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Jay schools on Indian Reserves—asiat sand satached.

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Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD. 'JACK COLLINS, OR THE DIGNITY OF LABOR."

BY C. F. STREET, M. A.

What changes are constantly taking place, within a few years, in the social condition of individuals and families! Those who were poor become rich; who were in a low estate, elevated to a high station. On the other hand, those who were formerly prosperous become im-

were in a low estate, elevated to a high station. On the other hand, those who were formerly prosperous become impoverished; the proud are humbled and the strong enfeebled.

Thus it happened that the poor widow Collins, whose home was made desolate, a few years ago, who had patiently and in faith borne her reverses, now was participant of many blessings. He who had chastised her had never forsaken her; she had learned how true it is that God loves those whom He chasteneth; she had lived to see her daughter comfortably settled in life and her son established in a prosperous business.

settled in life and her son established in a prosperous business.

The poor tramp whose life had been rescued from imminent danger by the heroic actions of Joseph Collins is again brought to our notice as taking a part in the widow's welfare. It appeared that he was deeply affected by the circumstances associated with his providential escape. During the excitement which ensued on the sudden death of his deliverer he disappeared and no one had noticed him so closely as to be able to have recognized him again.

If people thought of him at all it was

If people thought of him at all it was of his ingratitude and indifference relative to the man who had saved him.

About ten years had elapsed since the death of Joseph Collins, when the parish priest called on the widow Collins and informed her he had just received, by the mail, a registered letter from a Catholic priest stationed in a missionary district of the Empire of Brazil, which especially concerned her.

olic priest sationed in the control of the Empire of Brazil, which especially concerned her.

The letter read by the priest, stated that a man calling himself Sam Rogers—an Englishman—had been working for several years in the mining territory of that country. It is well known that Brazil is noted for its gold and silver mines, its diamonds, topazes and other precious metals. This man Rogers had been attacked with a serious illness and had sent for the priest when he perceived his end has approaching; he communicated to him what he particularly wished to be performed, so soon as he died. He bequeathed to the widow of the late Joseph Collins of the town of S4,000, which money he had accumulated to black of the common of S4,000, which money he had accumulated the serious serious serious control of the serious seri

Joseph Collins of the town of ——In Ontario, Dominion of Canada, the sum of \$4,000, which money he had accumulated by hard labor, during his sejourn in Brazil. This donation, he trusted, would, in some respects, indemnify her for the irreparable loss she had sustained on the death of her husband, of which he had unintentionally been the cause. He, further, narrated to the priest that he had formerely been an idle, dissipated vagabond; but from the day he had been rescued from a sudden termination of his life, by the humanity of a stranger, he had become a new man; he had resolved to cast aside his intemperate and slothful habits, and since that day he had led an industrious and sober and religious life; that the main object of his daily labors had been to realize enough money to send to the poor widow Collins an averagence of this gratitude. This daily labors had been to realize enough money to send to the poor widow Collins an expression of his gratitude. This money, which had been carefully deposited every month, until it amounted to \$4,000, he now confided to the priest, who attended him, when dying, to be transmitted according to instructions.

Mrs. Collins was deeply moved by this mark of gratitude from the stranger whom her husband had rescued, and it was a

her husband had rescued, and it was a great consolation to her to learn at last, that the divine visitation which had afflicted her so deeply had been the means of converting a sinner and delivering a soul from eternal deeth. ing a soul from eternal death.

LAURENTIA;

A Story of Japan in the Sixteenth Century.

By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARTIST'S HOME.

THE ARTISI'S HOME.

