

story Nellie went as usual to the store and, being anxious to bring about her aunt's conversion as speedily as possible, resolved to lose no chance of performing acts of charity, however trivial, for those around her. Ellen was even more disagreeable than usual, but Nellie suppressed her feelings of impatience and tried to show no resentment. At last, closing time came, and as they stood in the cloak room preparing for departure Nellie overheard Ellen exclaiming to a companion who was near by: "Rita, what ever shall I do? Mrs. Belmont ordered some goods here to day, and I forgot to send them when the parcel express went out. She is so particular, and makes a fuss over every trifle. She lives away out in Porter Avenue, and I am in such a hurry home to night that I can not possibly go there. Mama is very ill, and the woman who is with her will leave at 7, whether I am home or not. I will have to leave it until morning and take the consequences."

"You had better not do that," said her companion: "the last time that Mrs. Belmont's were delayed she refused to take them at all, and Annie Carter was dismissed because she sold them and should have sent them."

"What shall I do?" said Ellen, in despair.

"Pardon me, Miss Thomas," said Nellie, "I could not help overhearing your conversation. If you will allow me, I shall be very glad to take the parcel for you. My own mother is an invalid, and I know how she would worry if I were late during one of her bad attacks. Besides, Porter Avenue is not much out of my way."

Ellen blushed scarlet.

"You are very kind," she said. "But it is a very large parcel, and I am afraid you will find carrying it."

"Not at all," replied Nellie. "I am stronger than I look, and should really be very glad to take it for you."

Ellen gave her the package, told her the number of the house, and for the first time the girls parted with a cordial good night, Nellie feeling that her enemy was won at last.

Although she walked quickly the parcel was heavy, and the distance longer than she had thought, so that it was dark night when she reached Mrs. Belmont's residence. Her ring was answered by a servant, and, delivering the goods into her hands, Nellie turned to go, not noticing as she did so that her pearl rosary, which she thrust into the bosom of her dress, fell on the stone step and lay there glittering in the light of the electric lamp which shone from the gate post.

That evening when Mrs. Carson and her daughter Nellie noticed that her precious beads were missing, and thought that she must have dropped them in store or cloak room; but, although she started unusually early next morning that she might search for them before the store was opened, her efforts were fruitless. Ellen assisted her, remarking as she did so:

"I hope you did not drop them near Mrs. Belmont's. They say that anything Catholic drives her into a frenzy."

Shortly after the commencement of business that morning the manager summoned the young ladies at the silk and velvet counters to his office.

When they were assembled he inquired:

"Did any of you young ladies leave a parcel of goods at Mrs. Belmont's, on Porter Avenue, last evening?"

"I did," said Nellie, rising from her place and standing behind him.

"How did that happen? Why was it not sent by the express?"

"It was forgotten until after he had gone," replied the girl, "and we were afraid Mrs. Belmont would be annoyed at the delay, so I left it there on my way home."

"Mrs. Belmont wishes to see at once the young lady who left the parcel at her house last evening," said the manager, glancing at a note which he held in his hand. "You will go immediately, Miss Carson, and if any mistake had been made you have only your own carelessness to blame for it and must suffer the consequences. We can not afford to lose a customer like Mrs. Belmont. You may return to your duties, young ladies."

Nellie put on her hat and cloak like one in a dream. Just then Ellen Thomas entered the dressing room.

"Where are you going, Miss Carson?" she asked.

Nellie told her what had happened.

"That is too bad," said Ellen. "I shall go at once to the manager and explain. I was over in the milliner's department matching some ribbon with this velvet, so I did not get the order."

"There is no good in your saying anything about it. It is the one who brought the parcel, not the one who sent it, Mrs. Belmont wants. Don't worry about me, Miss Thomas; you are not to blame."

And Nellie set out, a little fearful, but hoping for the best.

III.

The twilight shades of the October evening were settling over the city. The electric lamps burst into flame and irradiated the streets with their weird glare as if a host of radiant moons had lost their way and hung trembling over the regions of earth-land.

Neither evening shadows nor glittering lights attracted any attention in Mrs. Belmont's beautiful home. The heavy curtains were drawn, the servants glided about with noiseless feet and a deeper shade hung over the mansion than that which the autumn twilight shed from the sky.

