THE CATHOLIC RECORD

but been a slight ordeal, but the fiercest of struggles; the most dire of temptations. The old man prayed for his son as Jesus prayed for Peter: that his faith might not fail him. Hour after hour went by, and the whole

of the family and household, men, women, and children, remained on their knees, pleading, with strong crying and tears, to Him who alone could aid them in this their hour of utmost need. Some had re-

their hour of utmost need. Some had re-course to severe penance; others, with the natural fervid eloquence of their race, poured forth alond heartrending suppli-cations; even the children did not leave the foot of the altar. One little boy of five years old, Justo's youngest son, after remaining some time motionlees, with his hands clasped and eyes fixed on the Tabernacle, went up gently to his father's side, and whispered softly in his ear-" If the King of Arima cuts off my brother's and my sister's heads, will their souls go to heaven?"

cuts off my brother's and my sister's heads, will their souls go to heaven?" The unhappy father took the child in his arms and clasped him to his breast in silence; but the boy persisted—" If they die, father, will they go to heaven ?" "God forbid we should doubt it,' Jus-to said, in a faltering voice. "Then it will be very good for them to die, and I wish I was with them. Let me go to the King of Arima, for I should like to kneel down and let him cut off my head; or if he would make for me a little cross, not too big for my size, how pleased like Jesus, because they love Him so mach, are quite sure to go to heaven. O, dear father, let me go?" A murmur rose at that moment in the lower part of the chapel, and Justo heard the words, "The Father is taking his de-parture." He wildly started to his feet, and rushed to the entrance hall, where

nd rushed to the entrance hall, where the priest was standing, surrounded by a number of weeping women, who were clinging to his feet and seeking to detain Justo hastened to his side : " You him. must not, you shall not leave us; you are going to a certain death, and your return will be the signal for the publication of the edict and for the massacre of the

the color and is. Christians." "My son, I pledged my faith to the Emperor that, before noon, I would bring him your answer. If I remain here, my honor is forfeited; my inflaence for ever honor is forfeited; my inflaence for ever at an end with a people whose contempt for a lie nobody can better estimate than you. It is now two hours after midnight; it is high time that I depart. Detain me not, my son; you would commit a griev-ous crime by involving me in your re-bellion against your Sovereign." "Bat you sign the death-warrant of our brethren by returning to Meaco without

"would that you could believe, as I do, that God is more powerful than man; that the issues of life and death lie with Him, and not with us, poor miserable creatures that we are! When the patriarch of old led his child up to the heights of Horeb, did he dream in that hour of the angel even then on his way to deliver him from a more appalling trial than even yours this day? Bid these women depart, Justo; as you believe in God, as you are Coristian, do not venture to detain me by force. If you have not the faith or the strength—oh that the God whose servant you have so long been would, even "Whose servant I mays been!"

ity :" and of that Protestant strong.

MAY 20, 1899.

BLOQUENT TRIBUTE

MAT 20, 1000

Paid to the Late Bishop Watterson a Protestant Minister. peopl

On last Sunday evening Rev. Dr. Gladden, a Congregationalist minister, of Columbus, O., delivered an eloquent tribute to the late Bishop Watterson. The substance of his address is here in the chief pasto fideli He

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cure

whol given : The vital connection between religion and conduct was emphasized in all the songs of the old Hebrew poets. Prophets and psalmists never suffered posit Cath their priests to forget that the only test the r

their priests to lorget that the only test of plety is the upright lifs. One has just fallen among us who found it not difficult to bring into harfound it not difficult to bring into har-mony precept and practice. The spon-taneous and well-nigh unanimous testi-mony of men of all classes and creeds to the exemplary life and Christian character of the late Bishop Watterson must surely make a deep important lam are character of the late Bishop Watterson must surely make a deep impression upon every thoughtful mind. Several of the local Protestant churches, through their representatives, unite in their recognition of him as a gifted and noble citizen, "a faithful minister of Christ" and hear witness that if our and noble citizen, "a faithful minister of Christ," and bear witness that "our Christianity" has lost, in him, a leader. I am sure that these words could not have been uttered unless they had been well weighed, and their internet. I trust marks an aroub in

