Ah, Life is Good.

They come, they pass, with snow-soft feet, And deathless youth illumes their eyes; Alike to them are chaff and wheat, Alike the foolish and the wise. They bring the wonad, they bring the balm, They light our smiles, they dry our tears; Careless of death or life, the calm Servanis of time, the patient years.

The winds that rend and strew the rose
Dissolve the sweetness through the air,
This wind of time that beats an ai blows
Leaves all the past still fragrant fair.
Though hope may fail and hearts may
And fruitess all the striving be,
one golden gift is left to make
Man's biles, consoling memory.

Man's bliss, consoling memory.

Hall and farewell, farewell and hall!
The going and the coming guests.
Welcome to daybreak's shining sail,
As to the night beyond the West!
The years may come, the years may go,
And bring the sad or merry mood;
Merry or sad, one thing we know,
That life is good, ah, life is good!
That life is good, ah, life is good!

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Who Comes Here?" "Halt! Who comes here?" Friends with the counttersign. "Advance one and give me the

countersign!" It was the relief going the rounds to change the pickets, and I was dropped out at post No. 7. We had fought Lee all day long on the strangest battle-field of the whole war—in the Wilderness. From right to left flank, from front to rear, we were hemmed in by forest and thicket. There were swamps in which lizards and serpents lurked, thickets in which the coy whippoorwill built its nest, dense spots of forest which seemed never to have echoed the ring of the woodman's axe.

We had fought from tree to tree from thicket to thicket, from glade to glade, pushing back the gray line here, baffled and compelled to give around at other points. Lee's lines barred the way. Never a man in his whole army whose musket-barrell was not hot that day. Never a man who did not feel that he was fighting for the life of the Confederacy.

How the forest shook and trembled

as the great guns sent their deadly missiles crashing through the foliage How the thickets blazed up in flames, the severed limbs crashed down, the sunny glades turned dark as night with the powder-smoke settling over them! The dead outnumbered the bushes; the wounded waited and cried as I never heard them before or after. There was something so sombre-so gruesome-so unearthly in fighting a foe unseen in the semi-darkness that the shouting and cursing usually heard in the lines gave place to silence

and pale faces.

Darkness had come at last and the roar of battle had died away to a low growl. Grant had failed to drive Lee. We knew that from flank to flank. If he could not force a passage, through those gray lines he could flank them, Before the sun went down we knew that he would do it. It was not yet night when the movement began, but my division would be one of the last to move, and we must hold our ground and prevent the Confederates from discovering what was taking place. It was a curious coincidence of war that Lee was also moving by the flank, both armies marching in parallel lines from a battle-field which had yielded neither victory nor defeat to either side.

Post No. 7 was under a large tree on the edge of a thicket. To the south there was a strip of open ground, then a ticket, then an old field, in which stood a log cabin. It was a lonely place, well away from the camps, the dead, and the dying, but I was glad to be alone. All along the lines there was a growling of musketry; but this was a bluff-a bit of acting to cover happening to alarm me, when I heard a person moving in the thicket across the open strip.

Was it a person? Riderless horses had galloped about, that day almost without number; this might be one which had found shelter in that thicket. Rustle! Rustle? Step! Step!

It was a cautious movement. ever it was hoped to reach me without discovery, but there was dead leaves under foot and the thicket was dense. A hare could not have moved without betraving its presence. Rustle! Rustle!

Kneeling down so as to see under the darkness, as it were, I suddenly made out a black object against the dark back-ground. It is neither horse nor mule; it is a human being. It is neither A scout from the enemy's picket post only a quarter of a mile away? wounded man hobbling about to find succor? One of our own scouts returning?

Who comes here?" There is silence for fifteen seconds and then a woman's voice answers:
"I can't find the place! It is dark I can't find the place !"

Ay! it was a woman's voice, and it had a sob in it too. A woman there in the darkness between the hostile lines — with powder-smoke still in the air, with stray bullets darting through the thickets with a whizz as of some great insect stirred to anger ! Who comes here?"

"I wish it wasn't so dark! I am so tired-so tired!" And then she came across the open strip towards me, making no stop, never hesitating, walking straight up to me, as if she could see as well by night as in the sunshine of day.

