

I have come here to day for a purpose... to see one who professes to have information which he will give to me, and me alone.

And so Armine found herself walking back alone, her father, after some reluctance, having parted from her and gone on his way, which led to the outskirts of the village in another direction.

It was the perfection of what such a greeting should have been, with not a shade too much or too little emphasis.

But after this burst of feeling a sense of regret overpowered her—regret that she had ever consented to come to Marigny.

But that life is full of hard things was no new experience to Armine. With the short, quick sign of one who carries an habitual burden, she lifted her eyes again, and this time they fell on the group of Calvary in the churchyard.

These things which the crucifix preaches with a force which no eloquence of man can equal, and at this moment it had its message for Armine.

She paused and stood for a moment motionless, her clear eyes uplifted with a wistful look and fastened on the touching form of Love divine.

had spoken to Egerton on the portico of the Madeleine—a moment when the pain of tuncit suddenly ceased and she felt herself in the guidance of a hand that never errs.

A BRILLIANT IRISH WIT GONE.

Death of Father James Healy, of Whom There Are Many Clever Stories. The death of Father James Healy, formerly of Little Bray, and latterly of Ballybrack, has been chronicled in nearly every London newspaper with an expression of regret.

"Father James" was born in Dublin seventy years ago. "I'm one of the Healys of Healy's Court," he told an inquiring lady. When further pressed as to the whereabouts of the family seat, he mentioned a lane in the slums of the city, proverbial for poverty and dirt.

It was only a year ago that he was promoted by Father Walsh to the parish of Ballybrack, which lies "conveniently" to Bray. "He has only sent me there because I won't last long," said Father Healy cheerfully, when congratulated on his appointment.

Lord Plunket, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, who lives in Bray, used to be congratulated by Father Healy as being one of the model members of his parish. It was Dr. Plunket who asked him, as a theologian, whether the Protestant authorities ought to require converted Catholic priests to take Anglican Orders.

Should be used in attempting to cure that very disagreeable disease, catarrh. As catarrh originates in impurities in the blood, local applications can do no permanent good.

Thousands like her.—Tea McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter."

FATHER FIDELIS.

His Conversion to Catholicity a Quarter of a Century ago.

Chicago New World. Twenty-five years ago the present month, in answer to the earnest invitation addressed to all Protestants and other non-Catholics to return to the true Church by the predecessor of the present illustrious Sovereign Pontiff, who is himself showing such apostolical zeal in behalf of Christian unity, there was penned, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1869, a reply which appeared as an introduction in "The Invitation Heeded," a work that issued that year from the press of the New York Publication Society, and which immediately commanded a large sale, and attracted profound attention both in this and other lands.

The writer of that reply and the author of the above mentioned book was James Kent Stone, the son of an old New England family, whose father was the first dean of the divinity school of Harvard University, a position that has since been held by many eminent Episcopalian divines, and which was occupied, up to the time of his recent consecration, by Bishop Lawrence, the present head of the Episcopalian Church in Massachusetts. Following in his father's footsteps, young Stone made his first collegiate course at Harvard, from which university he graduated, with distinguished honors, in 1861. He then went abroad for a post-graduate course, and spent two years at Gottingen, afterwards visiting Italy and other European countries.

His studious bent of mind there was united at this period of his life a passion for athletic exercise, which nearly cost him his life during an exploration of the Alps, but which, also won him—the first time such a distinction was conferred upon an American—an election as member of the English Alpine Club. On his return to this country, he enlisted for the defence of the Union but a short service satisfied him that he was not fitted for a soldier's life, so he resigned his commission and returned home. He was soon afterwards ordained a minister of the Episcopalian Church, and appointed professor of Latin at Kenyon College, an institution which the Church maintained at Gambier. In 1867 he became the president of this college, which has an average attendance of about 150 students; and the following year he was placed at the head of Hobart College, a similar Episcopalian institution located at Geneva, N. Y. It was while he was president of this college that Father Fidelis, who had for years previously been an diligent searcher after religious truth, made up his mind to become a Catholic, so convinced had he become that Catholicity was the only true religion. Accordingly, a few months after entering upon his duties at Hobart College, he sent in his resignation of his presidency, and that having been accepted, he openly announced his conversion. This announcement cost him the loss of many of his Protestant friends, and drew upon him the displeasure of his father, who considered his son's conduct rash and foolish, as it doubtless was from a worldly point of view; for had the convert remained in the Episcopalian fold, the path to high honors and preferments in that denomination lay at his feet.

