

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. J. A. SADLER. CHAPTER X. A FAMILY PARTY AT TIM FLANAGAN'S.

The greater party of that eventful Thursday was spent by Mrs. Flanagan and her two trusty friends, Mrs. Reilly and Mrs. Sheridan, in making preparations for the coming festival. Their joint experience in the culinary art was called into requisition, and the result was highly creditable to all concerned.

"Now mind and come early this evening!" was Mrs. Flanagan's parting charge. "And, Sally! tell Tom not to forget his fiddle—he does, he'll only have the trouble of trotting back for it."

"Well! isn't she the kind, sociable, friendly creature!" said Mrs. Sheridan, "no airs or nonsense about her, for all she's so well off. But sure it's the same with the whole family! Tim himself is just as plain and homely in his way, and as glad to see us all about him as he was when he was poor and hard-

"What you say is true enough, Jenny dear," observed her friend; "they're credit to the old stock. There's Tim, and he's the born image of my Uncle Inceledon, and as for Edward, why you'd swear he was a son of my grandfather's—he's just as like as he can be—you never saw my grandfather, though he was your grand uncle by the mother's side."

"No, I never saw him," replied the other, with a quiet smile, "but he must have been very handsome in his young days, if he was like Edward Flanagan."

"In his young days!" replied Mrs. Reilly, with strong emphasis, "ay! and in his old days—he was one of the finest old men you ever laid an eye on. I'm sorry you're so near home now, or I'd tell you more about him."

"Oh! I never mind, another time will do as well; I'm afraid Daniel and the children must be getting hungry by this time."

"And poor Tom, too—I was forgetting all about the dinner, Jenny, until you remind me of it. Good bye till evening."

Well, evening came at last, and with it came all the friends and connections of the Flanagans. There was Dan Sheridan, his wife, their son Mike, and a young daughter named Anne, about Ellen Flanagan's age. There was Mrs. Reilly in her new black silk gown, and a pretty tartan cap made for the occasion. With her came her son Tom, carrying his fiddle-case under his arm, his hair brushed up in a stylish top-knot, and he otherwise looking "every inch a man."

Then there was Mrs. Fitzgerald of St. Peter's School, a grave, silent old bachelor of forty-five, dressed with scrupulous neatness and precision, from the top of his head to the sole of his foot. A very imposing personage was Mr. Fitzgerald, much given to words of "learned length," and strongly addicted to the use of snuff, yet withal a very excellent man and right worthy to fill the place of the lamented Jeremiah Loughan.

There was also a certain Mr. Callaghan, a widower, whose pretty daughter, Margaret, was the belle of the evening, although quite unconscious of the notice she attracted. Last of all came in Mr. and Mrs. Blake, the latter sparkling with jewels and robed in rich brocade. Their entrance made quite a sensation.

"Here comes Mrs. Blake," said Mike Sheridan, "moving under a canopy, as usual. Hush, now! not a word till their majesties are fairly seated. But where have they left the prince and princess?—I say, Ned, where are your cousins?"

"Not here, certainly," replied Edward with a smile; "I hardly expected the honor of their company. But it may be all for the better; they are now, I give to say, neither with us, nor at home. Their presence would only throw a damp on our festivity."

might probably wish to see him grown up an enlightened American, instead of a boorish, old-fashioned, half-Irish Irishman—especially if you intended him for a profession."

There was something in the tone, as well as the words, of this speech, that gave offence to Mr. Fitzgerald, and a lesser degree to Mr. Callaghan himself. "Really," Mr. Blake, said Fitzgibbon, "one would suppose, to hear you talk, that there never was an enlightened Irishman. Do you mean to insinuate, sir, that Irish teachers are not as fully competent to form the mind and cultivate the intellect as Americans, or any others? Or, are we to suppose that it is the religion of most Irish teachers, the land of my birth, sir, our religion or our nationality—our Irish origin, or our Romish tendencies, that make us unfit for enlightening the mind?—have the goodness to answer me, Mr. Blake!"

"I don't mean to find fault with Irish teachers," replied Mr. Blake; "far from it, but I've a sort of a notion that as our sons must grow up Americans, whether we like it or not, and have got to live amongst Americans, they had better learn from their infancy 'to do as the Romans do'; you understand me, I hope? My idea is, that men can't be Irishmen and Americans at the same time; they must be either one or the other."

"I beg your pardon, uncle," said Edward Flanagan, "I cannot agree with you there. I myself am a living proof that your position is a false one. I was brought up, as you well know, under Catholic—nay, more, under Irish training; I am Irish in heart—Catholic, I hope, in faith and practice, and yet I am fully prepared to stand by this great Republic, the land of my birth, even by shedding the last drop of my blood, were that necessary. I love America; it is, as it were, the land of my adoption, as well as of my birth, but I cannot, or will not, forget Ireland. I pity the Irishman's son who can or does, for his heart must be torn to some of the highest and holiest feelings of our nature. Yes, my dear uncle, I am both Irish and American, and so I will continue, with God's help."

"Give me your hand, Edward!" said O'Callaghan, warmly; "would that all Irish-Americans were like you!"

"I have great pleasure in recording my sentiments of approbation," added Fitzgibbon, "your mind is rightly constituted, my young friend, and well balanced. I should like to hear you answer your nephew, Mr. Blake."

"I think he ought to be the very last man to speak in favor of mixed schools—or rather anti-Catholic schools," observed Tim, "I'd wager a trifle that if he'd only speak his real mind, he's as much against them as any of us. Now, Miles, be candid for once, and speak out like a man! Are you or are you not in favor of mixed schools, as you used to be years ago?" he added, in a whisper, meant only for Miles' ear.

Mrs. Flanagan here interposed, seeing a cloud gathering on Miles' brow. "I think it's high time you were all getting your feet in order for a dance," said she; "Edward, what are you or your quadrilles or something of the kind?"

"Quadrilles do not come first on my programme, mother," replied Edward, "Tom and I have it arranged that you and my father shall open the ball with an Irish jig. Either that, or my uncle and aunt Blake will join you in a Scotch reel."

"Never say it twice," cried Tim, starting to his feet, and crossing to where his sister sat. "Up with you, Mary, and let us show these youngsters what we can do. Miles, go you and take Nelly. Why, what's come over you both that you're so lazy?—look at Nelly, how light and airy she looks—there, now, we're all out at last. Who's going to play for us?"

"I'll play, sir, with your permission," said Tom Reilly, from the end of the room. "What shall I give you?"

"Something lively, Tom," whispered Ellie at his elbow; "it's a good while since father and mother danced any, so you must make them pay their footing."

Edward went over, and stooping down, said something in a low voice to Tom, who immediately struck up that fine reel, known as Mrs. McLeod's.

The effect was instantaneous: off went the two couples, like so many lappets, all seemingly inspired by the lively strain. The young people enjoyed the sight as much as if they were dancing themselves, and Mike Sheridan induced his father to get up and take a partner.

"Take out my mother, father," cried Mike; "don't take any excuse—make her dance—it will do her good, and I want to see you and her having a share of the fun."

"I'm not sure whether I can dance a reel or not, but I think I can; so I'm willing to try."

The reel was thus made double, and was kept with great spirit by "The dancing pairs who simply sought renown, by holding out to sire each other's own."

