## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Limerick Belis. Was that a bell ? I scarce can tell So soft it comes through gathering dark : Hark ! hark !

2

O'er the vale where the perfume rose is climb ing es faintly the distant chiming, chiming chiming : Com

The silvery sound comes floating flying. Rising, failing, dying-dying-dying.

Ah 1 long years ago, in a Southern land. Dweit a peasant man, whose counting hand Had fashioned bells with curious art. That hung and played their curious part In an old cathedral tower.

He dwelt in sound of their sonorous clang. They gladden his heart whene'er they rang Whether they rang out at mail in time, Or sofily sounded the Vesper chime. At morn or at willght hour.

It mattered not : they were children still Of his fertile brain and active will. And ever a chord in his heart he found Thrilled to their shrill tongue's lightest soun And owned their wondrous power.

partially deceived, suffering himself to hope that Mabel's submission was gen-. . . . . . . . . . Times changed-and the horrors of war and uine, for not for any consideration would Hugh have put a shackle on her

strife Invaded the peasant's peaceful life; The bells were torn from the old church tower No more at matin nor vesper hour, Would hear his cherished chimes. . . . . .

Now, years, years after, an old man grown, Worn and weary, and all alone. We see him next, a wanderer wide. Borne on the Shannon's rippling tide, A dweller in other climes.

Now, hark : thro' the twilight's mellow haze, From you fair town, where his listless gaze Is resting, there comes a silvery note : The boatmen rest on their oars, and float, As always at vesper time. And whisper a prayer; the old man's eye Brightens with joy as floating by. Comes the silvery sound of chimin, chiming. Planne flipper dycing flying

And the board of chimin chiming, Fainer, failing, flying, flying, Fainter, fainter, dying, dying, And the boarman find the old man dead. Such is the tale the legrend rells Of the wondrous sweet voiced Lin erick bells.

## LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XVI.

"No shade has come between thee and the gave such vague accounts of herself, or her doings, that Mabel was puzzled, Like some long childish dream thy life has and longed to see her once again, be-lieving, with fond credulity, that all But now, the stream has reached the dark And sorrow, dim and crowned, is waiting

would be as before between them. She had another reason, too, for desiring -Legends'and Lurics The Winter season went by, carry-Genevieve's visit. It would be their only chance of meeting for a year. for ing with it a great portion of th Hugh found, before he settled down shadow which had fallen over Mabel's Hugh's love had gone a long definitely as Vicar of Elvanlee, a tem life. porary return to his mission in Tas way towards lightening to her the mania would be indispensable. Ur-gent business with his Bishop had to be heavy cross she had to carry, and though Mabel's sorrow was deep and arranged there ; the new church he had genuine, she was spared at least that feeling of utter desolation which Miss begun to build was concluded, and Hugh earnestly desired to be present Mackenzie had so dreaded for her

at its consecration. The mission owed darling child. its existence entirely to him, and be The more she knew of Hugh the more Mabel learned to appreciate the fore giving it up into other hands, he considered it his duty to arrange matgreat qualities of his singularly noble ters in person with his successor. Mabel would not hear of his going character, and with more intimate knowledge came the deeper love of alone. Notwithstanding her strong aversion to a long sea voyage, she had ever growing reverence and sym-pathy. There was no clashing in their tastes; Mabel had no difficulty in bringing her naturally strong will so soon as the question was raised de-clared that she intended to accompany nim. Guy and Jessie feebly objected into harmony with Hugh's smallest wishes. From the first hour of their but soon vielded to Mabel's steady de termination; and Hugh was only too engagement she appeared, in fact, to thankful to be spared what he had at first thought unavoidable-a long year have lost her will completely in his. There was but one drawback, one small obstacle to her entire and undiof separation. vided surrender of herself to the object They were to be married, then, or the first day of June, and after a few of her heart's worship. This obstacle was the difference of opinion existing days to themselves, would return to Elvanlee, to say good-bye before sailbetween them upon matters that con-cerned the services of the Church. ing from Southampton on the twelfth Mabel believed, however, that she of the same month. would be able to train her mind to the adoption of Hugh's views; she set just come in from the daily morning service ; his breakfast was as usual waiting for him upon the table : those herself steadily to see with his eyes, to understand his explanations, and to

first love !

