

undefined hope. He dwelt thoughtfully on her words in a way that was becoming habitual to him whenever she spoke with peculiar seriousness, and Annette, seeing his humility, was half sorry for having put it to the test. With a confused impulse to give him at least some pitiful and perilous comfort, she poured a glass of wine, and placed it by him, well aware that for weeks he had not drunk any.

He put it away decidedly. "I would as soon drink poison, Annette," he said reproachfully. "I did not think that you would offer it to me."

She withdrew the glass immediately, ashamed of her weakness, and making a hasty apology. "If I had known you had made any resolution on the subject, I would not have offered it," she said. "Forgive me! I never will again."

"Oh! there was no resolution needed," he said. "If you had been burned almost to death once, would you need to resolve not to go into the fire again? I fancy the sight of it would be enough. But I think I may promise never again to take wine, unless I should be commanded to by some one who knows better than I."

His wife did not reply. This was a degree of asceticism which she had not expected and was afraid to trust. She had expected him to refuse indulgences, but not consolations. Indeed, she did not now understand her husband, and her hope of his redemption was but a trembling one. This self-denial might be only another illustration of that instability which rushes from one extreme to the other, only to return to its first excess.

We all know how to rely on that natural firmness, which the sad experience of mankind has shown to be never so strong but it may fail at any hour; but the supernatural strength of the naturally weak who have cast themselves on God often find no doubting. We miss the firm lips, the steady eyes, the undaunted brow—those signs of a resolute soul which the pagan shares with the Christian—and we forget that the tremulous mouth we distrust has sighed out its prayer to Him who is mighty, the shrinking eyes have looked upon the hills whence help cometh, the timid brow has been hidden beneath the wing of an angel guardian, and that faltering though the soul may have been, and may be again, the shield of God is before it, and it can be conquered by no human strength.

This soul had made such an advance as to be conscious of some such fortune infused into it. Lawrence Gerald had no fear of falling into his former sins. He might have the misery of seeing the destruction he had brought on others, might be himself destroyed by a sorrow and remorse too great to bear; but he had an immovable conviction that he could never again return to his old ways nor commit any grave transgression. It was this conviction which had made him say that nothing but destruction could have brought him to his senses.

"I like that church you took me to this morning," he said, walking slowly up and down the room. "The others, many of them, seem to me fit only for the happy. They are all display and confusion and sight-seers, with scarcely a nook in them where a person in trouble can hide. They do not give me any impression of sacredness. But this one is so quiet and sober, and there are no people standing about with guide books, talking aloud while you are praying or trying to pray. When there is a little place, half chapel, half vestibule, between the church and the sacristy, where a side door enters the church, with an Ecce Homo in a little shrine; and there you can be quite private, without any one staring at you. I shall go to that church altogether."

The church he spoke of was Santa Maria della Pace.

"It is Our Lady of Peace," his wife said, "and was built to commemorate the peace of Christendom. I thought it would please you. Surely some special consolation and tranquility should linger about a temple built and cemented with such an intention. I like it, too, better than most others we have visited, though it is not so splendid as many."

She did not tell him that, after having left his side, when the early Mass was over, she had lingered in the church till it was closed at noon, not to watch him, but to be near him. Requesting the sacristan to withdraw the curtain covering the Four Sibyls of Raphael, she had seated herself before the chapel opposite, and divided her attention between that matchless vision and the unquiet figure that moved about the church. Once he had come near, but without seeming aware of her presence, and, standing at her side, had gazed with her. And while he gazed, she had seen the trouble in his face grow still for a moment. The noble serenity of that composition, so soothing to eyes wearied by the sprawling magnificence of Michael Angelo and the ever-present, dishevelled, wind-tossed figures of Bernini, lifted his soul to a higher plane. Even when he signed and turned away, as if not willing to allow himself the pleasure of looking at so much beauty, he carried something of that spirit of harmony with him.

"Lawrence," his wife said presently, when she had borne his restless promenade as long as she could, "I know that you did not sleep any last night. I wish that you would take a powder that I will give you, and try to sleep now. You look worn out. Lie down on the sofa here, and I will keep everything quiet."

He shook his head. "I would rather not take anything to make me sleep, Ninon. And to-night I would not sleep, if I could. But I will lie

down here a little while; for I am tired, now I think of it."