The reel was further animated throughout by a running fire of laughing comments and good-humored ejaculations from the dancers themselves, especially Tim Flanagan and Dan Sheridan.

"Well done, Mary!—keep it up for the honor of old Ballywater."

"That's you Jenny!—by the powers you're mending on it!"

"Hillo! Miles Blake, what are you thinking of? You'll be left behind if you don't stir yourself!"

"Very good, indeed, Ellie!" said Mr. O'Callaghan; "I see you can dance a reel, and well, too." Ellie only smiled. It was just her time to turn.

"What an animating sight!" observed Margaret O'Callaghan, as Edward took a chair near her.

"Yes," said Edward, "it is a sight of joy and happiness to me. How my dear father enters into the spirit of the dance, seemingly forgetful of all the world besides; and my mother—just look at her, Margaret! see how happy she looks, and how pretty, too, with her sweet smiling face. Yes, that is a sight which does one's heart good."

"Would you ever suppose he could dance a reel like that? He's just as light on his feet as if he were no more than twenty-five!"

"That will do, Tom, that will do!" cried Tim, swiveling his bulky partner to a seat. "They're all tired, take my word for it."

"Oh yes," said Dan, leading his wife to her seat, "you may say, so now, just to cover your own defeat; you can't deny but you were first off the floor?"

"Well, if we were, first on it, Dan—you can't deny that. Tom, who told you to play 'Mrs. McLeod'?"

"It was Edward, sir; he told me he had a reason for it."

"Ah, the rogue, so he had!—he had heard that at his aunt Mary's wedding, when Nelly was only a slip of a girl, and afterwards at our own. Did you notice that, Nelly?"

"Oh! maybe I didn't!—it was that very thing made me dance as I did—I almost forgot that I wasn't a bride again!—oh, Mary! what do you say! did the music bring back anything to you?"

From the May-day pastime shrinking, He shares not the merry laugh, But the tears of the old man flow, When he starts on the young and gay And his grey head moving slow, Keeps time to the air they play, 'Tis clear around him are drinking, But not one cup will he quaff—Of what is the old man thinking, As he leans on his oaken staff!

"There's a spell in the air they play, And the old man's eyes are dim, For it calls up a past day's dream, And the dear friends lost to him, From the scene before him shrinking—The dance and the merry laugh, Of their own repose he is thinking, As he leans on his oaken staff!"

The song was ended, and all present were enraptured with the pretty air and the simple, touching words, not to speak of the masterly style in which it was sung.

"Do you know," said Edward, "that that song always reminds me of poor Mr. Lanigan, now dead and gone? I cannot tell why, but so it is, I can just fancy the good old man leaning on his oaken staff—that venerable staff which he bequeathed to me as his portion. Poor Mr. Lanigan!" added Edward in a tone of deep feeling, "may he rest in peace!"

"Amen!" repeated all present, with the exception of Miles Blake.

"Poor Mr. Lanigan!" repeated Mike Sheridan, with more seriousness than he usually manifested on any subject. "many a time he shook that same oaken staff at me by way of gentle admonition!"

"And many a time he followed it up with some useful hints applied to a place that shall be nameless. Eh, Mike?"

"Now, Tom, that's not fair," replied Mike with his accustomed good humor. "you know you shouldn't tell tales out of school."

"What I'm not at any given time—say ten years after the events recorded? Tell the truth now, Mike, do you forgive our old master for all the hard treatment he gave you?"

"From my heart out I do!" said Mike, warmly—"God knows I do!—it was all for my own good, and if I had taken more of his advice, and remembered his punishments longer, it would be better for me now; but, where's the use of looking back—we're all marching straight ahead, whether we will or no. Come, I'll give you a song myself."

Now Mike's voice was none of the best, and he knew that well, but he saw that the conversation was taking a serious turn, and determined to raise a laugh, whether on him or at him. He did not care—all he wanted was to keep up the fun. With that intention he sang "The King of the Cannibal Islands," and by the time it was finished there was not a grave countenance in the room.

"Is that enough?" asked Mike, very comely, "or shall I give you 'The Wake of Teddy the Tiler,' to the same tune?"

"For goodness' sake, don't!" cried his mother; as soon as she could speak for laughing; "do you mean to kill us outright? why, you have no more voice than a magpie!"

"Well, mother!—best can do no more!"

A few more songs were sung by the young people, and their fathers and mothers amused themselves at "spoiled five," with an occasional rubber of whist.

The only drawback on the general enjoyment seemed to be the absence of Thomas and Peter, both of whom were prosecuting their studies at Mount St. Mary's, Emmetsburg. As to Henry and Eliza, their names were never mentioned, even by their own parents. Occasionally, indeed, they would exchange glances of sad import, when any incident brought them to their minds by force of contrast. Neither could they enjoy themselves as the others did. Their minds were not attuned to the light-hearted gaiety of such a meeting, and they had, moreover, a painful consciousness that they were separated by an unaccountable barrier from the relatives and friends amongst whom they were. Not that there was the slightest manifestation of coldness towards them on the part of any one present, but the memory of the recent slight so deliberately put on these very persons, was, in itself, a mill-stone round their necks. Miles attempted to conceal his very uncomfortable feelings by an extraordinary display of dignity, while his wife, on the contrary, endeavored to appear as "free and easy" as though nothing were amiss, but, in both cases, the veil was too thin to answer the purpose, and only served to make the truth more painfully manifest. Tim and his wife did all they could to make Mr. and Mrs. Blake feel quite at home; they were ably and cordially seconded by Edward, but scarcely either of the girls could make any advances in that direction. Once or twice Susan went, by her mother's orders, to speak to her aunt, and Mrs. Blake did all she could to encourage an intimacy, but all was in vain. Susan could not forget how, on a certain day, her aunt had ordered her out of the parlor, "because the Misses Mary didn't like her as well as she used to do," hence her coolness on the present occasion.

away, and no one was sensible of the lapse of time. But, "Never does Time travel faster Than when his way lies among flowers," so "the witching hour of night" was close at hand before any of the party (except perhaps, Mr. and Mrs. Blake) dreamed of it's being so late. There was a general exclamation that it was time to be moving, but Elizabeth, they must all have deach a dhoras before they started. "And I'll give you a song while you drink it," said he, "just a verse for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. He accordingly sang the good old Scotch song—

"God night an' joy be wi' ye a', When he came to the lines— 'An' should it happen in after years That you should stagger or chance to 'fa', I'll reach to you the heaving hair, Good night an' joy be wi' ye a'."

There was a general shaking of hands, warm and genial as the Irish heart. That was the characteristic close of the entertainment. Cloaking and shawling were quickly disparted, and the guests retired to their homes, well pleased with themselves and every one else. Even Miles had unbent more than a little, and took his share of the "right good willow-branch" meant to perpetuate the remembrance of "Auld Lang Syne."

Henry and Eliza declared that "the governor" had taken "over-muskie," and were highly scandalized. They did not think it worth their while to speak to "the old couple" on the subject, but to their distinguished friends they discoursed pretty freely on the tipping habits of the Irish.

"Now I have great pleasure in stating that there was not the slightest foundation for this unkind remark on the occasion in question. Miles was quite as sober as his son, when the latter looked up from the book he had been reading, and said, with a sneer—

"Shall I help you up stairs, sir?" "Get out, you coxcomb!" was the father's prompt reply. "What's to hinder me from going up stairs myself?"