pensed to them from Paradise.

nature to be eradicated.

reform her tastes so as to bring them into unison with his. solitary breakfasts - they were num bered now. He sat down, and was She did her very best to imbibe the just beginning to glance over his let oft-repeated maxim of Anglicans (a ters, when he caught sight of Mabel maxim which, if illogical, is very con-venient), that High Church and Low crossing the lawn hurriedly. Hugh

shivered slightly. "Was this the first rumbling of the threatening storm?" friends of yours. They are truer far he wondered, as he glanced at the head-in the Roman Church. Genevieve is later time. Mabel were to be thrown into the society of Catholics. He him-self was one of those who see little to choose between the extremes of Ritual-ism and Catholicism. He could never understand how any man who sincerely ing.

holds Ritualistic views should remain separated from the Catholic Church, and from the first day of his acquaint-ance with Mabel he had been vividly

impressed with the notion that into the fold of that (as he considered it) idol-

give him just cause for alarm.

conscience. Much as he desired that she should hold sound Church of Eng-

land views, he would have scouted the

idea of seeking to force them upon her. Spring-time came round again. May with her bright sunshine, and

her many flowers. Nearly a year had

elapsed since the departure of the late

Vicar and his daughter Genevieve

and now there was talk of their return

Mabel's wedding was fixed for the 1st of June ; she had set her heart upon

Genevieve's coming to be her brides maid, and fondly hoped that Mr

Vaughan would perform the ceremony of the marriage. She had therefore

written a most urgent letter, begging

them to spend at least the three weeks

previous to the wedding-day at Elvan

atrous Church her convictions would easily lead her. When, by reason of their engagement, Mabel became his own property, this dread naturally occupied him a good deal more than formerly, making him jealously observ-ant of the least symptom which might sion ? For awhile, however, even he was

"Vrananches, May 18th, 18-"My BELOVED MABEL." "Yow will indeed wonder that you did not receive an earlier answer to your last kind, dear letter. It is not, Mabel, that I take no interest in the preparations for the great event in your life : you know that, don't you? But I have put off from day to day, hoping always that we—or, at least, I—would be able to come to England for the first of June. I am afraid now, however, darling Mabel, that we must give up all idea of my being with you. My dear father's health has been so is suffering from a sort of intermitten fever, which tries his already shattered strength dreadfully; under the circumstances, I really dare not leave him, even for a week, it would not be right, and I am sure you would not wish it if you could see him. He is quite un-fit for a journey ; so you see, darling Mabel, we must take our disappointment, and bear it as well as we can. I think mine will be the heavier of the two, for you now have some one else to love, and can the better do wish at it is all right, you know, you dear do myself, though I am afraid I car't have something to tell you. Mabel, which is hard to write about. I wish I could have yoid it to you sitting in our old favorite glen, which we water 'cooing' down the burn's bed, where we sat just a year ago to-day, darling, and taked about Mr. Fortescue's conre. Holy Church. Mabel, I am no longer de prived of such great blessing; ;my yeyes have been hidden from the services of our Holy Church. Mabel, J am no longer de prived or such great blessing; ;my yeyes have been hidden from have youe that had long been hidden from have youe that had long the beautiful outward forms of her ritual, never dreaming but that they were the man-fixations of an inner spirit equally beautiful. It would be a long story, Mabel, to tell you here—how first began my doubts respecting the thereds of the taken or they have fore over your sweet, beave my dear father uterly forbade me the consolation of noring out to you my troubles and anxieties on the welse.