He threw himself on the sofa, and she placed a screen before him, and closed the window near his head, so that even the soft splashing of the fountain was shut out, and the small notes of birds that twittered in the great pine-tree in the garden. And after a little while, finding him still restless, she went to the piano, and sang how God sent Elias to reassure and comfort a doubting and tempted soul. The notes flowed with a soothing murmur from under her fingers, and her voice, no longer the brilliant, ringing tones he had taken such pride in, was so low it might be a spirit singing:

"Tell him that his very longing
Is itself an answering cry;
That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Alla!'
Is my answer, 'Here am I!'
Every inmost aspiration
Is God's angel undefiled;
And in every 'O my Father,'
Slumbers deep a 'Here, my child!'"

Ending, she listened a moment, then stole across the room, and looked behind the screen. Lawrence was sleeping, with his head thrown back, his beautiful profile and moist, dark curls thrown out strongly by the garnet cushions and pillow.

She went to the window, and seated herself on a footstool near it, wrapping the long red curtains about her, and leaning against the wall. The sculptured marble of that stately salon was cold against her cheek; a flock of doves wheeling about over the garden caught some last rays of the sun on their wings, and threw them down over her, so that little white wings seemed to be fluttering all around the room; the casement slipped open, and the sound of tossing waters and twittering birds again became audible; but the watcher there took no note of these things. She was looking at the figure stretched on the sofa, and thinking that in all Rome there was no ruin so mournful and so terrible. He was like some fair column stricken from out a temple and cast aside into the dust; not touched by the hand of time, that with its slow to-and-fro of days and nights, and seasons and years, lulls all the pain of decay to sleep, but broken and scathed, as if by lightning.

While she looked, he stirred, and opened his eyes; and the sympathetic pain with which she saw how he came back to a consciousness of his position almost drew an outcry from her. The first tranquil, half-wondering glance which saw, instead of the familiar surroundings of his childhood and youth, that immense room, with its profuse hangings and painted ceiling, and the long windows opening like doors; then the brief flash of startled questioning; lastly, the anguish of full recollection.

"O my God! my God!" he exclaimed, and hid his face in the cushions again.

She was at his side in a moment.

"Let us go out for a long drive, Lawrence," she said. "There will be a bright moonlight to-night, and we can see so many places by it. Come! I will send for a carriage at once. There is nothing else for either of us to do."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Apples as Food.

Chemically, the apple is composed of vegetable fibre, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and much water, and the German analysts claim that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. This phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter—lethicin—of the brain and spinal cord. It is perhaps for the same reason, rudely understood, that the old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body.

Also the acids of the apple are of signal use for man of sedentary habits whose livers are sluggish in action, these acids are serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles.

It is also a fact that such fresh fruits as the apple, the pear and the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach, rather than provoke it. Their vegetable salts and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity.

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A postal card addressed to C. Alfred Chouhrou, Montreal, will secure you samples of Mott's delicious Imported Chocolate, with directions for using.

A. P. Noakes, Mattawa, Ont., writes:—"I have been troubled for years with rheumatism and nervous debility, and after using six boxes of your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an entirely restored to health, and can do a good day's work." Sold by all dealers, or sent by Mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

Mr. John McCarthy, Toronto, writes:—"I can unhesitatingly say that Northrop & Lynn's Vegetable Discovery is the best medicine in the world. It cured me of Heartburn that troubled me for over thirty years. During that time I tried a great many different medicines, but this wonderful medicine was the only one that took hold and rooted out the disease."

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A HIGHLAND SCOTCH BISHOP.

Panegyric Preached at the Obsequies of the Late Bishop McLachlan of Scotland.

The late Bishop of Galloway, Scotland, Right Rev. John McLachlan, was buried on the 19th of January, the services taking place in his own pro-cathedral. The following beautiful panegyric was preached by Most Rev. Angus MacDonald, Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh:

His text was "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith" (2 Tim., iv. 7). His Grace said: The sad duty which it is my privilege to discharge to-day is one which, from its nature, always entails some difficulty. Not a year has elapsed since we had to deplore a great affliction which had befallen the Church in this country—the removal by death of the distinguished and venerable head of our ecclesiastical hierarchy. And now again, before that wound is healed, another severe blow has fallen on us; and we are gathered once more around a scene of mourning, not of a private or personal nature merely, though it is that as well, but affecting the hearts and the religious interests of a whole diocese, and I must in truth add, the whole of the Catholic body in Scotland. The subject on which I have to speak already fills your thoughts. It evokes memories which in many cases must be fresher and fuller and more affecting even than my own. And hence it seems inevitable that the little I am able to say must fall very far short of the occasion; and that I must trust your forbearance to find my apology in the almost necessary circumstances of the case.