"Oh! nothing in the world—only I thought you felt tired after dancing so much! I mean no harm, sir, I do assure you!" But his mocking tone belied his words.

"Yes, you did mean harm," said his father, angrily, "and I command you never to speak to me again in such a way—if you do."

"You command me, father!" repeated the son, with his sneering smile, "but suppose I do not choose to be commanded—what then?"

"Come up stairs, Miles—it's very late!" said Mrs. Blake, her heart sinking within her. "You ought to be in bed, Henry! instead of sitting poring over them books. I suppose Eliza's not in bed two hours ago." Eliza was not in bed; she was reading in her own room.

At first Miles resisted his wife's entreaty, but after a moment's pause, he yielded to the gentle pressure of her arm, and followed her up stairs, muttering as he went—"another time will do as well."

TO BE CONTINUED.

TWO LITTLE LAMBS OF THE CAMPAGNA.

E. F. Mosby in Catholic World. Nino! Ninetto! The little Italian shepherd with dark, liquid eyes showered on his two lambs a hundred soft caressing diminutives of the Italian tongue, with its musical intonations that are so sweet to hear from a child's lips!

No wonder little Francesco loved his twin lambs. Many scattered flocks grazed near his father's, but no merrier or fatter lambs ever frisked around their mild ewe-mother than these; no fleece so soft, thick, and white as theirs, none so free from burr or brist, no wonder the small owner's heart beat with pride as he watched their contented playfulness, and the eager wagging of their fat tails, as they nursed, or that he loved them, when, in answer to his endearments, both turned their comical, narrow little faces to him, with a soft, quavering, *Baa! Baa!*

Francesco declared—though no one except his father Pietro, an old shepherd, believed him—that they had different expressions and different voices from the other lambs, and thus he could know Nino and Ninetto anywhere!

roads full of splendid carriages and prancing horses—ah, it was sad to give up the Carnival! But Nino and Ninetto should be the blessed lambs of St. Agnes' feast—that he was resolved upon! Nor did he put his soft brown palm afterwards on the thick white fleece without thinking with reverence that the pallium would be woven of the fair threads spun from it.

Nino and Ninetto were like small foster-brothers to this one child, who, but for their merry frolics, would have had no playmates on the Campagna farm. Francesco fancied that his history was not unlike theirs. They were left orphans early, and adopted by a gentle ewe who had lost her lamb, just as kind Mauma Gita had taken care of him when his young mother died at his birth. Gita, or Brigitta, even called him "her little lamb" when he fell into childish troubles.

But Fra Paolo did not teach the lambs lessons. Francesco rather envied them the freedom from learning Latin, and repeating dull verbs, though he looked like a little angel as he stood with folded hands to recite his task, with silky lashes curling on the crimson of his cheeks, and lips as red as a lovely flower! Gita was half afraid to see him so beautiful and so quiet. She did not like to have her little lad in this malarial air, or sitting so dreamily watching the flock in the strange, wide, lonely Campagna.

But Pietro was a laborer on the estates of the Buonamonte family near the mountains—the wide plain stretching away from the Apennines in the east to the blue Mediterranean on the south, from mountain-peaks to sea-levels, with the Tiber and great Rome on the north—and he came down from the healthy air of the villa, in the spring, with other peasants who worked the lands near Rome. He was a vigorous old man, and did not suffer as much from the malarial air of the plain as many of the others who looked prematurely yellow and thin and old. Gita was keen as a hawk in keeping her nursing out of the night air or the miasms of early morning.

The Buonamonte Villa, fortified with strong walls and towers at a time when men hold their own by dint of hard blows, was a pleasant place now in times of peace. While the laborers sweltered on the vast plain of the Campagna, at the villa, near the mountains, the tall poplars beside the dove-cote were rustling as if with an ever-stirring breeze; the ancient fig-trees, though gnarled and twisted, still bore two crops of fruit; the vines hung heavy with purple clusters, and the big scarlet anemones bloomed beside the furrows.

Yet the plain had a fascination that had already won Francesco's heart. Almost every one else grumbled because of its loneliness. Yes, there was a tall Englishman, an artist, who came often, and once had even lingered till the red sunset set the sky aflame. He talked to the boy in a friendly way.

"Do you know this place was once full of cities, with thriving farms between, and that crowds gathered on the great Roman street—the Appian Way—all the time, crossing these 'out-nie' marshes without fear?"

"Fra Paolo told me so," answered the boy, "and that these cities of the Albania rebelled against Rome, and she swept them away."

"Like a mist of fine gold dust," said the artist, looking at the sunshine on the plain; "but sometimes it is wrapt in a purple haze, quite as beautiful."

"Do you ever go to Rome?" he presently asked, noticing the lad's eyes fixed on the leathery cypress trees and St. Peter's.

"No; but I shall go when my lambs are carried to be blessed by the Holy Father! Their wool is so fine, it must be chosen for the pallium. Do you know, signor, Fra Paolo says the pallium—"

"What is that?" asked the Englishman.

"The wollen collar the Pope wears. It is marked with crosses, and means he is a good shepherd of his flock."

Brigitta had told him a beautiful story of our Lord when He was a little Babe, of how He was the Good Shepherd of all the world, and of how the shepherds came to worship Him. A little shepherd lad came also, bringing his one pet lamb as a gift, the only gift he had in his power to bring; and the Divine Child, though but a few hours old, held up His hand and blessed both. Francesco always thought of both. Francesco always thought of both. Francesco always thought of both.

The kind Englishman soon became acquainted with Nino and Ninetto as well as their little master, and begged to paint their portraits, with Francesco's, of course, and the others, only he was too wise to let the boy think of his own picture at all.

Francesco, in turn, was charmed to show the signor the special marks of his pets.

"Now see you, dear signor, has not Nino a tiny black spot on his nose? Ninetto's is pure white; and look you, how he loves to be petted, while the Nino frisks and capers contentedly."

Many a sketch was taken of the dark sweet face and the brown eyes, while the lad talked of the pallium, which the Capuchin Sisters, or those of San Lorenzo, would weave from the fleece.

"It will be laid for a night on St. Peter's tomb," said Francesco, his eyes shining.

"I think I shall call them St. Peter's Lambs."

As the Englishman spoke a shadow fell across the ground, and looking up they saw the young lord of Buonamonte, whom the Englishman already knew.

He and his sister had been riding with a party across the Campagna, and his sister had stopped to see old Gita, the once her nurse and foster-mother. The brother had come in search of the artist, meanwhile, for he hoped to induce her to restore some old Buonamonte portraits at a small price, being much pressed for money. The Englishman was young, and could not be very busy,

the young lord fancied, if he spent his time on peasant children.

He shrugged his shoulders as he saw the sketches of Nino and Ninetto, and said with a laugh:

"I trust, signor, you can spare your models soon. These are such fine lambs that I've a notion to sell them with a part of my flock to be sent off tomorrow. These fat ones will raise the price, I fancy."

It seemed on the instant to Francesco that his heart must cease beating. The lambs were truly his own, as the mother had been bought by old Pietro's hard earnings; but he dared not contradict the young lord. If he angered him, the lambs would surely be lost; yet, if he did not speak now, his claim afterwards might not be allowed.

Francesco had never had any real trouble about them before. It is true Burro, the big shepherd-boy, had taunted him once or twice, telling Francesco his big lambs would be chosen. But Pietro said their wool was too coarse, and Francesco was comforted.