'I can't find the place !" she sobbed as she came to a stop within arms-

length. "Good God, woman! but what are you doing here?" I gasped, almost

terrified at her presence.
"See! see!" she replied, holding a bundle out towards me. "One time saw a beautiful spot in the woods, and "One time I said to myself that if he died I would bury him there, but I can't find it - I

you got there?"
"See! see! Don't be afraid. He's dead. He can't speak or move. Take

She put a bundle into my arms and I cried out and let fall my musket. It was the body of a baby about a year and a half old. Dead? Yes! Dead from a cruel bullet which had pierced its little body and left a great wound which looked horrible to me in the dim light. light! Dead and cold and bathed in its own blood—dead for hours! And when I reached out and touched the shawl or wrap worn by the mother my fingers burned at the feel of blood!
"I have carried him such a long

long way," she moaned, "and I have seen so many dead men and heard so many guns! You'll help me, won't

you—help me to find the place and bury poor baby?"

"Was it your baby? Do you live in the cabin beyond the thicket?" I asked, still holding the little corpse.

"He was so happy!" she said as she patted the little bare head with a mother-hand. "And I was so happy, too! He won't never laugh and crow again, will he? I've got to find that peautiful place and bury him, haven't I? And you'll help me; yes, I know you will, for you don't swear and curse

at me. She had lost her mind. Think of it —an insane mother wandering over a bloody battle-field with her dead child in her arms! She had but one idea— to bury it in a beautiful dell which she had once visited-a dell in which Federal or Confederate were doubtless then burying their own dead.

I knew not what to do. I could not leave my post and I did not want her to go wandering further. I was trying to soothe and quiet the woman when she suddenly cried out:

"Ah! It is not so dark now and I can find the place. I'll go on ahead and dig the grave and do you follow on with baby. Poor baby! He won' know that he is buried, will he? I can He won't find the place and you—"
"Come back! Come back!" I called

to her as she fled away in the darkness but she was two hundred feet away as she answered me: "I'll find the place! Poor, poor

baby And when the relief came I told the story and pointed to the bundle resting

on the ground beside me. "God pity her!" whispered the ser-

grant as he lifted his cap.
"God pity her!" echoed all the others as they stood uncovered around the poor little corpse.

Time meant human lives that night.

Grant was moving by the flank; Lee was moving by the flank to match him. The morrow was to witness more slaughter-make thousands of other widows and orphans.

Dig here !" said the sergeant, and with our bayonets we scooped out a shallow grave in scarcely more than a minute's time.

"Carefully, now! Poor little thing! Now fill in! That will do. God knows where it lies. Fall in — forward,

And yet men write of the glory of

# The Obligation of Hearing Mass.

It is a duty of every Catholic who has reached the age of discretion, to hear Mass on Sundays and holydays. This duty is not imposed by the third precept of the Decalogue, for that precept applies to Sunday—or rather to the "Sabbath day"—alone; and although it has reference to the worthe real design. I had been nearly an ship of God, yet it has no reference to hour on the post without anything that special form of worship which is paid to God in and through the adorable sacrifice of the Mass.

We know from ecclesiastical history from the earliest days of the Christian Church it has been customary for the faithful to assemble to-gether—on the Lord's day especially in the church or, when that was not possible, as in the ages of persecution, in some private house, catacombs, in caves, on the hill-sides, for the celebration of the Divine Mysteries; but it is not easy to state pre cisely at what particular time in the Church's history the law that obliges the faithful to hear Mass on Sunday was made to be universally binding. In a Provincial Council of twenty-five Bishops, held in the year 544 at Agde (Agatha), in France, it was ordained that the faithful should be present on the Lord's day at the entire Mass, and that anyone who would dare to leave the church before the priest's blessing vas given should be publicly reproved by the Bishop. But whatever may be the antiquity of the law, it is certain that it binds under pain of mortal sin nence, if any Catholic should, through his own fault, neglect to hear Mass on those days, he would be guilty of a

grievous trangression, and provoke against himself the anger of God. No reputable Catholic, no Catholic who wishes to be regarded as a true child of the Church, no Catholic who values his immortal soul, will ever neglect the sacred duty of hearing Mass on the days prescribed, unless he be unavoidably prevented. His fidelity in the observance of this precept of the Church may be said to be a criterion by which his character as a Christian may be known. It is very true that a man is not necessarily a good Christian because he is never absent from Mass when he should be present, but there is no surer sign of languid faith there