they had been were were were and their wi utterance, I trust, marks an epoch in the religious life of the community. the The change of sentiment which such the

words indicate is one of the most re-markable that I have ever witnessed. markable that I have ever witnessed. For none of you can forget that it is only four or five years ago that this community was under the domination of organized forces whose teaching it was that all Roman Catholics are the was that all homan catholics are the enemies of Christ and of their country. What an amazing eruption it was of distempered and reasonless suspicion and terror! And it was very largely the Christian patience and gentleness of Bishop Watterson that averted the in those trying times. I am trouble sure that this outburst of generous ap-preciation of him, and these words of sympathy for his people, are, in part, sympathy for his people, are, in part, inspired by the wish to repair a griev-ous wrong, and to renounce an un-worthy suspicion. And I can not but hope that the good Bishop, in his death, may thus render to our common Chris tianity a service even greater than he rendered in his life-time. If we could

rendered in his life time. If we could all get rid, utterly, of the notion that the two great divisions of the Christian Church are natural enemies, and could ccept all who acknowledge Jesus Christias Master and Lord, as our, fellow-Christians, what a tremendous gain it would be to truth and righeousness on

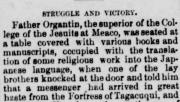
the earth ! What were the elements of the character that gave Bishop Watterson so strong a hold upon the respect and the tions of all classes ?

First of all he was a manly mancourageous, frank, out-spoken, un-affected in manners. In proper times and places he performed his ecclesiasti cal functions and asserted his ecclesias tical character, but he never obtruded these upon you. In speech he was simple, direct and unstilted.

He was a man of fine culture ; he enjoyed literature, and, for one whose hands were full of administrative cares, kept well up with the notable issues in field of belles letters. It was this that gave him intellectual breadth. You have always felt in talking with him that his mind had travelled widely that he knew much of the best that has been thought and said by the world's greatest teachers ; that he had put nimself in the places of a great many other people, and had seen the world

whom the privileges and joys of friendship were very precious. He was a good talker and a good listener; he delighted in the interchange of thought and sentiment. It was no only the members of his flock who found him a sympathetic friend and delightful companion - many with whom he had little theological fellowship were glad to number him among their frien He was a good citizen. In all that concerned the thrift, the morality, the general welfare of the community he deeply interested. Especially notable was the position which he took upon the subject of temperance. Not only by his personal example, but by all his public action he set him-self inflexibly against the business of drunkard-making. Armed with the authority of his Church, he determined that it should be used steadily and un fluchingly to discountenance the traffic in intoxicating liquor. He was a true American. He loved his native land with a pure and strong affection ; he bore her sorrows upon his heart ; he sought her welfare and prosperity in season and out of season. You can doubtless prove by logic that a man who confesses allegiance to the Pope can not be a loyal citizen. You can prove almost anything by logic But when you find Catholice just a quick to enlist in the armies of their country and to shed their blood in he defense as Protestants are, even where as lately happened, the nation was a war with a Catholic country, they your logic falls to the ground. When your logic falls to the ground. Bishop Watterson began that noble ad dress on "Christian Citizenship" few years ago before the Young Men Christian Association, there were not few among his hearers who believe him to be disloyal to his country ; bu there were few such in his audience when he closed, so clear and stron and full of vital earnestness were h Finally, let me most cordially ado the language of my Presbyterian an Methodist brethren, and testify th Bishop Watterson was "a faithf minister of Jesus Christ." This was indeed, in my opinion, the central as

A Story of Japan in the Sixteenth Century Eastlake CHAPTER II. Shingles Galvanized or Painted.



