Ninth Sunday after Pentecost THE TEARS IN HELL.

" Jesus seeing the city, He wept over it." (Luke 19, 41.)

The tears which our Lord shed were not for Himself, on account of His impending passion and death, but for the blind city of Jerusalem, which would not know the time of its visitation. These tears were shed, moreover, for the partition of the state of every impenitent sinner who will not in time accept the graces necessary for in time accept the graces necessary for his salvation. O, ungrateful sinner, you who despise God's mercy, Jesus weeps over you, because you will not lament now, when you might yet re-ceive the graces that are to your peace. These tears flow for you now, because the time will come when you will weep tears in hell, tears which will avail you nothing, bring you no consolation, tears which will never cease to flow O unfortunate sinner, consider this well; consider it to-day, and if your last spark of faith has not been extinguished, you will cease to live as you have done, and in tears of penance you will seek salvation while yet there is

The pains of all tears which flow during life are mitigated by hope. Even the most miserable of all the unfortunate has hope that his condition will not last always, but in course of time, it must change. And should there be no alleviation for time, then, at least, death will free him. But how different with the damned in hell, where there is no hope! In hell there shall be "weeping and gnashing of teeth," says our Lord. Weeping caused by the fearful dungeon in which they are incarcerated, shrouded in terrible darkness which is lighted only by the sternal flames ignited by the justice of God for the punishment of the sinner. Weeping caused by the flames torturing body and soul without ever consuming them. Weeping caused by the loathing companionship of the damned of all ages, all nations, and of legions of demons. Weeping caused the loss of God, the Lufinite God, for whom the damned have an insatiable longing notwithstanding their hatred of Him. Weeping caused by the loss of Heaven, for which they have a secure an accomplice. She found a of Heaven, for which they have a yearning desire, although they know that this desire can never be realized Weeping caused by the fact that they lost Heaven through their own fault. Weeping because they now see how easily they could have gained Heaven if they had heeded the many warnings and admonitions of God's infinite, merci ful love. Oa, bitter and scalding tears! But now they are of no avail. If the damned could hope and with this hope wash away the mark of Cain from their soul, moderate the fearful flames, mitigate the excruciating pains, and be reconciled to God, they would cheerfully weep these tears; but all hope has vanished. They will never gain Heaven which they have lost, never pay a farthing of their debt, never uench even a spark of the devouring flames, were they to shed an ocean of

Dante, the great Catholic poet of the Middle Ages, graphically expresses this truth by placing the following inscription on the gates of the infernal regions: Ye who enter here, leave all hope behind. Yes, all weeping and lamenting is of no avail. Their excruciating pains goad them into raging despair, into diabolical hatred, they gnash their teeth against God, against themselves, and against their curse! companions. Ah. if we seriously consider the terrors of hell which are immeasurably great, without hope or tree with axes in their hands. They consolation and, above all, without cut it down, and it fell with a great may do so for our salvation.

O all you who fear the justice of God and who desire to save your soul, think often and seriously of the tears that flow incessantly and without hope in hell. You especially, who are separated from God by mortal sin, who are walking rapidly towards eternity whitst you are defiling your immortal soul by impenitence, think of the tears which the Eternal Truth announces by the mouth of the evangelist : "Woe to you that now laugh, for you shall mourn and weep." (Luke 6, 25) Taink of this eternal weeping, you, deluded children of the world, now laugh in the possession of your unjust gains; think of it, you drunkards, who in your intemperance despise God and wring tears of grief from your family. Think of it, you volup-tuary and corruptor of innocence, who by your impious language and impure railieries scandalize and corrupt youth ful souls. Think of it, you vile sensualist, who by a vice which should not even be named among Christians, degrade yourself below the level of the Think of it, you merely nominal Christians, to whom it is too bur densome to assist at Mass on Sunday or too difficult to ab tain from meat on Christ. Think of it, you members of associations who revile religion, slander the Church and scoff at the Pope, the vicegerent of Christ. O sinner, to whatever class you belong, reflect seriously on the pains of hell and on the tears shed in that infernal abobe, and no longer turn a deaf ear to the voice of grace by which now in spirit into the abyss of hell, so that after death you will not descend in reality.

Seven times our Lord mentions the tears that flow in hell, in order that our voluntary tears of penance may prevent the useless tears in hell. St. Bernard, meditating on the tears in Friday, the day on which is commem-

hell, exclaimed : Who will give water to my eyes that weeping I may prevent the eternal tears. Yes, my dear Chris-tians, weep now over your sins, that you need not weep over them eternally. Here the tears will purify, here-

after they will increase despair. Here they will end in joy, as our Lord con-solingly says: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' Matt. 5, 5.) I shall conclude, my dear Christians,

with the earnest admonition: Weep over your sins and mourn over your past offences, in order that you not be compelled to weep eternally in hell, but that you will rejoice and be comforted forever in Heaven. Amen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE STORY OF ST. KENELM.