As a cure for cold in the head and catarra Nasal Balm is endorsed by prominent men everywhere. D. Derbyshire, president of the Ontario Creamery Association, says:—
"Nasal Balm beats the world for catarra and cold in the head. In my own case it effected relief from the first application." Sold by dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price—50 cts. and \$1 a bottle. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

"What is it, woman? What have is no surer sign of general indifference to all matters of religion, to all spiritual "See! see! Don't be afraid. He's interests, to the soul's salvation itself, than the wilful neglect to hear Mass

on Sundays and holy-days.

In the early days of the Church, when faith was stronger and charity more active than now, the faithful needed no precept to oblige them to hear Mass on certain days. They assisted at the Adorable Sacrifice daily, whenever that was possible; and, to-gether with the officiating priest, they partook of the flesh of the Immaculate Lamb—slain mystically for the salva-tion of the world—in Holy Communion; and they regarded it, as well they might regard it, as an inestimable privilege to be permitted to do so. Oh, that those days of earnes, strong, faith, those blessed days of fervor and ardent charity, may return once more

#### EDISON AS A NEWSBOY. Beginning of His Wonderful Career,

George Parsons Lathrop, in Harper's tells the following of Thomas A. Edi-

son as a newsboy: "At the beginning of the Civil War," said Mr. Edison, "I was slaving late and early at selling papers; but to tell the truth, I was not making a fortune. I worked on so small a margin that I had to be mighty careful not to overload myself with papers that I couldn't sell. On the other hand, I could not afford to carry so few that I should find myself sold out long before the end of my trip. To enable myself to hit the happy mean I formed plan which turned out admirably a plan which turned of the composi-I made a friend of one of the compositors in the Free Press office, and persuaded him to show me every day 'galley-proof' of the most important news article. From a study of its head lines I soon learned to guage the value of the day's news and its selling capacity, so that I could form a tolerably correct estimate of the number of papers I should need. As a rule, I could dispose of about two hundred, but if there were any special news from the seat of war the sale ran up to three hundred or over. Well, one day

my compositor brought me a proof slip of which nearly the whole was taken up with a gigantic display head. was the first report of the battle of Pittsburg Landing — afterward called Shiloh, you know — and it gave the number of killed and wounded as sixty

"I grasped the situation at once. Here was a chance for enormous sales if only the people along the line could know what had happened—if only they could see the proof slip I was then reading! Suddenly an idea occurred to me. I rushed off to the telegraph operator, and gravely made a proposi tion to him, which he received just as gravely. He, on his part, was to wire to each of the principal stations on our route, asking the station-master to chalk upon the black bulletin boardused for announcineir p times of arrival and deppt the c trains—the news of the grant the companying slaughter. This he was

thousand men!

prospect if my telegraph operator had kept his word, a point on which I was still a trifle doubtful. Nerving myself for a great stroke, I marched up stairs into the office of Wilber F. Storey himself, and asked to see him. minutes later I was shown in to him. I told him who I was, and that I wanted 1,500 copies of the paper on The tall, thin, dark-eved ascecredit. tic-looking man stared at me for a noment, and then scratched a few words on a piece of paper. 'Take that down stairs, 'said he, 'and you will get what you want.' And so I did. Then I felt happier than I have ever felt

"I got my 1,500 papers, got three boys to help me fold them, and mounted the train, all agog to find out whether the telegraph operator had kept his word. At the town where our first stop was made I usually sold two papers. As the train swung into that station I looked ahead, and thought there must be a riot going on. A big crowd filled the platform, and as the train drew up I began to realize that they wanted my papers. Before we left I had sold a hundred or two at five cents a piece. At the next station the place was fairly black with people. I raised my price and sold three hundred papers for ten cents each. So it went on until Port Huron was reached. Then I transferred my remaining stock to the wagon which always waited for me there, hired a small boy to sit on a pile of papers in the back of the wagon so as to discount any pilfering, and sold every paper I had at a quarter of a dollar or more per copy. I remember I passed a

about the best thing going, for it was the telegraphic notices on the bulletin boards that had done the trick. I determined at once to become a telegraph operator. But if it had not been for Wilber F. Storey I should never have fully appreciated the wonders of electrical science."

