

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

ON MIXED MARRIAGES.

"There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, and the Mother of Jesus was there." (John 2, 1.)

The gospel of this Sunday, the so-called marriage gospel of the Catholic Church, not only places before me a subject of a very grave nature, but obliges me to speak of that, which the most holy and enlightened men of our times have justly called a gaping wound on the body of the Church, viz: the ever increasing evil of the day, mixed marriages. I am well aware that in speaking of this heart-rending evil I shall offend some of my auditors, but I cannot, I dare not allow human respect to prevent my fulfilling this sacred duty, imposed upon me by God and the Church, under pain of eternal damnation.

Therefore, I say: From the time of Christianity, holy mother Church has always most bitterly deplored and deeply lamented mixed marriages. In no fewer than thirty councils, two of which were general, she warned her children in a most impressive manner against such baneful unions, and when she granted dispensations to the contrary, though the promise of rearing the children as Catholics, and complying with all the other necessary conditions, had been given, yet the permission was granted, as it were, amidst tears of sorrow, and simply to avoid greater evil, i. e., to prevent the apostasy of her erring children. In such nuptials, the Church forbids, even in cases of granted dispensations, all solemnities at the altar, and prescribes that the parties to be united, give their marriage consent in the sacristy or the house, before the pastor and two witnesses, whereupon their names are registered by the priest, who wears neither surplice nor stole, and they are then dismissed, without prayer or blessing. Behold, this is the general law of the Church! Does not this regulation proclaim, louder than words, what the Church thinks of mixed marriages?

And is our holy Mother wrong in regarding them as highly injurious? What! is it possible that marriages, in which conformity to all that is highest and holiest is wanting; viz: in religion, where one does not know whether he will meet the other in the next world;—where the non-Catholic, according to the false principles of his religion, is justified in being divorced and married anew, whilst the Catholic must remain single during the life time of the former. Great God! can such marriages be sanctioned in Heaven? Can they be approved and blessed by the Church?

And yet, beloved Christians, these are not the greatest evils which follow in the train of mixed marriages; such monstrosities appear as naught when compared to the woeful consequences which such unholy unions bring to parents and children. For, I ask: How is it possible, that a Catholic can live with a non-Catholic for years, day after day, without suffering injury in his faith, in his religious life? What must become of a consort, who in her ever see or hears anything of her religion, whom no Catholic example protects and supports, edifies and strengthens, who on the contrary, is constantly entreated by non-Catholic relatives to become a traitor to her religion and to permit her children to be lost to the Catholic Church. Verily, not to succumb to the violence of such temptations requires more than human power.

Daily experience shows us that such a parent fares in religion, as does a person sick with consumption. The consumptive will not believe his condition dangerous; he thinks his cough only a slight one, which will be better in a short time. And still his strength becomes perceptibly weaker from day to day, and he approaches certain death. Thus it is with the Catholic faith in mixed marriages. In the beginning, the Catholic is still zealous and does not omit her duties. She struggles, but gradually her strength diminishes, she grows tepid in prayer, fails to assist at Mass on a feast of the blessed Virgin; she approaches the sacrament, but only stealthily, the grace before and after meals, the sign of the cross and even the Hail Mary are no longer thought of, and thus, step by step, the road to indifference widens, until finally the attendance at divine services and the reception of the sacraments are totally neglected, and of her religion nothing remains except her name in the baptismal record. Unfortunately, this, too, has been lost by thousands of such unhappy husbands or wives on account of complete apostasy. Beloved Christians, such facts are witnessed daily, and should not our holy Mother, the Church, have reasons to deplore such marriages and to caution her children against them?

But what shall I say of the offspring of such unions? Who can count the thousands, the tens of thousands among them that are yearly lost to the Church, despite the solemn promises made that they would receive a Christian education. And even with those children who are reared as Catholics, how defective, in many cases, is not their education, how irregular, and different! One might exclaim with tears: Poor children, you will not long remain Catholics; the day is not far distant when you, too, will apostatize. Oh, that you had never been born! And of those children, who, in a measure, receive a Christian education how much better, how much more fervent would they not be if the instructions given by a good Catholic mother, were confirmed and strengthened by