Ave Maria

England is all one kingdom now, but a long time ago there used to be no fewer than seven kings there, ruling over different provinces. Ken ulf was King of Mercia; and when h died, in the year 819, he left as his successor to the throne his seven year old son, Kenelm. Although he was very young, the new King had al-ready shown himself remarkably virtuous, and all the people loved him.

Unhappily for him, some of those who were nearest to him did not share the sentiments of his subjects : he was been confided to the guardianship of his two sisters, Kendreda and Brune gilda. Brunegilda loved him very tenderly, and supplied the place of their dead mother by watching over his education with great care. But Kendreda was ambitious and cruel; she wanted to become queen, and as nothing prevented her from securing the position but the life of her young brother, she heartily wished him dead a hundred times a day. She didn't stop at wishing; for she tried half a dozen times to poison him. God, however, did not permit her wicked attempts to prove successful. Being a woman, she did not like to shed his blood with her own secure an accomplice. very willing one in Ascherberk, the young King's minister, whom she promised to marry if he succeeded in killbrother Kenelm ing her little wicked minister did not take long to decide, but consented at once; and to gether they planned the death of the innocent and inoffensive boy.

In the meantime Kenelm was growing up quite unsuspicious of the snares that were being laid for him. His many rare virtues seemed to promise that he would one day become a great saint. This does not mean that he did not like to play, for he always joined with much glee in all the games that usually please boys of his age; but it was just because he was good and pious and had a clear conscience that he en-

joyed his amusements so well. One day God sent him a strange dream, and Kenelm ran in great trouble to tell his nurse Wilbenna all about it. "I saw," said he, "in front of my bed, a great tree that reached away up to the sky; its branches were covered with leaves and flowers, that looked like so many sparkling lights. All at once I felt myself carried to the top of the tree, and I saw stretched out around me the vast country of England. All the people held me in great veneration, and bowed down to do me honor.
While I was occupied with this vision some of my subjects ran toward the

woman, "the dream means that the designs of your sister and your minister are going to prevail against you. The tree is yourself; you are going to die, and you will go to heaven like the little bird." And the old nurse, strik ing her breast, wept bitterly. Kenelm remained calm, and willingly offered to God the sacrifice of his life.

Some months after this Ascherberk found a good opportunity of commit-ting his meditated crime. Under the pretext of taking Kenelm to the chase, he led his young master to a distant forest. Tired out from so long a jour-ney, the little King fell asleep in his Then the traitor stopped and began digging a grave in which to bury Kenelm. Before he had finished, however, the young King awoke; and, seeing what his minister was doing. guessed at once what he had in mind.
"I know all," said the King. "It is in vain that you will try to bury me

God won't permit me to die in here. this place. Ascherberk looked at him with much

"Here is the proof," continued the boy, "that I speak the truth." And he stuck into the ground a stick that he had in his hand. The stick was immediately covered with beautiful green leaves, and grew very quickly to be a great tree. Many years after-ward people showed visitors to this place a gigantic ash, which tradition

Keneim put out his hands and caught the bloody head : and the mouth opened and sang these words of the Te Doum:
"Lord, we praise Thee; Lord, we glorify Thee with the army of the martyrs.

This prodigy did not daunt the murderer, who hastened to bury his victim under a whitethorn near by. Ascher-berk told the people on his return that Kenelm was lost in the forest. Search was made; but as no trace of him could be found, it was soon rumored that he been devoured by wild beasts. Kendreda became queen, and was soon married to the monster who had killed her brother.

God, however, did not intend the murder to remain secret. A column of light often appeared in the place where body was buried, and the cattle used to go there in spite of those who were driving them. Still more, a prodigy took place in Rome that dis-closed the crime. One day while Pope Pascal was saying Mass, a dove whiter than snow appeared above the altar, holding in its beak a parchment on which gold letters were written-and written, say the old writers, by the angels themselves. The dove dropped the parchment on the altar, and then flow away. The Pope took the document, and found that it contained this message : "In the Kingdom of Mercia, at the bottom of Kient valley, lie the remains of Kenelm, under a whitethorn. He was sovereign of the country and was assassinated.

The Pope, struck with this divine intervention, sent legates to England to look for the body of the young King; and it was found without difficulty Assoon as it was taken from the grave a fountain sprang up from the spot where it had lain. From these waters many afterward received health and strength.

Oa the day of the funeral Kendreda walked in the procession, carrying her prayer-book. The people cried out: "He was a martyr of God; he was a martyr of God!" Kendreda, despite herself, cried out also: "Yes, he was a martyr of God. just as truly as that my eyes come out of my head and fall on my prayer-book." No sooner had she spoken these words, says the ancient chronicle, than her eyes fell out and rested on her book.

Ascherberk acted the tyrant for some years, and died miserably. Kendreda finished her life in a monastery, where she did much penance before her death. St. Kenelm was the chosen patron of thousands of English boys, and his name is borne to this day by many who should strive to practise all the virtues that rendered him worthy to be numbered among the

Only Jewels.