LAURENTIA:

come to him.

ance of the message he was entrusted

"No one in this country has a better right to command my services," the Father replied with some emotion, "but at this moment my leaving Meaco is all but an impossibility. The Kumbo-Sama is much irritated against the Christians, and an imperial edict, sending us into banish-ment, hourly expected. How can I leave at such a time my community and my

He has never feared death in His cause. What strange circumstance can have so deeply moved his noble heart? Speak the truth, my son, the whole truth, for your words make me painfully anxious." "I cannot reveal to you, reverend Father, for indeed I know not the cause of my master's anguish. Messengers have come to Tagacuqui from the east and from the west, and held long parleys with our chief. Some of the neighboring soversions have visited him, and in the overeigns have visited him, and in the last instance an envoy from the Kumbo Sama brought him a letter in his Imper Sama brought him a letter in his imper-ial Majesty's own writing. I have seen a bed of flowers blighted in one night by the winter's first frost; it was bright and beautiful the day before, and the next morning it had become a heap of black disfigured weeds. I have seen the fair promise of a beautiful harvest, in the smilling fields of Ozuma, in a moment desmiling fields of Ozuma, in a moment de stroyed by the tornado. I have seen a town, in the Corea, the picture of wealth and prosperity when the sun rose upon it, noon turned into a mass of ruins brough the shock of an earthquake ; but never have my eyes witnessed so sad and sudden a change as I beheld in my mas-

ter's face when he called me to his side, after that last interview, and delivered to me the paper which I now place in your revered hands." Father Organtin took the missive from

am placed. I dare not trust its details to paper, and cannot act without your ad-vice. Come to me, my Father, and save your son Justo from crime or from des

pair." "I cannot resist such an appeal," exclaimed the Father ; " at all ris

go to him :" and, starting to his feet, he

By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

brothers knocked at the door and tool him that a messenger had arrived in great haste from the Forfress of Tagacuqui, and that Justo Ucondono, the worthy son of Tacoyama, one of the first Christians of Japan, and the Governor of that strong-hold, entreated the Father instantly to come to him.

come to him. Father Organith desired that the mes-senger should be shown in, and after the customary salutations had taken place, the latter proceeded to urge, with all the eloquence he could command, the import-

Is the noble Justo ill?" the Father

"Not in body, but in mind," was the anxiously inquired. "Not in body, but in mind," was the answer. "His soul is ill at ease, and, to judge by my master's haggard looks and agitated manner, he greatly needs your spiritual advice and assistance." "No one in this country has a better ight command my services "the Father

"fock?" "Father," exclaimed the envoy in an impressive manner, "Justo Ucondono is one of your children, and he is on the brink of despair." "He is indeed my dear son, and hither-to one of God's most faithful servants. He has never feared death in His cause.

the kneeling messenger, and read the fol-lowing words: "To none but you can I impart the dreadful situation in which I

a horse instantly saddled. He then gave ns to

most prudent in counsel, has dared to fly in my face, has refused to obey his lawful sovereign, and yield up to him the for-tress he holds, immediately indeed from Fondasadono, one of the six rebel kings now in arms against the state, but which belongs, by every right divine and human, to the emperor, from whom both originally held it, and to whom he has sworn faithful allegiance." "Has a Christian chief acted thus?"

inquired the Father, whose heart sank within him with a heavy sense of coming Worrow. " Ay, your model Christians; your pion

