin' hay in a medda across in the dear old land.

The writer is a little astray in his historical notes. The Kerry kings were not a Kerry family. Neither is a chieftain a king. For Mr. O'Connor "Columba" has great admiration. "Columba" has great admiration. "Columba" has great admiration. "Columba" has great admiration. "Columba" has great admiration.

A HARMLESS NOBODY "He did not have an enemy." I heard a neighbor say Of a pioneer villager laid to rest the other day. He did not have an enemy! Ah, then, it seems to me, That, in a strenuous world like this, a nobody was he: For he who fights invidy, graft, pride and each mean sin And helps the poor oppressed folks more liberty to win. And, following in the wake of Christ, combats each iniquity. Can't earn the foolish epithet "He had no enemy." COLUMBA.

Anglicanism is remarkable, among other things, for the strange way in which shreds of the old stately forms of the religion that once was the faith of every Englishman still appear, some time more unexpectedly, in her "reformed" rites. Probably not one person in ten thousand of the inhabitants of Great Britain—probably only the most handful in Scotland—know that the opening of the Convocation of Canterbury is signified by a function in London's great Protestant cathedral which from end to end is carried out, not in the vernacular, but in the old ecclesiastical language of the Church—the lingua franca of Catholic Christendom.—J. A. Schofield, M. A., in the London Morning and New Era.

MY VARICOSE VEINS WERE CURED COMPLETELY BY ASORBINE
ASORBINE
THE LITTLE MISERIES

Some people treat life as if it were a tedious wait at a lonely railroad station. They wait idly bitter and thither, investigate matters in which they have not the least interest; in brief, kill time. They occupy their days with an endless amount of petty details and their nights are given to harrowing anxieties over the morrow. Not that details are to be minimized. They have their place and an important one in the economy of activity. But broadly the question is this: Shall we use them or let them master us? It is the difference between Grant and McClellan.

The vice is a very subtle one. Many people would indignantly deny a charge of laziness but they spend half a day accomplishing what another can finish up in fifteen minutes. They hypnotize themselves in an affectation of activity. The line of cleavage between efficient workmen and inefficient is clear. Every employer of labor understands this. The purposeful workman goes at the work of the business every moment of his hands shows intelligence; in other words he gets so he so loved each minute process of his work that he is both to see the end of it. The first places in all our great corporations are filled with men who worked up from the journeyman's position by enlightened activity. The lowest places are filled with men who used as much intelligence in their labor as a donkey on a treadmill.

A boy leaves the ancestral farm and plunging into the vortex of city life manages to keep his head above the surface. Finally he accommodates himself to his new environment, comes to see what an invaluable asset time is and that the main thing in life is to get things done. Having achieved a measure of success he returns home on a vacation. With a shock he finds out that the repair of an old farm fence occupies a week of his brother's time, that the whole family rack their brains night after night in attempting to decide what brand of phosphate is to be used on the meadow land.

The great majority of mankind are stultifying themselves with laborious hypocrisies, small duties lengthened out into years eternities, small worries that loom as large as the pyramids. This is what keeps humanity with its nose to the grindstone, an idea that there is nothing else in the world comparable in importance to that grindstone. John Jones takes to drink because Jack Smith got the best of him on the sale of a load of potatoes. Mrs. Jones neglects her household and retires to bed in tears because Mrs. Smith is reported to have said the new hat was simply an old one made over. The younger generation of Joneses raise a wall because Jimmy Smith punched Willy Jones' nose. Such are the epoch-making events that mean life to millions of people.

To accomplish anything in life one must escape from the vicious circle of personal petty anxieties and occupations. Their only result is to waste time and dull the mental faculties. Of course if a man prefers that domestic scheme commonly called housework, or millinery to real accomplishment, if a man prefers to emulate the horse who winds up the windlass instead of being of some use in the world, it is his own affair. But there are many who see dimly that they are wasting their lives but cannot get out of the vicious circle. There are hundreds capable to do better things wearing themselves out in a dull round of distasteful occupations and anxieties who are of use neither to themselves nor to their neighbors. They are under a malign spell. One good half hour spent in an impartial survey of themselves would break the spell, enable them to see things rightly, put small worries where they belong and realize the scheme whereby we may make a dollar; but when it comes to affairs that look to eternity, where are we?

