

Scrofula

Infests the blood of humanity. It appears in varied forms, but is forced to yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and vitalizes the blood and cures all such diseases.

A Sore

Two inches across formed and in walking to favor it I sprained my ankle. The sore became worse; I could not put my boot on and I thought I should have to give up at every step.

Foot

Is now well and I have been greatly benefited otherwise. I have increased in weight and am in better health. I cannot say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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113 DUNDAS STREET, North Side, LONDON, Ont.

MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

A look of misery came into her face which startled both these true hearts when she said:

"Would it not do for the mother to come with me to Crane's Castle and remain quietly there till the trial is over? Father Daly could bring our messages to and fro—and there is the post. Perhaps we should only do mischief by our presence."

Mrs. Kilmartin turned her face to the wall with a moan and said no more. It was clear to her that too much had been expected of this girl in the fullness and promise of her youth and her heiress ship, with the world before her and the brightest possibilities at her feet.

She had thrown herself into an engagement with Bryan, not dreaming of the tragedy in which it was to involve her. Though she suffered for him, and refused to believe in his guilt, might she not naturally recoil in dismay at the prospect of the heavy and perhaps enduring cloud which would overshadow a future connection with him?

Might she not feel that she ought to be released from her promise and be allowed to go away to happier scenes, while the painful drama was being enacted in which she shrank from playing her part?

The conviction that such was the state of Marcella's mind in the reaction which might be supposed to have followed her first burst of faith in and sympathy with the widow's tribulation, but she resolved to do her duty, and begged Father Daly to speak to the girl on the subject of a release from her engagement.

Father Daly tried to enter into Mrs. Kilmartin's views and admitted that she might be right. It was true that Marcella was changed, and that she showed an unmistakable cowardice about going to Dublin which must be attributed to her horror of appearing before the eyes of the world as the affianced wife of a man in prison under a charge of murder.

No doubt the mind of an impressionable girl might almost give way under the pressure of such circumstances. A pleasant life awaited her could she but sever herself from the painful associations which at present surrounded her.

Already there were many callers at Crane's Castle to express sympathy with her as one who had been innocently betrayed into friendship with people so dreadful as the prisoner of Kilmartinham and his mother. Each visit and letter of Miss O'Donovan put some fresh proof before Marcella of how eagerly a safe and pleasant world was endeavoring to save her from the consequences of her own rashness.

Why should the girl be supposed to be a heroine merely because she had shown generous impulses and had not been able to help loving Bryan Kilmartin whom every one loved?

To approve of a man while he was safe and well and in an honorable position was one thing. To cleave to him when he stood aloof from society, execrated by the crowd, and suspected by even the most charitable, when standing by him meant pain and sorrow, and humiliation—Father Daly saw that was quite another matter.

And so he consented to speak to Marcella. She was walking up and down the path above the rocks as she was accustomed to do, while the priest took her place beside Mrs. Kilmartin. The day was a glorious one in the end of July, but the sumptuous coloring of mountain, moor and water had no longer meaning or beauty for Marcella, whose eyes saw only wherever they turned the prison walls and barred gates of Kilmartinham.

Father Daly joined her and walked up and down with her for a few minutes trying to keep pace with her restless steps, till at last he said:

"My dear, the mother and I have been talking about you, and I want to tell you the conclusion we have come to, if you will give me your attention. We think you ought not to be asked to come to Dublin at present, ought not to get yourself mixed up with this trial."

"I will not be mixed up in it," said Marcella, a hectic spot glowing on her cheek as the familiar dread rose and stared her in the face, the fear of being confronted with those policemen to whom she had spoken on the night of the murder, and who, with the keen shrewdness which she imagined must belong to their class and office, would be sure to remember her.

Father Daly was shocked into silence. Her cowardice disappointed him. Yet he had made up his mind that she was to be excused and must do as she pleased, and he would be patient with her.

"I do not want to be mixed up in it," she said, "because I believe no good could be done that way. What would be gained by the presence of my mother in Dublin? She is not able to visit him, and she would be more lonely and afflicted there than here. My plan is that she should come with me to Crane's Castle, where I will nurse her and take care of her till this trouble passes over."

Then Father Daly thought she spoke lightly, and he felt less compunction for her and spoke a little more of his mind.

"I think she will go to Dublin, but do not trouble yourself about that. I will make arrangements for her there. You see how naturally looks on things with peculiar eyes, and to be near Kilmartinham will be to her a sort of satisfaction. And, my dear, after a few more days there will be nothing to

hinder your return to Crane's Castle and to comfortable friends."