The setting sun had just ceased to gild with its last rays the domes, the palaces, and the towers of Meaco, the capital of Japan, the residence of the Dairi, or Exclesiastical Emperor, and of the Kumbo Sama, the temporal sovereign of that ancient kingdom. As the moon rose in the dark blue eastern sky, the eyes of many worshippers turned towards it in that strange land where a strong religious instinct seems inherent in the souls of men, and, in the absence of the true faith, displays itself in almost every erroneous form of worship to which the corrupt tendencies of men's hearts, and the exdisplays liter in almostret the corrupt form of worship to which the corrupt tendencies of men's hearts, and the excesses of their imaginations, have at different times given birth. Towards the north of the town, enclosed within a triple range of walls, stood the palace of the great human itel of the Kamisian superstition—the awful, but helpless,

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Dairi—the representative of that hereditary line of patriarchal monarchs, once the supreme governors of the Empire; the framers of its laws and the absolute rulers of its destining but now as a side in idle

supreme governors of the Empire; the framers of its laws and the absolute rulers of its destinies, but now set aside in idle and solemn state; superseded by the Kumbo-Samas, a race of wily and energetic statesmen and warriors, who gradually assumed the functions, whilst they left to their chiefs the bare semblance of authority—the homage of the multitude and the vain pomp attendant on their half-religious, half-nominal sovereignity. In the streets which surround this abode, a death-like stillness reigns; no profane footsteps may venture to tread, uninvited, the sacred precincts; but outside these strictly guarded walls an incessant activity prevails. Clouds of dust, raised by the traffic of a populous city, obscure the air, and the ear is deafened by the vociferations of its six hundred thousand inhabitants, all engaged in the various pursuits of commerce, industry, and pleasure. From the neighboring mountains three great rivers descend and feed the broad-bosomed lakes, the everflowing fountains, the numberless diverging rills, which fertilize the wide and otherwise barren plain, in the centre of which Mesco sits like a crowned queen, with her encircling amphitheatre of hills, and her diadem of temples: five hundred splendid fanes, gleaming like jewels through the deep verdure of the pine and cypress groves.

At the same hour, in one of the most

cypress groves.

At the same hour, in one of the most retired streets of the city, a maiden of about twenty years of age was sitting at work in the front chamber of a small but work in the front chamber of a small but exquisitely neat building, adorned according to the fashion of the country, both within and without, with paintings, inscriptions, and devices of various sorts. Every window was ornamented with flower-pots, as is always the case in the houses of Japan, but in this instance more than ordinary good taste was evinced in the choice and arrangement of the miniature shrubs and various colored blossoms which filled the graceful white porcelain vases, enwreathed with China roses, and encircled with green leaves. The folding vases, enwreathed with China roses, and encircled with green leaves. The folding screens which divided the apartments of this little abode were covered with graceful scrolls, and pictures of birds and flowers. Moral and religious sentences, drawn from the Holy Scriptures, and from the maxims of Confucius, were likewise inscribed over the doors, or painted on the walls. Numerous articles of beautiful workmanship lying on the floor, in an unfinished condition seemed to indicate that this was the residence of an tiful workmanship lying on the floor, in an unfinished condition seemed to indi-cate that this was the residence of an artist of no ordinary abilities. Fans there were of so fragile a texture, so elaborately carved, and so admirably colored, that they seemed to emulate Nature's handi-work in the delicate tracery of the fer-or, the migross or the soft blanding of her work in the delicate tracery of the fern or the mimosa, or the soft blending of her hues in the geranium or the heart's-ease. Sculptured beasts and birds, whose life-like forms and attitudes might have de-ceived their protections. ceived their prototypes of the groves and of the plain, were standing about waiting for the finishing touch of the master's

hand.

To the maiden belonged the humbler task of making and fastening to the handles of the fans which her brother painted the silken or gilded tassels which each required. She knew how to vary their forms and colors with fairy-like incepuity. Her own appearance was in their forms and colors with lairy-like in-genuity. Her own appearance was in keeping with her pretty abode and her graceful occupation. If there was nothing peculiarly costly in her dress, if the num-ber of her flowing robes fell short of that which the fine ladies of Meaco habitually wore they were so becomingly put on which the line ladies of Meaco habituary wore, they were so becomingly put on, the yellow texture of her skirt was so beautifully embroidered, the pattern of her flaving root harmonized so well with beautifully embroidered, the pattern of her flowing vest harmonized so well with the red girdle which encircled her waist and the coral comb which fastened her dark hair, that a painter, of the Venetian school could scarcely have found a fitter subject for the display of brilliancy and harmony of coloring, than the workshop of the Japanese artist and the figure of his sister seated in the midst of her silken skeins, and engaged in her laborious though apparently fanciful avocations.

though apparently fanciful avocations.

