

constant subscriber to the leading New York and California daily papers, that in such an event he might be ready to rebuke the false evidence of his cousin.

That, the delay in his present appearance as a witness, was due to illness which had caused him and Wylie to spend several weeks at some German baths; that it was only at the end of their stay there he happened upon the notice in a German paper requiring information of himself.

That evidence turned the scale at once in favor of the prisoner, and it was whisperingly reported and fully believed that Wylie's testimony which was about to be taken, would criminate Keller to the extent of not only having given perjured evidence, but of having been an accomplice in a business scheme intended to defraud and swindle.

But Keller gave no opportunity to convict him. Reading in the face of everyone about him convicting testimony of the entire and indignant change each one's feelings had undergone regarding his testimony, his resolution was quickly formed. Taking a note book out of his pocket he tore a leaf from it and wrote a few lines rapidly in lead pencil; folding it he addressed it to the prisoner, and passing it to his counsel, he whispered:

"Don't give this for five minutes."

Then he put his hand into his breast-pocket and drew forth some small, dark object; he raised it quickly to his head, and before a hand could interpose, he had fired and fallen, shot through the brain.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

AT THE CONFESSORIAL.

Philip O'Neil in Catholic Mirror. My friend, bear with me while I tell of the confessional, that others may take heart. Here at this blessed place the soul is refreshed, in order to renew the strife against the temptations of the flesh. Ah, me! it is a visible token of God's voluntary mercy—a monument of His unchanging love for us poor sinners.

Here the sins of a whole life are blot- ted out through a miraculous charity. The guardian angel of each one is here among these kneeling people; clothed in marvellous beauty, and with a joy unspeakable radiating their heavenly brows, they offer each penitent's tears as gems worthy of heaven. One sight of the magnificent creature who take such interest in us would cause us to swoon in an ecstasy of delight. Here at this consecrated spot, a continual inundation of graces flow upon starving souls and hardened hearts. Every sign for sin, every aspiration for mercy, every tear of penitence, every resolution to be good, are graces directed by the Holy Spirit. From this sanctifying footstool continually rise to the Father those dying words from the parched lips on the cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Upon this blessed footstool, the strained eyes of the Queen Mother rest with a continuous and almost infinite longing. Seated upon her pre- destined throne of mercy, she is known in heaven as the Refuge of Sinners. Through her gentle pleading every day thousands receive the grace to come to the confessional.

Turn here, weary pilgrim, on life's journey—rest here sin-laden soul! The Saviour calls you to come and be refreshed. Here you can lay down your burden at the foot of the cross, here you can take up His, for He has said: "My burden is light and My yoke is sweet." He said: "Though your sins are as red as scarlet I will make them whiter than snow." Like the Prodigal Son, you have said in your heart: "I will arise and go to my Father," and with him you had grace to say: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy son." Here, as you gaze upon the cross, you remember that your sin in part caused your Saviour's sufferings, and like Peter, you weep bitterly for your offenses. As a wave of remorse- ful feeling rolls over your troubled soul, you strike your breast with the publican, saying: "O Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!" As the floodgates of sorrow are opened, and your heart throbs with a new found emotion, you cry out with the fervor of blind Bartimeus of Jerico: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me! Son of David, have mercy upon me! Son of David, have mercy upon me!" These beautiful models of penitence are all for you, my friend, and are all episodes in the life and teachings of your Blessed Redeemer.

Here at the confessional the sinful and innocent meet. Here your forefathers came to receive spiritual consolation in their days of joys and sorrow. Here the king and the beggar were on equal footing. There is no pride of place around the holy confessional, because it is divinely instituted. It is a blessed place. One stays away through pride, but a good Christian must be "meek and humble of heart." Pride made the angels fall. Turn your eyes towards the tabernacle; therein is confined the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. He is there, although the Master of all, to serve sinners. He was born in a stable. He was laid in a manger. He humbled Himself to the ignominy of

the cross to serve us. No pride in Him! At the confessional, overshadowing it, is the Sacred Dove, the Holy Spirit—The Third Person of the Blessed Trinity—absolving sinners and giving sanctifying graces needed. No pride in Him! Where these are the Father is. No pride in Him! No pride in the Holy Trinity; than how can weak man speak of pride?

One stays away on account of shameful sins committed. In a case of this kind St. Francis de Sales said what every priest feels and could say with equal truth. This saint had expressed his delight at the contrition of a penitent; but the penitent remarked: "You only say this, Father, to console me; but your heart must be filled with detestation for so great a sinner." St. Francis replied: "You are absolved from your sins; to me you are as pure as the new fallen snow, and I should be destitute of feeling if I did not rejoice with the angels in heaven over your conversion." My friend is not this enough? A priest inwardly rejoices at the conversion of a great sinner, because he feels himself in the presence of a great mercy, and that he is the witness of a sublime grace that has descended from heaven. Is not this enough? You who have read this will see that there is still a light in the Church and a faithful priest in the confessional. Hurry! there is yet time to be forgiven. Who would not run to receive pardon on such easy terms? When you come out from the confessional, with a light heart remember your friend who has not been there; run for him, that he, too, may be happy.