We believe that if Catholic laymen were alive to the opportunity, if they were enthusiastic concerning religion, this country might be converted in a decade. No one can accuse our priests and bishops of being delinquent in an regard; but there is work for the layman to do.

For instance, what of socialism? Where can be found a more enthusiastic than the leaders of this false panacea? They never sleep; their first thought always is the plan they carry out. America said last week "it is almost useless to fight them with pamphlets. This is a case where example is better than precept." Catholic men should be able to offset every argument advanced by their Socialist brethren. The whole contention is founded on false notions. It looks very enticing on the surface, but there is no solidity to it. It is a house founded on straws.

We would like to see our young men show more devotion to the Great Cause which means their soul's salvation and less to the frivolities of life, give a little more time to intellectual development and less to muscle puffery. We would like to see more genuine enthusiasm for the more important things of life: enthusiasm for missions, at home and abroad, enthusiasm for prayer and Church work. It is the only way that we may reach perfection.—Catholic Sun.

SHORT ROAD TO PERFECTION It is the saying of holy men that, if we wish to be perfect, we have more to do than perform the ordinary duties of the day well. A short road to perfection—short because not easy, but because merited and more heroic—is that a person really desires and sets about seeking it himself, he is dissatisfied with anything but what is tangible and clear, and constitutes some sort of direction towards the practice of it.

We must bear in mind what is meant by perfection. It does not mean any extraordinary service, anything out of the way of duty, or heroic. It is all the opportunity of heroic acts, of sufferings—but it means what the word perfection ordinarily means. By perfect we mean that which has no equal, that which is complete, that which is consistent, that which is sound—we mean the opposite to imperfect. He, then, is perfect who does the work of the day perfectly, and who need not go beyond this to seek for perfection.

If you ask me what you are to do in order to be perfect, I say, first: Do not lie in bed beyond the time required, give your first thoughts to God; make a good visit to the Blessed Sacrament; say the Angelus devoutly; eat and drink to God's glory; say the Rosary well; recollect; keep out bad thoughts; make your evening meditation well; examine your conscience daily.—Cardinal Newman.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS A LEGEND OF SANTA BARBARA "Grandfather," said little Pablo, as he sat by the side of old Don Mauricio in the garden. "Is it true that there are great treasures of gold and silver buried near this town?"

"Who told you that, Pablo?" answered Don Mauricio, gently turning the child's face toward him. "To-day at school, some of the boys were saying that there is a great deal of money buried here. And after that, I saw a book. It was a pirate who concealed it."

"Ah! It is the ancient legend of the Spanish freebooter. Pablo replied the boy. "That long ago became a legend. I will tell you the true story." "Oh, do, grandfather!" cried the boy, who loved to listen to Don Mauricio's stories.

"Ever so many years ago," began the old man, "before I was born, there lived on the brow of yonder hill—a town just as the ruins from which you see a Spaniard had a very bad reputation. He never associated with the people of the neighborhood, and his looks were so forbidding that all the women and children were afraid of him. He had two servants, a man and a woman, Peruvian Indians they were said to be, who were clothed in an odd fashion, and wore long, flowing robes. One day, a glimpse that people got of the interior of his house, it was a mixture of discomfort and barbaric splendor. The garden was planted with rare and beautiful shrubs and flowers, which both the man and woman cultivated.

"After a while it came to be rumored that the mysterious individual was a private. From that time he disappeared. Whenever he returned people would shake their heads and remark that he had been about on good business. Finally it was very well known that he commanded a pirate ship, which never came close to Santa Barbara, but which he joined by means of a sloop that took him out to the broad waters of the Pacific, where he preyed upon the merchantmen who had their commerce in these southern waters.