She was wistfully gazing at her slender store of gold and silver thread, and holding up one of the fans in a discontented attitude, when her brother Matthias en-

"Still at work over those fans!" ex claimed the young man, whose slender form and hectic coloring betokened deli-cate health, or at least a fragile organization. "Why truly, Laurentia, you spend more time about the tassels than the fans

more time about the tassels than the lans themselves are worth."

"It is the fault of my dear old friend the blind pedlar. He promised to bring me this week a large supply of gold thread from Nangazaqui, but he has not kept his word. I hope no evil has befallen Matthew. I do not know how I should get on without him. From my earliest childhood I have been used to look forward to bis visits."

"There are strange rumors affoat," an "There are strange rumors afloat," answered her brother; "the Kumbo-Sama is reported to have used strong language about the Caristians. The ladies of Omura refuse to listen to his emissaries, and the blame is laid on the fathers. People say that his anger is beginning to rise against them as the black clouds gather round the heights of Saxuma when a storm is at hand. Will it be prudent for you to go to the palace, Laurentia? a storm is at hand. Will it be prudent for you to go to the palace, Laurentia? Who knows but you may be questioned as to your faith? At all events, you had better not take with you THESE faus," he said, pointing to a row of highly finished ones which were ornamented with Christain devices or paintings of a religious character.

character.

Laurentia shrugged her shoulders. "As if the Empress did not know that I was a Christian! As if, begging your pardon, brother, that was not her very reason for wishing to see our fans. At least, I greatly suspect so. Her messenger said that the Empress understood that you had painted one for the King Bartholomew, which he always carries about with him, and that if you had a similar one at home I was to be sure and bring it with me, as her Majesty had expressed some curiosity to see it. I would not for the world miss this opportunity of entering the palace. Who can tell what the result may be? Old Matthew assured me, some time ago, that the Empress had a secret desire to embrace the Christian faith."

"But why not wait till the Kumbocharacter.
Laurentia shrugged her shoulders.

"But why not wait till the Kumbo-Sama's wrath has cooled down a little? Why not go another day?"

"Another day! when I am expected to-

day!"
"You might feign sickness."
"You might feign sickness." "You might feign sickness."
"Feign! Is it to a Japanese maiden—
to your own sister—that you speak of
feigning? After all, the worst that could
happen to me would be to die."
"What words are these, Laurentia?"
cried a well-known voice at the door, and

the old pedlar stood by the maiden's side, unstrapping his heavy box and wiping his forehead: "do not speak of dying when there is much work for a Christian maiden to do in this poor country of ours. We shall all die when God chooses, and if the Kumbo-Sama gives us a helping hand to heaven, by cutting off our heads, he will be sure to get many a Christian's he will be sure to get many a Christian's blessing. To live, to work, and to suffer, is often far harder than to die." Matthias kindly led the old man to a mat, and begged him to sit down and rest his weers limbs. weary limbs.

Matthew, the pedlar, was one of St.

begged him to sit down and rest his weary limbs.

