by the hands of the same architect, the

Sainte Chapelle, has been spared. The

upon a new and strange world: a

departed; a world intent only on sor-

roots of the past destroys its hope of

more and more dim. Around these old

passed, to give place to a narrow, dull,

material life, which refuses to look up

to where glory still shines in the clouds

but, with a strange infatuation without

parallel in the history of mankind,

seeks the secrets, the motive, the end

of existence in the dust beneath its

But under this antique porch, with

past of France seems to meet

scholars

its square buttressed tower, all the

those who still hold that past worthy of

nonor. An innumerable host, stretch-

ing back through the ages, of kings

saints, have crossed this threshold and

passed under the lofty arches of the

nave to adore upon the altar the same

Sacramental Presence before which

Clovis bent his Pagan knee and rose

up the first of Christian kings

Armine, when she saw before her the

venerable, well known walls, said to

Madelon: "Ah! there is St. Germain

des Pres. Let us go in for a few min

subdued light of the beautiful interior,

rich with splendid color, proved grate

ful to eyes fresh from dazzling sun

light striking on asphalt pavements

All was a seeped in quiet—the ineffable

quiet which broods in the sanctuary as

which it seems as if by listening in-tently one might almost hear the rust-

ling of angel-wings around the taber

nacle where dwells our hidden Lord.

A few figures were kneeling here and

there. In the nave stood a man with

he appearance of an artist, studying

intently those frescoes of Flandrin, to which no higher praise can be given

than that in their beauty and devo

tional feeling they are worthy to be

placed above those Roman arches which

late back to the time of the Abbot

Armine passed with her companion

up the nave and knelt before the high

altar. At that altar past and present

met, as they meet in eternity before Him Who is unchanging, "yester-day, to day, and for ever." On a

line with her as she knelt was, on

one side, the chapel containing the

marble figure of Casimir, king of

Poland, who died abbot of the monas

tery, kneeling on his tomb and offer

ing up his crown to God; on the other

the chapel of St. Marguerite, adjoin

ng which is the chapel in which

ames, Duke of Douglas, lies, his

sculptured figure reclining on his

most without seeing them; but they

entered into and made part of what

she was feeling. The king who had

surrendered all things to follow Christ,

though dead yet spoke to her, as did the soldier of a warlike age whose

dust lay in the quiet keeping of that

church which he had not followed his

saving to her soul: "He that loveth

father or mother more than Me is not

terrible words what voice of earth can

peal is there when the moment of final

choice comes? When Armine rose

these words had been, as it were,

now only to nerve herself to action.

was not an hour when loiterers abound

rainbow spray of flashing fountains

figures move before her imagination-

Toward one of these nooks she made

her way, turning to the left and fol-lowing a path that led to a spot where

art had endeavored to imitate nature,

with ferns, the boughs of trees arched

overhead, forming a shade deep,

add weight? From them what ap

To these grave and

worthy of Me.'

Armine saw these things al-

Morardus.

n no other spot of earth; a quiet in

And when they entered the

Cardinals, prelates,

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ARMINE.

CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER XXIII

"And where now, mademoiselle?" asked Madelon when she joined Armine at the foot of the staircase and they issued together from the porte-cochere. Armine did not answer for a mo ment. Indeed it had been her evident hesitation in turning homeward which impelled Madelon to ask the question. They stood in the shadow of the archway for an instant; then the girl said :

Do you remember, Madelon, when we used to live in the Rue de Vaugirard, how I loved the Luxembourg Garden? I have not been there in such a long time, and I feel just now as if I should like to see it again. Let us go there. At this time of day there will be few people about, and I can find one of my old haunts to be quiet in, while you go to see your cousin, who lives near by.

You are very good, mademoiselle, said Madelon, "and I should like to see my cousin, who has not been well of late; but to leave you alone in a public place-that is not possible. Well, we will go and walk through

the garden, and afterwards, perhaps, will go with you to your cousin's, The Catholic Record for One Year said Armine, who knew that she gen erally had her own way in the end

So they turned from the river, passed through the quarter of the Faubourg St. Germains with its stately hotels of the old nobility, and, presently reaching the boulevard of the same name. found themselves near the old abbey church of St. Germain des Pres.