A little wild sob of a laugh broke from Marcella which had almost been a cry of anguish. It was natural she should be misunderstood, yet how was she to account for herself? Better be thought heartless and fickle than that she should thrust herself into the danger of being called on to bear witness against Bryan Kilmartin, to give evidence in the case for his prosecution, which he himself had admitted might prove almost overwhelming.

By hiding among the bogs and mountains she could shield him as she had shielded him before; by weakly yielding to the temptation to see him and be near him, and also to clear herself of hateful suspicion in the eyes of those who also loved him in their own way, she might prove to be his undoing.

He himself could not suspect her. He would know or guess the motive of her conduct. In his letters he did not hint at the danger that was in her mind, and she never dared to put any allusion to it on paper, lest her letter might be read by other eyes than his own.

Yes, let Father Daly see her conduct by the light in which he had just shown it to her. Let Mrs. Kilmartin abhor her as a slight thing whose enthusiasm for a noble man had been blown away by the first breath of the storm. Better even that Bryan himself should believe her to be untrue than that her voice should be lifted to condemn him.

She would lie by here, ignored and forgotten, till the trial was over, the inners confounded, and the absence of all corroborative evidence having saved the accused from the consequences of their machinations, he would be set free, acquitted before the world. Better if he were then to turn away from her as a creature who had failed him in the hour of his need, as seeming gold that had been tried in the fire and proved to be dross, than that, using her as a tortured instrument, his enemies should prevail.

This thought pressing on her with increasing force hardened her resolution, and enabled her to say to Father Daly while that strange little laugh of hers was still paining his ears:

"Of course I know I am my own mistress, and at Crane's Castle I will stay till this is over. If Mrs. Kilmartin will not stay with me, then I fear she must go alone, as you suggest."

After this preparation were made for Marcella's return to Crane's Castle and Mrs. Kilmartin's departure for Dublin. How the poor little mother, who found it difficult to move from one room to another in her home, should manage to accomplish the journey was a problem to everyone except herself, but she never doubted that the strength of her love would cut the way for her through an army of seeming impossibilities.

Meanwhile she and Marcella spoke less and less together of the subject at both their hearts. Mrs. Kilmartin had accepted it as a settled thing that the girl, eager to save herself from being mixed up in a scandal, had retreated from her position as Bryan's affianced wife, and would take the opportunity of his mother's departure for the city to withdraw all but a friend's interest (and perhaps even that too) from those with whom she had so unfortunately connected herself, not dreaming at the time of discredit and disgrace.

And still the proofs multiplied that others were able and willing to help Marcella out of her unhappy dilemma. Many cards, invitations, and such tokens of good-will were brought by Miss O'Donovan to Inishean, having been left at Crane's Castle for Miss O'Kelly by the surrounding gentry, good people who drove great distances to show their willingness to reclaim the heiress of Distressa, who was so young and who had received a foreign education, and who ought for all sorts of reasons to be forgiven for having dropped into her sad mistakes at the very outset of her career.

CHAPTER XIX. THE INQUISITOR. It was the tourist season, the time of the year when the few strangers who ever find their way into the highlands of Connemara may be seen climbing on long cars, or standing about looking dissatisfied and supercilious on the door-steps of country inns and half-way houses, or can be heard "drawing out" innocent looking car-drivers, whose silly answers they accept in the most liberal manner, and whom they therefore do not find so witty as they had been led to expect.

A gentlemanly looking man, who appeared to be a tourist, for he was certainly a stranger, and seemed to have no business in travelling but to gaze about at the scenery and question the driver about the state of the country, took one morning the seat next the horses on the long car from Galway, and made himself as comfortable as the circumstances would permit.

There were two points of evidence in favor of his being a native of our island, even if a tourist: one was his rich, rolling, though by no means vulgar, brogue, the other was the fact that he grumbled at nothing that happened. The splendid weather and the glowing scenery evidently rejoiced him, and as he presented a cigar to the gladdened driver, it was with an eye twinkle of sympathy which had never been learned on the thither side of the channel.

This eye twinkle was only one small outward sign of a curious power of sympathy possessed by the man, somewhat like the power by which the snake charmer is supposed to charm the snake. We hear in these days a great deal of the strange exercise of volition by which one person draws

another to move from place to place, but this traveler's speciality was to induce people to speak their minds to him truly, whether it was for their interest to do so not. Just as the serpent comes forth out of its hiding-place at the sound of the charmer's piping, so would the fondly hidden thought issue from the lips of the reticent at the will of this apparently uninquisitive and easy-mannered gentleman, and many who had thoroughly enjoyed his company would, having left it, feel a sudden reaction leading them to search their memories for their secrets, much as they might on other occasions feel in their pockets for the safety of purse and watch.