#### Friendship.

What is true friendship? Is it that which is shown when one is on the high road to presperity, when all around is bright with brilliant promises for the future, when everything he touches turns to gold, and being his friend is of benefit more to those who seek his friendship than it is to him? Or is it that which is shown when his pockets are empty, when all about him is dark and gloomy, with not one ray of sunshine to cheer his broken heart. is the time when true friendship is

When a man takes the hand of a brother to lift him instead of being ifted, then he shows true friendship. When he showers favors upon one from whom he expects no return; when he aids a brother without hope of a future reward, then, not till then, does he know what true friendship is in all its higher and nobler meaning. But few instances of true friendship can be found in this selfish world. When one s prosperous he can count his friends y the score, but let misfortune over take him, and it is but a short time when he finds they have all departed with his prosperity. Fair weather friends are a numerous class, but true friends can easily be numbered.

The Late Sir William White. The late Sir William White, English ambassador at Constantinople, died recently at Berlin, was the first Catholic to occupy the post of British Ambassador since the days of the Reformation. At the time of Leo XIII.'s jubilee Sir W. White mentioned this fact in a telegram of congratulation which he addressed to the Pope, whose reply was not only flattering to the Ambassador, but contained a grateful acknowledgment of the honor conferred by the Queen on one of her Catholic

When Sir William White was a Consul on the Danube one of his favorite recreations was to go among the people on Sunday after Mass, and get into con versation with peasants or workmen, se as to find out what they were saying about current events. He married a bout current events. Polish lady while he was for a short time consul at Dantzic. She was with him at Berlin when he died, and has since pis at Agnetenberg, near Zwolle, where is situated the Augustinian then received letters of condolence from all parts of Europe.

#### Seminaries of God.

For centuries the house of the Bishop was the school or seminary in which was imparted that high degree knowledge and solid virtue so ess to the Christian priesthood. In these Episcopal schools the young Levites were required to pass many years in study and prayer under the ever-watchful eye of the chief pastors of the study and prayer under the everto do at once; while I agreed in return
to supply him free, gratis, for nothing,
a Harper's Weekly, a Harper's
Monthly, and a daily evening paper
during the next six months from that
date.

"This bargain struck, I began to bethink me how I was to get enough
papers to make the grand coup I intended. I had very little cash, and I
feared, still less credit. I went to the
superintendent of the delivery department and proffered a modest request
for one thousand copies of the Free
Press on trust; but I was not much surprised when my request was curtly and
gruffly refused. In those days, though,
I was a pretty cheeky boy, and I felt
desperate; for I saw a small fortune in
prospect if my telegraph operator had

study and prayer under the everwatchful eye of the chief pastors of the
Church. When, later on, monastic
institutions became the great centers
watchful eye of the chief pastors of the
Church. When, later on, monastic
institutions became the great centers
and profane, the
Bishop soften confided to them the education of their clergy. Fron the cloistered homes of the chief pastors of the
Church. When, later on, monastic
institutions became the great centers
and profane, the
Bishop soften confided to them the education of their clergy. Fron the cloistered homes of Acrying Evil.

Every crying evil should be promptly
reflecting thousands of Canadiana, which can
assily be removed. Sick headache is a crying evil
affecting thousands of Canadiana, which can
assily be removed by the use of Burdock
Blood Bitters, the best known stomach, liver
affecting thousands of Canadiana, the
Church serior of the choispast profit of learning, sacred and profane, the
Bishop soften confided to them the education of their clergy. Fron the cloisthe despersate stomach liver
and bardock of learning, sacred and profane, the
Bishop soften confided to them the education of their clergy. For the cloissacred and profane, the
Bishop soften confided to them the education of their clergy.

## Value of a True Friend.

Bishop Kain.