Matthew, the pedlar, was one of St. Francis Xavier's converts, and ever since the day when he had been baptized by the Apostle of the Indies, the burning charity which had consumed that great man's heart seemed to have kindled in his own a kindred flame. He had not changed his mode of life. He remained a poor man travelling from place to place, selling his wares, going about from the palace to the cottage, from the crowded sea-port to the secluded hamlet, doing good, praying without ceasing, preaching the Gispel, in his quiet way, to the rich and to the poor, to the learned and to the ignorant. Often secoffed at, often repulsed—for he was poor, and his countrymen despised poverty; and he was unlearned, and they worshipped learning—but still making his way into many a heart, and enlightening many minds, through those very means which God has appointed for the conquest of the powers of this world; the very same through which the devils had to be driven out of old, even in our Lord's own day; fasting and prayer; the apostolate of voluntary suffering joined to holiness of life. It is the same story over and over again. The fishermen and the tent-maker walking on foot into Imperial Rome; the merchant's son at Assisi renouncing his heritage and hooted at as a madman; the warrior-saint, the high-souled nobleman, Ignatius, pointed at as a beggar in the streets of Paris; St. Francis Xavier dying alone on the shores of a foreign land, all illustrate the same moral, all tell the same tale—Satan on the one hand welding against the souls of men his weapons—riches and honor—and Christ vanquishing him through the strength of poverty, the might of humiliation.

"Have you found means to see the Empress yett?" Matthew inquired, as he

ation.
"Have you found means to see the Empress yet?" Matthew inquired, as he felt among his wares for the parcel from Nangazaqui which Laurentia was expect-

"This very evening I am going to the palace," she eagerly replied. "Her Majesty has expressed a wish to see the fans Matthias paints, and particularly the one the fathers ordered as a present for King Bartholomew. He has since made several of the same kind. The holy name of Legg is in the central platters of blue. of Jesus is in the centre, in letters of blue, scarlet, and gold. Above it is a crown of thorns, and beneath it the three nails, and other mobiles and the beneath it. and other emblems of the Passion Then there is one also, with a copy of the pic-ture which hangs over the altar of our hurch—the divine Infant and His blessed Mother. Father Rodriguez, the Kumbe Sama's interpreter, says that when the

Sama's interpreter, says that when the King of Omura saw it, he was so ravished with its beauty that he stood like one transfixed, and in that very hour resolved to become a Christian. Oh, dear Matthew, would that you could see it!"

The old man smiled, and lifted up his sightless orbs to heaven. His mind, so long given to contemplation, and ever haunting as it did the midnight cave of Bethlehem, and the home of Nazureth, had doubtless often pictured to him the Babe and His Immaculate Mother in sweeter and loftier beauty than the hand

Babe and His Immaculate Mother in sweeter and loftier beauty than the hand of Raphael or Correggio ever depicted them on glowing canvas or frescoed walls. "And then, this picture of the Crucifixion," she continued, "it is so beautiful. But do you think I can venture upon showing it to the Empress? The cross, the crowning glory of our faith, is a stumbling-block to unbelievers. What will she think of our Lord dying like the vilest malefactors?"

""
"You who have been so long a catechist," said her brother, "should know
how for you can venture to unfold the
truths of religion to the unintiated. Now you are about to have the Kumbo-Sama's wife for a catechumen, discretion must be your guide."

"Well, I suppose discretion is a virtue, but it is not one I love; I like courage better."

"Take care, young maiden," said Matthew, "that you do not make courage into an idol. The fathers say, it is one that many a Japanese worships in his heart even while he destroys the visible ones in his heart."

his house."

"True," answered Laurentia, "we are brought up to despise death, and abhor cowardice; but death on the field of battle, or in the presence of the Kumbo's officers of state, who respectfully leave it to a man to excute his sentence on himself, is far different from the lingering tortures to which the Christians, have been ere now subjected. Nothing but the firm hope of immortality, and the aid of divine grace, could nerve the soul to meet with joy and calmness such agonies as those."

"I suppose there is nothing which one man has borne that another cannot endure," said Matthias; "and yet men are so differently constituted! What is exquisite suffering to one person is scarcely any pain to another. However, if it is the grace of God which supports the martyre, it signifies little, I suppose, what their physical pecularities may be."