This being so, Mr. O'Malley, who lived by judicious exercise of his singular power, and enjoyed the practice of it even in unofficial moments, passed his time very pleasantly during the long day's journey into the mountains, and filched more or less information which would be useful to him hereafter from his unconscious fellow-passengers who had no idea that their brains were being picked.

At present he was abroad on decidedly official business, but as a painter on his way to paint the portrait of a great man which he expects to bring him fame may beguile his journey by making sketches which will work up into future pictures, so did the great agent of the police make sketches peculiar to his own art as he hastened towards the most promising and interesting piece of work which his experienced hands had touched for many a day.

He was going to lay hold of an important piece of evidence in a pending criminal prosecution which it was highly desirable should end in conviction and punishment of the accused. There had been some trouble in tracing up this witness, but all that was over, and now there only remained to claim her assistance for the prosecution. For it was a woman who held this power in her hands, and a pretty woman too, as Mr. O'Malley had been credibly informed.

He put up for the night at a small inn among the mountains, much to the surprise of the driver, who, disappointed at losing him for the rest of the journey, tried to convince him that no sport of any kind was to be found on the spot where he proposed to remain. However, there Mr. O'Malley stayed till morning, when he hired a small car and started early, accompanied by a quiet-looking man, who had the day before occupied a seat on the opposite side of the public conveyance and had signalled "lodging and entertainment for man and beast," and walked a mile till they reached the shore of the lake which encircled Inishean.

Marcella was sitting, reading to Mrs. Kilmartin on a low seat by her couch. Neither woman gave her sense of what was read, but the mere exercise of pretending to hear and understand, of making believe to turn the thoughts from one ever-present subject, was a sort of necessity for both in the long monotony of their day in this solitude.

The mother's brain was busy counting the hours and moments that must still elapse before she should find herself on the road to Dublin. The journey was to begin to-morrow, but to-morrow seemed far away to her impatient expectation. In the meantime, Marcella's voice rather irritated than soothed her. She began to feel that it would be a relief to her to get away from this girl who so visibly suffered through Bryan's misfortune, yet had not the courage to take up her cross and be a martyr for his sake.

Marcella, while she read, simply felt that this reading afforded her a sort of grasp by which she felt herself balanced over a precipice which might at any moment engulf her. The continual utterance of words, words, words, which bore no meaning to her mind, were so many jerks which broke the thread of consecutive thought, and kept it from winding round her throat and strangling her. She also was aware that it would be a relief to be separated from the unhappy mother who must be allowed to misunderstand her so terribly, who was going on her lonely way to-morrow, that to-morrow which would thus sever the link which bound her, Marcella, in the daily chain of a slowly unfolding tragedy. How she was to live after that link had been snapped, and she found herself alone with her grief and horror in the desert region of Crane's Castle, she could not dare to ask herself. And so the reading went on, more words without meaning, more sound without sense, anything to make a monotonous noise that should interrupt thought and forbid conversation, till the little parlor-maid opened the drawing-room door, and said that a gentleman wanted to see Miss O'Kelly.

Nothing more unexpected could well have happened to interrupt the perfunctory reading, for the virtuous county people, with all the charity towards Marcella, had known where to draw the line in making their demonstrations, and every one, even the impatient Mr. O'Flaherty, had forbore to make a call at Inishean.

Therefore if the venerable golden eagle who was supposed to hunt the topest crags of Ben-dhu overhanging the lake, had been found tapping for admittance at the cottage windows, the circumstance would not have been more surprising than was this announcement of a gentleman's visit.

He was shown in, and, though seen to be a complete stranger, was invited to take a chair opposite the ladies, for he looked like a man who had come there for a purpose. Mrs. Kilmartin thought he might be her son's solicitor

arrived with some comforting intelligence. Marcella had time to think of nothing before meeting the strange man's eyes fixed upon hers, full of that latent power of seeing through thick veils, and luring forth the truth from its seemingly secure hiding-place, and having met and instinctively recognized the look, she knew who he was and what errand had brought him there. The day she had prayed might never rise had dawned and had already passed its noon. The hour she had dreamed and hidden from was at hand. It was not at Miss O'Kelly, the heiress, that this person was looking with that strange conciliating yet pitiless glance which made her suddenly feel as if stealthy fingers were upon her throat, but at Marcella Grace, the audacious girl whose daring hands and deceiving tongue had interfered with the law, and upon whom the law would now be revenged.