"But one day he set forth to return no more. In some way it was learned that his ship had been sunk by a Portuguese galleon, and the fate he had mercifully meted out for others became his own. He was murdered by his captors and thrown into the sea. The old man and woman lived in the house, becoming more friendly with the neighbors, now that they were left alone. They had been aware of the profession of their master, who they said, had buried large sums of money in the vicinity of his home.

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"People did not attach much importance to this at first, but in the next generation some adventurous men came from the rest, began a search for the money which it was believed the Spaniard had concealed. The fever spread from one to another till at length the whole neighborhood became infected with it, and the wild desire for sudden wealth left the ground untilled, and the heads bent for gold on the hills.

"The good padre who attended to the spiritual wants of the community vainly preached against the folly and sin of thus chasing a will-o'-the-wisp from year to year. At last one day the holy man called his flock together and said: "My children, I have had a vision, or perhaps you would call it a dream, but I am going to tell it to you. You remember how, last autumn, my good friend Padre Domingo, when he came out from Spain, brought with him a great many bags of seed which he distributed among the various missions. I do not know what our contents, but there in the granary behind my house lie three bags of small yellow seeds, which have been overlooked until now. You well know how fervently I have always brought you to pray to our patroness, Santa Barbara. As I said a moment ago, last night I had a vision, or at least I had a dream, in which I saw a great man, Long had I knelt before the image of the dear saint that surmounts the altar of our church, and there, praying, I felt

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asleep. And then it seemed that I saw the saint descend from her place and come towards me. Suddenly, where she stood appeared the three bags of seed brought us by Padre Domingo. Pointing to them with a lovely smile, she said: "In those sacks, Padre Buenaventura, lies the prosperity of your people. I promise, by means of these seeds, to aid them in their search for the pirate's gold. And to give good luck, I bless them—the little seeds, three of which must be dropped into every hole that dug by the treasure seekers. The Latin cross, a while they will find gold." Will you follow the advice of our dear saint?

"The people hastened forward, crowding around their father every one begging for seeds. When all had been distributed they scattered with new zeal, digging holes on the hillside till one could scarcely find a place to set one's foot between them. But no gold was found, and when every seed had been planted, once more they gathered around the padre, complaining that he had been deceived by a foolish dream. Finally, the padre, to change them from ugly thoughts to lovely ones, as the fairy godmother changed Cinderella's dusty gown to silk and satin.

"If you have made mistakes, don't mourn about them, for you won't make those same mistakes again, and it is only through experience that we come to a state of enlightenment. Mind is not given to you for nothing, understanding is precious.

THE THREE CROSSES Do the boys and girls know the difference between the Latin, Greek and St. Andrew's crosses? Many grown people do not, and it is reasonable to assume that the younger readers may need the information. The Latin cross is one with which we are all familiar. The lower limb is a good deal longer than the other three limbs. The Greek cross, on the contrary, has all the limbs of equal length—two pieces crossed in the middle at right angles. St. Andrew's cross is in the form of the letter X. The Greek cross is sometimes called the Cross of St. George, and is blended with that of St. Andrew to form the flag called the Union Jack.

God never forgets, and the Heart of Jesus feels for Joseph at this moment the affection and gratitude that filled it when heathing against St. Joseph's heart on earth.

God wishes to be served not with the silliness, gloom and reluctance of a slave or hireling, but with the alacrity of a son. Come to the house of God on the Lord's day not as to a place of mourning, but as to the bright home of your good Father.—Cardinal Gibbons.

The "Kitchen Queen" will stay longer if her realm is beautified with "Laqueret."
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amples, which they need not go too far to see, of wretched lives and broken hearts, caused by too much freedom, they allow their own daughters to run the streets and pick up all sorts of acquaintances. They have a heavy responsibility to God for such dissipation of this plain duty, which is arranged in double columns, follows very closely that of the famous Pashio version, and is thought to be of very early date, a similar one being in the Vatican library, at Rome. There was also discovered an early letter of Eusebius of Caesarea, addressed to Carpeneus, and written in a very fine hand on vellum, also a copy on paper of the celebrated Syrian Grammar of Mar Gregory John bar Hebraeus, who was head of the Jacobite Church, or "Marlarian of the East" from 1201-1280 A. D.—New World.