Of the hurrying multitude that pours y this ancient and most interesting sanctuary there are probably few who thought to the panorama of French history which it has power to unroll to the mind's eye. Yet it stands as a witness and relic of that Christian civilization which has made France. Here, in the dawn of the light which was to wax so brilliant, Childbert, son Clovis, founded the monastery and church in which his body rested for many centuries. To the student of mediæval history the fame of that great monastery, with its splendid domain and seignorial rights, is very familiar; but even such a student, looking at its surroundings to day, must find it difficult to draw the picture of "that abbatial palace where the Bishops of Paris deemed themselves ortunate to be entertained for a night that refectory to which the architect had given the air, the beauty, and the splendid window of a cathedral: that elegant chapel of the Virgin, that noble dormitory, those spacious gar-dens, that portcullis, that drawbridge, that girdle of battlements cut out to the eye upon the green sward of the surrounding fields, those courts where men at arms glistened among copes of gold-the whole collected and grouped around three lofty spires with circular arches, firmly seated upon a Gothic

choir, forming a magnificent object against the horizon. So the ages of faith saw St. Germain les Pres, and so, with certain changes, t remained until the sacrilegious hand of the Revolution fell upon it, suppressing, confiscating, and (with a fine sense of the fitness of things!) converting the abbot's palace into a saltpetre manufactory, where an explo-sion occurred which destroyed the matchless refectory and valuable library. Afterward the work of destrucwhich is powerless to construct knows well how to destroy. Streets of houses without an architectural idea have without an architectural idea have still depths of the tabernacle seemed tion went on with celerity; for an age ings of which hardly a trace now re mains to delight the antiquary. even the chapel of Notre Dame, built by Pierre de Montreuil in the thirteenth century, and famed as one of the most exquisite pieces of architect

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green, and delicious. Under this shade, by the side of the fountain, a seat was placed; and here Amine sat "Now, my good Madelon," she said

voice of water.

with glorious cathedrals and erected, can with a clear conscience leave me here as much as I. for a little while, and go to see your cousin, who I know lives very near. "Oh! yes, mademoiselle; on step away in the Rue Soufflot,"

ancient church alone stands—as it was rebuilt by the Abbot Morardus in the said tenth century, after the Normans had Madelon, and then stopped. She was destoyed the older church - looking much tempted, being not often able to see this cousin, who kept a small shop world from which all sense of the beau-tiful, as of the elevated, seems to have in the neighborhood ; but her sense of responsibility was strong. She did not really fear harm or insult for Armine if left alone, but her pride did gain or ignoble pleasure; a world that in severing itself from the deep would have been wounded if the girl had been seen unattended by any one future, and where the light which Clovis and Childebert kindled wanes who knew her. There was apparently little prospect of such a thing here. however, so she finally consented to walls the glowing, picturesque life of go, promising to return very soon, the Middle Ages, with its genius, its and exacting from Armine a promise passion, and its ardent faith, bringing that she would not stir until that re heaven down to earth, has swept, and turn. Armine had no desire to do so. The

> quiet was delightful to her, and as she istened to Madelon's receding steps she drew a deep sigh of relief and to enjoy it there is nothing more re-freshing to soul and body than solitude. It is like an invigorating bath to the mind tired of society, of the trivialities which make up most con-versation, of the effort necessary to preserve that appearance of interest essential to good breeding, and also to the mind fatigued in the less common way by too much stimulation. Armine did no live enough in society to be conscious of either form of weariness but all meditative natures spend their happiest hours alone. Poets, artists of all kinds, thinkers, and saints belong to this class. "The light belong to this class. "The light that never was on sea or land" shines for them at such times and peoples solitude with glorious images. Armine, with her sad heart and troubled mind, would have been amazed to be old that she was of the stuff of which these dreamers are made; but no one who looked at her with an appreciative regard could doubt it. As she sat new by the brimming basin, in the softly lickering shade, with her clear, deep, wistful eyes, she looked like the idea of one to whom such glory might be revealed. This, at least, was the thought of

young man, who flattered himself that he was very appreciative, when he suddenly came in sight of her. She did not hear his footsteps and for moment he paused regarding the charming picture which she made. Then he came forward, and with a start she looked up and recognized him.