A blessed thing it is for any man or voman to have a friend, one human soul whom we can trust utterly, who knows the best and the worst of us, and who loves us in spite of all our faults; who will speak the honest truth to us while the world flatters us to our face and laughs at us behind our back who will give us counsel and reproof, in the day of prosperity and self-conceit; but who, again, will comfort and encourage us in the day of difficulty and sorrow, when the world leaves us alone to fight our own battle as we If we have had the good fortune can. to win such a friend, let us do any thing rather than lose him. We mus give, and forgive, live and let live. If our friend has faults we must with them. We must hope all things, believes all things, endure all things rather than lose that most precious of all earthly possessions, a trusty friend. And a friend once won need never be lost if we will only be trusty and true to ourselves.

It is said that no epidemic disease ever crosses the threshold of a Trappist monastery. The monks cat no meat have but one "square" meal a day work hard and live abstemiously.

Mme. Charlotte Frances Henderick formerly of Manhattanville Convent died in Sacred Heart Convent in Terresdale, Pa., February 1, on twenty-second anniversary of taking the veil.

No Wonder.

per copy. I remember I passed a church full of worshippers, and stopped to yell out my news. In ten seconds there was not a soul left in the meeting. All of them, including the parson, were clustered around me, bidding against each other for copies of the precious paper.

"You can understand why it struck me then that the telegraph must be "Minard's Liniment cares La Grippe."

#### 5c. Saved! \$1 LOST!

It is false economy saving 5 cents by buying a bar of poor soap, for that bar of poor soap will do more than a dollar's worth of damage to your clothes, by rotting them, to say nothing of the harm it does to the hand.

When you buy SUNLIGHT Soap you get the VERY BEST VALUE. It goes farther, washes easier, saves fuel and hard work, and cannot possibly injure the clothes or skin, no matter how fine or delicate. It is real economy to use SUNLIGHT Soap.

Give it a trial. See that you get the right article, as imitators are trying to humbug the people.

# LEVER BROTHERS, Limited, TORONTO.

A True Lady.

Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost or found. No art can estore to the grape its bloom. Familiarity without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all that makes roman exalting and ennobling.

It is the first duty of woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. Bad manners in a woman is immorality.

Awkwardness may be ineradicable.

Bashfullness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circum-stances. All can be condoned and not banish man or woman from the amenities of their kind. But selfpossessed, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may coarseness of deficiency and certainly merits that mild form of restraint called imprisonment for life. It is a shame for woman to Le

lectured on their manners. It is bitter shame that they need it. Do not be restrained. Do not have impulses that need restraint. Do not impulses that need restraint. Do not Reserve Fund, - - - 602,000 wish to dance with the Prince unsought; feel differently. Be sure you J. W. LITTLE. confer honor. Carry yourself so loftily that men will look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of man to-

ward woman is reverence. He loose a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to trained in propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in tact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kind-ness she would be found wanting, he receives inward hurt. The clergy of Holland are promoting

movement for the erection of a

suitable monument to Thomas a Kem-

monastery in which the illustrious servant of God took the religious vows in To the question, Which is your favorite poem? there may be a great variety of answers; but when asked, Which is your favorite blood-purifier? there can be only one reply-Ayers's Sarsaparilla, because it is the purest,

safest, and most economical. A Crying Evil.

DR. LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP is a delight ful shampoo. It cleanses the scalp and darkens grey hair.

PALE, WEAK WOMEN need a tonic, to strengthen giving, flesh building medicine like Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine. SMALL SUGAR COATED Burdock Pills do not gripe or sicken. They are mild and effectual.

# "German Syrup"

Martinsville, N.J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from a Cough which disabled he from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I eceived such quick and permanent elp from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." REV. W. H. HAGGARTY. A Safe

of the Newark, New Jersey, M.E. Confer-Remedy. ence, April 25, '90.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has the careful personal supervision of the proprietor in all the details of its preparation as has HOOD'S Sarsaparilla.



THE HURON AND ERIE Loan & Savings Company

ESTABLISHED 1864.

Subscribed Capital, - \$2,500,000

OKPOSITS of SI and upwards received DEBENTURES issued, payable in Can-ada or in England. Executors and trus-tees are authorized by law to invest in the debentures of this company.