An Interesting Finding
Fathers Jalabert and Bonzevalle, Professors in the University of Beyrout, Syria, have, in the course of their researches in the Jacobite Monastery at Toms, brought to light a number of ancient Syriac manuscripts of various dates. Among the most interesting is one containing a Syriac version of the Gospels, written on parchment in the script known as Estrangela. The text which is arranged in double columns, follows very closely that of the famous Pashio version, and is thought to be of very early date, a similar one being in the Vatican library, at Rome. There was also discovered an early letter of Eusebius of Caesarea, addressed to Carpeneus, and written in a very fine hand on vellum, also a copy on paper of the celebrated Syrian Grammar of Mar Gregory John bar Hebraeus, who was head of the Jacobite Church, or "Marlarian of the East" from 1201-1280 A. D.—New World.

Who does not feel within himself that the work he undertakes is necessary to the welfare or happiness of humanity lacks one of the first and most important tools for carving out the right sort of a course in this life.
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NOTES ON CHURCH HISTORY

Many requests have been made for some notes or outlines on the history of the Church to be presented in The Universe in a simple and conversational manner.

One writer says: "Such sketches presented each week would cover considerable ground in a year, would undoubtedly excite interest and could be read with advantage in the schools and in some of our young people's societies."

Doubtless many are not conversant with a number of important historical facts or have forgotten much of what they had formerly read. Presentations of some of these facts in a simple and fallacious manner would be of great value to the masses of the people.

Some of our young people's societies are not conversant with a number of important historical facts or have forgotten much of what they had formerly read. Presentations of some of these facts in a simple and fallacious manner would be of great value to the masses of the people.

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HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS TO WESTERN CANADA LOW ROUND TRIP RATES

W.M. FULTON, Agent London, Ont.

A DEFENSE OF SPAIN

HAS LESS VICE AND MORE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS THAN ANY OTHER EUROPEAN COUNTRY

A current English writer, widely quoted, has asserted that out of Spain's 17,000,000 adult inhabitants there are no fewer than 12,000,000 who cannot read and write.

"Rome has had her own way in Spain for centuries, but it has been a bad way," he concludes.

Spain is a poor country, a dying nation, etc. In view of such assertions it is a trifle unreasonable of Protestant critics to expect her to provide palatial schools and highly-salaried teachers, such as delight the rate-payer's heart in wealthy, prosperous, progressing Britain, says the Glasgow Observer.

By no means friendly to Catholics writes in the Glasgow Herald last week remains us of another reason for small salaries at all in certain cases. He points out that a religious order "owes nothing to its members but their pittance of food and their feck," and that the Spanish religious "orders educate large numbers of poor children of both sexes."

Mullath states that "the number of university students compared with population is much greater in Spain and Belgium than in other European countries," and in the United States commissioner's report for 1888-9 the number of pupils in the English universities is given as 15,787. Spain is not an "ignorant country," as an erudite Scot recently said, his acquaintance with the land of the Don being limited to an occasional purchase of Spanish onions.

A modern writer points out, her literary excels that of Protestant countries in its moral riches, its depth, its aesthetic splendor; her painters and architects are in the first rank; she possesses a wealth of every kind of art.

Her people, even if a high percentage be statistically reported as "illiterate," are distinguished for perfect manners, for nobility of character, for the cultivated taste for the fine arts. They are hospitable, brave, generous, chaste, sober, honest.

The Carlist leader, General Elio, told Mr. Thiobin, correspondent for the New York Herald, that "the good health of the people is the result of their morality. You are surprised at the strength and courage of our young volunteers; it is the result of their pure lives, and the absence of the source of ruin to the young men of other countries."