There was something tremulous in the voice of her brother, which struck painhis house."
"True," answered Laurentia, "we are

There was something tremulous in the voice of her brother, which struck painfally on Laurentia's ear. She looked up anxiously into his face, and saw that his pale cheek was flushed. The hectic hue died away in a moment, and left the

anxiously into his face, and saw that pale cheek was flushed. The hectic hus died away in a moment, and left the deadly paleness behind it. He, however, answered with a smile her inquiring glance. Reassured, she turned again to the pedlar, and said:

"Have you travelled to any great distance, Matthew, since we last saw you? Have you made any new converts? Is it true, what we have been told, that a great lord, in the Ximo, heard you speak of the only true God to His attendants, and was so struck with your words that he exclaimed, 'If a poor pedlar can thus discourse about his religion, what must be the bonzes of that religion be!" and that he went at once to the fathers at Nangazqui, and was instructed and baptized?

the went at once to the fathers at Nangazaqui, and was instructed and baptized?"

"It is true; and the Church received that day a noble heart into its fold. God ordains wisdom out of the mouth of the old and the weak, even as out of that of babes and sucklings. Little children are often apostles, and the old man sinking into his grave can also sometimes act an angel's part. I have never opened my box in the street or on the road side, and heard the sound of approaching footsteps that I have not asked our Blessed Lady and God's dear servant, Father Francis,

who baptized me, 'to speak to the hearts of those who rood round me. Then words sometimes rise to my lips which astonish not. They seem to teach the poor sinn'r who utters them as if they were not his own. And then these little pictures, they have been apostles too in poor sinn'r who utters them as if they were not his own. And then these little pictures, they have been apostles too in in their silent way. I passed through a village in the mountains some months ago where Francis had once been and made several converts. No priest had ever found his way there again. They had his abridgment of the Scriptures and a little print of Jesus and His Mother. He had taught them the Creed, the Our Father, and the Hail Mary; baptized thirteen of them, and appointed an old man to be their teacher. He had died, but they never let go the faith Father Francis brought them. They said their prayers, and patiently waited for another messenger from God."

"Oh, have they a priest now?" exclaimed at once the brother and sister.

"A brother from Ozaca is gone to instruct them, and one of the fathers will soon join him."

"Matthew, if a great persecution should arise, you will certainly be put to death as a teacher of Christianity."

A divine expression passed over the old man's face when Laurentia said these words. Not the enthusiasm which gleamed on the maiden's brow—something more deep, more humble, more holy than enthusiasm. "That would be too good for me," he gently said, and felt in his box for a rosary, which he gave to Laurentia.

"I will wear it round my neck to-night,

gently said, and felt in his hox for a rosary, which be gave to Laurentia.

"I will wear it round my neck to-night,
when I go to the palace."

"Do not act so madly, Laurentia!" exclaimed her brother. "You are running
risks enough by going there at all. Be
persuaded, sister, and only take with you
the fans painted with birds and with
flowers; you can show the others another
time to the Empress."

"Do you think, then, that my object is
to show off your paintings, and to sell perhaps a dozen fans? If that were my sole
purpose, I should not indeed take so
much trouble." Matthias left the room
with a dark cloud upon his brow, and the
sound of his retreating footsteps was
heard on the paved alley of the little garden.

"Maiden." said the old pedlar, as his quick ear detected the sigh which escaped her, "have you thought enough that those who would win souls to Christ must be-

who would win souls to Christ must begin by fighting another battle?"

"With their own passions, you mean—
I know it, I feel it—I have often shed tears, and done penance for the faults of my temper, and now I have sinned again, and the peace of my heart is gone." She passionately exclaimed, "On, how can I speak of Carist to-night to those who know Him not, when I, who know Him, have offended Him? No blessing will rest upon me, for the stain of sin is on my soul. What shall I do?"

"Kneel down and say to God what you

soul. What shall I do?"