In the beloved prelate, now gathered to the last offices of respect and affection; we have lost one of the few remaining links connecting us with a grand past. Born in Glasgow in the year 1828, and ordained to the ministry in 1850, his missionary life extended back for well nigh half a century, to the early days of labor and hardship, when congregations were multiplying, and priests were few—very few when compared with even our present inadequate numbers. Not many remain now whose memory can carry them back to that period of our ecclesiastical history. Death has been busy year by year; and new generations of priests have come forth to carry on and extend the work bequeathed to them; who have heard from lips now silent forever the story of those days—their difficulties, their trials and their triumphs; who have reaped in great measure the fruits of the earnest and solid work done in bygone years, and have learned to bless the memory of the great men who guided the Church through dangers and difficulties of which it is not easy for us to form a just idea. To this earlier portion of Dr. McLachlan's missionary career I am only able to refer in general terms. With the outlines of his life, you are all, probably, already familiar. In obedience to an early call to the ecclesiastical state, he entered the college of Blair at the age of eleven, and three years later was sent to complete his studies at the Scots College in Rome. After a distinguished course he was ordained, as I have said, in 1850; and on his return to Scotland a few months later was appointed one of the assistant priests at St. Andrew's Church in Glasgow, now the Cathedral Church of that Archdiocese. Thence he was successively promoted to the charge of the missions of Kilmarnock and of Paisley. When the Ecclesiastical Seminary at Patrick-Hill was opened he was selected for the delicate and responsible office of Rector, with which was combined the chair of moral theology. His fitness for this important work was gratefully acknowledged by the degree of Doctor of Divinity, conferred on him by the Holy See, and soon after a further proof was given of the esteem in which he was held and of the confidence reposed in him by his selection to fill the post of Vicar-General. Finally, when the Hierarchy was restored in 1878, his ability, experience, and tried worth pointed him out as eminently fitted to take a leading part in the great work of reorganizing the Church under the new and promising condition of things. He was consecrated at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Glasgow, the scene of his first labors, by the Venerable Archbishop of that See, who had long known and appreciated his worth, who parted from him with deep regret; and who is only prevented by frail health and the inclemency of the weather from being here to-day to pay the last tribute to memories and association for many years in the cares and anxious responsibilities entailed by the administration of an extensive vicariate. In forming a brief estimate (for I must be brief where it would be pleasant to say much) of the character of the deceased prelate, it appears to me that no better summary of it could be made than is contained in the family motto adopted by him, in accordance with the old Catholic usage in Scotland in his armorial bearings as Bishop, "Fortis et Fidelis"—strong, brave and trusty. He was, as you know, a man of marked character; strong, robust, in mind as in body. Few have in a less degree affected external appearances, but unconsciously to himself, his inner nature shone out through his outward bearing and manner. From the first he was a true priest, deeply impressed with the dignity and responsibility of his office, prompt in obedience to his superiors, and devoted to the discharge of his duty; and this feeling only grew deeper and more intense with the higher functions which in