"Ay, your model Christians; your plous herces. Tacoyama and his son Justo Ucondono disobey my orders; refuse to surrender the fortrees of Tagacuqui, the key of my dominions; and when I sent troops to compel them to submission, they repulsed them by force, and closed the gates against them. The spirit of Yatodono still lives in his nephew. Justo, with a bardfold mean and in such a for-Vatodono shii hveshi his nephev. Juso, with a handful of men, and in such a for-tress as Tagacuqui, can hold out for months against my army. But by all the gods of my country, by the divinities of Japan, which the Kumbo-Sama never involves in vain Lawsor that unless he

invokes in vain, I swear, that unless he owes me, and to which I have a right owes me, and to which I have a right, every Christian in my dominions shall perish; every priest shall be crucified, every Christian church burnt to the ground, and the last trace of your foreign worship for ever effaced from this land." The passion of the heathen despot rose into fury as he spoke, like the raging of the sea, which seems to increase in vio-lance as it breaks on the firm motionless

into fury as he spoke, like the raging of the sea, which seems to increase in vio-lence as it breaks on the firm motionless rock :-- "Speak, Father," he roared out; "speak! Your life, and the life of every Christian, is at stake. There is no possi-ble escape for a single soul of your people, if your power-that power which men say is so great over the minds of others-com-pels not Justo Ucondono to submit. Go

is so great over the minds of others—com-pels not Justo Ucondono to submit. Go to him; go to him instantly, and use that wonderful influence you are thought to possess; that is, if you do not wish in-stantly to die with all your flock." "Sire," answered the Father, "it matters little to me, or to the Christians of this land, whether we die by your orders to-day, or to-morrow, or of old age some few years hence. God of those stones can raise up children to Himself, and from smouldering ashes and buried ruins new churches may spring up. To men who believe in one only true God and a life to come, there is little to care for in the believe in one only true God and a life to come, there is little to care for in the threats of the most powerful sovereigns You can destroy the body, Sire; you are powerless against the soul; but there is a fear which can always move us, a danger which deeply afflicts us, that is, the fear that a Christian should commit in the danger that he may transverse God's commandments. Justo Ucondono has, I know it, sworn allegiance to your government, and done homage to you for his lands. Heaven forbid that he should take part with your enemies, and join in this unhappy rebellion. I will indeed go

this unhappy rebellion. I will indeed go to him, as your Majesty desires—not to plead your cause, Sire, not the cause of your Christian subjects, for they are ac-customed to suffer, and do not fear to die —but the cause of his own soul, for which I would willingly lay down my life." "Plead as you will, and on what grounds you choose," replied the Em-peror; "I know well that you are not afraid to die, though you refuse to kill yourselves—the only noble and dignified mode of dying in our opinion—but it is well known that you revel in tortures and exult in the Cross." A bright glean shot through the calm

A bright gleam shot through the calm

expressive eyes of the Father as those last words were uttered. He gently bowed his head in token of assent, and then took leave of the Sovereign with as much composure as if the fate of the Church of Japan, the lives of his brethren, of his children in the faith, and his own, had

During the journey from Meaco to the fortress of Tagacoqui, the fendal residence of Justo Ucondono, Father Organtin kept revolving in his mind all the circun stances connected with the past life of that just man, and vainly trying to account for the line of conduct he was now so inconsistently pursuing. His father, Tacoyama had been one of the earliest converts of

missiving has come upon us, is almost more than a breaking heart can bear. It was a strange meeting between those two men, united by an affection "passing the love of woman," and dreading to look upon each other: the one fearing to read the consciousness of guilt in a face where truth and goodness had ever been written as with a sunbeam; the other, who had never yet known what it was to tremble, trembling in the presence of him who held, he felt it, his fate in his hands. "My son," was all that Father Organ-tin could say as he noticed the wild look of Justo's fiery eyes unmoistened by a single tear.

A groan escaped the chieftain's quiver-ing lips, and then he uttered these words in a low hoarse voice, "Cain said his 'punishment was greater than he could bear;' my trial, Father, is heavier than I can endure." single tear.

bear;' my trial, Father, is heavier than I can endure." "My dear, dear son," said the Father gently, "there is no intolerable trial to one who loves our dear Lord as you do. What can have moved you so deeply? Oh, my son, what enemy has done this?" Justo turned his almost livid face to-wards Father Organtin and answered: --"Are you aware, Father, that you are speaking to a man who must be the mur-derer of his own children, or else doom to death all the Christians, men, women, and children, priests and people, in this land?"