the example of a Christian father. See, dear Christians, the deplorable fate of the unfortunate children of mixed marriages, and yet you are surprised that the Church abhors and condemns such unions? You are offended when I, your Pastor, who am in duty bound, caution such of you, who are about to loose your state of life, to refrain, for the love of Jesus Christ, from these unsanctified unions? This should not be, my dear Christians; you have no right to cause my eternal damnation. Gladly will I sacrifice my life for you whether it be at the bed of sickness, or wherever God shall demand it, but my soul, my conscience, I can not, will not sacrifice. I have warned you, I have shown you the evil and its consequences. My duty is fulfilled and I hope in my last hour to receive a favorable judgment from the Most High. Amen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Trust." If I could trust mine own self with your fate, Shall I not rather trust it in God's hand? Without whose will one lily doth not stand. Nor sparrow fall at His appointed date. Who numbereth the innumerable sand. Who weighs the wind and water with a weight. To whom the world is neither small nor great. Whose knowledge foreknew every plan we planned. Searching my heart for all that touches you. I find there only love and love's good will. Helpless to help, and impotent to do. Of understanding dull, and sight most dim; And therefore I commend you back to Him Whose love your love's capacity can fill. —Christina Rossetti.

Bad Manners. While visiting an acquaintance who boarded in a house presided over by a charming hostess whose other ten or twelve boarders were young ladies from distant homes who were perfecting their art studies at a nearby institution, I observed that none of those students noticed my friend in any way, not even by a nod of the head or a single "good morning."

"Have you been here long?" I asked. "Oh, yes, quite a while." And these young ladies also? "Yes they were here when I came." "Why are you not politely greeted when they meet you in the halls and at table three times daily?" "They do not know me, and I must seem old to them," was her reply. The silvering hair, refined face and gentle manners of my friend should have gained her not only kindly recognition but reverent admiration from these young women blessed with health, strength and bounding spirits, and several of them with beauty and style. If they had each been carefully cultured under Lord Chesterfield's maxim, even if they had come from secluded homes and had not yet acquired, by mingling with the world, society's polish, they would not have been amenable to an adverse criticism on their good manners, but would have treated their elder companion at the table just as they would have loved to be treated themselves.—Exchange.

"Always Spek Present When Ennybody Speks X." "Alice and Harriet, take your knitting work. John and Henry, you may each bring nine armfuls of wood into the woodshed. May, you may take your slate and write; and I guess if they are left alone the two babies will take care of themselves. Now, for half an hour, let us have silence. If anybody speaks let it be in a whisper."

"The fact was there had been so much noise; and some of it in half quarrel-some tones, and Mrs. Ford was tired, and took the best way to stop it, for half an hour at least. The children were all young and wanted their own way. But they had all learned to mind their mother."

So there was silence in the kitchen except the noise the little mother made with her baking, and the occasional prattle of the two babies. Little May sat with her slate on her knees looking thoughtful. She wrote and erased, and wrote again with much painstaking labor. At last she seemed satisfied, and going to her mother, said in a whisper: "May I have a little piece of white paper and a pencil out of your drawer? I want to copy something."

She got a piece of paper, and sharpened the pencil anew for the child, although she was pie making. May copied it very carefully, and laid it away in the bottom of her handkerchief box, saying: "I shall see it often there, and nobody goes there but mother and me."

But it happened one day that Harriet was sent to distribute the pile of clean handkerchiefs from the ironing into the different boxes, and as May's was empty, she saw the writing, at was so short that she took it in at a glance. "Always spek present when ennybody speks x." May. Somehow it fixed itself in Harriet's mind, and that evening she was busy with pen and ink. The result was a writing in Harriet's handkerchief box, with a resolution written more neatly, but to the same effect: "Resolved, that I will try this year to return pleasant words for cross ones." Harriet Ford. It made a great difference that was easy to see when two of the children began to practice this resolution. There was less quarrelling. "That's mine! You better mind your own business!" said John to Harriet one day, when she took up a top and was putting it in the drawer. "But, John, mother wants me to clear up the room," said Harriet. "Well, I want the top to stay there!" said John obstinately. "Well, perhaps it's no matter. A top isn't much litter," said Harriet, pleasantly.