Mrs. Belmont's daughter lay dying, and the frantic mother hung over her pillow or peered up and down the room in a frenzy of grief. The doctor had promised to be here at 6 and it was nearly half-past now. Suddenly there was a sound of the muffled bell, and Mrs. Belmont went to the head of the stairs and listened. The door closed again and the servant brought up a parcel.

The poor mother could stand it no longer. She went to the door herself, ran down the stone steps and looked up and down the street. No carriage was in sight. She went

warily up the steps again, and was about to re-enter the house when her foot struck against something. She stooped, picked it up. The electric lamp upon the great entrance hall shone upon a rosary of pearl and gold. She gazed at it in amazement for a moment, read the name on the golden clasp: "My own name!" she exclaimed. "Where did this come from? It is a grace from my happy, innocent childhood, a ray of light for my sin-darkened soul." Falling on her knees she raised her tearful eyes to heaven. "Great Queen of Heaven!" she cried, "save my child and I shall return to my faith so long abandoned."

She hastened back to the sick room, placed the precious rosary about the neck of the unconscious girl and kneeling beside the bed prayed silently. After a time the invalid's breathing became more regular, the fever flush died away and the sufferer slept. When the doctor made his appearance he was astonished at the change. He felt his patient's pulse carefully so as not to awaken her and declared that all the symptoms of fever had disappeared.

"She will sleep for some hours," he said, "and when she awakes she will have a great craving for food. Give her all the nourishment you can and my services will be no longer necessary."

When she had retired Mrs. Belmont threw herself again upon her knees, thanked the compassionate Mother of Mercy who had answered her prayer and renewed her resolution for the future.

She looked at her watch. It was only 8 o'clock. Calling a servant she desired her to remain in the sick room. She went to her own apartment and taking a dark cloak from her wardrobe, put it on, enveloped her head and face in a thick, dark veil and went noiselessly out. She walked rapidly through the dark streets until she reached a large, gloomy looking building. She rang the bell, and a lay Brother of the Order of St. Francis stood before her.

"May I see one of the Fathers?" she asked.

He opened the door of the little reception room, and one of the religious soon made his appearance. To him Mrs. Belmont gave a history of her whole life, and begged his help in returning to the faithful practice of her religious duties. When she left the monastery it was with a happier heart than for many years, and with a promise to come back on the morrow, she turned her face homeward.

The sick girl still slept, and the servant sat beside her.

"Annie," said Mrs. Belmont, "who brought that parcel from Carlton's last evening?"

"A young lady, madam."

"What did she look like?"

"Madam, she looked so much like Miss Evelyn that I was startled, and the very tone of her voice was the same."

Mrs. Belmont was very much puzzled, and at last resolved to ask for the young lady to be sent to her. The result of her requests we have already seen.

When Nellie reached Porter Avenue her courage almost failed, but one look of Mrs. Belmont dispelled her fears, and explanations followed which filled both hearts with joy. The carriage was ordered, and together they went to Mrs. Carson's, stopping on the way at Carlton's to inform him that Miss Carson's absence would be permanent, as Mrs. Belmont declared that her fortune henceforth should be shared with her twin sister.

In a short time the cottage in the dingy street was given up.

Mrs. Belmont resumed with new fervor her neglected religious duties, and Evelyn, too, was instructed in the mysteries of the Catholic faith.

For Ellen Thomas the cousins ever had a warm welcome, for had she not been, in a measure, the means of bringing them together?

The pearl rosary was restored to its original owner, and together the twin sisters recite the fragrant garland to the Queen of Heaven, as they had done in their happy childhood.—The Catholic Telegraph.

transcription, or errors of malice, or of defective judgment.

That the more modern manuscript used by the English Protestant translators was vitiated by interpolation you admit and try to explain away. A witness who is convicted of having falsified in matters you know of is not to be trusted in matters you know not of. What is true of a witness is equally true of a manuscript claimed to be a correct copy of the original. If found false in one case its claim to be a correct copy is no longer valid. Such, according to your own admission, was the copy used by the English translators. After such admission it is not absurd in you to ask us to prove that St. Jerome's translation of an ancient copy harmonizes with an admitted incorrect copy of the original?