Father Fidelis, however, was not a man to shirk his obligations of conscience, and once he had become convinced of the truth of Catholicity, he embraced that faith, heedless of what the consequences might be. After his reception into the Church, he, naturally, felt a desire to enter the priesthood; and his first intention was to apply for admission into the Congregation of St. Paul of the Cross, which is, as is well known, one of the most rigorous and austere of the religious orders. Because of the condition of his health, which was then not robust, the convert was induced to forego for the time being that ambition, and he was urged, if he was determined to be a regular priest, to join the Paulists, in whose ranks he would find a number of clergymen, like himself, converts from Protestantism. Acting upon this advice, he made application to the lamented Father Hecker for admission into the community of which that clergyman was the founder and head, and his application being favorably viewed, he became a Paulist scholastic, studied theology under the direction of Father Hewitt, was ordained a priest in due season, and attached to the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, in New York City. For a number of years after his ordination, in addition to his sacerdotal duties, Father Stone acted as master of novices at the New York house of the Paulists, and he speedily attracted attention, also, because of his eloquence in the pulpit, his fame as a preacher causing a great demand for his appearance as a missionary or lecturer throughout the country.

During the time that he was a member of the Paulist community, Father Stone continually entertained the hope that he would be enabled one day to carry out the design he had conceived, at the time of his conversion, of becoming a "Passionist"; and after the lapse of about half a dozen years, his health having in the meantime greatly improved, the desire of joining the Passionists became so strong within him that he asked leave from Father Hecker to gratify it. This permission was reluctantly given, so loath were the Paulists to lose so valuable a man as Father Stone had proved himself; but it was, nevertheless, granted; and then the famous Episcopalian divine, famous author and eloquent preacher bade adieu to the world, and, veiling his identity under

the religious name of Father Fidelis, entered upon his novitiate in the Passionist monastery at Pittsburg, where he was lost to sight for many months. His term of probation over, he was sent to Rome, to be perfected in the spirit of his chosen order; and on his return to his native land he was attached to the Monastery of St. Michael, at Hoboken, N. J., from whose cloisters he was often called, however, to preach missions in various dioceses. Six years ago the American Passionists were besought by the late Archbishop Anselmi, of Buenos Ayres, to send missionaries to Argentina, to minister to the large number of English speaking Catholics who had settled in that country; and in response to that appeal, Father Fidelis, with some other American Passionists, prominent among whom was Father Edmund Hill, an Oxford graduate, a convert and a well known Catholic poet, was sent to South America, where he labored, with signal success, up to quite recently, when he was recalled to Hoboken.

The work, alluded to at the beginning of this article, "The Invitation Heeded," which Father Fidelis wrote at the time of his conversion to Catholicity a quarter of a century ago, has often been compared to Cardinal Newman's "Apologia" because of the beauty of its author's style and the force and lucidity of his arguments. It has been the means of bringing many a searcher after religious truths into the Catholic Church, and its sales are still deservedly large. Of one copy of it the tale is told that a lady who was visiting one of the workshops that lay in New York harbor, accidentally dropped the book, which she had carried abroad the vessel, into the sea while descending to the boat that was to take her ashore. A young naval officer, who witnessed the incident, rescued the book and offered it to its owner, who, deeming it ruined, declined to take it. The rescuer accordingly kept the book himself, dried and read it, and became so convinced by the reading that his Protestant belief was erroneous that he became himself a convert to Catholicity. The knowledge that his book has been the means of leading many wistful souls to acknowledging and embracing the truth in whose behalf it was written, must often have caused its gifted author to rejoice, for that was the chief aim he had in view when he penned its pages. "Yes," says he, in his preface, "this is my apology for writing. I was once deceived by the unreal charms of a false prophetess; but now the thin mask has been torn away. I once had only bitter thoughts and scornful words for her whose glories I had never seen, and to whom I did not know that my soul owed high allegiance; but now divine compassion has led me to the feet of my true Mother, who through all my railing stood patiently and with tearful love awaiting my return. And in the joy of the present I cannot forget what now seems the gloom of the past. I have been brought into the fragrant garden, and I think of the weary wilderness. I have drunk of the flowing fountain; and I remember the broken cisterns over which I once labored."

REASON AND REVELATION.

Place These Thoughts Before Unbelievers.