He tried now to speak, for he saw his English friend was looking at him inquiringly. Something swelled in his throat, his eyes grew wet, and he burst into a passion of sobs, clasping the lambs in his arms.

"Holla!" cried the young lord. "What does this mean?" And his voice was angry.

"Brother, the child is distressed," said a sweet voice, and a lovely face looked over Buonamonte's shoulder, like the face of dear St. Agnes.

"They are mine," sobbed the boy.

"Nonsense!" began the young man; but old Gita, gaining courage from the presence of the young lady, explained about the ownership with many humble apologies.

The young man looked still vexed.

"Perhaps Francesco will sell them," began the sister, with hesitation; but here the artist took the story of the fleece reserved for the pallium. The young woman listened with reverent eyes, and said softly:

"Brother, it is so beautiful—this blessing of the lambs. We must go and see it together; and I shall know these pretty ones, I am sure," she added to Francesco, whose heart beat fast with joy.

He knew Nino and Ninetto were safe now. Even the young lord's brow cleared under his sister's influence, and he invited the artist to visit him, and examine his small collection of portraits.

Gita and her little had thanked their new friend warmly for his kindness, and he promised to return soon to finish the portraits.

Several days passed, however, and Francesco began to fear he had forgotten them. The artist soon returned, however, and he dashed his sketches. Moreover, he talked long with Pietro and Gita, leaving them with radiant faces. After his departure, Gita told Francesco that he had leased the Buonamonte Villa for many years.

"We shall not have to come down to the plain again, and thou shalt go to school, my lamb."

Francesco listened gravely, until she added: "Something more for thy pleasure, little one; the kind signor gave me the money for thy Carnival clothes."

Francesco danced about in high glee; then, suddenly pausing on one foot like a small Mercury, he asked eagerly:

"I shall keep my own Nino and Ninetto at the Villa, shall I not?"

"So the kind signor has said," answered old Pietro. Francesco learned afterwards that it had cost the new master, not only money but binding trouble to secure a legal and binding recognition of the peasant child's right to the twin lambs.

But he had at length succeeded, and Nino and Ninetto were chosen for the pallium.

Francesco learned the full story from Mauma Gita; how the wool was sheared by the good Sisters, washed, dried, carded into white and fleecy rolls, spun into thread, and woven. Finally, how it was made into a scarf-like collar with long ends in front and behind, marked with purple or black crosses, and laid for a night on St. Peter's tomb, before it was put in church on the shoulders of the Pope.

Francesco was not so deeply interested in the wool as in the lambs and their two blessings. He was permitted to come to the Church of St. Agnes on her feast-day, though it fell in the winter season.

The wide Campagna looked strangely lonely under its white veil of snow, for the month of January was more severe than is usual in the Italian climate.

Inside the old church the altar was glittering as with stars the incense perfumed the air with the scent of cedars, and silvery voices were chanting the "Lamb of God."

The abbot thought he had never seen anything lovelier than the face of the little shepherd, upturned to his, as he blessed the lambs. Nino and Ninetto raised their wondering faces too, and uttered an odd little tremulous "Baa! Baa!" as in protest when they did not receive the expected lump of salt.

Francesco could hardly help laughing, though he was also a little frightened by their speaking in church. However, they were quiet when the Pope afterwards pronounced his blessing.

Then—Francesco had a delightful surprise. The kind signor was one of the onlookers, and he spoke in a most friendly way, telling Pietro and his boy that he was coming in the spring for a long stay. Learning on his arm that the lovely young lady of Buonamonte that looked to Francesco like St. Agnes, and she was now the dear signor's wife!

AGNOSTICISM IN PRACTICE.

BY A JESUIT FATHER.

"By continually seeking to know and being thrown back with a deceived conviction of the impossibility of knowing, we may keep alive the consciousness that it is alike our highest wisdom and our highest duty to regard that through which all things exist as the 'Unknown.' (First Principles, ch. v., p. 113. Herbert Spencer). 'Education is the instruction of the intellect in the law of Nature.' (Lay Sermons III., p. 32. Professor Huxley). 'Natural knowledge is a real mother of mankind.' (Lay Sermons 'On improving Natural Knowledge,' p. 10.) Physical science has discovered the ideas which alone can satisfy 'spiritual cravings' (p. 11), has laid solid foundations for a new morality (p. 11) and a new religion 'cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions, and most for the most part of the silent sort,' at the altar of the Unknown and 'Unknownable' (p. 16) From which it would appear that natural knowledge and physical science are to be

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with which the rising generation of Agnostics are to be armed. The fact is whole and undivided, he shall not be true is apparently to take care of itself, for if a man keep the 'Agnostic faith' as a means to look the universe in the face, whatever the future may have in store him.' (Nineteenth Century, Feb., 1889, p. 86.) A certain Buddhist philosopher put the matter more bluntly when he said: 'Man will never be in a position to make the best of this life while his hopes and his thoughts are fixed upon one to come.' (Creation's Testimony to its God, 5th ed., chap. xi., p. 267.) Furthermore, the ancient beliefs and worship seem to have failed from the fact that a new religion and a new morality appear to be necessary. Why is not apparent. It cannot be in consequence of the progress of physical science in view of the recorded opinion that 'there is a great deal of talk, and not a little lamentation, about the so-called religious difficulties which physical science has created. In theological science as a matter of fact, it has created none. Not a single problem presents itself to the philosophical Theist at the present day which has not existed from the day that philosophers began to think out the logical grounds and the logical consequences of Theism.' (Life and Letters of Charles Darwin by F. Darwin, II. in ch. v. by Professor Huxley, p. 203.) So much for Agnosticism in theory; we may now inquire how

IT IS LIKELY TO WORK IN PRACTICE.

No doubt there are many Agnostics of blameless life and character. That they abstain from wrong doing and act according to their own conscience we do not doubt. For example: 'We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try and make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it.' (Lay Sermons, 'The Physical Basis of Life,' p. 115. Professor Huxley.) But why they act thus because they think they are bound to do so, they deny their own principles, for the Unknown cannot have communicated any commands to them. If they act from the promptings of natural knowledge, or because of the discoveries of physical science, what guarantee have they that their conduct is correct, for the same may suggest a different course of conduct next week, e. g., only fifteen years ago Sir William Thomson entertained a totally different view of the origin of the sun's heat.' (Lay Sermons XI., p. 251. Professor Huxley.) From which instance we gather that physical science, being progressive, is apt to change. It is only the law of right and wrong established by some external authority that can be immutable. Natural knowledge and science may be an excellent guide to those in comfortable circumstances with no particular temptation to wrong-doing; although even in their case it is by no means clear how precepts of religion and morality can be deduced therefrom—but how about the poor and the unscientific? Again, '... modern civilization rests upon physical science.' (Lay Sermons, 'On Improving Natural Knowledge,' p. 117. Professor Huxley.) It may be interesting to hear some evidence about modern civilization: 'It has long been a mere truism that we are passing through a state of chaos, of anarchy and of transition. During the past century, the elements of dissolution have been multiplying all around us.' (Rationalism II., chap. II., p. 187. Lecky.) England is chiefly remarkable now, according to Professor Ruskin, 'for the multiplication of crimes more ghastly than ever yet disgraced a nominal civilization.' (The Queen of the Air, p. 145.) 'We have become so