For one moment she quailed and sickened, and from the depths of her soul cried to the earth to swallow her; the next her resolution had come to her aid and stood as a bar between her and the enemy.

"Mrs. Kilmartin," began the visitor, addressing the small frail woman who sat on her couch with a glimmer of hope in the pale blue eyes that strained towards him, "I am sorry to have to come here on a painful errand. My business is with this young lady, and if I may see her alone it may save you some uneasiness, perhaps."

"If it is anything connected with my son's affairs I want to know it at once," faltered the mother, shuddering under the ominous warning of his words. "I am the nearest to him, no one is so near as a mother. Nothing must be hid from me."

Mr. O'Malley sighed. This white, trembling ghost of a mother was harder to deal with than the masculine personage for whom rumor had prepared him. But his time was precious and the indulgence of sentiment was in no way included in the role of his duty.

He merely remarked, as he took a note-book from his pocket, "I should have preferred to see this lady alone. But it must be as you will."

Marcella, having rapidly reviewed the position in her mind, felt that a struggle would be useless, and sat perfectly still, holding the closed book upright on her knees with both hands, as if it were the outward form of that barricade which she had erected and meant to stand between her and the powers that were set to destroy Bryan.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Charles O'Conor's Success.

The life of Charles O'Conor, the eminent lawyer, shows what diligence and perseverance will accomplish.

When but eight years old he was an office-boy and a newspaper carrier. His father published a weekly newspaper, and Charles, besides attending to the office, delivered the journal to its subscribers in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

He used to take a skiff to cross the river, and frequently would be out all Saturday night serving his route. It is said that he never missed a subscriber.

When seventeen years old he entered a lawyer's office as an errand-boy. He borrowed law books, took them home to read them, by the light of a tallow candle far into the night. Several lawyers, noticing the boy's industry, aided him in his studies.

When he was twenty-four years old he was admitted to the bar, and even then it was said that young O'Conor's legal opinion was worth more than that of many other lawyers.

But success came slowly to a young lawyer; and it was not until his thirtieth year that clients recognized the legal learning and skill of young O'Conor. He was very poor, but industry and ability were his capital. He worked hard at the smallest case, never slighted any trust, and in time secured the reputation of a man who would do his best for those employing him. To this conscientiousness and industry he owed his success.

The Open Catholic Church.

In the three part story, "The Spirit of an Illinois Town," which she begins in the current Atlantic Monthly, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, whose writings often breathe a Catholic spirit, says in one portion of her tale: "I thought it a pity that Protestant churches never keep open for weary and passion-tormented souls, as the Catholic Church does. Toilers who left their work for a minutes prayer in the cathedral were a common sight abroad."

Mrs. Catherwood might, perhaps, find one reason for enclosed Protestant churches in the absence from those structures of that Real Presence whose indwelling in the tabernacles of the Catholic Church draws to those edifices the faithful who frequent them, on all days of the week and all hours of the day, in search of strength and comfort, to adore the Divinity abiding there or to thank God for graces and favors received. The Protestant places of worship seem fully aware of the fact that, with no altar in them enshrining the Word made Flesh who, out of His great love for mankind, abides forever with us under the sacramental forms, there is little to attract people within their walls save when services are being held; and hence their doors on week days and on Sundays, except at meeting time, are closed and locked, so that those who would enter them find ingress denied to them.

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit and success. Remember Hood's cure.

A RENEGADE REBUKED.

A Protestant Defends Pope Pius IX. From a Revolutionist's Insult.

Speaking of the late Carroll Spence, the Baltimore Sun says:

"Broad in his religious views, Mr. Spence always evinced the greatest respect for all creeds. On his way back to America from Turkey he visited Rome, where he met His Holiness Pope Pius IX., for whom he conceived the highest regard. He revered the Pope as the head of a great Church, and on one occasion in Rome proved it in a noble manner. He was in a gallery with two Roman counts, and obtaining a portrait of the Pope, he spoke of it as an elegant and most beautiful work of art. A man near by, hearing the remark, shouted: 'What's that? You call him kind and benevolent? He is the biggest scoundrel in Italy!'"

"Mr. Spence was highly indignant, and looking over the man from head to foot, replied: 'How dare you! I was not speaking to you, you miserable cur! You are a subject of that most worthy pontiff, and no doubt a Catholic, and yet you are base enough to insult him. I will not tolerate it. Begone!'"