"Kneel down and say to God what you have said to me—say it meekly and lovingly, and doubt not that He will bless you. One moment of loving sorrow sets us right with Him—He can then clasp us to Hi Sacrel Heart and entirely forgive me—He can trust us with His highest

us Hight with Him—He can then clasp us to Hi. Sacrel Heart and entirely forgive us—He can trust us with His highest gifts, and employ us in His service."
"O Matthew, would that I heard often such words as these! Would that our fathers were always with us to teach, to absolve, and to direct us! If we could worship the true God with perfect freedom I should not then so passionately long to die—to have done with this world. But it is with fear and trembling that we enjoy these dearest blessings. Though at this moment we have the servants of God with us here in Meaco, we are daily threatened with their banishment. Each time we go to church we feel it may be threatened with their banishment. Each time we go to church we feel it may be the last time we see or hear them. Os, it is a weary struggle! Would that we lived in Nangazoqui, the Christian city."

"We must dweil where our lot is cast, and the company that we have a proposited.

and where each of us has an appointed work to do, maiden. And now, farewell. My poor prayers will follow thee to-night. I know thy courage will not fail. I know thy faith and thy hopes; but I will remind thee before I troof what Father de Torres the success.

know thy faith and thy hopes; but I will remind thee before I goof what Father de Torres the success-

when I was going blindly to work, like a blind beggar that I am."
"Do not call yourself a beggar, Mat-thew," indignantly exclaimed Laurentia; "you are not, you never were a beggar— no beggar ever sat by my side, in my own

no beggar ever sat by my side, in my own house, as you are now doing."

"There is a beggar called Lazarus, the fathers tell us, who sits in Abraham's bosom. If you had shut your door upon him, Laurentia, you might have fared badly in the next world. Thank God, you have shown kindness to one who is indeed a beggar for Christ's sake. It will be very good for you to have done so when you go to your account." The maiden listened meekly to the old man's rebuke, and gently reminded him that he rebuke, and gently reminded him that he had not told her what Father de Torres had said.

"Well, he bade me recollect that in the

Litany, which we repeat every day, we call the Divine Mother the prudent as well as the powerfal Virgin, and that in this country we must not risk the lives of our fellow-Christians and the welfare of religion for the sake of following. our fellow-Christians and the welfare of religion for the sake of following our rash impulses and setting others at defiance."

"I will bear in mind this lesson," said Laurentia, with a bright smile, which Matthew felt, though he could not see it beaming upon him, "and when my too esger heart beats wildly in my breast, I will say, Virgo prudentissima, ora prome."

me."
The pedlar shouldered his pack, and directed his steps towards the College of the Jesuits, whilst Laurentia, with her black and gold casket in her hand, and

plack and gold casket in her hand, and shrouded by the long veil which the Christian women in Japan always wore out of doors, proceeded through the crowd-ed streets to the palace of the Kumbo-

TO BE CONTINUED.

It Never Disappoints. People who are troubled with any disease caused or promoted by impure blood or a low state of the system may take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the utmost confidence that its faithful use will effect a cure. Millions take it as a spring medicine, because they know by experience it is just what the system needs.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti. Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

THE REV. S. BLAGDEN ON IN-GERSOLL.

The following letter of the eloquent and learned Rev. Silliman Blagden of Boston was written to the Governor of Massachusetts in consequence of the public announcement that Col. Robt. Ingersoll would deliver in Boston one of his blasphemous anti-Christian lectures. The lecture was delivered, but we heartily agree with the vigorous writer of the letter that steps ought to

be taken to prevent such infamous blasphemies as those of the noted infidel from being delivered before the public, as they have a most demoralizing effect.

SHALL WE LET AN INFIDEL

Scuttle The Ship of State.

