Stories.

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nence Cardinal Gibbons. By Joseph Schaefer

A. R. Bennett-Gladstone. By Marion J. Brunowe.

of the Foundling Asylum. (Lough Derg)

SUS OF PRAGUE.

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FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Second Sunday After Epiphany. OUR TWO DUTIES,

How is it that you sought me? Did you tknow that I must be about my Father'

This was the reply of our Divine Lord when, finding Him in the temple, His Mother said, "Why hast Thou done so to us?" No one can question His perfect filial piety. As surely as every act of His was the highest realization of the counsels given in the Sermon on the Mount; as surely as no other heart approached the love and adoration of the Sacred Heart for God the Father-so surely did He love His

Son and such a Mother. The surpassing excellence of this love was mutual. We feel how her heart poured itself out in Bethlehem when she first saw Him; we read it in the prophecy of Simeon which makes her love a sword to pierce her heart ; we hear it in the cry from the foot of the cross, "See if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." It would dishonor Him to say He did not return

Mother with a love worthy of such a

such a love as this.

Therefore, in His answer we can only read the assertion of the supreme claims of the service of God; and the explanation comes in the next verse but one: "He went down with them to Nazareth, and was subject to them.' Here we find the duty of the state of life interwoven with the duty to God. The duty of the state of life springs from the duty to God; and so its dis-charge depends for its true character e discharge of the latter duty.

We see how perfectly Our Lord re sponded to the claims of His condition of life in being subject to those placed over Him. He sought no immunity on the score of being an infant prodig who had astonished the doctors of the law by His wisdom. His lot was not the one to choose from a worldly point of view. It was His Eternal Father's comed cordially by the boys. He was will that He should belong to this humble family; that He should share in their troubles, anxieties, and priva-tions; that, like them, He should meet with scorn or rebuke from employers that He should be cheated or put off, like all the poor of the world, by the dishonest or the insolent when asking for what was due to Him, and then He took His place to teach us by His ex-

His place was not there through necessity. It was for us He took it, and for us the Father imposed it on Him. We see all this folded up in the Gospel of the day. We see how important it is to observe the duty we owe to God on the one hand and the duty of our state of life on the other. In this way His Mother understood His answer; in this way we must un derstand it too, and, like our Divine Lord, realizing in practice the obligation of both classes of duties, we may hope in God's good time to reap the reward promised to those that serve

#### MAKE THE LITTLE ONES HAPPY.

Why not pass through life like a gleam of sunshine, cheering and rereshing the hearts of those we meet? Entering into others' trials and help ing to bear their burdens are blessed services, which are their own rewards.

We realize the comforts derived from sympathy—"that fellow feeling which makes us wonderous kind."

Their need for it is greater than we think, for the old are just as apt to forgot that they were once young as the young are apt to forgot that they will one day be old, says a writer in the New World. To us their sorrows over "dead" dollies, and broken carts seem very trivial, yet they agitate them, just as much as a fall in stocks and a sick baby disturb us children of a larger growth. Their feebler power and lack of experience place them in a trying position. Every accident appears an irremediable dis Every aster; each little failure an abiding

Oh, let us be careful how we treat those tender blossoms of heaven, so shrinkingly sensitive, so quick to de test the loving glance, the kindly word-and so parched, many of them, for want of the dews of affectionate

sympathy and tender interest! Many a man and woman afflicted with a melancholy temperament which distorts and discolours all his or her views of life owes that terrible Nemesis to an uncared for childhood. Every upon such plastic character leaves its impress ; every stain defiles. Don't keep your hearts' wealth and best bon mots for the drawing room.

Take them up into the nursery. As the evenings grow longer, and recreation in the open air is no longer pleasant, parents should provide inoor amusements for their children. Make home pleasant, as pleasant as innocent fun and play can make it. Don't ask the little ones to go to bed right after supper; don't make the school going boys and girls do your house work for you, and then study their lessons for school, and don't ask the grown-up boys and girls to sit around quietly till they are sleepy. Let all have amusements to suit them Introduce music and plays into your house. Let the parents take part in their children's sport. You You give them such a liking home, that, as the boy for home, that, as the boy grows into the young man and the girl into the young lady, no outside enjoyment will give them such satistogether for night prayers; let the novice and study for the priesthood; BLOOD Parifier.

study or do something useful until bed- like rebelling.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. CHARLIE DAY'S VOCATION.