SHAMELESSLY FAMILIAR WITH VIOLENCE AND OUTRAGE

that we recognize them as a necessary ingredient in our social system, and class our savages as a representative part of our population.' (Man and Wife, preface, p. 9. Wilkie Collins.) 'In all our great towns, there is a mass of human beings whose want, misery, and filth are more patent to the eye, blatant to the ear, and pungent to the nostrils, than in almost any other town in the world. People will wonder, some day, that their fathers had a great human sink in every great town reeking out crime, disease, and disloyalty on the whole nation. I have seen the serfs in Russia, the slaves in Africa, and the negroes in America; but there are thousands of people in England in a far worse plight than these.' (The Voyage Alone, chap. IV., p. 65-68, John Macgregor, M. A.) 'The physical, moral, intellectual state of the lower orders in England is the lowest on the scale I have ever witnessed. . . quite on a par with that of the savage, and sometimes even below it.' (The United States, etc., chap. ix., p. 241. John Shaw, M. D., F. G. S.) 'When a man looks at the English Divorce Court, an institution which perhaps has its practical conveniences, but which in the ideal sphere is so hideous; an insti-

tution which neither makes divorce impossible nor makes it decent, which allows a man to get rid of his wife, or a wife of her husband, but makes them drag one another first, for the public edification, through a mire of unutterable infamy—when one looks at this charming institution, I say, with its crowded benches, its newspaper reports, and its money compensations. . . one may be prepared to find the marriage theory of Catholicism refreshing and elevating.' (Essays in Criticism, p. 82, Matthew Arnold.) Now we may note that true civilization, whether ancient or modern, is not the property of any class of society. Further—with all respect to the Professor—it does not rest upon physical science; it rests upon the observance of the law of God, and the

RELIABLE CONDITIONS described above arise from the neglect thereof. If, then, such a state of things can be possible even when it is acknowledged that there is a difference between right and wrong, and consequently some knowledge of Him Who established them, what is likely to be the case when the recognition of God is even in theory, and thereafter proceed to put its principles into practice? Finally, when we look around at the perfection of order in nature, and see the very plants of the earth and beasts of the field exactly following the course for which they were called into existence, giving evidence thereby of the harmonious working of the laws of nature instituted by Him Who made all things, can we come to the conclusion that man—of all living organisms the most perfect—has alone been left without guidance, whereby to exercise his unique gift of reason? But when we see that our social system only works to advantage as long as the laws of Justice, Charity, and so on, are observed; that the Agnostic himself, in order to live a blameless life, can only do so as long as he conforms in practice to these laws, the existence of which he denies in theory; that those laws are so complete that even Physical Science—prepared though it is to found a new religion and a new morality—seems unable to make any useful addition to them, so indispensable that nothing can be subtracted from them without wrecking some portion of the social fabric; that they have come down to us unchanged through ages—the only decrees which have never needed amendment—giving evidence thereby that their Author is He Who changes not; it seems to us that the Agnostic doctrine which would teach men that God is unknown and unknowable, and cares nothing for His creatures, requires no further condemnation.—Catholic News, London.

VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

(CONTINUED.)

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Mr. Jones.—'Your entire argument that Jerome used a more correct copy than the translators of the authorized version is based on a presumption.'

We stated that the copy used by St. Jerome was more ancient than any used by the translators of the English King's Bible known as the authorized version. Now, if a principle recognized by you and Biblical scholars that the more ancient copy, the nearer the Apostolic times, the more correct and reliable it is. Hence if you admit the fact that St. Jerome's copy was more ancient you must admit, according to the above rule, that it is better than more modern copies. The presumption stands valid until you prove that St. Jerome's copy was not more ancient, a thing you cannot do. But we have positive proof of the superiority of St. Jerome's copy over that of the translators of the authorized version. The copy used by those translators had the interpolation: 'For Thine is the Kingdom, etc.' in the Our Father (Matt. 6:9, 10). It was translated and believed by Protestants to be the word of God since 1611, that is, for nearly four hundred years. The authors of the Revised Version recognized the words interpolated and have thrown them out. Some old Greek copyist with more piety than judgment forged his role of translator and thought the Lord's Prayer would be improved by the addition of a doxology which, though beautiful in itself, when out of place—as it is in the sacred text—destroys the clarity of the copy to correct more authority.

The translators by the unfaithfulness of the copy and they in turn misled the Protestant English-speaking people for nearly four hundred years. Now this interpolation was not in the copy used by St. Jerome, for it is not found in his translation—the Vulgate. Therefore, we must conclude that the copy used by St. Jerome is better, for it is more faithful to the originals. This conclusion is a deduction; it is a presumption; it is a demonstration.

Mr. Jones.—'You ask 'by whom has it (American Revised Version) been recognized as the standard edition?' I would reply, by the denomination to which I belong, and by every other Evangelical denomination in this country, as far as I know. If you investigate a little in New York, you will find it accepted in churches, by leading editors and published and taught in the Sabbath school lessons side by side with those of the Authorized edition. But, remember, it is yet but young, and cannot be expected to have yet the circulation that has been accorded the Authorized Version.'

We spoke of an official authoritative act of some church or denomination giving its official sanction to the American Revised Version as the standard. All that you say only shows that the Protestant denominations merely tolerate the use of it by their silence, not that they have given it official church sanction. If any such official recognition has been given the Revised Version we are not aware of it, and we would be obliged to you if you would tell us when, where and by what denomination it has been done. As for your scholars, they are recognized for four hundred years a version that is now admitted to be incorrect, interpolated and, therefore, not representative of the originals. After so protracted an error of judg-

ment their sanction of a new version is not of sufficient weight to be authoritative.

Mr. Jones.—'As to the insertion of "Thine is the Kingdom, etc." in the Authorized Version, I believe it has been more added as doxology, the revisers, I presume, believing that too much praise and "amens" could not be added to the Lord's Prayer. I don't see how this would 'mislead' or injure Protestants if they used it 'for four hundred years.' Since not added to the Lord's Prayer as Scripture, it could not mislead as Scripture.'

You are doubtless right in believing that those words, "For Thine is the Kingdom, etc.," were added as a doxology, added by the Greek copyist and turned into English by the translators of the Authorized Version of King James. Whatever motive the copyist had in view—and we need not suppose a bad one—he corrupted the original text, and the English translators, following him, mislead English-speaking people into using a form of prayer as delivered by our Lord that was not delivered by Him; made them victims of a deception, whether pious or otherwise does not concern us. The people wanted the prayer as delivered, and they did not get it. If this be not misleading and an injustice to the too confiding Protestant reader, we know not the meaning of those words.

You say the words, "For Thine is the Kingdom, etc.," were not added to the Lord's Prayer "as Scripture." We do not see what possessed you to make that statement. Look at Matthew 6:13 and see if it be not added as Scripture. It is precisely because it is given in the text as if spoken by our Lord that we object to it. We remember the time when as a boy it was pointed out to us as an evidence of the superiority of the Protestant Bible over the Catholic, with the hint that dishonest Catholic translators had wickedly suppressed it. Now, however, the revisers of the American Version have, after four hundred years, vindicated the superiority of the Catholic Version.

Mr. Jones.—'And by adding it Protestants imagined that there was nothing wrong in it any more than Roman Catholics would think it wrong to add to the "Hail full of Grace" gathered from the Holy Scriptures, the following words: "Holy Mary, Mother of God pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen."'