THE "TE DEUM" AND ITS ORIGIN.

The "Te Deum" is now being sung in all the churches to celebrate the coming of peace. It was sung in all the churches of Chicago last Sunday. Naturally numerous inquiries are being made regarding it and its origin. The "Te Deum" is sung exceptionally to thank God for any great blessing. In such cases it constitutes by itself a religious solemnity or it is attached to a solemn celebration of the Mass and is sung at the end of the office.

There is only one musical setting to the hymn to be found and that in the choral books, although in various dioceses the melody is embellished and varied, as are many of the other hymns. The setting is purely Gregorian and from the many masters of figured music, writing Masses and hymns, few seemed to have grasped the dignity and pathos found in the "Te Deum."

It is curious how very little is known of the authorship or origin of a hymn than which none other has taken a firmer hold on Christianity and which has been sung for hundreds of years throughout the western church at coronations, enthronements and special occasions of a jubilant or triumphal character. In latter days the question of authorship has caused all creeds to make a thorough historical research, going back as far as the eighth century. The hymn is the most beautiful and famous of Church hymns and is a type of an act of praise, of faith and of prayer.

The investigation of its early history seems to have been strangely neglected, and the information supplied in the recognized authorities on the Church's services is scanty and meager in the extreme. In the printed breviaries the hymn bears the title: Hymnus SS. Ambrosii et Augustini. To these two saints it is also ascribed in a large number of manuscripts. The oldest was that of the above named middle ages was that of the above named saints composed the "Te Deum."

The hymn in its ancient form consists of twenty-nine verses, and is an act of adoration, and finally leads up to the song of the highest rank of angels, using the very words of their worship, "Holy! Holy! Holy!" Then comes the adoration of the elect in paradise—apostles, prophets, martyrs—the church militant uniting with the Holy Trinity. Then the hymn is addressed to Christ, and becomes a kind of creed, of six verses, describing the resurrection, as redemption, the glorious coming. The third part of the hymn is prayer and in some churches, chiefly on the continent, it is the custom for the people to kneel during the singing of it. Thus the most beautiful and most famous hymn of the church is a type of what every good church should be, an act of praise, of faith, of prayer. It is a pity, indeed, that its origin lies in obscurity.—Catholic Citizen.

Cure obtained by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by neutralizing the acid in the blood permanently relieves aches and pains. HE HAS TRIED IT.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I know of, and they also found it of great relief in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption." The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial. The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption. Cures cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what an amount of pain is saved. THINK about your health. Do not allow scrofula taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and keep yourself WELL.

THE TEST OF THE TREE.

Sacred Heart Review. "By their fruits ye shall know them" (St. Matthew, vii, 16.) From the general tenor of Our Lord's words given in the gospel for the seventh Sunday after Pentecost, His intention was, as we see, to give us a standard, a rule to judge others, and also a rule to judge ourselves. He foresaw that the state of things which existed in His day would with some modifications occur over and over again; namely, that certain men, clothed with some share of authority, men gifted with learning—as were the scribes and pharisees—men able in some way to attract attention and give themselves prominence, would step forward as moral guides, as dogmatic teachers, as expounders of law and principles; but He warns us that they are not to be heeded, much less to be followed. Their root is pride or disobedience; it is denial or profane novelty; and their fruits, that is, their words and works, are evil. How often alas! in the past history of the Church and with what marked clearness in our times, have these words been fulfilled, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

But as our most necessary, most frequent, and safest judgment ought to be upon ourselves, let us so apply it. The very nature and activity of our minds, the work of our lives, the range of our duties, the dealings of God with us make the comparison to nature, to the earth, a happy and suitable one. The farmer or husbandman who goes forth day by day on his land to plant, to cultivate, to prepare for, etc., expects results. Now he has the spade and plough, again the axe and the pruning knife. Having chosen the fitting place and prepared the ground and planted, he turns and grafts, he cuts away and uproots. So in our lives, day by day, year by year, fruit of some kind, good or evil, is growing; and the Master expects, nay, demands good fruit and plenty of it.

Are our lives, our words and deeds, such: solid in root, true and orderly in the branches, goodly and wholesome, fair and abundant in the fruit? Are our lives rooted in faith and love? does the sunlight of God's approval shine on them? do we ask by frequent prayer for the needful showers to descend?

Do we ever use the axe of God's divine commandments, the pruning knife of denial and restraint in the garden, amid the products of our souls? Remember, Our Lord does not want merely ornamental trees, nor those which simply bear leaves, nor yet trees with poor fruit, sour, scanty, worm-eaten—for every tree that bringeth forth good fruit shall be cut down and cast into the fire. What, then, is our present pro- malice, weakness, unfaithfulness? or is it pure and upright actions, kindly thoughts and words, lasting and pleasant fruit worthy to be gathered in? "For blessed is the man whose will is in the law of the Lord. He shall be like a tree that is planted near running waters, which shall bring forth its fruit in due season. And his leaf shall not fall off, and everything he shall do shall prosper."

MASS IN THE CATACOMBS.