The percentage of professional vice is lower in Spain than in any other country in Europe. "When you come to know Spanish women," writes Thiobin, "you will not only admire them, you will actually experience the contagion of their virtue." Drunkenness is practically unknown in Spain; in Mullath's table of "Deaths from Drunkenness 1,000 Deaths," there is no report of deaths from that shameful cause for either Spain or Portugal.

There are fewer suicides in Spain than in any other country in the world. Not coming of Christ may be said to have been twofold, a negative and a positive preparation. As a negative preparation

CHURCH DECORATORS THE THORNTON-SMITH CO.

Sketches and references submitted 11 King St. W. TORONTO

Protestantism has observed that it is a surely remarkable coincidence "that crime, especially against property, should be far less frequent where confession exists as a recognized and energizing part of religion than where it does not."

PROVIDENCE GENERAL HOSPITAL, DAYSLAND

It was my good fortune to spend a few days at the Providence General Hospital, Daysland, conducted by the same order whose mother house is in Kingston, and the visit with the good Sisters will always be a pleasant reminiscence.

The hospital is situated a quarter of a mile from the town of Daysland. The seven-acre lot is surrounded by hills, and at night I could see the prairie lights shimmering like stars far away, the grounds are already laid out in gardens and walks.

The substantial building finished in hard wood oak floors, hot water heating, sanitary arrangement and operation room which might rival larger institutions. What pleased me most was the spacious veranda covered with glass affording sun parlors to this up-to-date hospital. There are three public wards and a number of private rooms for patients who desire this accommodation.

May I add the quota of due praise to the devotion and care these nursing Sisters give to the sick, truly a Sister of Charity is the "angel unawares" who gives the best that life affords, health, energy, and sympathy to the afflicted irrespective of creed or nationality.

THE NEED OF BOYS' CLUBS

Circumstances have made clubs for Catholic boys under Catholic auspices a great desideratum. Plans are being made for their recreation and instruction, and thereby be kept out of the "shot and danger" of the temptation of the street, have become almost a necessity of our city life.

An excellent club for Catholic boys was opened recently in Belfast by Bishop Tobin. While it has educational and social features this club's fundamental purpose is one which should be the fundamental purpose of every club, namely, the instruction of Catholic youth in their religious faith, and strengthening of them in the morals, that they may be able to withstand throughout their lives the assaults of disbelief and inquiry.

No musician can shape a melody joyous as the laughter of a little child happy in the morning sunlight.

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Catholic Truth Society

The Catholic Truth Society, of Toronto, held its regular monthly meeting on Friday evening, and was well attended. Much interest is being taken in this work and members of the executive are putting forth considerable effort in furthering the interest of the society. The secretary reported that several hundred copies of "The Catholic Truth" have been distributed as well as a circular showing the aims and object of the Society.

Steps have been taken to place framed cards in downtown hotels giving hours of Mass and Vespers in the several churches throughout the city; and soon a variety of literature will be conveniently placed in boxes at the church doors, chiefly for the benefit of visitors and non-Catholics desiring information on the truths of the Church.

High Tribute

At a banquet given by the Young Men's Institute of Indianapolis on Washington's birthday, Governor Thomas R. Marshall, who was guest of honor, said in his address: "The Catholic Church, but I can say that throughout my life the best friends I have ever had, the most honest associates, worshipped by the shrine; and I may add that I never found among them, or among the members of my acquaintance, a single one who was disloyal to the constitution and laws of the land in which we live. I admire the solemnity of her services, you bend the knee in the presence of the Eternal, and the sainted men and women who have devoted their lives to the service of the Eternal have won the admiration of the people of all creeds."

House Plants and Furnace Heat

House-plants in winter help so much toward that "home" and coziness in the home, that it is a pity that they are not more generally used. The reason why they are not more generally used is, doubtless, because of the poor success which has attended the efforts of people to keep them green and flourishing during a winter season. Practically the whole cause of their failures in this direction has been simply the lack of humidity in the heated air in the house, and it is just another instance of nature trying to show us that something is wrong. Low humidity is prejudicial to health, and you may have felt its effects without knowing the cause.

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