"Mile. Duchesne,' he said, "this is a delightful surprise! I did not know ou were in Paris.'

"I have not been in Paris much more than twelve hours, M. Egerton, she answered. "We returned—my father and I-last night from Brit-

tany."
"And it is my good fortune to meet you to day!" said Egerton. "I am certainly very much indebted to the chance which has brought me here. "It seems rather a singular chance. said Armine, "for I remember that you were one of the last of our ac

quaintances whom I saw before I left Paris. And now you are one of the first whom I meet on my return! You seem likely to be met in very unlikely places, monsieur. "But the Garden of the Luxem.

bourg is not an unlikely place." he said. "Any one might be here." ' Not any one who lives on the other sido of the Seine," she answered. the Champs Elysees, now, I should have thought it natural to meet you; but

"As much as I was in the Madeleine?" he asked, smiling. "But there is this difference: I was drawn into the Madeleine by the contagion of your example, while no such contagion side, and your father on the other, religion them, as you think, the advancdrew me here, for I had no idea of gard me with scorn and impatience; seeing you.'

"Of course not; how could you

here you are out of your orbit.

have had?" she said quickly.
"Yet, all the same, it is remarkable," he went on. "That I should come over here to see a friend, who at length to leave the church where spoken to her, she felt as if hesitation were no longer possible, as if she had should stroll into the Luxembourg to look at the pictures, and that finally I Again in the streets, they walked should wander down to this quiet oward the Luxembourg and soon spot and find you - if it is only a bit of entered the garden by the Rue de Vaugirard. As Armine had said, it accidental good fortune, I can only say that it reconciles me to some acci dents which are not fortunate. And in its pleasant shades, and most of the now, mademoiselle, am I intruding upon you? Shall I go away? Or seats under the spreading chestnuts were unoccupied. The girl gazed around her lovingly. How well she knew the long arcades, the spacious, you permit me to sit down and talk to you for a little while?"

His manner was so frank and so stately terraces with their statues and great flights of steps descending to the parterre gay with flowers and the respectful that Armine hesitated for a moment before replying. She was aware that, according to French It had been the dreaming-place of her usage, such a tete a tete was inadmisearly youth, when from the study of sible: but Egerton was a foreigner. belonging to a nation with different history she had come here to see its social rules. She had an instinctive sense that she might trust him not to princes and courtiers and great ladies with manners and bearing of infinite presume in any way upon her permission, if she gave it; and, more grace. The marble queens of France than that, she felt a revival of her in look serenely, and perhaps a little disdainfully, from their pedestals terest in him, and a sense as if this at the bourgeois throng that ebbs and meeting was not due merely to chance. flows through scenes fit only for a So she answered: court were like old friends to her, and

"You do not intrude, for I have no she knew every nook musical with the right to monopolize this place. It is simply an old haunt of mine, where I nsisted that Madelon should leave me while she went to pay a visit near by. did not think it probable that any one would disturb my solitude. That does not mean, however, that you where a fountain burst out of rock and fell into a great brimming basin edged need go away, if you care to stay.

"Of that there can be no doubt," he replied. And, having remained standing up to this time, he now sat down on the bench near her.

"It is a beautiful place," he said, glancing around, "and you looked, when I saw you first, as if you were

"Oh! no," she said, smiling a little, "for five or six years ago we lived very near here, and the garden is as familiar to me as possible. That is why I spoke of this spot as an old haunt of mine. While Madelon would gossip with her friends on the terrace, I used to come down here and dream.