John was fully prepared for a contest; I am afraid he rather would have relished one. He started. Then he looked ashamed. "What made you say that, Harriet?" Harriet laughed and colored a little. "Come here, and I'll show you," said she. She took him into the clothes press where was the row of handkerchief boxes, each labeled. She opened little May's, and took out the clean, soft pile of handkerchiefs. "Look there!" said she. John read. "The good little thing! She never does quarrel, anyhow," said John.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Look Out For Yourself. Cultivate self-reliance. Don't wait for others to find work. Don't expect that your neighbors are going to look out for you. Men who have been boistered up all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look round for somebody to cling to or lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go. Once down they are perfectly helpless, and they cannot find their feet again without assistance. Such persons no more resemble men who have fought their way to position, making difficultes their stepping stones and deriving determination from defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or sputtering rushlights the stars of heaven. Efforts persisted into achievements train a man to self-reliance, and when he has proved to the world that he can trust himself the world will trust him.

Hope and Despondency. A man and an ax can turn a waste, howling wilderness into a garden, and he does it in time, working along with the aids God has given him. Passing through a Michigan forest recently we saw just the beginning of a clearing with a little cabin in the center, and a tangled woods on all sides. That man in a few years will lick that forest into a farm, if his pluck, ax and muscle hold out. An old homestead not a mile away was growing weeds and brush. There is a big sermon in this. Think it out.

New Treatment For Laziness. In the regiment of Colonel Welch, of the Sixty-fifth New York, is a private so lazy that, when sent out on fatigue duty, he would lie down on the ground and let his companions do all the work. To cure this trait Colonel Welch had a blanket spread on the ground, with an other blanket for a pillow, and caused the lazy man to lie there for three days without sitting up or speaking to any one, and with a diet consisting of one slice of bread and one glass of water every three hours. The treatment has effected a complete cure.

The Successful Man. The successful man is by no means helpful to himself alone; he helps a great lot of other people as well. There isn't a healthy, vigorous energetic, self-reliant, successful man whose example does not breed the same qualities in others, and personal contact with such a man is an active stimulant and direct aid to success. He awakens ambition. He winds us up, and sets us going; see to it, my friend, that you don't run down.

Living a Lie. "I said in my haste, all men are liars," says David, and on sober thought now, he might estimate that a big percentage were, at the present day, at least, a living lie. The first step in deceit gives the devil the underhand. Deceiving a mother who loves you would not have her know what you are for the world is a contemptible deceit. A fine show of honor before the world and a rotten life within deceive many. A saintly look while entering a church often covers a lascivious heart; while the eyes are devouring devils, "hypocrite" "whited wall," sham and liar would be self-confessed names of thousands of men and boys, sending them skulking off into the darkness of their hearts were but spoken and their deeds published. David was found out; he opened his eyes to his vile sin and gave him repentance, and wrung from his heart that prayer of penitence (Ps. 51) that has been the contrite prayer of weak man ever since. We ask no better thing for any young man who is in secret sin than this: That he be found out, if not by the world, at least by himself, and turn with fear and loathing from his sin into Him who was "sent to bless you in turning every one of you away from his iniquities." The time is coming when the thought of the heart shall be revealed and every man will be known to the world just as he had lived in secret. Men, allow no thought in your heart that you would be ashamed to speak before your mother or sister. Don't live a lie!

Learn a Trade. It is to be regretted, says the New York Sun, that so few of our American boys learn any trade, or are willing to serve as apprentices for the term of four or five years. Almost any good and smart boy can procure employment in some of the hundred skilled industries that are carried on in any city; and the boy who serves his apprenticeship faithfully gets a training that will be advantageous to him all through life, and that will very surely enable him to earn a living as long as he lives. We should suppose that any real sensible boy would like to think of becoming a skilled workman in a good

trade; would like to look forward to the time when he could stand up as an independent journeyman, for example, in the carpenter's trade, or the brass-worker's or the tailor's or the stonemason's, or the watch-maker's, or the bookbinder's, or the fresco-painter's or the weaver's, or the printer's, or the machinist's, or the locksmith's, or the glider's, or some other trade worthy of his manhood. It is a splendid thing for a young fellow to start out in the world with a good trade. He can be as stiff as he pleases, and doesn't need to knuckle down to anybody, neither to the boss nor the foreman, if he minds his own business and steers clear of gallivanting. He can nearly always get a job at fair pay, and can often have a chance of traveling to some other part of the country to look for a better job at higher pay. What long-headed American boy would not like to have such a show in life?