Mabel was all the more anxious to see her friend, because, on Genevieve's side, there seemed to have been a him. strange falling away from the old friendship. She wrote so rarely, when she did so, so briefly, and her letters

had time to think—above all, to pray; and at last God has been pleased to take the veil from before my eyes. Light has come now, Mabel — so beautiful, so satisfying, so un-clouded, that the warnth of its rays has already made up to me for my years of blind-ness. I will not say much to you now, Mabel, about the so called 'Church of our Baptism' as we believed in it. It is a dream, a vain, fond, delusive droam, boautiful while it lasts, but before the full daylight has dawned to dispel it the awakening is terrible. God grant that you, and all you love, may wake to see the the truth, as I have been merci-fully allowed to do: I love you too much to be able to bear that you cling to a delusion, when the reality is so near to you. "How can I thank God enough that not only mine but my dear father's eyes have been opened! We are, in every sense of the word, still together. You know—no one knows better—which has cost me so much pain has almost cost him his life. Thank God it is over now! The struggle was ter-rible while it lasted, and with him I think it has been going on for several years.

Tible while it lasted, and with him I think it has been going on for several years. You, Mabel, who know the depth of his loyalty, can at least appreciate his sincerity in the change of his religion. Mabel, dearest, dearest, friend, it makes my heart ache to think how much I am griev-ing you. I know what you w.' feel about my father, even more than about myself, for

ing you. I know what you w.'t feel about my father, even more than about myself, for he was so much to you, and you have leaned upon him so entirely. Darling, for once I

relics, the sacraments, as we look upon them-I mean as Mr. Vaughan once did. In all these I have always beright when she tells you that your view, her old view, of the Church is a lieved, but most of all-" "Oh! Mabel, Mabel," interrupted

dream." "Oh ! Hugh, dear, dear, Hugh !" said Mabel, laying her hand on his

arm with a convulsive pressure. "for God's sake do not say such a thing, or else persuade me into believing as you Am I a hypocrite too? Am I dreaming as Veva dreamt? If so, where shall I wake? Must I wake up If so, some day to find that all I have loved and believed in from my cradle has been a delusien, nothing but a deluall

"What does Mr. Vaughan say, Mabel ?" interposed Hugh for he saw that Mabel was far too much excited for argument just then, and if possible he would have avoided a discussion. 'Patience and prayer, submission to God's will under all circumstances." That, at least, is sound advice. Try to follow it, dearest ; it will lead you

rightly, no fear !" Mabel was silent, but the expression in her eyes of dread and anxiety, which Hugh had never seen there be-fore, filled his heart with a painful foreboding. She was evidently suffer ing from some fresh train of thought, which she felt he could not understand, and therefore withheld from him. Inexpressibly pained, he stood by with folded arms, and when Mabel looked at him again his eyes had sought the long line of ocean which glittered in the distance, while upon his countenance sat the weary, sad expression she had so often read there in days gone by. She drew closer to him, remorse-ful that even for a moment her new sorrow should have made her forget

"Hugh, darling," she said, beseechingly, "don't look so sad-I can't bear it !

"I am sad for you, Mabel-not for myself.

"I came to tell you all about it Hugh." Then she leaned her head upon his arm, and looked up trustfully to him as she continued : "But I am almost afraid to repeat all that has been in my mind since that dreadful letter came

"Tell me, darling-it is better told out.

"Well, Hugh, of course I know Mr Vaughan is wrong—isn't he now? Of course he must be wrong," she added, with feverish impatience, for Hugh neither assented nor dissented. am not thinking for one moment that he could be right ; but the thought did come while I was reading Veva's let ter. I tried to get rid of it. I scolded myself for having it, but it was there after all.

Mabel paused. Her face was hidden, but Hugh could feel that she wa trembling.

"What thought, darling ?" he asked tenderly. "T rible thought." "Tell it to me, this ter

"Suppose Mr. Vaughan were right, after all? Mind, I do not believe it but just suppose the bare possibility." "Or, to put your thought into fairer words, 'Suppose Mabel were not able to make herself believe differently rein her friends Mr. Vaughan and Veva?