"It seems made for dreaming," said Egerton. "And that you came here for such a purpose explains why l thought, as I first caught sight of you, that you looked like a sibyl seeking

Did you think that?" she said,

with a glance of involuntary surprise.
Well, I am not a siby!, but when you saw me I was seeking inspiration.
Only it was a different inspiration
from that which you probably mean." "I don't know, he answered The inspiration which I mean deal with the deepest questions of life; and there can be no deep question in life which does not reach beyond it. the sibyls looked into the dread secrets of that which lies beyond, and spoke with the voice of the gods. I cannot tell, of course," he added after a moment's pause, "what form of in spiration you were seeking; but to say that you looked like a sibyl mean more - much more - than to say that you looked like a muse.

"It is very extravagant to say that I looked like either," she observed "But the inspiration which quietly. was seeking was on a question stretching beyond this life. For you are right in saving that there can be

no great question which ends here.
"And yet," he said slowly, wonder if you know what it is to assailed constantly with the doubt whether all things do not end here whether whatever seems to go beyond is not merely a vain dream or a base-

She looked at him for an instant

without replying; then she said "Yes, I have known what it is not only to be assailed by such a doubt, but to live in it. The belief that all things do end here is the belief in which I was educated; but I found it as difficult to believe that as you find it to believe in another life. My mind revolted against a creed so narrow and so blind, and I felt, what I read long after on an inspired page, 'If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable."
"Miserable — yes," he said. " But

what then? A man cannot believe a doctrine simply because it would be comfortable and consoling. And to a man of this generation, who breathes the air of his generation and keeps pace with its mental advance, faith has become well-nigh impossible. I grant that the most of us had not much to begin with or ground for such a hope. -a few shreds of Christian hope and belief which were handed down to us after having been subjected to various eliminating processes, and had little to distinguish them from barest rational When put to the test of logic could such faith as that stand? Ignorance is its only safeguard; and how ever much ignorauce may be bliss one hardly cares to indulge it in connection with this momentous subject. one goes on, opening one's mind to conclusions and opinions of the time, and when at last an hour comes with some need for faith one puts out one's hand - to seize a wreath of mist, a

vapor unsubstantial as a dream. "And is that what you feel! Is that your position?" asked Armine, her eves full of interest.

That is undoubtedly my position, he answered. "I am blamed by my yet to believe with the one I find as impossible as to feel with the other without belief."

"I am sure," said Armine, are wrong when you speak of M. D'Ancome over here to see a friend, who proved not to be at home—who never is at home, by the bye; then that I would be possible for him to regard anyone with such a feeling as thatcertainly not one of whom I have heard him speak as kindly as of your self. And if you find it impossible to believe what he does, that is probably because you do not know why he believes. Even in my slight experience I have found that men are chiefly skeptical because they are ignorant. Egerton smiled. "The world gen

erally regards the converse of the proposition as true," he said. "And yet, in a measure, you are right: many men who turn to skepticism are profoundly ignerant of the claims of religion upon their reason. They grasp eagerly the wider freedom which unbelief offers, and the faith they demolish is a thing of straw set up by themselves. But I do not belong to this class. Unbelief has no charms for me. I have tested all that it offers to compensate for what it takes away. and I have found all hollow and unsatisfying. How can it be otherwise? For when men tell us that we have no souls to save and no God to serve, they drag down our whole conception of life, its meaning and its duty. What does a man who denies God mean by talk ing to me of duty? Have not I as good a right as he to my conception of it-which may be that of the most consummate selfishness? As for the welfare of humanity, why should I care what becomes of a few units in the infinite mass of succeeding generations, which crawl here for a little while in wretchedness and then go down to nothingness? No: if the day comes when the last gleam of blue sky - the last hope of immortality-is lost to me, persuadingly, "you see what a quiet indeed at home in it. Yet, according place this is. No one is at all likely to the rule which you laid down awhile shall believe that if a man can be said him first by his suffering and the

ure of an age which covered Europe to trouble me by coming here; so you ago, you should be out of your orbit to have a duty it will be that of aiding

In the earnestness of his feeling he had almost forgotten to whom he spoke but the girl who listened had understanding as well as sympathy for him Over the ground where he was wander ing her feet had already passed, and from where she stood, at the gate of the city builded upon a rock, she felt like stretching out a hand of succor to this wanderer in a world of shadows

But before she could decide what was best to say he spoke again : "You must forgive me for the egot ism into which I have been betrayed. I only intended, when I began speak ing of myself, to make you understand what I mean in saying that if you have gained any inspiration, if you possess any sibylline secret bearing upon such a state, pray give me the enefit of it."