Yet a vast number of our American boys don't want to learn a trade. They are anxious to be office boys or counter jumpers, or salesboys, or clerks, or something of that kind. Stupid fellows, when they can get a chance to become skilled mechanics! Why, we were told by a gentleman the other day that he knew of three youthful Americans who were serving as door boys in a large up-town six-story apartment house. What show for promotion have they? They can hardly hope even to get a janitorship.

We say that boys who need to earn a living do well to learn a trade, and then strike out in life, free as the American flag.

Mr. Staybolt's Philosophy. "We are never satisfied with what we have got," said Mr. Staybolt, "but by a blessed dispensation of Providence we are measurably satisfied when we get more than we have been accustomed to; for we view all things comparatively, and the standards we set up are usually, at least, those with which we are personally familiar. Thus a man getting \$5 a week is gratified when he gets a raise to \$7.50, and it is only when he has raised himself to the new standard, and looks out over the top of the \$7.50, that that amount looks small and he wants more."

"So that there are periods when we are in some degree satisfied; but the drawing soon comes back, and it is well for us that it should. It does not require the intellect of a giant to tell what would happen if we were all satisfied. With men so situated endeavor would cease. For a time we should get along comfortably and sleepily, and then what we had built would begin to fall, and soon it would all go down and we should ourselves be involved in the general ruin, or rather in the general decay. Plainly it is better for us that we must hustle, and evidently it is better to be a hustler in the lowest class than not to be a hustler at all."

"As we go along through life we may be disturbed by the thought that somebody has got so much more than we have, though we are all free to try, and I doubt if any of us worry over that; but if we do we may be sure that their view is comparative, precisely as ours. There can be no doubt about that. There was never a man so rich that he didn't want more, and we may be as happy or happier than he."

"It is true that there is a limit below which we find discomfort and want, and it may be distress, but when we have attained an income that will afford us a comfortable existence—and that we should all strive for—we have got all that we can reasonably expect to get from external sources. We do not need to cease our efforts then; but whatever added enjoyment we may get out of life after that will depend not upon how much money we get, but upon how we look at things."

A MODERN ST. ELIZABETH. The late Empress of Austria performed deeds of charity as the saints used to do. When she bestowed alms she invariably did so in person; going about incognito, and trying to conceal her benefactions, as did her namesake Elizabeth, the sainted Queen of Thuringia. Taking only a friend, the Austrian Empress would go at nightfall into the squalid quarters of Vienna or Budapest. Dressed in the plainest garb, the two would thread the narrow alleys and climb the tottering staircases of the poorest tenements. They never went without burdening themselves with flowers and fruits, no servant being allowed to render assistance. The slender hands were never weary of smoothing a pillow or cooling a fevered brow; and the late Empress' soft voice never failed in its message of hope and cheer. When young, her face was called the most beautiful in Europe; and those who did not know her as the poor knew her lamented that it had lost its youthful charm; but those to whom she ministered declared that no countenance could be more fair than that of the plainly clad lady who brought light and joy to their miserable abodes. Truly this charitable Empress was a fitting and loyal follower of the Saint of Thuringia, in whose hands the leaves of bread were changed to roses.—Ave Maria.

Toronto Firemen Testify M. McCartney, Lombard Street Fire Hall, Toronto, dated March 4, 1897, states:—"Am subject to very painful conditions of constipation and other troubles resulting therefrom, but I am glad to say that I have found a perfect remedy in Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. I trust this may be of benefit to others."

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GOD HELP THE BOYS.

The boy is a factor in social life. This is admitted theoretically, but not practically. We are always saying that the boy is father to the man, and uttering similar truisms; but the boy is very much neglected. He does not receive the consideration he deserves. The girl is cultivated, nourished like a pet plant in a greenhouse. Her wishes are consulted. The mother's solicitude for the boys of a family takes the form of feeding them well. They are supposed to be creatures who need only the coarser things of life; and in many instances the result is that the fond mother brings up a group of selfish, uncultivated bipeds, who manage to give her deeper wounds than Cleopatra's asp could inflict. Moreover, they become inconsiderate husbands and careless fathers. And the person most to blame is that very mother whose life would be cheerfully given up at any moment to have them become true men.