Catholics have no more right to put words or sentences into the writings of the author of the sacred text, and make them say what they did not say, than unfaithful copyists or Protestant translators have. You do not deny that an unfaithful copyist or the translators of the Authorized Version have done this thing in Matthew 6:13. You cannot deny it, since the revisers of the American Version, whom you approve, have thrown out as spurious the words, "For Thine is the Kingdom, etc.," from that verse. The Protestant who imagines there is nothing wrong in falsifying, by interpolation or otherwise, the sacred text sadly needs primary, the sacred text in the first principles of moral rectitude. But the question is not what Protestants may imagine not be wrong, but is verse 13 of chapter 6 in the Authorized Version a true reproduction of the original? You admit it is not, and your excuse that "Protestants imagined that there was nothing wrong in it" is to no purpose. The question is as to correctness of translation, or copy.

To mitigate the offense of interpolating, you say, first, Protestants imagined there was nothing wrong in it. A strange confession indeed, an acknowledgment of moral imbecility, of ignorance of the first principles of morals.

And, second, you resort to the boy's argument of "you're another," and insinuate that Catholics have done the same thing, interpolating words in the "Hail full of Grace," in Luke 1:28, the prayer "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, etc." It is very vexatious to have to meet a statement like that. It is so difficult to be polite in stamping it as it deserves to be stamped. Look in the Catholic Version at Luke 1:28 and you will see this addition or interpolation as that you insinuate is there.

Mr. Jones.—'If it has been wrong for Protestants to add a doxology which has never been considered on a level with the word of God—'

We must interrupt you to say that it is wrong to add or interpolate into the sacred text of St. Luke a sentence that does not belong there. Do that same with the text of a will and you render it null and void, and you are not yourself liable to prosecution and punishment. If it be a crime to corrupt by interpolation the will of a dead man, is it not a greater crime to corrupt by the same means the written word of God? What authority do you say it is never considered on a level with the word of God? If it was never considered on a level with the word of God why was it put in the Authorized Version as a part of the word of God? From the time the interpolation was published in the "Authorized" Version Protestants have considered it as the word of God, and have been taught so to consider it. Now you can proceed.

Mr. Jones.—'Surely it would not have been less criminal for the Roman Catholic Church to add a prayer to the "Hail full of Grace."'

It would not have been less criminal for any church or any person to incorporate into the Scriptures things not written there by the sacred authors. You surely know that the Catholic Church or Catholic translators have not done this. If you do not know it, then look at the text, Luke 1:28, as we have before advised you.

Mr. Jones.—'Besides, the addition to the Lord's Prayer in the Authorized Version is conceded to be consistent with the sacred writings.'

The consistency of the addition, or interpolation, is not the question between you and us, but the correctness and purity of the sacred text. Any interpolation, consistent or otherwise, makes the text spurious, and misrepresents the original author. It is inconsistent with the moral code of the Scriptures.



A SHAMEFUL LIE.

We had thought that the days were gone when there could be any profit or encouragement even in the most fanatical anti-Catholic circles for the publication of such shameless lies as the Glasgow Observer quotes as follows from the Christian Herald (English paper):

'A gentleman traveling in South America visited a Cathedral in the city in which he was staying and became engrossed in copying some carving in a corner of the edifice. The hour for closing passed, and when he made for the door he found it barred for the night. Making the best of his predicament, he by and by lay down to sleep. During the night he was aroused by the opening of a door behind the High Altar, and saw two priests drag the gauged and bound form of a nun to a spot where they raised a stone; then they tossed the nun into what was evidently a vault below, and then, closing the trap, they went away. Next morning he went and told the British Consul of the occurrence. The Consul said he could do nothing, and advised him, if he valued his life, to leave the place at once.'

This has all the seeming of a lie out of the whole cloth which, of course, it is, and the challenge which the Observer thus puts will not be met by a particle of proof.

'We challenge the Christian Herald and those who conduct it to give a single fact in support of this invention. We say they cannot name the town where this occurred, nor the person who is alleged to have witnessed the occurrence, nor the name of the British Consul. We are prepared to deposit a sum of one hundred pounds in the hands of any reputable person to be paid over to any charitable object we may name if any evidence can be produced by the Christian Herald or its proprietors to prove their story.'

None can or will be produced, nor will the "Christian Herald"—what a misnomer—retract or apologize for its hideous slander. Such champions of Protestantism are not built that way.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

AN UNUSUAL EVENT.

No stronger evidence of the Catholicity of the Church universal can be adduced than the impartial love which she gives to all her children. Equally dear in her sight with the most gifted of her scholars is the brown-skinned neophyte whom on occasions she delights to honor.

One of these occasions occurred in New Orleans recently when Mother Mary Austin, the General Superior of the Colored Sisterhood of the Holy Family, celebrated her silver jubilee. The exercises took place in the convent chapel, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. At 7 o'clock the Rev. Mother, escorted by six white-gowned little girls, entered and occupied the silver bower prepared for her by the Sisters. A handsome wreath of beaten silver, made by a friend, was presented and worn by the Rev. Mother throughout the day.

Ennobled by a sense of a real mission, no one can remain weak or small or insignificant; everyone becomes great and happy, despite of environment, and it is possible for every intelligent being in the world who will prayerfully consider his place and calling in life to enjoy something of the joy of such an inspiring influence, for it cannot be thought that God, who in His providence has made every creature of His hand for good and wise purposes, would make us an exception in this particular. — Rev. John M. Schiek.

A SUCCESSFUL MEDICINE.—Everyone wishes to be successful in any undertaking in which he may engage. It is therefore extremely gratifying to the proprietors of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills to know that their efforts to compound a medicine which would prove a blessing to mankind have been successful beyond their expectations. The endorsement of these Pills by the public is a guarantee that a pill has been produced which will fulfill everything claimed for it.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A song in one's heart, a smile upon one's lips, a cheery, wholesome message of good will upon one's tongue, are wonderful helps to all kinds of people. There are so many burdens of sorrow and care and poverty and sin; so many doubting, discouraged, tempted hearts. To comfort and to make strong, to lift up and to bless—are these not missions worth while? Try it, friend, and prove how truly your own heart and mind are cheered and made brave by your very endeavor to carry sunshine into dark places.

Be it to Where You Are. It is possible to thoroughly accept the principle that life is a battle, and yet find one's self forever doubting whether now is the time and this the place to begin to fight. "I knew that I was meant for a contest," wrote Stevenson to Meredith, "and the powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle." But, glorious or not, it was the only battle field open to him, and he wasted no time sighing for others. How many men have carried high ideals through life, but ended as utter failures all for want of the "saving roughness" of taking up with some particular. They were eager for battle, but insisted on having just the right place to fight it out in, which in too many cases has meant little more than a place where there were plenty to look on and applaud and encourage.

How one boy got an Education. Prof. W. H. Hatch, Superintendent of schools, Oak Park, Ill., tells in the School News and Practical Educator the story of the struggles of a black boy to get an education. Prof. Hatch's narration shows that where the right kind of desire exists in a boy's heart for an education he will always find a way in this country for its gratification. The Catholic Record reprints the story as it may reach the eyes of our young men struggling for educational advancement and encourage them to persist in their efforts.