The Catholics of our times who have large and comfortable churches can hardly understand the trouble which the first Christians had to hear Mass and attend the services of the Church. The Romans being pagans would not allow the Christians to build churches. But this did not stop the pious people from being faithful to their religion. Outside of Rome there were many sand pits from which for many years the Romans had taken sand for their buildings. Some of these pits were unused, so the Christians began to gather there to listen to the priests. They could not assemble at night in the city, as the lights would betray them. But here, far under ground, no light could be seen from the outside. The Christians dug out large rooms in the rock and used them as chapels and meeting rooms. They widened the passages and made many of them longer. Soon there was a large city under Rome. Here the martyrs were buried and all the services of the Church carried out. Every evening at dark men, women and children could be seen leaving Rome, in little groups of two and three. They were poorly clad and no one noticed them. After walking out on the country road a little while, they turned into the field where the sand pits were. Entering these they descended to the underground city. Torches were lighted, and with their hands, they walked along the silent passages. Soon a light appeared in the distance. When they reached it they found the entrance to a large room. This was the chapel. Lamps hung from the ceiling or stood in large candle sticks. After all had assembled the priests gave instructions to the people and prepared the converts for baptism. Then some hymns were sung by the people. It was now near midnight. At 12 o'clock, or soon after, Mass was said. The altar in those times was a plain table, and the priests faced the people during the entire Mass. The people all went to Communion. After Mass the people went out of the Catacombs and returned to their homes, it being now early in the morning. These pious Christians heard Mass every day. How different from the cold people of our times who can scarcely be made to hear Mass once a week.

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A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

No man who retains the memory of his mother is beyond redemption wholly; and many an unfortunate wight, with whom the world has gone wrong, finds in that memory a solace for his sorrows and an inspiration, perhaps, to renewed efforts in the battle of life. A poor vagrant—possibly rendered such by inability to find work—was brought into a Brooklyn police station the other day, and among the few things found in his possession was a well worn portrait of a woman's face. Asked whom the picture represented, the unfortunate man said: "That is my good old mother. I've carried that picture around with me for twenty-five years, and would not part with it for all I am worth. If I had followed the course she marked out for me, I would be better off to day."

There is a whole sermon in these words, and a more eloquent one than is often preached from the pulpit. The youth who starts out in life determined to walk in the paths counselled to him by his mother is morally sure of avoiding dangers and pitfalls and of attaining happiness if not competence. Could the failures and wrecks of humanity be asked what cause had contributed most to their present plight, the chances are that the great majority of them would acknowledge that failure to follow their mother's advice was the primary reason of all their misfortunes.

BEAUTY OF THE VESPER SERVICE.

One reason why we should desire Sunday Vespers, writes J. W. Embury in the Catholic Times, is that it keeps our devotions in the channel of the Feast and Fasts in which the Church herself moves. You may go to Mass on Sunday and perhaps you hear nothing to you what least the Church is kept in which case the choir may sing the "Splendende Te Deum" at the Offertory; on the feast of a Confessor perhaps you will hear a "Tota Pulchra" or an "Ave Maria." Unfortunately the Proper of the Mass is sung in very few of our churches. But the very first antiphon at Vespers gives you the character of the feast of the day; and as the wonderful Office proceeds you are inundated and penetrated with the holy joy which the Church herself is feeling.

A Veteran's Voice

Gives High Praise to Hood's for Health Blood Purified—Strength Built up—Tobacco Habit Cured. Many a veteran of the war, whose health was wrecked by wounds, exposure and privation, has found in Hood's Sarsaparilla just the tonic and blood reviving effects he needed. The following is one out of hundreds of letters from G. A. R. boys praising Hood's Sarsaparilla for health restored and strength renewed in declining years. "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "Dear Sirs: On account of the great benefit Hood's Sarsaparilla has been to me, I gladly write this, that others similarly afflicted may learn of the success of the medicine in my case and a positive cure for them. I had been since 1864, and had also been a constant smoker for 35 years. My wife purchased the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and I commenced to take it more to please her than anything else. One bottle after another was taken with increasing benefit. The effect was of a strengthening nature, toning up my whole system. After I had been taking the medicine a short time, I laid away my pipe and have not had any desire for the use of tobacco since. Hood's Sarsaparilla has thoroughly purified my blood and driven all poison out of my system. It has also done me

A Physical Wreck

Physically, and I feel like a new and free man. Previously, I had tried a good many different times to stop smoking, and to regain my health, but I was unable to accomplish the former, so that my attempt for the latter was each time a failure. I for the latter was each time a failure. I am pleased to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier." J. R. McFADDEN, Ex-Commander Ness Post, No. 81, G. A. R., Dept. of Kansas, Brownsville, Wash. N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any substitute; insist upon Hood's and only Hood's. It has also done me

A Power of Good

physically, and I feel like a new and free man. Previously, I had tried a good many different times to stop smoking, and to regain my health, but I was unable to accomplish the former, so that my attempt for the latter was each time a failure. I am pleased to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier." J. R. McFADDEN, Ex-Commander Ness Post, No. 81, G. A. R., Dept. of Kansas, Brownsville, Wash. N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any substitute; insist upon Hood's and only Hood's. It has also done me

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