Vespers was just over in St. Paul's Monastery. The altar boys were unrobing themselves in the sacristy. They did not fling their surplices in the closet as they were wont to do ; but they folded them up carefully and laid them in a drawer where the vestments for great occasions were kept. Then instead of hurrying off, they formed a group at the window and taiked quietly together. The reason of the change was that it happened to be a great day, the first day of the Order; and the boys had been told that, as a special favor, they could stay and take part with the novices in their recreation. This was a great treat to the boys, for everyone of them loved the monastery with its good priest, brothers and novices and were happy to be under its roof.

There has been solemn High Mass, and the new church had looked very beautiful in her holiday attire. Father Appollonius, one of the same Order, had come from the East for the occasion. and had preached an elegant sermon. Solemn Vespers concluded the day's celebration, and now the boys were waiting for Father Cesarius, the master of novices, who was going to take them for their recreation.
"Well, my boys are you waiting for

Father Cesarius?" said a genial voice from the further end of the room. The boys turned and saw the pleasant smiling face of Father Raymond, the Sup erior. They crowded about him and a lively conversation ensued.

Father Raymond was followed by the other priests, who stopped as they passed through the sacristy. When Father Julian, the youngest priest in a very tall, fine-looking priest with eyes-well such eyes! They spoke volumes. They were large, they were prown, they were beautiful! Even the most unobservant of the boys would tell you that Father Julian had beautiful eyes. They seemed to see through you straight down to the pottom of your heart, not with a piercing diagreeable gaze, but in a gentle beseeching way that encouraged you to proceed in the right direction if you were in the least bit wavering. There was seldom an angry light seen in Father Julian's eyes. I do not think that the priests or the boys would remember of seeing any unless it were ong ago, when he had not learned to

govern himself as he had now. While the boys were talking to him Father Raymond pinched the cheek of the boy nearest him and said with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Well, Charles, my boy, are you still as anxious as ever to join in our little fam-

The boy colored but his eye met Father Raymond's firmly as he replied, 'Yes, Father."

The priest laughed, not unkindly, and said, pinching again the boy's rosy cheek, "All in good time, my son, all in good time.

Father Cesarius with the novices came in a few moments after and took the boys to the recreation grounds. Father Julian, urged by the boys,

joined them for a short time. Just before the hour (which was

"It was just a year ago to-day, Father," he said. "Do you remem-"What, Charles?" replied the priest

looking puzzled. "What happened a year ago, to day? -Ab, I remember." A faint smile passed over his face. "So you have not forgotten?" "Oh, no," was the

earnest reply. " And what does your mother say?" "Just what she has always said," said Charley with a sigh.

"Are you still as anxious as ever to join our little family?" the priest isked, unconsciously quoting Father Raymond's very words. Charlie answered in the affirmative.

"But, my child, you are so young. "I'm thirteen."
"Still that is too young, and you do

not look older than eleven. Besides you must have your mother's consent. Charlie's face, a tell tale one, grew shade paler, and he walked on in his eyes fixed upon the silence,

"I think," continued Father Cesarius, wishing to be as kind to the boy as possible, yet forced to speak plainly, I think it would be better to wait at

least another year."

A twitching of the lips was the only

"Your mother may, by that time, feel more inclined to give her consent.

The boy threw up his head and exclaimed with something like a sob in his voice, "Mother will never give her

Why, Charles, do not look at it in such a hopeless light. Remember, my child, you are very young and it will be many years before you can become a priest. In the meantime you can acomplish a great deal at home. Be diligent in your studies - don't negduties cheerfully, and, remember, whatever happens is the will of God." ent boy, however, and tried hard to be content with thinking and dreaming faction as the pleasures of home. content with thinking and dreaming Then, at a reasonable hour, gather all of the happy time when he could be a

smaller ones retire and the older ones but very often, it must be said, he felt

He was somewhat in this frame of mind when he reached home, and his mother's rather short greeting-"Well, you have come at last?' - nearly brought an angry retort to his lips, but he restrained himself, well know

ing what Father Cesarius would say.
"I'm tired of attending to the children," continued Mrs. Day, complain-"They have been as cross as ingly bears, and I cannot do anything with them. I should think you might stay at home some of the time. I suppose you are going to church again to

night? "No mother," replied Charles, the color rising to his cheeks. He knew how it irritated his mother when he was a little longer at church than usual, nevertheless her reproachful words hurt him, as he felt they were unjust.