Mabel tightened her grasp of Hugh hand, which she had taken, but was silent. He sighed heavily, and stood some moments thinking, as though he too were seeking to measure that terrible possibility. After awhile she re sumed:

"I cannot think why vevas letter should have had such an effect upon me—it has made me feel wicked, for I think now that the only way to be happy again about it all would be to baliave nothing—at least, not as deeply baliave nothing—the should com

they had ever been, recalling, as sights and sounds of nature only can do, the scenes, the emotions of the past. Peace breathed with every breath of hav's sweet air; but peace was troubled in the young heart of her who sat waiting on the ivy-covered seat,

OCTOBFR 28, 11893.

Hugh, sadly, "can you honestly be lieve all this in the Anglican Church? "I am puzzled, Hugh-so puzzled ! trying in vain to bring her own soul said Mabel, with a weary sigh. "Faith in Catholic doctrines was born once more into glad unison with happy nature around her. in me. I can't help believing them with all my heart. I thought I had the What strangely unaccountable de-pression hal overtaken her, that she authority of the Church for my faith in could no longer, as formerly, enjoy the beauty she loved so well? What them, but now I am all in a maze about heavy dread was it that pressed her down to the very earth, making for the existence of any such authority at

once the silent solitude, in which she "The mistake, Mabel, is-not in the reality of Church authority, but that you, dear child, will persist in seeking usually delighted, almost intolerable? What could it have been, save that, it in the wrong place. It is vested, not in individuals, but in the Church. through all the brightness surrounding her, Mabel had caught a glimpse of a "The Church !" she answered, with pale, shadowy figure, waiting for her in the shrouded future? just a touch of sarcasm perceptible in It had been but a glimpse, a very "Do you mean the High her tone. Church or the Low Church, Hugh ?' transient one, nevertheless it was sufficient to account for Mabel's depres-"Mabel, the Anglican Church has

given us Thirty-nine Article to be our sion. Sorrow is never welcome, espec-ially when she appears veiled to our guide. "The Thirty-nine Articles !- bah eyes. We may grapple with her, nay, we may take her by the hand, I detest them ! Horrid, cold-

and almost come to look upon her as a friend at last. But then it is because "Mabel ! Mabel !" broke in Hugh, in a voice of grave remonstrance. "Is this not open rebellion against she has become a reality, she is no longer shrouded in uncertainty. It is Church authority ?

incertainty that is, especially to warm, "No, no, Hugh !" she answered, with increasing vehemence. "Don't tell me I must confine my belief to excitable natures, so unbearably diff cult to accept as the chosen will of God. those Articles-please do not say that And yet what perfect peace might be our portion, could we but lie down You dare not tell me that the Holy upon the bosom of the deep, dark sea, Catholic Church gave them to us as our rule of faith. What would religion be and know, with the intimate knowledge of true faith, that the billows stripped of everything that mak s it beautiful? Who drew up losing over us are but the billows of Articles? Surely they were not given God's love. to us by the Councils of Ephesus o TO BE CONTINUED

Nicea, or any succeeding Council They began with Cranmer-oh, how DEFINITION OF IDOLATRY. hate Cranmer, and Luther, and th whole crew of them !"

A New Protestant View of Images that Mabel was growing excited, and Hugh determined to put a stop to the Rev. A. R. Gibson, a Protestant discussion, which was becoming exminister at Carnonsti, Scotland, thus

ceedingly painful; so he only an-swered this outbreak by parrying her expressed himself lately on the subject of images : arguments. "With all respect to Mr. Primmer 'I ask you to believe nothing,

idolatry means not merely bowing to Mabel ; I only tell you that your favo ite devotions are not according to the images, but serving them and letting spirit or teaching of the English Church. But I do not ask, nor do I them stand between us and God. An image may be as a lens to a person examining the irridescence wish, you to give them up. Our petal of a flower. Church, in her wisdom, leaves much to private and individual devotion, and dazzling splendor as the naked eye cannot do. In like manner an image, she may suffer a good deal which she would, however, not allow to become rules of faith. Therefore, I say, think a Christ of Tintoretto, may bring th Redeemer more vividly before the mind than words. To the idolater proper the image becomes the substias you like-only, if you follow my ad vice, you will strive to make your relig tute of God. To him who uses it as a ion less fanciful. Now, do not let us talk symbol of a larger divine truth it is a more of this at present. Do you know window opening into the infinite, a I have had no breakfast yet? Come in and sit down with me while I take it. sermon in marble or stone. In fact all I will walk back with you afterwards men are in one sense worshipers of images, for none of us can see God as -or part of the way, at least, as I must He is, but only as our limited ideas represent Him. Even the Father of