There lived in a certain Southern city a negro boy of uncertain age, and parentage unknown. Hearing that at Tuskegee, Ala., there was a school in which a poor black boy could work his way, he started off on foot, alone, penniless. A tramp of one hundred and fifty miles brought him to the school, and he had the good fortune to secure admittance. I say good fortune, since it is a sad fact that twelve hundred negro boys and girls, eager to work for their schooling, were turned away from this school last year for lack of accommodations. Here each student must learn a trade. If he has no money with which to pay his way he works at his assigned trade during the day and attends evening classes. For this work he receives no money, but a certain credit, measured in dollars and cents, upon the books of the institution.

From this credit is deducted \$8.00 each month to pay for his living expenses. The remainder is allowed to accumulate until there is sufficient to pay his expenses for a term, when he is permitted to attend the day classes. He still continues to work in the shops for about one-half of the time. Each student must do a certain amount of work on the farm and among the stock. Here the young man found his place. For the last year of his little term in relating his experience, he said: "I looked about to find something that needed to be done, but was not being done." It seems to me that this poor, neglected black boy bit off a big chunk of practical wisdom when he arrived at this conclusion.

He found that there was no one whose duty it was to look after the lame horses and sick cows, and soon began to appear on the scene in such cases, and to show that he knew what to do for them. Five years of hard work night and day in connection with his studies followed. To-day he has charge of all the veterinary work in this large institution with hundreds of head of valuable stock under his care. He is about ready to take a course in a professional school in the North and fit himself for a professor's chair in veterinary work in some such institution. And all by a man who knows neither his age nor his parentage, and who five years ago was a poor, neglected negro boy, being knocked about a Southern city!

Some Helpful Thoughts. If you wish to labor in peace at the work of self-correction, keep your heart as much as possible in the calm of prayer, and in the familiar presence of God, during the day.—Laocadaire. The call to cheerfulness is not in any sense a call to charity. The cheerful man is helping himself more than he can possibly help anyone else, but see what a fine sort of self help it is, since through it he is constantly doing for others.—Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

The generous soul never sinks. There is always that in generosity which buoy, which make one free, above condition, above convention, above the law by which the prudent soul is measured or repaid.—L. Hamilton French. Love, joy, peace, patience, goodness, meekness, temperance, forgiveness of injuries, thankfulness—these are the gifts that truly enrich a man. And as no man can be called rich if he does not possess such wealth. Envy no man gifts material, but strive after the real riches of imperishable life.—Rev. John J. Donlan.

Viewed as discipline, adversity becomes man's best teacher. Reverses are the tests of strength. The man who can meet them courageously and calmly and retain the dignity of his nature while he conquers the rebuffs of the world, is a hero. To suffer loss in that way or another is the way of ruin to that of a bibliomaniac when, after mousing for days and even weeks about old bookstalls, he comes suddenly upon a rare old volume, for which he has been long searching, and which, thanks to the ignorance of the owner, he bears triumphantly home for a few silver coins.

One of the best of all hobbies, for one who has the requisite natural gifts, is music, because it has the charm of perpetual variety, and its delights are inexhaustible. Gardening is another

varied diversion which is healthful as well as pleasant. Sketching and natural history have similar attractions.

The best hobbies are intellectual ones—science, art, and literature. They not only delight and recreate their devotees, but are also preservative against selfishness, vulgarity and worldliness. They have, however, one disadvantage—that they are apt to be ridden too hard, and thus, instead of refreshing and invigorating, to send a man back to his work fatigued and depressed. Such was the case with that English glutton of work, Sir George C. Lewis, who, when chancellor of the exchequer, home secretary, and secretary of war, devoted himself, in the intervals of his official labors, to the study of history, politics, philology, anthropology, and Greek manuscripts in the British Museum. The result was that he died at the age of fifty-seven, when, if he had had fewer hobbies, and ridden them less hard, he might probably have lived to fourscore or longer. "Blessed is the man that has a hobby!" says Lord Brougham, who kept a whole stable, and I agree with him; but I agree also with Bulwer that it will not do to have more than one at a time. "One hobby leads you out of extravagance. A team of hobbies you can not drive, till you are rich enough to find corn for them all."—W. Matthews in Success.

How one boy got an Education. Prof. W. H. Hatch, Superintendent of schools, Oak Park, Ill., tells in the School News and Practical Educator the story of the struggles of a black boy to get an education. Prof. Hatch's narration shows that where the right kind of desire exists in a boy's heart for an education he will always find a way in this country for its gratification. The Catholic Record reprints the story as it may reach the eyes of our young men struggling for educational advancement and encourage them to persist in their efforts.

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He found that there was no one whose duty it was to look after the lame horses and sick cows, and soon began to appear on the scene in such cases, and to show that he knew what to do for them. Five years of hard work night and day in connection with his studies followed. To-day he has charge of all the veterinary work in this large institution with hundreds of head of valuable stock under his care. He is about ready to take a course in a professional school in the North and fit himself for a professor's chair in veterinary work in some such institution. And all by a man who knows neither his age nor his parentage, and who five years ago was a poor, neglected negro boy, being knocked about a Southern city!

Some Helpful Thoughts. If you wish to labor in peace at the work of self-correction, keep your heart as much as possible in the calm of prayer, and in the familiar presence of God, during the day.—Laocadaire. The call to cheerfulness is not in any sense a call to charity. The cheerful man is helping himself more than he can possibly help anyone else, but see what a fine sort of self help it is, since through it he is constantly doing for others.—Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

The generous soul never sinks. There is always that in generosity which buoy, which make one free, above condition, above convention, above the law by which the prudent soul is measured or repaid.—L. Hamilton French. Love, joy, peace, patience, goodness, meekness, temperance, forgiveness of injuries, thankfulness—these are the gifts that truly enrich a man. And as no man can be called rich if he does not possess such wealth. Envy no man gifts material, but strive after the real riches of imperishable life.—Rev. John J. Donlan.

Viewed as discipline, adversity becomes man's best teacher. Reverses are the tests of strength. The man who can meet them courageously and calmly and retain the dignity of his nature while he conquers the rebuffs of the world, is a hero. To suffer loss in that way or another is the way of ruin to that of a bibliomaniac when, after mousing for days and even weeks about old bookstalls, he comes suddenly upon a rare old volume, for which he has been long searching, and which, thanks to the ignorance of the owner, he bears triumphantly home for a few silver coins.

One of the best of all hobbies, for one who has the requisite natural gifts, is music, because it has the charm of perpetual variety, and its delights are inexhaustible. Gardening is another

almost as if it were a thing alive, for those honor you would answer as for your own—that friend, given to you by circumstances over which you have no control, was God's own gift.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY

The Agony of Our Blessed Lord in the Garden. BY LOUISA EMILY DOBREE. FIAT.

Bernadine Clevee, usually called Bernie, was a slight, dark-eyed girl with brown hair, which was usually very untidy hanging over her brows and down her back. She was pale, had indifferent features but a mouth which betrayed very great sensitiveness.

Sixteen is not a favorable age for girls in general, and Bernie who was exceptionally awkward in her movements seemed to increase in ungracefulness. She could never come into a room or leave it gracefully; her dancing mistress could do nothing with her, and as she was short-sighted she had got into a way of poking her head forward, which certainly was not pretty.