He went and found his young broth ers and sister, and amused them until

In the evening when the children had gone to bed, and Charlie found himself seated in the little parlor on his favorite ottoman at his mother's feet, he knew his mother was no longer displeased with him, and it made him happy. He told her how it happened that he was late in coming home, and that he was sorry she had had so much trouble with the children, etc. He related several instances that had happened during the day at the convent. Then it was but a step to the subject so near to his heart, and he took it almost before he was aware of it and it frightened him. He watched her face anxiously as he orce more made his request. He received no encouragement there. A frown crossed Mrs. Day's forehead, and the coldness Charlie so dreaded was depicted in every feature of her face. TO BE CONTINUED.

A STORY OF ST. URSULA. A very interesting article which

bears the title of "The Story of a Lover of Christ" forms one of the leading features of the current Messenger of the Sacred Heart, and relates the legend, if it may be called such, which attaches to the names of St. Ursula and her companions. According to the writer of this article, this legend goes back to the time of the Crucifixion, when the Roman cen turion, who exclaimed when he saw the Saviour die, "Truly this is the Son of God," his legion subsequently disbanded, went to his home, which was Ireland. Our writer, who finds it nothing strange that an Irishman should have been found at the head of a portion of a Roman legion, remarks that even at the time of the Crucifixion the Celtic race seems to have been, as now, ubiquit ous, and says of the returned centur ion: "When he found himself among his people, religious apparently from the beginning, he wept so copiously and so often in describing the harrow ing scenes of the Crucifixion that his tears caused bright flowers of virtue to spring up all over the land. thought is like that of Fra Argelico, who, in his picture of Calvary, makes the hard rock on which the Cross is planted bloom with flowers of every ue. If the centurion's tears did not produce such a result, at least the ender love which the Irish people which makes us wonderous kind." spent so pleasantly) was over, Charlie but how much sympathy do we bestow on the little ones?

Separately was over, Charlie same island, the narrative goes on, there was born, some five centuries with Father Cesarius. British Picts, to whose suit, to her father's great astonishment-for he was aware that his daughter had vowed her life to God-Ursula consented, but with a reserve which our writer pronounces a little bit Celtic and such as even saints may practice. The condition of Ursula's acceptance of the prince was that she, with as many virgins as wished to accompany her, might spend three years in soli tude and prayer in some foreign land. When her condition had been accepted, and an invitation had been issued for the maidens who wished to accompany Ursula to her retreat, it was found that not less than eleven thousand virgins responded to that invitation. It required time to build a fleet for the transporting of so many persons, but at last everything was made ready, and Ursula and her companions set sail for their destination. - Sacred

Heart Review. The folly of prejudice is frequently shown by people who prefer to suffer for years rather than try an advertised The millions who have no remedy. such notions, take Aver's Sarsaparilla for blood-diseases, and are cured. So

much for common sense. A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food nartaken into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is



### CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

If you are away out in the world, and the dear old folks are at home. don't forget them. Let them hear from you often, and remember in this respect how good God is. He calls your attention to a duty, and He offers you a reward when He says, "Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." good son is apt to be a happy man.

In These Hard Times. The hard times through which we have been passing have developed two opposite tendencies in our young

One type of young men, feeling the pinch of necessity, has carefully curtailed his expenses, has cut off extravagant habits and resolutely set himself to the task of bring his expenditures to the cash basis, and has developed a rugged type of Christian honesty and ability which will add very largely to the probability of his success in after

vears. Another type of the young man under the same conditions has hugged to his heart the luxuries of more prosperous years, has continued his penditures even when credit had to be strained to the utmost, and has met his creditors with the words: "Nobody expects to pay his bills in such times as these." He has thus laid foundaas these. tions not only for future financial troubles, but for dishonesty and dis-

It is well for each young man to choose between the two and to choose wisely

Everyday Heroism. A word should be said for the every day hero. So much has been said and to accumulate in one, sung about the comparatively few people whose names are written upon the world's roll of honor, that we are at times tempted to think they are the only heroes worth talking about, forgetting that in the common, everyday affairs of life the world needs continually the stuff out of which heroes are

made. When the majority of men come to understand and appreciate the value of putting a noble motive as leaven into the daily routine of life we shall have more of this kind of heroism. It requires courage to meet the rifle balls and shells on the field of battle. It takes greater courage to quietly stand for the right when the forces of evil march their alluring and seducing armies upon the scul. The conscientious performance of life's common duties as in the sight of God, and the resisting of every evil thought and desire, the meeting of petty troubles and adversities in the spirit of fortihave always cherished for the Passion | tude, the rigid adherence to principles of Christ could have done so." In this of honesty and integrity, even when

there is more of this common everyday heroism in the world to day than ever before. This steady struggle against sin, this increasing disrepute of in-This steady struggle against temperance, this yearning after a higher and purer life, this growing sensitiveness of conscience in all mat ters regarding public and private duty — these symptoms and evidences of the spread of everyday heroism that will ultimately lead the world to a Christian heroic age.