go to the school. represent Him. Even the Father of the New Testament is but an inadequate 'I know you must be right, Hugh, said Mabel sadly, when, after a few symbol of Him, inasmuch as it does not noments' silence, during which both had re-entered the breakfast-room, she represent the whole, but only the paternal attribute of Him. looked with eyes full of tears up into his face. "Of course you must be only idolaters when we take the sign for the whole reality, or when our right, and I must make it my duty to believe you now. But how glad I am we shall not be here this Summer image worship ceases to represent our religious convictions ; when, in fact, we have outgrown it, but not while it This place will never be the same is the measure of our belief. Imagery again

is a necessity of worship, and if Well but about the journey t are allowed to use verbal images we London," persisted Hugh, making an should be allowed to use images in effort to draw Mabel's thoughts into a paint or stone. Rightly used all are aids, not obstacles to worship. I new channel ; "tell me some more about it. When do you go?" "To day, at twelve. I hope we may get back for the sailing-race. believe with Ruskin that the half of

the poor and untaught Christians who

"Certainly, if I can possibly manage it ; but I am afraid the Inspector's He

**OCTOBER 28, 18** 

to become mothers, o are nursing and exevery woma or overworked. For all the disorders,

weaknesses of women, " scription" is the only ren ing that it can be guar doesn't benefit or cure, i the money will be return

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SANDWICH,

hip crucifixes are more acceptable to God than many Protestants who idolize nothing but their own opinions and interests. A man in a naked Scotch barn may be a spiritual idola-

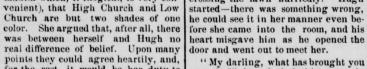
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TWO KINDS need Favor

tion -want

strong who m a d build ates, cures.





for the rest, it would be her duty to so early ?" he asked, looking eagerly yield to her husband. She could of for the usual answering smile from the course do so conscientiously. At least, now downcast eyes so she would fain have persuaded her-She put her hand within his arm. self. Delusive hope, alas! which could only exist while gilded, as it then was, with the golden light of drawing him along in silence to the breakfast-room before she replied : then she shaded her face with her

hands, and said, without glancing at Ah ! those days of first love ! Their him, sunshine comes only once in a life-time. There is more of reality than "I am going to London to day, Hugh, with Jessie."

One bright May morning, Hugh had

romance in this idea. Second love has "To London, darling !- why, what for?

its own special charms, nay, it may in many cases be deeper, far more in-She scarcely noticed his alarm tense, perhaps better worth having It may bring light after years of dark tone, but pursued : "Eva's eyes are so bad. Jessie is ness, warmth after long, cold Winters not satisfied with old Dr. Bell's advice. it may be more true, therefore more and she wants to see a clever oculist about the child. Guy can't go on sacred, and happier in its after conse-quences, but the golden enchantment account of the 'sailing-match, so she of a first love never returns to lay its wants me to go instead. I just came spell upon a second Once-once only is its rapture lent to Eve's daughters. up to tell you. Hugh's countenance fell.

Perhaps it is one single drop, dis "How long will you be away ?" inquired anxiously.