BY REV. SILLIMAN BLAGDEN. To Governor Wolcott, of Massachu-

setts: Honorable and Dear Sir-The enclosed clipping moves me to write and ask—can't you do something to stop and prevent this blatant Infidel, from delivering this advertised blank in this section. delivering this advertised blasphemous

Lecture?! It is needless to expatiate upon the wful spiritual harm, and deviltry, its delivery in Boston, will work and accomplish amidst a certain class of unbelieving, and God-mocking people. As a highly intelligent and cultivated Christian gentleman, and God fearing and God-loving citizen, you undoubtedly know and realize already the indescribably pernicious and Satanic influence, for the spread of all kinds of ruinous and damning unbelief, and heresies, the delivery of this advertised Lecture, by the specious and notorious Infidel, will produce, with all manner and kind of bad men and women, in a

great city like Boston?! Surely you, together with the good Mayor, and with the legal aid of the District Attorney, ought to be, and should be able, to nip in the bud, and stop, this soul-ruining, destruction-sowing Infidel, right in his tracks, and in this good city of Boston, at once, summarily, and forever !? And where there is a will, there is

generally a way. Why can't you call upon the District Attorney, to "get out an Injunction" against this Infidel delivering this blasphemous Lecture; as you would against an Anarchist, or indecent person, and

foul-mouthed swearer?! The principle is exactly and precisely the same. The same Law, that will stop the one, can and will stop this Infidel, if applied! They are a class of devil possessed people, only differing, in their modus-operandi, of damning the public! They are both tools of the Devil, to work defamation of God, and all that is righteous and Holy, in our Christian Belief and practice; and to stir up all the worst passions of unbe-

lieving and bad men. To let this Infidel deliver this blasous Lecture, without at least, making a public demonstration against it, and an housest and earnest endeavor to stop it, is like, cowardly, letting an enemy into a great public Magazine of powder, to lay a train and slow-match, for its blowing up, in course of time! And it is to tempt Providence, and invite His wrath and curse!

This is indeed a glorious Free Coun-

try, granting Constitutional Liberty of

speech and Press: but of course this does not mean licence to blaspheme Francis, once said to me God, and our Holy and most Blessed Religion! And for tian citizens of this Commonwealth, and great and God appointed Republic, to sit still, fold our hands, and do nothing to thwart and stop this Satanic Infidel, from coming here, and sowing his devilish seed of diabolical Infidelity and Blasphemy, is to proclaim to High Heaven, that we are no better than the miserable cowards, and unbelievers, who will let bad men into their families to sow the killing seeds of discord, wickedness, ruin and destruction; it is like the Captain, Officers and men of a great Ship, permitting an enemy to come aboard, whom all know will surely souttle the vessel! It is like the General, Officers and men all know of a great Army, permitting a wellknown Spy to come within our lines, and then letting him do his treacherous spying-work, unmolested, in order to sell us out completely to the enemy. is as if President McKinley should sup inely give entrance into our country, of all kinds and manner of bad men to work our early and ultimate breaking up as a Nation, and utter devastation

> The picture is not overdrawn; for it can be put truthfully; in more start-ling and terrible words of warning! May God help you, Honorable Sir, to

Yes, Sir, it is like all the above, and

do all in your power, to prevent and stop the deliverance of this Satanic lecture; and may all the officers and men and citizens, whom you have the pleasure and power to command, also nelp you so to do, and bless you in the act; and may Jehovah's sweet and glorious will be done; for His Name's Sake, Amen.
I am respectfully and faithfully yours,

Ray, Silliman Biagden, 130 Bowdoin street

Boston, Mass

Boston, February 14, 1899. P. S.-And it will be of no use to plead hereafter, that we did not know better; and that we did not know how to stop him! "He that knows how to do good, and doeth it not to him it is

n." (James 4: 17.)
See Leviticus 26, 12, the whole chapter, with all the references thereon; and Psalms 9, 17.

It was the intention of the writer, that the above should have appeared

in some one of the editions of last week's paper; in order to have had it circulated before the delivery of the Infidel lecture last Sunday.