Father Organtin shuddered, but by a strong effort maintained his calmness. "How can this be?" he added, in as firm

"My children, my eldest daughter "My children, my eldest daughter Grace and my son Francis, are in the hands of the King of Arima. Before I had received any intimation of the in-tended rebellion against the Kumbo-Sama, I was induced to permit them to visit his court. My daughter and the young Queen had been friends for some time past, and she hoped to instruct her in the Christian faith, and win her soul to Christ. Now the aix kings who have to Christ. Now the six kings who have risen in arms insist on retaining my chil-dren as hostages. They claim possession of this fortress, and have sworn to put them to death if I surrender it into the hands of the Kumbo-Sama."

"Ah," said Father Organtin, "I heard that you had repulsed your Sovereign's troops and defield his authority. I under-stand now your suffarings; but I see no reason for despair."

reason for despair." "You turn pale, Father, and yet you have heard but one-half of my dreadful story. Yesterday I had come to a resolu-tion—I was wrong, perhaps; God forgive me if I was—but blinded, it may be, and arforblaic and in the me if 1 was-but blinded, it may be, and enfeebled in soul by the excess of my an-guish, I had made up my mind to aban-don this fortress without surrendering it to either party, to claim my children from the arbit private and to due with them the rebel princes, and to fly with them into the Corea; but late last night there came a message from the Kumbo-Sama, whose troops I had repulsed, as you know, to warn me that if by a given time I did not place the fortress in his hands, if in the meantime I did not defend it against the rebels, if I yielded one inch of ound to his foes, that he would instant. ground to his locs, that he would instant ly massacre every Christian in his do-minions. The orders are given, the edict prepared, the lives of our brethren hang on a thread. Oh, why has God thus dealt with me? Does not madness lie in this thought? On the one hand my own chil-dren on the other my fathers, my proththonght ? On the one had my own child dren, on the other my fathers, my broth-ers in the faith, the Church my Mother, all the hopes of coming years, and the fate of so many thousand souls. Speak, speak, O you on whose lips I have hung with such deep love and reverence, who, with your words of fire, have so often made my heart burn within me, by whose made my heart burn within me, by whose side I have so often longed to die confess-ing our blessed faith; say, what counsel will you give me; am I to slay my inno-cent children, or to sign the death-warrant

of your brethren and mine ?' The Father remained silent for a few moments. If ever an ardent prayer rose up from a human soul to the mercy-seat of God, if ever man pleaded for his fellow-man with that intensity of supplication which is in itself a token that his prayer is heard, he was doing so then. To him there was no perplexity in this question.

he made him a sign to lead the way to he made him a sign to lead the way to the chapel. There the aged Christian Tacoyams was kneeling; his grey head bowed down on his breast. His son knelt down by his side. They had loved each other long and dearly; a more than ordinary mutual affection had united their hearts. From the day when Tacoyams had held his first born son in his arms and asked for him the blessing of St. Francis Xavier, he had never ceased to form one wish, to put up one prayer, that Justo might be a per-fect Christian Now the day of trial was come. Not the option between life and death, which to one like him would have but been a slight ordeal, but the fiercest of

"Oh, Justo!" exclaimed the priest,

the unhappy man in a tone of anguish; "have I ceased to be so then? My God! my God! you know I love you!"

ready to go with you to the Kumbo-

Sama. According to the Eastern fashion, the chieftain prostrated himself on the ground before his aged father. Tacoyama laid his shrivelled hand upon his head. "Justo," he said, "God gives wonderful rewards to faith; we read in the lives of His servants of great miracles wrought for those who did not take their cause in their own hands. He who saved the three young Israelites from the fiery fur-nace, Daniel from the den of lions, Father Francis from so many perils, may yet

nace, Daniel from the den of lions, Father Francis from so many perils, may yet rescue your children from the hands of the destroyer," In silence, but not in gloom; in sad-ness, but not in despair, the chieftain rode away with Father Organtin from the home where he had gone through such fearful suffering, and where grace had been given to him at last to do God's will and trust the result to Him. TO BE CONTINUED.

A LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

The recent outspoken declaration of the governor of New Hampshire that among the Protestauts of that State church going has been steadily on the decrease for many years back, and has now reached such proportions as to be truly alarming, while it por trays a deplorable condition of things, simply announces that Protestantism hereabouts is reaching one of its logical

conclusions. When Protestantism abolished the Mass and established as the sole rule of faith each individual's private interpretation of Holy Writ, it practically abolished, at the same time, for Protestants, all necessity of attending at divine service. When it repudiated the authority of the Church, it virtually absolved all who accepted its creed from the obligation of going to church on Sunday. These facts were not re-cognized at first by all Protestants, but our non Catholic brethren have been gradually opening their eyes to the actual condition of things, and the result is that more and more of them see that for them there is really no law, no need and no obligation of going to church at all on Sunday. Here is the way one consistent Protest-ant justified his habitual non-attendance at church, in a New York daily

some months ago: "A logical Protestant has no need to at-tend church in principle. He relies on divine inspiration to guide him in his inter-pretation of Holy Scripture. He holds that each one should read and judge for himself; consequently he stands in no need of the min-istry of the preacher. The Protestant church has put aside the Sacrifice of the Mass, and denies its necessity, and hence there is no need of assisting at divine service. In fact, the logical Protestant should not attend church, according to his principles." some months ago :

This is not by any means the first time-nor is New Hampshire the first place-for Protestantism to demonstrate that one of its logical conclusions is just such a condition of things as, on the admission of many Protest ants, exists, not alone in the Granite State, but also throughout all New Eagland and the whole country. Over sixty years ago, while he was still a Protestant, John Henry Newman pointed out to his fellow Anglicans this in-evitable result of that liberalism which is inseparable from Protestantism. Later on he declared that this fatal conclusion had been practically adopted by half of England's Protestant population. The London Times of May 1860, said of Protestant London : Thousands upon thousands are living in London to whom the great truths of the Gospel are practically as little known as if the land of their birth were heathen land, and not the great bulwark of Protestant Christian-

with their eyes.



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day schools on Indian Reserves—a smian safary attached.
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left in charge of the College, and was just preparing to depart, when Father Rodri-guez, the priest who acted as interpreter at the court of the Kumbo-Sama, arrived in haste, and communicated to his super-ior the imperial commands, that he should immediately repair to the palace, to confer with the Sovereign on matters of

life and death. It required all the self-command ac spirited, but incentious and product com-trymen. Justo's life had been a holy and consistent one; the gifts with which nature had richly endowed him—beauty of features and strength of limb, a comquired by the long discipline of years to enable Father Organitn calmly to endure the delay thus offered to his journey. But the pious servant of God had been manding intellect, a generous heart, and great abilities both as a warrior and a statesman—had all been held by him as too long accustomed to subdue every merely human impulse, and to act con-tinually under the influence of super-natural motives, not to submit his own will without hesitation to the will of his Divine Lord. He turned his horse's head from the road to Tagacuqui to the one which led to the pulace with the same outward tranquility, the same inward ac-quiescence, as if his soul had not been in-tensely longing to hasten to the side of his atflicted son in Christ.

his afflicted son in Christ. This holy man was still in the prime of life, though the toils, the austerities, and the labors of many years of mission-ary work had tinged his hair with grey, and made him look older than he really was. The lines in which Johnson de-scribes the warrior King of Sweden might have been applied in a far higher sense to this veteran soldier of the Church of Christ :-

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire ; No dangers fright him, and no labors tire.'