Mr. Jones. "Allow me to repeat that there is no contradiction between Matthew and Luke in their rendering of the hanging of Judas as described in Matt. 27 and Acts 1:18. We certainly allow you to repeat that there is no contradiction, but at the same time we reserve to ourselves the right to repeat that there is a contradiction in the texts as given in both the Authorized and the Revised Protestant version of the Bible. Certainly Matthew and Luke did not contradict each other, but your Protestant version makes them do so. In St. Jerome's translation of a more ancient copy of the original than that used by the English translators there is no contradiction, a proof of its greater reliability.

Mr. Jones. "Each of the writers described a different phase of the occurrence, and each gave truly the facts of the particular impressions made."

Each of the writers described the fact and the manner of Judas's death, and we who believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures must assume that they did not contradict each other. Assuming that the Protestant translation of the two texts referred to is erroneous, or that the manuscript from which it was made was defective, and that the ancient manuscript which St. Jerome translated was a correct copy, for in the former there is a contradiction, in the latter there is not.

Mr. Jones. "Matthew emphasized the hanging; Luke the effect, the falling forward from the end of a rope and bursting asunder." How make this out a contradiction?"

The question is as to the words of the two texts and not as to your interpretation and explanation of them. In the texts, as found in your version of the Bible, Matthew tells us that Judas hanged himself; Luke tells us he fell in a field and burst asunder. In the latter text there is no suggestion of a rope or of hanging. The contradiction in your version is evident. According to Matthew Judas was a suicide; according to Luke he was the victim of an accident. As there is no such contradiction in St. Jerome's translation of these texts, we must conclude that the ancient copy of the original which he translated was more reliable than the copy used by your English translators.

Mr. Jones. "In order to make it a contradiction these writers would have to contradict themselves on the same point mentioned by each."

Well, the point mentioned by each was the death of Judas. One gives hanging as the cause of his death, the other gives falling in a field and bursting asunder as the cause of his death, one makes him a suicide; the other, a victim of an accident. We do not say Matthew and Luke did not contradict each other, but that the Protestant translation of the Scriptures, according to Matthew Judas was a suicide; according to Luke he was the victim of an accident. As there is no such contradiction in St. Jerome's translation of these texts, we must conclude that the ancient copy of the original which he translated was more reliable than the copy used by your English translators.

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TO GOD OR TO CEASAR?

"Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's."

In these words of our divine Lord, He teaches us a great lesson, says St. Augustine, for as the coin bearing the image of the sovereign showed he had a claim on it, so man bearing the image of his Creator—God, shows that he belongs to Him and is to pay Him the tribute of his respect, love and obedience.

Cesar may stand for the world and all earthly things in contradistinction to God, heaven and the things of eternity, and to each we are to give their due. We have a double duty, therefore, to man and to God, to the world and to heaven, to time and eternity. The first of these duties is generally fulfilled, and more than fulfilled. We imbrue the spirit of the world easily, pay it our homage and serve it slavishly. It is not enough for man that he use this world as God intended as but a footstool to rise to something higher; that he pass through its tangled paths and hidden dangers on to that heaven of peace and rest He has prepared for him; but many make the means their end and live for this world instead of Heaven—live for created things rather than for their great Creator, and exclude God from their thoughts in their preoccupation with the things around them.

But the world did not make us, Caesar is not our creator, this earth is not our home. This world soon passes away from us and with it all its vanities; and there will remain with us God alone, our Creator, our Judge, our God and our everlasting reward if we only serve Him.

He has stamped us with the image of Himself and we are the coin of the tribute due Him. We are the masterpieces of His hands. How wonderful is man! He shows something of the divine perfections. He resembles God naturally in His intellect and in His will. Man's mind compasses most of the things of earth. He can fathom the depths of the sea, and penetrate the remotest heavens. He can measure the stars and draw from the bowels of the earth its riches and treasures. He can adopt all created things to his use and nothing seems to be beyond his knowledge or his power. And he has free will, and in this he is almost like God Himself. The will to do or not to do: the will to obey or not obey: the will to serve God for all His gifts, or to despise Him. Free will to act a noble, generous part in God and His fellow-creatures, or on the contrary to be selfish and unconcerned for any but himself—aye, free will to act a cruel part and to hate God and men if he will and to do what he dares to injure them. But it is not alone through our intellect and our will that we are like to God, but we resemble Him supernaturally through grace in our souls, and here we have not only the image of God in us, but have a participation of His divine nature, which by conformity on our part makes us through virtues and goodness the very reflection of Himself. This is the perfect man, because the perfect image, and this is what God would have us always be, that He might behold in us the reflection of Himself, and hence be pleased in His sight, and the homage we pay Him be a tribute worthy and acceptable.