It is now published, hoping that it may catch the eye and attention of some of our good Christian citizens, patriots, and legislators, who may be moved to inaugurate such legislative moved to inaugurate such legislative action and machinery, as will soon give us the necessary Law, suitable to the present time and emergency, whereby we can stop, forthwith and forever, this blasphemous Infidel, who both the enemy of God and man and for whom, however, we still pray

—May God have mercy on his soul.

THE MAY DEVOTIONS.

Among all the particular pieties which Catholics practice during the different months of the year, there are few,-if, indeed, there be any-which commend themselves more readily and generally to the faithful than the May devotions. So popular, in sooth, have these devotions become in this country that it is now practically a universal custom to hold them in our churches daily during May; and each year sees a larger attendance of people at these May services.

Popular as these devotions are, how-

ever, in this country and throughout all Catholic Christendom, their origin is not at all certain. In fact, one may say of them what the learned and pious Cardinal Bona once said of the devo tion which the Church has always rendered the Mother of God: "Is commencement can not be shown; it was introduced by ro decree of a poniff, no sanction of a council, no custom of known origin, but in every age and and in all time the faithful have been wont to honor and venerate in the highest degree the Queen of Heaven. The very name of the present month would suggest the May devotions to the truly Catholic heart, and in all probability it was from such a source that the devotions first had their And once the practice of consecrating May to the honor of the Immaculate Maid and Mother of God was instituted, its subsequent growth and popularity were assured; for the beauty of the practice was self appar ent, and its efficaciousness was speedily attested by the rich favors and grace vouchsafed to those who complied with

its requirements.

While it is uncertain, however, when this appropriate and beautiful practice first began-though it is probable tha it is of ancient institution - we can fin traces or indications of it as far back as the fifteenth century. There are even those who attribute its popularize ation to Blessed Henry Suso, the Dominican friar who died in the edor of sanctity at Ulm in 1365; and mentio is made by contemporary writers of pious custom which prevailed in Mar tua as early as the year 1442 of lighting a candle on the altar of the Blesse Virgin daily during the month of May Martin V., who occupied the PapalSee i the early part of the fifteenth century granted Plenary Indulgences to all wi fulfilled the prescribed conditions of the Sundays of May. Others attribu the propagation of the devotions, if n their institution as they are now pra ticed, to St. Philip Neri, the Oratoria founder of the sixteenth century, whi others still name Father Lalomia, Roman Jesuit, as their originator, b cause of the fact that in 1748 he pu lished an Italian work entitled "T Month of Mary. ever has remarked, the appearance that book was of itself evidence that t devotions which it commended and t

ledged that this work, Father Lalomi "Month of Mary," gave a great i petus to the May devotions in Ital The book was soon translated in other languages, and the piety sought to promote crossed the Alps a spread through France and oth European lands. In France the de tion was propagated very wide through the zeal of Madame Louise France, a pious Carmelite at St. Dec who caused Father Lalomia's book be translated into French and oth wise urged the consecration of May the Mother of God. As a conseque of her efforts and those of the ma zealous souls who co-operated with h "altars were everywhere built for month of May," says a writer on subject, "in cathedrals as well as humble village chapels; and at present day it would be hard to fir chapel in France, no matter humble or obscure, that does not ceive its fragrant offerings during the church, people make choice little shrine, or some Christian dence, wherein to hold their meeti Families in the country, living a from others, lay flowers at the feetheir statue of the Madonna, and rounding it at night, they offer their prayers, and read some p

methods of which it set forth were

It seems to be generally ackno

ready in existence.

Why may we not imitate here fervor and enthusiasm which French faithful display during month of May? There are no reasons why devotion to Mary in e form should find favor in this for ate land of ours. It was her bl name that the caravel bore v brought the great discoverer o western world to this hemisphere was in her holy name that the first sionaries here began their self-sac ing labors among the aborig The earliest American explorer stowed the same name on the f rivers, gulfs, capes and lands met; and in one form or another yet Mary's name is written a'l our national domain. Nor wi lack sanction for our Marian devo