There was a power in his eye which few could withstand, and men who had never known what fear was had been seen to quail before its glance, whilst its kind, benignant expression could at times melt into tenderness the most hardened sininto tenderness the most hardened sin-ner. As he stood that day in the pres-ence of the Kumbo-Sama there was an awful dignity about the Christian priest which awed for a moment the desputc-monarch into forbearance. He had been but now burning with rage, but the seren-ity of that m-jactic countenance scended to cast a spell upon his fury. His words to cast a spell upon his fury. His words were measured; he spoke of his respect for the missionaries, his high opinio of the stranger Fathers, whose virtues and talents he admired, whereas he despised talents he admired, whereas he despised talents end discontibule borzse, the native priests of Japan. He said that he had reposed great trust in his Christian subjects; that he had relied on their fidel-ity, but that now he found his confidence had been misplaced and his chreistan with anger, he continued: "Yes, the wisest and most gifted of my vassal princes, the most valiant in arms, the ner. As he stood that day in the pres-ence of the Kumbo-Sama there was an awful dignity about the Christian priest which awed for a moment the despotic

It stood out before him distinct and clear in the light of duty and in the words of the old French adage, "Fais ce que dois advienne que pourra." Bat how to put into words the advice he must give, to clear away the mist from that unhappy t. Francis Xavier, had carefully him in the Christian religion, had given him an invariable example of devotedness to the interests of the Church, of fidelity to her teaching in times of persecution, a well as of those domestic virtues which made the converts of Japan so conspicu-ous amidst their generous and high-spirited, but licentious and proud, coun-

clear away the mist from that unhappy father's eyes, he hardly knew. Godalone could teach him. To Him he was silent-ly, ardently appealing. Justo could no longer bear the sus-pense; he fell at his feet and clung to his knees, "Father," he cried, "might not a man die by his own hand and be forgiven who has such a choice to make ?" who has such a choice to make ?"

"My son, you have no choice to make. God has not left it to you, and still less to statesman—had all been held by him as talents to be used in the service of his Maker. "Man was created to praise, to show reverence, and to serve God, and in so doing to save his soul." That sentence, which contains in a few words a whole world of theological knowledge and sound instruction, had heen familiar to him. Unto granned for these ?"

world of theological knowledge and sound instruction, had been familiar to him to hold this fortress ?" Justo gasped for breath and turned deadly pale, but he looked up steadily in the Father's face and said "The Kumbo-Sama." from the days when he had lisped it at the feet of the successor of the Apostle of the Indies. He had been trained in that spirit of detachment which is the true

Kumbo-Sama." Father Organtin laid his hand on his head: " My son, that is enough. Do your duty, and leave the consequences to God. Your children are safer in HIS care, even in the King of Arima's court, than if, to shield them from an impending danger, was acted against your conscience." iberty of the soul; and with the consist ency between faith and practice which is a gift usually vouchs afed to an infant Church nursed by persecution and strength-ened by sufferings, he had ever acted up to the teaching he had received, and held fortune, influence, existence itself, as pos-

At that moment a sound of bitter wail-ing was heard through the fortress, and women's voices, mingled with sobs and sessions he was at any moment prepared to resign. His masters, in the spiritual life, had been sometimes obliged to check the ardor with which he was disposed to lond exclamations, broke upon the silence which had followed by the Father's last words. Then a heart-rending cry was heard, and the wife and the mother of the words. Then a heari-rending cry was
heard, and the wife and the mother of the chieftain rushed into the apartment striking their breasts and tearing their hair:
— " Has the Father persuaded thee, O Justo, to give up the fortrees to the Emperor, and doom our children to death? Our fair-haired boy, our dark-eyed daughter, the pride and the joy of our house?"
words. "On, my son!" cried his aged mother, bowing down before the chieftain and clasping his knees with her trembling hands, "you will kill your parents as well as your children if you do this cruei deed. Father?" she exclaimed, turning wildly towards Father Organtin, " it cannot be that God requires such a sacrifice at his hands!"
" What says my honored father? What says Tacoyama?" asked Justo, taking his mother's hands in his, and raising her from the ground. Both the weeping women remained silent. At last the younger one said, in a voice broken by sobs, " He is praying before the altar." snatch at the crown of martyrdom, or to snatch at the crown of martyrdom, or to abandon, without a struggle, his property in order to lead in the deserts the kind of life through which St. John the Baptist, and our Lord Himself, passed on their way to the dungeon of Herod and the heights of Calvary. Father Organtin called to mind the bright smile with which the Luaness hero was wont to app