Sharing Success.

When one realizes what life means in its higher relations and duties, it is pathetic to notice how constantly people apologize to each other for any mall trouble which they impose. The young man who goes to ask the man of established position for a letter of introduction or for personal interest in securing an opportunity for work almost invariably expresses regret for the interruption which his request necessitates; as if the world were wholly selfish, and any kind of service done to another were in a way ex ceptional and out of the common run of things! That a man shall take care of his own is expected ; that he shall put his strength, his time, and his ability into caring for his own is taken for granted; but if he is asked to do anything for any one else, to devote any small measure of time and strength and ability with others, he is thanked as if he were doing an unusual

thing. As a matter of fact, the one duty is as close, as obvious, and as imperative as the other. The man who throws a a door open to one who is waiting for an opportunity has done nothing more diligent in your studies—don't neglect your Latin—perform your home
duties cheerfully, and, remember,
whatever happens is the will of God."
Charles was but a boy and could not
take life in the philosophical way that
Father Cesarius did. He was an obedient boy, however, and tried hard to be

ually vulgar and shabby than to climb up and throw down the ladder by which one has climbed. shows the true nature of a man more than the spirit in which he treats success; if he is mean and niggardly in his soul, he accepts it as a kind of personal distinction or gift; and hoards it as a miser hoards money; if he is generous, he spends it freely, eager that others should share what he has

gotten And no man deserves success or ought to keep it who fails to make this spiritual use of it. He who does this cannot be corrupted by any kind of success or spoiled by any kind of pros-perity; he who fails to do this was corrupted and spoiled before he began.

An old gentleman recently said that what he waited fifty years for, young people now wanted to start with. Namely a "Golden Wedding."

If young people without capital want to provide for a comfortable old age they should begin to save in

John Jacob Astor said it cost him more to get the first thousand dollars than it did afterwards to get a hundred thousand, but if he had not saved that first thousand he might have died in an almshouse.

The tendency of money judiciously invested is to accumulate, -the more you get the faster it accumulates, like the moist snowballs that boys roll in winter.

We do not think all the wealth of the nation should be permitted hundred, or one thousand snow balls, but we do think that every young man should endeavor to lay the foundation for accumulating what may secure to him and his family a comfort able old age.

Cigars, theatres, and many other unnecessary amusements, which some young men spend a good deal of their oney on, -and might postpone to a later period, -go far to prevent the accumulation of that first thousand dollars, which is the necessary foundation for all the rest. Geo. T. Angell.

# PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

The Arrow, a High Church Episco pal, or Ritualistic organ, gives the fol-lowing illustration of the growth of belief in the efficacy of prayers for the dead in that respectable branch of the Anglican Church, which it represents: "One of the most remarkable instances of the growth of Catholic principles among us, as well as evidences of the appreciation of these principles

by the laity, is the list published in the Angelus of churches, in which his wife a daughter whom they named truth and duty at any cost — is the special services for the dead were held Ursula. When this girl became of marriageable age, her hand was sought by Conan, the prince of the Rither British Picts to make a constant of the state of the st but as it stands it speaks volumes. In thirty four churches Vespers for the dead were publicly recited on the eve of All Souls' Day; in sixty churches requiem Masses were celebrated on All Souls' Day, and for the month of November two hundred and seventy one Masses for the dead were an nounced by the Angelus. When it i remembered that so recently as ten years ago the use of the term 'requiem Mass 'always drew a storm of violen words, the decline of prejudice against prayers for the dead is very apparent. While the Ritualists are right is their belief in prayers for the dead their attitude in reference to the Epis

copal Church, of which they claim to be members, is illogical. A belief in prayers for the dead implies necessarily a belief in a purgatory, or a middle state; for if there be not such state or condi tion after death, prayers for the dead would be useless. Those who are in heaven need not our prayers, those in hell cannot be saved by them, since out of hell there is no re demption. The Ritualists, then, who believe in prayers for the dead must believe in purgatory. But the Epis-copal Church, in its authoritative eachings, condemns the belief in pur on no warranty of scripture, but