All her life Bernie had been dubbed curious, queer, unlike other children, and as her mother now said, she was really "impossible," though what she exactly meant by the word no one quite knew.

She had been a silent child, and the habit had grown upon her. It was wonderful how very little she spoke as a rule, and how seldom that little was about herself and her own interests. In the nursery she had been ruled and lorded over by Celia her sister, who was two years her senior, and had taken a secondary place submissively because she really found it was best to do so. She was considered plain—though no one with those wonderful eyes and expressive mouth could be so—Celia was a beauty. She was awkward as we have seen, Celia was a little elf-like being, never ungraceful, and possessed even from nursery days with tact and savoir faire. She never said the wrong things to people, she was seldom in the way, and she had the knack of being able to play and romp without destroying her clothes as poor Bernie seldom failed to do.

Then Celia was clever, and had picked up French from their French maid, while Bernie never succeeding in doing so, and in school days it was the same story. The popular, pretty Celia, so bright, sweet and amiable was indeed unlike her grave, silent sister to whom no look was given, and who had no friends but the nuns and the girls, and no end of sympathy if her little finger ached. She liked to talk about her pains and aches, her troubles and trials, whereas Bernie maintained a strict silence on all these subjects. If she suffered she held her tongue about it, and on one occasion fainted from pain in her head which she had borne for days and had not mentioned.

The pretty mother of the girls, who had married while in her teens, was fonder of Celia than Bernie, and took no pains to hide it, not thinking that it would hurt her child, and she concluded that Bernie was not sensitive, and she considered her sulky and had little patience with her.

But five years before this story opens a great and wonderful event had happened, and had altered Bernie's life considerably. On their return home from school one Christmas vacation they found the household increased by the arrival of a small person who promised to be a very important member of it. Mr. Clevee was enchanted, so was his wife, and the girls were even in their own way extremely pleased at baby's arrival.

Celia and Bernie were poor, for Mr. Clevee was an unsuccessful literary man and had no other profession, and of course baby meant the expense of a nurse. But that did not matter he said. The very instant Bernie saw the baby her heart went out to him in a way that astonished her. She could hardly understand the meaning of the wonderful will of passionate affection which that little crumpled face evoked, nor the tremulous joy which she experienced when she touched the tiny warm fingers and felt them cling to hers.

From the first baby took to Bernie very much, and as the nurse was not very experienced she had a good deal to do with him, comforting him when he cried and amusing him patiently for hours at a time.

For after this term the girls were at home, going on to a convent near as day-boarders so that they saw as much as they liked of their baby brother. As the months went on Bernie spent more and more time in the nursery, and her mother found it very useful to have her there. Bernie never saw a rony baby, and the delicacy was a source of anxiety to his parents and Bernie who, however, hardly realized how very frail he was.

The love of the child for his sister was very great. He could be quieted by her when every one else failed to do so; he preferred her noise to those of any one else, and no one was jealous of him; for much as every one loved him no one wanted him as he loved Bernie did. It was so lovely to be with him! With the others she was subjected to the frank criticism which obtains in families more or less, and which hurt her sensitiveness more than it would any one with a tougher skin. But Bernie was never critical nor given when he could speak to finding fault with her. There were so great demands upon her intellect when with him, and she could be certain of never hearing that she did anything over her head, and that her teachers sometimes when they failed to make her understand what was so perfectly clear to them.

And the love so warmed her heart that Bernie looked a different being, at least when with her little brother who made her world completely.

She had never been a very religious girl, but since she had had Alan she had loved, and whose childish affection was so sweet to her, it had been different.

The human affection had taught her, as it so often does, a little of the love of God and the value He deigns to set on the love of the human hearts He created. Of course Bernie had known of the delicacy of Alan, but somehow or other she never really grasped the fact that it was a matter for anxiety until one day. She had been having a game with him in the nursery and then they went to the garden. The nursemaid was out and it was half holiday so that Bernie could give herself up to what was her very greatest enjoyment and treat—a whole afternoon with Alan.

Their suburban garden was showing signs of autumn for the trees were golden brown and there was the peculiar odor of the season noticeable even in that small space. Bernie had a sailor hat stuck anyhow on her dark locks which fell willfully over her face as she bent over the small, golden-haired child who was intent upon doing up his garden.

The two were excellent friends and understood each other thoroughly. Alan had a sympathy in all his anxieties about his few flowers, and Bernie as she talked to him threw heart and soul into the subject. No one would have known her to have been the same girl who had sat silent and shy and suffering inwardly very much all through luncheon the day before when the two Dalzells, friends of Celia, had been there.

She did not understand the three very smart girls; half they talked about was as Greek to her, and she had no smart retort or repartee when they ventured on a little banter or tried to tease her. She could never see a joke. Perhaps because she was so extremely tired of always being made the subject of them as was the case at home. Of course she did all kinds of things she should not do and forget what she ought to have done.

Twice her mother had had to ask her to pass the water, and in her nervous haste to do so when she took in the request she split some on the table. Mr. Clevee had shrugged his shoulders over her blunt answers when she was spoken to, and altogether she felt as if the dreadful time of luncheon would play and romp without destroying her clothes as poor Bernie seldom failed to do.

But in the garden she was quite different. Her voice as she spoke to Alan was wonderfully gentle and sweet; she seemed to know exactly what to do and say, and she assented from the deepest depths of her heart when Alan with a look of great content said, "Aren't we having fun, Bernie?"

Just then she was called sharply by her mother, who had a high, rather hard voice.

"Bernie, do for goodness' sake bring Alan in, it is much too damp for him to be out."

"Very well, mother," answered Bernie, smiling herself up, and wondering that her remarks on her stooping had not been added.

TO BE CONTINUED. IMITATION OF CHRIST. OF THE DAY OF ETERNITY, AND OF THE MISERIES OF THIS LIFE.

For this reason, then, Eternal Truth, had plainly said, Where thy treasure is there is thy heart also. (Matt. vi. 21). If I love heaven I willingly think on heavenly things.

If I love the world, I rejoice in the prosperity of the world and am troubled at its adversity. If I love the flesh, my imagination is often taken up with the things of the flesh.

If I love the spirit, I delight to think of spiritual things. For whatsoever things I love of the same I willingly speak and hear, and carry home with me the images of them. O Lord, leteth go all things created; and through fervour of spirit crucifield the concupiscences of the flesh; that so with a serene conscience he may offer to Thee pure prayer, and may be worthy to be admitted among the choirs of Angels, having shut out all things of the earth both from without and within.

ONLY A MASQUERADER. "Were St. Augustine to revisit Canterbury," says the Pittsburg Catholic, "he most certainly would not recognize Mr. Davidson, by the grace of King Edward the Episcopal Archbishop of that see, as his legitimate successor. This Anglican prelate, now visiting in America, claims to be the ninety-fifth Archbishop of Canterbury, and successor to the great St. Augustine. The religion of the St. Augustine was the religion of the Pope, who sent him to England and made him Archbishop of Canterbury. There were no Episcopalians in St. Augustine's day. Their creed is an invention of one Henry VIII, and the utmost good that may be said of it is that it is better than his founder's life and morals. Dr. Davidson is without doubt a most excellent man, irreproachable in morals, and let us believe consistent in his religious belief, and draws the highest ecclesiastical salary in English Christendom, but he is a masquerader when he claims the lawful succession to the see of Canterbury from the Roman Catholic, St. Augustine."

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