"I will most willingly," she said But in order to do so I think I will ask you first to endure a little egotism

"I can ask nothing better," he answered eagerly.

But for a minute she was silent, and as she sat with her hands clasped to gether in her lap, and her eyes fastened on the brimming, flashing water in the gray, fern-clad basin, it seemed to Egerton that she was looking into the past as well as into the future, and her words, when she began to speak proved that he was right "Perhaps you will think it strange, the said, "but as long ago as when

she said, used to sit here-hardly child or only passing out of childhoodsuch thoughts as you have described were present with me. It was singu lar, was it not, that I did not accept my father's opinions? But I could not. I suppose I had a questioning mind-at least I always found myself asking, 'Why?' Why?' to the mystery of existence, to the riddle of history to the crime and the infinite sorrow ife. These are dark problems, and might not-probably I should nothave felt all their darkness and weight if I had not heard the evils of the world talked of so constantly and their rem edies so passionately advocated. those remedies-how could I believe in them? How could revolutions unrave the mystery of life, or the establishment of communes end its sorrow There was an unreal sound in the cries heard, though I did not know then

that the brotherhood of mankind has no meaning unless it rests on the fatherhood of God. insisted that the human race only needs to be freed from 'superstition and restraint to become great and good, I looked back over history and out on the world around us, and wen dered where they found any warrant

"There is none!" said Egerton quickly : for had not he, too, heard the same cries and asked the same ques tions of history and of life? seems almost incredible that you should have reached such conclusions alone and unassisted

"Why should it seem incredible? she asked. "It seemed to me that the thing which taxed credulity was the existence of the world without God, and the belief that for all the manifold and terrible injustice of life there should be no redress, no compensation, no merit to be gained in suffering, no punishment for crime.'

"It is an awful existence in which we find ourselves, if all those hopes are blotted out of it," he said. "But, as I remarked a moment ago, we can't shut our eyes to things because they are unpleasant.

"But you can shut them to other things," she said quietly, "because away. So a man might close his eyes and refuse to believe that the sun shone at mid day."

"Am I such a man?" he said. "I think not. I think I am willing to open my eyes. But you-surely during the time of which you speak you had some religious faith?"

She shook her head. least," she answered. "My mother had died early in my life, and the books upon which I was educated painted Christianity as the last and worst of the superstitions of mankind, a mere survival of ignorant myths et, notwithstanding this, the idea of religion-little as I knew of it-had an attraction for me, as I presume it must have for every one who does not entire ly stifle the spiritual side of nature.

"Yes," said Egerton, "I fancy that even the most hardened materialist must feel at times the longing and the mpulse toward faith. trained to distrust both that impulse and the attraction of which you speak.

"I know," she answered, "that we are trained to test everything by the scales and the crucible. stronger proof than this universal need of the existence of that for which our natures so strongly crave? Let those who answer by talking of an inherited impulse tell us what other deeply-implanted instinct of man, found in all aces, extending through all ages, has proved to be founded on a delusion.

The energy of her speech and the clearness of her thought moved Egerton's surprise more and more. withstanding his interest in drawing her out, he had not expected to receive anything of value; but now he owned that the sibyl had a message for him. "But you did not reach a final con clusion alone?" he asked presently.

"No," she replied; "I had a help ing hand. Is there not always helping hand for those who need and will take it? Mine was the hand of M. d'Antignac. I was attracted to

as far as possible in the extinction of this misery cursed humanity."

ful calm in whi phere-you kn storm can ruf faith thus daw clory and maje began to spea ies and perple: struggling, th showed me h meaning and paused an ir almost a rapt l went on. "It new Jerusalen reconciled to C thing of chanc there was a mo suffering they where sufferin and if they sin gave to the be n order that voluntary and Good and evil and God disdai choice. But i Egerton.

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