later life he was called upon to exercise. Combined with great natural ability and shrewdness, there was a simplicity, a transparent openness in his character which laid bare his inmost soul, and showed him ever straightforward and unflinching in obeying every call of duty. To this occasional appearance of bluntness, it may be even of severity, in dealing with abuses or unworthy conduct. But those who enjoyed his acquaintance knew well that nothing was more foreign to him than a tyrannical use of authority; that underneath all there beat a warm and faithful heart; that there was none more ready to sympathize with trouble and sorrow; to give praise to others while keeping himself in the background; to expend himself in advising and assisting where the credit and the gain would be all another's. Of the work performed by him as Bishop in your midst, there is little reason to say much, for you know it better than I can describe it. You know the state in which, from unavoidable causes, he found this diocese. A remote and outlying district, nearly severed from the immense western vicariate, it was poor, scattered, disorganized, with almost everything to do in it; and his work was to establish in it a centre of authority and of life, and from that centre to infuse into the whole diocese spirit, order and discipline. You have been witnesses to the manner in which this has been done. You have seen how missions were opened, debts cleared off, churches built, Catholic education provided, religious orders introduced and a select body of clergy gathered together, fired with the same zeal which burnt in his breast; how, in a word, out of disorder he has formed a model diocese. And if in realising these consoling results he was greatly aided by the generous contributions, always gratefully acknowledged by him, of noble and wealthy Catholics, may we not also see in this a mark of the esteem, the respect and the confidence which his sterling qualities inspired? Well might he sing his *Nunc Dimittis* and lay his wearied frame down to rest! Far be it from us, however much we sorrow for ourselves, to grudge it to him that his long and worthy career, with its toils, its trials and its anxieties, is now crowned with eternal rest and eternal reward! But it is not merely in relation to this diocese that the loss we have sustained is to be estimated. He took the keenest interest in all that concerned the welfare of the Church throughout the country. Only those who have experienced the benefit of his wide sympathy, his knowledge, experience and prudence, his untiring activity, can form any adequate idea of the great blank which his death has caused. If I may single out one point as an illustration, he was interested in the work of training students for the priesthood. Endowing himself with a solid understanding, a quick perception, great powers of mental assimilation, and a retentive, ready and faithful memory, he had stored his mind with a fund of information surprising in its extent, variety and accuracy. And although his natural modesty and love of retirement had prevented and love of retirement had prevented him from aspiring at college to academic distinctions easily within his reach, he attached great value to knowledge, especially in a priest. Many will remember how, in private conversation or on any occasions when he addressed a few words of advice and encouragement to our students, he would endeavor earnestly and emphatically to impress on them the importance of utilizing the golden period of their scholastic life not merely in mastering the ordinary subjects of the college curriculum, but in storing their minds with useful knowledge of every kind. It is well known, too, how interested he was in the long-projected scheme of providing a National Ecclesiastical College fully worthy of the great objects at stake; and fully equal to the work of meeting every modern requirement. In the many anxious discussions which took place on this subject he always bore a prominent and enthusiastic part. Many other memories there are, on which it would be a sorrowful pleasure to dwell; but there is scarcely time to say a closing word on the saddest portion of my subject. No long time ago, and we thought that his iron strength of constitution promised many more years of usefulness, that he would live to see greater works accomplished, and bear his own share in the full vigor of manhood. The history of his last illness has been the natural outcome of his years of strength. As long as the power remained to him, and notwithstanding the most earnest entreaties to give himself at least a period of complete rest, he would not spare himself or relax his active vigilance. And when the further progress of his malady had completely prostrated him, there was no repining; but he set himself to prepare for the end with all his old simple faith and straightforward earnestness. Surrounded by all the care and attention which affection and respect could suggest, he edified those about him by the patience with which he bore pain, sleeplessness, weariness, all the more trying to one who hitherto had scarcely known what sickness was; and by the gentle consideration which felt keenly for any trouble given, and which magnified with gratitude every service rendered down to the last fatherly blessing conveyed to him from the Sovereign Pontiff, to whom he had ever been so devoted and loyal a son. And now, my dear friends, I know that your

sorrow is deep and true, true as he was whose loss evokes it. I do not seek to restrain that sorrow. And I need not remind you, his Catholic children, that if you wish to honor his memory to a good purpose, you will not fail to remember his dear soul in your prayers; and you will endeavor in your lives to show forth those lessons which you heard so often from his lips, and saw illustrated by his example; that so you may be one day reunited with him in a better world, where the good fruits borne by your souls will add brightness and glory to his everlasting crown.

BE CHARITABLE.

A Merged Rebuke to a So-Called "Christian Advocate."

Our contemporary, the *Christian Advocate*, refers to a diocesan synod of the Catholic Church in the following mellow strain: "There were marchings and counter marchings. The highest of the high ceremonialists of that high Church were observed. The whole performance smacked of the gaudy display of some medieval monarch. We do not see how anything could be further removed from the simplicity of the Saviour's life and teachings than this. The new Testament has not a trace of such things. They contradict utterly its spirit and teachings."

The processes of spontaneous combustion are dangerous to life. Too much excitement leads to sleeplessness. Attend to your own worship in your own way—that is the rule of courtesy—and let everybody else enjoy the same privilege. It is not kindly to insist that the man who sits next to you shall have roast beef when he prefers chicken. Take your beef and keep quiet; let him have chicken and don't swear at him as a crank.

The toughest job any religious man ever undertakes is to be charitable toward the man who doesn't agree with him. It is the same in politics. The Democrat has an imaginary purgatory to which he sends every Republican, and the Republican has a fiery arrangement which is destined for every Democrat. In religion we rather expect a more generous spirit, but are generally disappointed.—*New York Herald*.

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