MONEY LOANED on mortgages of real MORIGAGES purchased.

G. A. SOMERVILLE. London, Ont.

DUTTON & MURPHY Undertakers and Embalmers OFFICES AND \ 479 neen St West SHOW ROOMS:\ 321 Queen St. East Telephone 1731 and 2796. Funerals Furnished at Moderate Prices.

### BELLS! BELLS! PEALS & CHIMES FOR CHURCHES. School Bells. Clock Tower Bells. House Bells.

JOHN TAYLOR & Co. are founders of the most toted Rings of Bells which have been cast, inclu-ling those for St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Peal of 12 (largest in the world), also the famulis freat Paul weighing 16-tons 14.cwt. 2-qrs. 19-jbs.



Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore

- CURES DYSPEPSIA. BILHOUSNESS CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA

SALT RHEUM. SCROFUL HEART BURN. SOUR STOMA DIZZINESS. DROPSY RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES

180 KING STREET John Ferguson & Sons, The leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open night and day.
Telephone—House, 373; Factory, 543.

JAMES KILGOUR Undertaker and Importer of Fireral Furnishings. Funerals furnat their real and proper val 355 RICHMOND STREET. Residence - 112 Elmwood avenu London South.

Benediction with the second Try a Roberts Ozonator For dispelling any and all disagreeable an unheathy odors. Satisfaction guaranteed

SMITH BROS. PLUMBERS, ETC.

172 King Street, London. Telephone 58. Sond 25 cts. and get a copy of Hea-tigers' Home Almanae for 1892. THOS. COFFEY. London. Ont. Also to be had from our travelling agents.

"Only a Year. only a year!" oh, that's not le Lightly the words were said: But they fell like the closing no On the ears of one who had wait

FEBRUARY 27, 11

Time enough for friendship to
Though only one short year;
But the fate of many within it
There is time enough to laugh
Enough to hope and fear.

Time for the orange flowers to To wreathe the bride's fair h Time for the wintry winds and To cover the hearts that have l And grass grow green instea

And grass grow
Only a year! It is not long
When hope the heart dolt of
When the future is bright the
But when memories only to us
Find the days and months seem lot
Ab, me, though "only a yea
Portla

MANNING AND CA Remarkable Sermon by Minister—The Life Great English Cardin

We take the follow Philadelphia Ledger of Coming from a non-Caman it will be read with terest by Catholics: The congregation of t den Unitarian Society

instructive sermon at y ing's service, upon ning and Catholicism, the pastor, Rev. Willi "The recent death of ning," Mr. Nichols sai ing his subject, "follow death of Cardinal New verts to the Roman Ca and both dying at an venerated for their rem and high character, of a glance at the histo position of the Roman The history of this an is extremely interesting it does the history of tion throughout that world known as Christ

Continuing, Mr. sketched the early Church and its growth power. After speaki duction of Catholicism in the sixth century tine, the growth of the effects of the Refe Mr. Nichols said : A REMARKABLE GAI

POWE It is only within of men of this genera Catholics in Englan-lieved of their civil they still are classe and deprived of priv belonging to those Church. The present centur remarkable gain in

f the Roman Cathol

land. It makes no p poral or civil power has but little power where else. But Church's progress power has been res Established Church power has tendencies have be one hand there Church movement, but little emphasis has permitted much in the matters of do as Arnold, Maurice ley, Stanley and prominent in this n ther hand, there Church movement, ian, from certain ! dred years ago. two tendencies Church is that s Churchmen have England and have as did Stopford Br number of the H have left the Chu Roman Catholics,

> case as have bee perfectly natural, thing seems to I occur more freque The experience SIMILAR TO THAT

The two men we

and Manning are examples. Takin purport of these tw

English Church, s

their dispositions abilities, but wer which drew then Catholic Church. nearly contempo porn in the first century. Cardin six years the old educated at Eng became clergyme Church. And be nearly the same 850 that Manni Catholic body, t years before he was made Archb year later, was observed fact most ardent sup Manning was a the Catholic fa tion of his preac controversial.

oncerning the the ground of th in which he wa side his doctrin He was deeply of social refor especially over mmense. He at he also end

by aiding then rights. At the of dock labore the cause of