"In speaking subsequently of this scene, Mr. Spence said it occurred to him that there he was, a Protestant and a foreigner, contending publicly for the temporal sovereignty of the Pope in the latter's own dominions, and yet every day hearing expressions of disloyalty against the person of that sovereign."

Rub Off the Cobwebs.

Even the busiest house-keeper should have some interest outside of the four walls of her home. If not, she grows narrow-minded and self-centered; thinking continuously, if not of her own individual self, then of the members of her own family, measuring others by their standard and forgetting that they are neither better nor worse than the balance of the world.

How often do we hear women say they have no time for this, that, or the other—reading, visiting, letters, the theatre, a walk, music, study—anything that breaks the monotony of a daily routine, and they assume to wear a halo because they are slaves to their family and their house.

They are far from being saints. They are nothing but machines, wearing themselves out for want of idling, until they become squeaky and rusty and are retired from service so much out of date that it is almost impossible for them ever to become modernized.

They allow their husbands and children to grow away from them with the excuse of "haven't time," and when they have alienated the comradeship which should never have wavered they complain that they are mere household drudges.

There is no woman so busy that she cannot, if she so desires, keep pace, at least, with her children, even though their educational advantages be superior to those she herself enjoyed. She can grow in their growth by judiciously inviting and sharing the development of their minds; and though she may not know rules and isms and dogmas, she can grasp the spirit of the children's lessons. There is no woman so busy that she hasn't time to rub the cobwebs off her brain by converse with some other—her pastor, the children's teacher, her neighbor.

There is no woman so busy that she cannot keep in touch with friends at a distance by an occasional letter. Ten minutes every day devoted to reading, writing or conversation, will help to keep a woman in touch with the world; and ten minutes every day can be saved or spared from any woman's life.—Columbian.

Baptism.

A child should be presented for baptism without delay, in the parish church, at the proper time. If some grave reason impels one to have his child baptized outside of the parish, the written permission of the pastor is necessary.

There should be two practical Catholics for sponsors, a godfather and a godmother. In case of necessity, one sponsor, of the same sex as the child, will suffice.

At least one Christian name should be selected for the child. The godmother holds the child with the head resting on her right arm. The clothing about the neck of the child should be loose, so that the priest may easily anoint the breast and back. The responses are to be made and the Apostles' Creed and Our Father recited clearly and with sincerity.

The sponsors place their right hands upon the child at the pouring of the water. They also hold the candlestick when the priest presents it.

It is becoming for the sponsor and the father to present an offering in keeping with their means to the officiating clergyman.

No charge is made for the administration of the sacrament. Custom demands an offering or honorarium in proportion to the means of the ones concerned. Those who are in poverty are not required to observe this custom.

Parents should not baptize their own children except in danger of death, when no one else is near.

It is proper for the mother to receive the blessing of the Church after her child is baptized (the ceremony is called churching).

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GOOD DONE BY FRIARS.

A Brief Account of the Pious Works of the Friars of France.

More than seven centuries ago, in 1182, a Umbrian Province of Italy was to transform some of its heretics into one of the heroes of the world. The son of a nobleman, called Bernardone, found in the first twenty years of his life the way of life of the poor, and he lived with the simple life of the poor, with a simple heart and a simple mind, and he lived in the close of the twelfth century a state of general effervescence, good in their passing away, and no what the future might be. Feudalism had done its worst, and young nations were young, classic Greece and Rome were to feel their marvellous ardor for liberty and the rights of ancient ways. The world had accumulated in the few, while the masses expected from serfdom and the temporal sovereignty of the Pope in the latter's own dominions, and yet every day hearing expressions of disloyalty against the person of that sovereign.

Even the busiest house-keeper should have some interest outside of the four walls of her home. If not, she grows narrow-minded and self-centered; thinking continuously, if not of her own individual self, then of the members of her own family, measuring others by their standard and forgetting that they are neither better nor worse than the balance of the world.

How often do we hear women say they have no time for this, that, or the other—reading, visiting, letters, the theatre, a walk, music, study—anything that breaks the monotony of a daily routine, and they assume to wear a halo because they are slaves to their family and their house.

They are far from being saints. They are nothing but machines, wearing themselves out for want of idling, until they become squeaky and rusty and are retired from service so much out of date that it is almost impossible for them ever to become modernized.

They allow their husbands and children to grow away from them with the excuse of "haven't time," and when they have alienated the comradeship which should never have wavered they complain that they are mere household drudges.

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