rather repugnant to the Word of God.' According to the Ritualists this lean on Scott's Emulsion. ormal declaration of the Episcopal Church must be an error, a false doctrine. Their illogicalness consists in their continuing to adhere to a Church which, from the beginning of its or the clothing of his own body. He existence, has formally and authorita you can trust it. tively taught a doctrine that they must believe to be false. Their attitude compels them to believe that in divine tie. It sells for 25 cents.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has over and over again proved by its cures, when all other preparations failed, that it is the One True

BLOOD Purifier.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has over and over again proved by its cures, when all other preparations failed, that it is the One True

It is, indeed, one of the highest reward

They place their private judgthings they are wiser than their things than their Church is.

of success-if one understands what ment above the official judgment success means - to be in the way of their Church. In this they reof putting others on the same ject the Catholic principle of authority road. Nothing is more spirit and acknowledge no criterion of reject the Catholic principle of authority vealed truth but private judgment. While in this attitude they are inconsistent in calling themselves Catholics, which they are so fond of doing. And while they hold a doctrine condemned by their Church they should not call themselves Episcopalians or Anglicans. -New York Freeman's Journal.

### Cardinal Logue on the Rosary.

"I have on more than one occasion joined in the Rosary with the Pope in his court at the Vatican; I have joined in the Rosary in the cottage of the peasant; I have seen the beads slip through the fingers of the most learned men I ever met ; I have seen them in the hands of the ignorant, and I have seen in all the same earnest, unquestioned reverence. Now, it ap pears to me impossible that this or any other form of devotion could be so widespread, or, indeed, so deeply appreciated by men in every walk of life, those that practised it did not know from their own experience, and from the experience of others, that it was a fruitful source of spiritual favors. The history of Irish Catholicity is the history of devotion to the Holy Mother of God. We can trace it in those churches that have been founded by the early Irish saints in every land which has been blessed by their teach-

ing.
"In dark and evil days it has been the solace and support of our fathers, drawing together more closely those bonds which bound them to their grand old Faith with a love stronger than death. When the priest was slain or borne away on the high seas to enforce exile, when the Mass and the sacraments were no longer within reach, how often have our fathers gathered around their desecrated altars, and within the crumbling walls of ruined churches recited the Rosary This devotion to the Holy Mother of God has clung to the exiled children of our race wherever they have sought refuge from persecution. They have have borne it away from home in their breaking hearts, together with love of the dear old land, and they have planted it deeply and firmly in those flourishing churches, in the founding of which they and their descendants have taken a leading part.

## Wanted - A Crimeless Newspaper.

The New York Evening Post sum mons the newspapers that take delight in reporting crimes to ask their readers these six questions:

1. Do you prefer crime to any other variety of news? What is your favorite brand of crime?

What is your favorite brand of crime?

How do you like best to have your crime written up?

4. Do pictures of the criminals add to your enjoyment of it?

5. Would you like a paper filled entirely with crime?

crime?
6. Would you like your crime on a separate sheet or mixed with the other news of the day? If a vote of the readers were taken on these questions, a majority of them would be found to desire the exclusion from the public journals of accounts of murders, elopements, suicides, as saults, arsons, outrages, divorces, and other scandals. Now men hate to have their sisters, wives, and daughters read the unmentionable horrors that are exploited and illustrated in the daily press, and parents long for the appearance of a clean family paper that they can take without trepidation into their homes and lay before their

children. The great newspaper of the future will not deal in filth, nor in sensations, but will seek news of what is brightest best in the happenings of the world. - Catholic Columbian

For Nervous Prostration and Angemia there is no medicine that will so promptly and in-allibly restore vigor and strength as Scott's

Nervous troubles are due to impoverished blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier and NERVE TONIC.

Which would you rather trust? An old, true friend of twenty years, or a stranger? You may have little health left. Will you risk it with gatory, since, in Art. xxii of its Articles of Religion, it is declared that: "The Romish doctrine concern that: "The Romish doctrine concern that a stranger? If you have a cough are losing flesh if cough, are losing flesh, if ing purgatory \* \* \* is a fond thing, vainly invented and grounded weak and pale, if consumption stares you in the face, It has been a friend to thouyears. They trust it and

> Let us send you a book telling you all about it.

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