old a prominent Protestant minister Tears were streaming down the pale face of Father Organita: he was suffer-ing intensely for one who was dearer to him than any of his spiritual children, and he saw that the conflict which Justo said, in the Quarterly Review of April, 1861 : -

"There are whole streets within easy walk of Charing Cross, and miles and miles in "Francis! my father, Francis!" he mur-mured in a low voice, "by thy labors, by thy sufferings by thy miraculous life, and thy solitary death, plead for this my son. WE do not deserve to be heard, but we have recourse to THEE. As thou didst

raise the dead through the name of Christ, now, now, by that name of power, strengthen this mars soul." "Father," Justo said in a tremulous voice, "grant me but one half-hour more; you can spare that time, and yet redeem your pledge. When it has elapsed, you your pledge. When it has elapsed, you shall depart. Come back with me to the chapel. Besiege for me the throne of grace. Light is beginning to break on the darkness of my spirit."

He bade all leave the chapel save Tacoy-He bade all leave the chapter save 1 accy-ama and the priest. No sound was heard in the sacred building. Between his earthly father and his spiritual father Justo Ucondono knelt. Both were pour-ing forth for him those prayers which ing forth for him those prayers which have no words, but which rise from the soul like a cry for mercy from a dying man. He too prayed as he had not done since his trial had come upon him. He had asked to be delivered from a great

nad asked to be delivered from a great anguish. Now for the first time he sur-rendered himself into God's hands. "Do with me," he said, "do with them, as seems good to Thee." And when once he had thus prayed, a great calm followed, There was a solemn and sweet expres-sion in the Christian hero's face as he rece from his knees and left the chanel. rose from his knees and left the chapel; his lip did not quiver, there was no shade on his brow, but a steady light in his eye, and a strength not his own in his step; neither mother nor wife ventured to ques and his voice subdued. He sent for the keys of the fortress, and gave them into Tacoyama's hands, "to retain them," he said, "and defend the place against all assailants until such time as our lawful

Sovereign the Kumbo-Sama shall send to demand them." When his intentions were thus made

evident, loud cries burst once more from evident, loud cries burst once more from the women and the servants, but Justo was no longer the same man. He gently commanded silence, clasped his wife to his heart, bidding her hope and pray. His little son he took by the hand, and leading him in the midst, he said, "The Scriptures tell us that God has perfected presse out of the month of infants. This praise out of the mouth of infants. This child's words first awoke me from my dream of despair. Now, Father, I am

of Charing Cross, and miles and miles in more obscure places, where the people live literally without God in the world. We could name entire quarters in which it seems to be the custom that men and women should live in promiscuous concubinage; where the very shopkeepers make a profes-sion of atheism, and encourage their poor customers to do the same." That sounds very much like Governor Rollins' declaration that in New

Hampshire there are towns where no church bells are ever tung, villages where children reach manhood un christened, and communities where the dead are burled and the living mated without any church rites. And the cause which produced the London situ ation was the same as the one which has now brought about the condition which is to be seen in so many American Protestant communities. In both instances Protestantism simply reached one of its legical conclusions, and then resulted a religious decadence which alarmed even the Protestants them-selves.-Sacred Heart Review.

No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring perpetually, but to no purpose; and in constant motion, without getting on a jot. Like a turnstile, he is in everybody's way, but stops nobody; he talks a great deal, but says very little; looks into everything, but sees into nothing ; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them are hot, and with those few he only burns his fingers - Colton.

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