But this resemblance, so grand and beautiful is soon effaced by sin. It destroys the supernatural and heavenly in us, and reduces us to the mere natural, the simple man of clay, of the earth earthly, and even our natural resemblance lessens when we break with God through sin, for intellect becomes dark and clouded and the will weak and varying, so the man is no longer the magnificent creature he was before he had turned from God. But oh, what havoc sin cause in the soul; then the light of God's grace is extinguished, the power of His love is stayed; the soul is no longer visible, He fails to recognize his creature. He cannot bless it longer, He cannot give it His love. It is no longer the limit of His thoughts nor the end of His designs, for the great outrage of sin has annihilated the existence of that soul in the divine mind, and all must be over with it forever unless the inexhaustible merits of Christ's sacrifice on Calvary be applied to that soul and restore it to the image and likeness of God once more, and thus make it again the object of His mercy and His love.

So in our souls we are made specially to the image of God and His inscription is stamped on every part of them. But that resemblance once destroyed it requires a miracle, the miracle of His precious blood, to give it back to us again.

But what if that image be lost a second and a third time by relapsing again and again? Will God restore it again? He may and He does restore it again and again, but will He always do so? Ah, no, dear brethren, we know there would be a limit to His mercy as well as an extent to His justice, and if we trifle with His goodness there must come a time when the cup of His wrath will be filled to overflowing and He must visit the vengeance of His outraged justice on the head of him offending Him.

His image will then have gone out of the soul forever. Death and judgment will have overtaken him in his sins, and as in the case of the foolish virgins mentioned in the parable, the door of heaven will be closed against it forever. The soul will implore that He open it, as they did, but the same answer must come to him as for them—I know you not, I know you not. The image of God has gone out of that soul and He sees in it only the wreck and ruin of its fallen greatness and must banish it forever from His presence.

Dear readers, let us keep faithful to God and His claims upon us and give Him the tribute of our love and the honor of our obedience. Let us conform to the perfection of Himself as given us in the pattern of our divine Lord Who has shown us how to live and how to die, that we may be always pleasing to the Father in heaven and finally share with the



is all salt - pure, clean, crystals, and nothing but salt.

blessed ones, the happiness of the Beatific Vision forever.—Bishop Colton in Buffalo Catholic Standard and Times.

TYBURN AND HIS MARTYR-MEMORIES.

Tyburn in London is a place consecrated to Catholic devotion, for in Tyburn stood the gibbet where so many Catholic martyrs offered up their lives for the faith in the days when to be a Catholic was a capital crime in England. In his book "Tyburn and the English Martyrs," Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., presents some interesting facts, the result of painstaking researches concerning Tyburn. The exact spot where the gallows stood at Tyburn, Dom Bede Camm tells us, is probably to be identified with the site of the house at the south east corner of Connaught-place. Quantities of human bones were found when Connaught-place was built. The gibbet stood on a small eminence. Tyburn Hill-house (which was removed in 1829) subsequently stood on the spot. A gate crossed the road, and the site of this is still marked by a stone with the inscription, "Here stood Tyburn Gate," which is placed against the park railings, almost opposite the site of the gallows. In an old plan of London, dated 1708, Oxford street is called "Tyburn Road." It is described as lying "between St. Giles' Pound, east, and the lane leading to the gallows, west." Tyburn Convent then, does not appear to occupy the exact site of the gallows. But it is not many yards distant from the spot, and it doubtless stands on ground which has been soaked with the blood of martyrs, and in which their sacred relics may still be buried. The devoted religious who have made their home at Tyburn devote themselves to prayers for the conversion of England. Beneath the chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament is perpetually exposed, is an oratory dedicated to the blessed martyrs, and enriched with their pictures and their relics.—Sacred Heart Review.

We attain to heaven by using this world well, though it is to pass away; we perfect our nature, not by undoing it, but by adding to it what is more than nature, and directing it toward aims higher than its own.

There is only one thing we are willing to have others share with us: it is our opinion.—Migne.

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