Just because this enchantment way "Oh, not more than two days, I ppe. I wanted so much to be here for upon her, Mabel could not foresee the hope. the sailing-match, but I am afraid we gathering of the tiny cloud, even then looming in the horizon. With Hugh it was a case not of first, but of shall not manage it. "Well, darling," said Hugh, much

relieved, "I am very sorry you must go even for two days ; but that is not second love ; he loved her none the less for that, but long years of hard experience had dispelled all youth's enough to put you in such low spirits. illusions from his mind. Mabel's High Has anything else gone wrong, my Church principles often seriously per-Mabel ? plexed him ; he saw clearly

The tears came into her eyes. "A great deal," she answe riefly. "There, Hugh, read that. while she tried her utmost to remould answered her opinions to his liking, those briefly. Then Mabel, after laying a thick foreign letter down upon Hugh's plate, opinions were too deeply rooted in her

Strictly, honestly conscientious as he walked away to the glass door leading was, too, Hugh doubted at times how into the veranda; and while Hugh walked away to the glass door leading far it behoved him to let Mabel sacri-fice her ideas to him, seeing, as he over the wooden balustrade, hid her fice her ideas to him, seeing, as he over the wooden balastice, indicating indication in the indication in the same saw, that her feelings merely, not her face in her hands and pondered. what can it all mean?" reason, were convinced. Mabel had often shown Genevieve's "It means, Mabel, ju

He often wondered, and that with a letters to Hugh, so that he recognized so repeatedly warned you of. These nervous dread for which he could not the handwriting. The trouble had extreme Ritualistic notions can only, account, how it would be if, at any then some connection with her. Hugh if honestly professed, lead to one end.

upon him so entirely. Darling, for once I scarcely know how to console you, for you cannot see things as they really are. For the first time I feel as if my words would find no echo in your heart; but as my father says, 'Try to be patient, try to trust, even in the dark. Try to believe that God will over-rule all for good in the end.' Trust Him, darling, even now, when disappointed in your old friends. I will not talk to you about my own happiness to day, because, somehow, your old friends. I will not talk to'you about my own happiness to day, because, somehow, it would seem unfeeling to tell you of its im-mensity, just when I an causing you so much sorrow; but this, Mabel, you cannot but be glad to hear. There is peace beyond all describing within the fold of the one holy Catholic Church? "This is not to be my letter for 'the day." I will write again, so that you may receive it on 'the' morning. Meanwhile, and for-ever, my beloved Mabel, "I am your affectionate VEVA." Epalosed in this long, conjetle come a

Enclosed in this long epistle came a few lines from Mr. Vaughan.

few lines from Mr. Vaughan. "My CHILD-God bless and protect you, God lead and guide you into perfect truth! Some years ago you gave up to methe direc-tion of your soul. I give it back again now, not to you, or to another, but to God only! your God and mine! Veva's letter will have told you all. I am satisfied, my child, con-tent at last! Do not look back to the past, or think all was wasted. Patience, prayer, submission to God's holy will under all cir-cumstances. Strive ever after this, Mabel, and if we never meet again on earth, we shall meet in the heaven we have talked about so othen. Pray for me. "Yours as ever, "GERALD VAUGHAN." "Mabel," said Hugh's voice gently. he

"Mabel," said Hugh's voice gently, as, having returned the letters to their envelope, he went out to rejoin her on the veranda. She raised her head What a world of perplexed slowly. sorrow answered him from the depths of those earnest, blue eves !

"Hugh, Hugh," she said, struggling to be calm, "I should have been less surprised if had seen a star fall from

heaven to become a heap of rubbish at my feet. It is pain, dreadful pain Oh ! I cannot, dare not tell you all feel, but it is just as if the ground were gone from beneath my feet. it were only Veva ! But Mr. Vaughan, Hugh, Mr. Vaughan, in whom I trusted as I would in God Himself !with me.

"It means, Mabel, just what I have "About the saints, Hugh, interces-

"But, Mabel, this all goes to prove that there is in your faith more of fancy than reality. After all, what sort of gentlemen you can turn round difference need it make to you-(I mean, your fingers; and if he comes, o of course, with regard to your faith)-if course my place will be in the school." "I shall be dreadfully disappointed two dear friends have left our Church for another? I quite sympathize in if I miss it," said Mabel. "Jessie rather wants to be away-she is so your disappointment and your grief, out surely, Mabel, the foundation of nervous; but that is all nonense your faith does not rest either on Genevieve, or even Mr. Vaughan.