Why is it that we complain of so many mixed marriages, which, in the majority of cases, mean losses to the Church? Why is it that Catholic girls very often marry non-Catholics, or do not marry at all? Why is it that "nice" young men are more scarce in the average Catholic social circle than "nice" young girls? Why? It is very easy to deny that these questions are based on facts. And it is the habit of some people to admit in private conversation the existence of certain things which they are ready to deny when these things are mentioned in print. It is impossible to solve social problems unless we admit their existence and discuss them freely. Let us, then, try to find an answer to the questions we have asked.

We all know that in this country women are more liberally educated than men. We are not talking of the men who go to college—because in our Republic they are in the minority, as they are everywhere—but of the men who go into business after eight or ten years spent at school. Women read more, they learn something of music, they take advantage of every bit of knowledge that might bring them nearer to higher civilization. Young men educated in the public schools spend their eight or ten years there without attaining those rudiments of cultivation which any boy educated in Germany acquires in the first six years of his school life.

But our business is not with the boy of the public schools; it is with the boy of the parochial schools. Why is it that he is so inferior in many respects to his sister of the academy? Why is it that she does not like to see him come into the parlor on those sacred evenings when she is performing "The Shepherd's Morning Song" with variations? Why is it that he flees from the literary circle of which his accomplished sister is the centre, and finds comfort and refreshment in the smoking of cigarettes, the learning of the latest prize fight, or the learning of new clog dances on the nearest corner?

There can be no doubt that the piano music and the part songs and the talk about current literature are better for him than the coarse jabber of the street. And if we could get our boys to spend their evenings with their sisters and their sisters' friends in such amusements, we should have better men, fewer drunkards, and fewer mixed marriages.

But our boys are neglected. The girls do all the singing in church; they learn music; they are taught by the Sisters that gentle manners are necessary in good society; they are taught to be self-respectful; they are not dragged up; they are brought up. But the boys—God help the boys! And God help all who think that a little catechism and a full stomach are all they need!—Ave Maria.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parley's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

THE FLAGGING ENERGIES REVIVED.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parley's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative force, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pain. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of DR. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

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Though All Other Means Fail—Mr. C. E. Aikens' Case Shows the Truth of the Claim that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the Only Cure for this Disease.

Hamilton, Jan. 9.—One of the most popular of Hamilton's hotel clerks is Mr. C. E. Aikens, of the Commercial Hotel. Mr. Aikens' duties are onerous and heavy throughout the year, and a man who was not possessed of more than ordinary shrewdness and capability could not possibly fill his position. This being the case, it will be readily understood that Mr. Aikens was very heavily handicapped when, some three years ago, he was attacked by Bright's Disease—a disease which many physicians claim is incurable.

Mr. Aikens found a cure, however. And so important does he rightly deem his discovery, that he has given the following statement regarding it, for publication, in the hope that other sufferers from Bright's Disease will be rescued. "I could get no relief, no matter what I used, nor which of our doctors treated me. I had suffered (with Bright's Disease) for two years, and had tried many remedies and wasted many dollars in my endeavors to regain my health. When I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, I had no expectation of receiving any benefit from them."

"I tried them, however, and soon had reason to be thankful that I did. Before I had taken a dozen doses I felt a change for the better, and the improvement continued steadily until now I am as strong and healthy as ever. Six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills did this for me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills, the only unfailing cure for Bright's Disease, are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box; six boxes \$2.50 or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

Raised . . . From a Bed of Sickness . . .

SIMCOE, Jan. 18th, 1897.

Messrs. Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Gentlemen—For over five months I was confined to my bed, not being able to move. The best medical skill was called in, all treating me for catarrh of the stomach, but to no avail. I could not eat the most simple food, and being in dreadful misery, and found no relief until same was vomited up. After sending a large sum in medical advice, I was advised to try a box of Dr. Chase's Cathart. Cure. I purchased a box from J. Austin and Company, Simcoe, and to my surprise found great relief. Not being able to eat I tried a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills; the pains left me the third day. My appetite has been fully restored. I could eat perfectly cured, and feel as well as when a young woman, although I am 65 years old at present. I was almost a shadow, now I am as fleshy as before my sickness. Have used only three boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and two boxes of Dr. Chase's Cathart. Cure. I can do my house work as usual. I am positive that my marvelous cure (which I think it is due purely to Dr. Chase's remedies, which I have used, I can honestly recommend the same to any persons suffering from symptoms similar to mine. Wishing you every success,

Yours truly,

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