Rev. John S. Vaughan, of England, writing on "Reason and Revelation," says: "Either we must join the ranks of the silly atheist, and say there is no God, or else we must conclude that another sphere of human activity awaits us beyond the grave, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. We must postulate a future life where perfect justice shall be dealt out to all; where each shall receive with absolute impartiality according to his works, and where compensation shall be made to those who have suffered without cause, and where vengeance shall overtake all who have prospered by their iniquity and profited by their sin. This life in its present condition is inconceivable without a future, if we have any faith in our infinitely holy and just Creator. It were far easier to deny our own existence than to deny the absolute necessity of a future state, where the balance of justice shall be restored."

"If," said J. J. Rousseau, "I had no other proof of the immortality of the soul than the prosperity of the wicked and the oppression of the just in this world, that alone would be enough to convince me. I would feel constrained to explain such a manifest contradiction, such a terrible exception to the established harmony of the universe. I would be forced to exclaim within myself, 'All cannot end with death. All will be put into proper order and harmony after death.'"

"Do you believe in a future life?" asked a Judge at Lyons of one of the priests condemned to be executed during the awful French Revolution. "How is it possible to doubt it," he replied, "seeing what is passing in this unhappy country? If I had begun by being an unbeliever (je serais devenu croyant). Nothing so proves the certainty of a future life as the impunity of the wicked and the prosperity of the greatest rascals in this."

"What! Is there to be no punishment for a Henry VIII., no redress for Thomas More? Is Queen Elizabeth to eternally triumph over the innocent, whose blood she ruthlessly shed? Never! It is clear to every man who has any faith in Divine justice that a day must come when iniquity shall be brought low and the cause of justice, purity and love shall triumph. If not, then there is nothing left but to blot the very notion of God out of our minds and to try and persuade our selves, if we can, that the universe made itself; that the marvellous body and yet more marvellous soul of man are the accidental results of the unconscious and fortuitous concurrence of atoms."

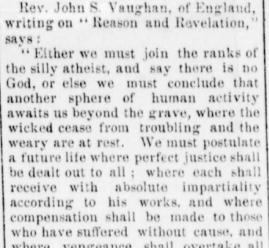
The Little White Wagon. A little white hearse was passing by— Can it be but an hour—an hour ago? Since Edith's grave has been laid here? When it caught her wandering baby eye? "Pity white waded, oh, how I wish I could get up an' ride on a wadon like dead."

The Bible. Of all the changes that have come over Protestant sentiment of late years none is more striking than the new attitude of our separated brethren toward the Bible. It is notable, too, that with the dislodgment of Protestantism has come a return to Catholic belief respecting the Holy Book. Reviewing a recent work in which the author, the Rev. Dr. Cust, attempts to explain the failure of Protestant missions, the Asiatic Review observes: "Dr. Cust fails to class among the difficulties of converting the 'heathen,' the indiscriminate circulation of the Bible, sometimes wrongly translated. That book never was meant as a missionary agent; and if it bristles with difficulties which try the faith of even the Christian believer, it can simply be a means for defeating the object of its circulation, when read, unaccompanied upon, by the non-Christian."

Eating is a necessity. To the healthy it is a pleasure; to the dyspeptic a torture. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the weakest and most disordered stomach is restored to its natural condition, and food is once more partaken of with youthful relish and satisfaction. Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep, cleanse the stomach from all impurities by a few doses of Parrel's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

My Blood

Become overheated, causing pimples all over me, developing into large and painful eruptions.



Mrs. Caroline H. Fuller, London, Ont.

None, the worst on my skin. I could not sleep. Soon after I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and two bottles entirely cured me and gave me renewed strength and health. Mrs. C. H. FULLER, London, Vermont. Hood's Pills cure all Liver Bils, Biliousness.

ENGLISH LITERATURE. A Primer of English Literature, by Maurice Francis Egan, LL.S. Price 35 Cents.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE. Faith and Infidelity. An Essay by Joseph K. Foran, LL.B. Bound in fancy cloth, gilt cover, . . . 50c.

D. & J. SADLER & CO. Catholic Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers, Church ornaments, Vestments, Statuary and Religious Art.

LARD isn't in it. It is just because there is no lard in it, that COTTOLENE the new shortening is so wonderfully popular with housekeepers. COTTOLENE is PURE, DELICATE, HEALTHFUL, SATISFYING—none of the unpleasant odor necessarily connected with lard.

Church Windows. High-Class Church Windows. Hobbs Mfg. Co. London, Ont. ASK FOR DESIGNS. BENNET FURNISHING COY. LONDON, ONTARIO. Manufacturers of Church, School and Hall FURNITURE. Write for Illustrated Catalogue and Prices. Bennet Furnishing Co. London, Ontario, Can. Pictorial Lives of the Saints. The Catholic Record for One Year For \$3.00. THE RITUAL OF THE P. P. A.