"I am left to stand alone though, Hugh -no one-at least, no one I know now, believes as they did, as I do," she said faintly.

"Well, Mabel, in that case you are one, instead of three-but you know that High Church views are widely spread in the Church of England. Be-sides," he persisted, returning again to the point upon which he most wished to know Mabel's idea, "I suppose, darling, you have a surer foundation that the opinions of individual members of the Church to rest upon?

"What is my foundation, I won gentlemen ler," she answered, musingly 'Really, Hugh, I scarcely know now der. Among his heap of letters Hugh discovered one requiring an immediate answer, so Mabel wandered out on to it is all confused ; because if I were brought to believe that the Church dates from the time of Luther, or only the Reformation in England-well, I would rather be a Dissenter than be-

long to her." "Why a Dissenter, Mabel? I do not think that line would be at all according to your taste."

"No, no, of course not," she anwered ; and again the look of dread came back to her eyes. "I only said that because I hate to think of the other -I mean where Veva has gone. But I do not think I could ever cease to believe in some things-things for which I have always had a natural reverence. No one taught me to reverence them, but the love for them has grown up ith me. For instance—" "Well, for instance, Mabel ?"

voice.

ter, while a peasant prostrate before a wayside shrine may be a pure wor-"What a bore if he should come on Friday! That is the very day of the race! Can't you put him off, Hugh?"

shiper " The clearness and taste with which the subject is treated and the epigram-"I fear not. Inspectors are not the matic pith of the closing sentence need not be emphasized.

HE DOUBLED THE COLLECTIONS

A Shrewd Scotchman Cornered the Small Coin Market.

Guy is perfectly safe anywhere on the In a small town in the Midlands there is a rich congregation which is The sailing-match in question was not characterized by lavish liberality an event of yearly occurrence at Time after time the minister had Elvanlee. Guy possessed a beautiful little sailing cutter of his own, in vainly appealed to his people to contribute more generously to the funds of which he took great pride. His favorthe church. The members would, in ite amusement was yachting, and ex-cept when he went to London he gendeed, give something, but it was nearly always the smallest silver coin erally spent the summer months cruis-ing about the Channel. His yachting of the realm that was passed on the plate.

season usually began early in June, and was, towards the end of May, pre-A shrewd Scotchman, who had recently come to the place and joined the ceded by a sailing match, which took place betwixt the Fairy and two or Church was not long in noticing this state of affair and a remedy soon sugthree rival yachts belonging to other gested itself to his practical mind.

"I'll tell you what," he said to one of the officials. "If you mak' me treasurer I'll engage to double the collections in three months.

the lawn, seating herself to wait for him on a bench under Genevieve's His offer was promptly accepted, says Tit. Bits, and sure enough the colfavorite laburnum-tree, where they lections began to increase, until by the time he had stated they were nearly had so often passed together happy hours in days now, alas! gone by for wice as much as formerly.

ever. Leaning her head against the trunk of the old tree, Mabel looked far "How have you managed it, Mr. Sandyman?" said the pastor to him away up through the leafy canopy to

where the intense blue of May's sky smiled upon her. Then, closing her canny Scot, "but I'll tell you in con-fidence. The folk I saw maistly gave eyes, she listened to the many sounds that thrilled the soft, spring air. Merthree penny bits. Weel, when rily hummed the insects sipping honey from Genevieve's own bright flowers. the money every Sabbath evening, I carefully picked oot the sma' coins and Gladly the song birds carrolled forth put them by. Noo, as there's only a limited number of threepenny pieces their wonted hymns of praise. The bees murmured their ever-busy story in a little place like this, and as I have from Genevieve's beehive close maist of them at present under lock and key, the folks maun give sax-The brook, gurgling over its pebbled bed, spoke with its humdrum, soothing pences at least instead. See, that's the

Warmth, sunshine, birds and way the collections are doubled. sory prayer, the communion of saints, flowers, the humming insects, and the the sign of the cross, pictures, crosses, murmuring waters, all, all were just as Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe

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