There are times when riches have no charms. The Arabs are fond of telling this story: A man sat in the midst of a circle of jewellers, but did not praise their goods. "Why do you view these jewels with such contempt?" they said. "Listen," he answered. 'Not long ago I was wandering in the desert, my way lost, my provisions gone. For days I journeyed without food, when, half famished, I came upon a bag filled with what I took for tried wheat. I sat down to eat, but upon lifting the grains to my mouth, found that they were only pearls in stead of being the fruit I craved. Imagine my despair. I was rescued from death by a passing caravan, but to this day I can not look upon jewels without a shudder.

A Lamb of the Flock.

In one of our dear Bishop's visits to the academy he was walking around end, then we can comprehend the words of St. Chrysostom: If we do not weep now, we must weep hereafter in hell without hope, whereas here, we now, whereas here, we now, whereas here, we now, we have a pious and sensible what is your name? Do you go to now, we now and as hereafter in hell without hope, whereas here, we now, we was wanting around among the little ones, as is his won't; among the little ones, as is his won't; and as he placed his hand on the head of Etta B., he said: "Well, little one, what is your name? Do you go to now, we have a property of the little ones, as is his won't; among the little ones, as is his won't; and a she placed his hand on the head of Etta B., he said: "Well, little one, what is your name? To what shurch do you go?" She answered; "I go to the Cathedral, Bishop." But as the Bishop passed on, she turned to Sister M. de C., and ad-"Did you ever? Asking me ded : where I go to church, when I goes to the very church he goes to his-self!" There seemed to be a thought in that outhful mind that there was one shepherd who did not know all his sheep at least all his lambs.—The Lamp.

> WHY BIGOTS HATE THE CHURCH.

A correspondent asks: Why do bigots hate the Church? We answer: Christ did not intend His Church to be an object of hate except to the devil. There is only one explanation of the senseless and insatiable malice of the anti Catholic bigot. The master whom he serves has filled him with his own rage. He hates the Pope, because he is Christ's vicar on earth; he hates the Bishops, because they are the successors of the Apostles; he hates the Jesuits, because the saintly and learned men, and he hates the Irish Catholics because they are true to the teachings of St. Patrick. -American Herald.

To young men I would say that the molding of their future lives is in their own hands. They often get opportunities for advancement, but do not em brace them. If, however, they start with a definite object in view, determined to work hard, take an intelligen interest in their duties, not make too much of a bargain about long hours and do to others as they would like to be done by, there is no fear but that they will succeed—they are bound to have success. - Thomas Lipton.

Every Act Tells.

Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out. Of course, this has its good side as well as ts bad one. As we become drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the technical and scientific spheres by so many separate acts and hours of labor.

Have a Purpose

"It is doing the duties of to-day," said Senator Lindsay, of Kentucky,

that wins success. "Was there nothing in particular that inspired you in your youth?— nothing that seemed to shape your sub-sequent life?" I asked.

"O, that is all nonsense," said the senator, folding his hands and settling himself down in his chair; "it sounds nice, and all that, and that is about what it amounts to. It's the outcome of every day's work that inspires you, and forms the future, and nothing else

'I was born on a farm in Kentucky, he continued. "I did the routine work of a farm, but made up my mind, almost as soon as I was out of the cradle, that I would be a lawyer. It is a great thing to have a purpose. I began the study of law at an early age, and was admitted to the bar in 1858. That was at Frankfort, Franklin County, Kentucky. Then I practiced. When the war broke out I joined the Confederate army as a private. I served four years and came out a cap-

tain. "War was not my vocation, and I took up the practice of law again that period I will only say that I handled my cases with the greatest care and thoroughness. I was made judge of the court of appeals; I served for a number of years, and then went back to the practice of law. For fifteen years I remained a lawyer: then they saw fit to send me to the senate.

"How did that come about, sen-ator?" I asked. "Had you drawn attention to yourself by some star

"No, sir; I never had a star case. I tried to be just and honest to all parties, and made a point of being thorough. People could depend upon me to attend to their business properly. When they found they could trust me with their private affairs, they decided they could do so with the state's and the country's, so they sent me to the senate; and that is about all there is to life — if you do one good thing properly, it is a stepping stone to something higher.

"Now and then, there is a man of destiny, like Napoleon, but they are few and far between. Men do not make events; events make men. Some are so thoroughly stupid, though, that they do not realize when an event s giving them the opportunity of a

Tenderness

Decision of character is too often accompanied by sharpness or severity The man of alert mood and will los patience with others who are slower and less sure. To truth which may be stern, purity which may be cold, de-cision which may be hard and selfish, ision which may b tenderness must be added. Yet who can define it? "That rare thing" Miss Mulock calls it in John Halffax, Gentleman, "tenderness — a quality different from kindliness, affectionate ness or benevolence, a quality which can exist only in strong, deep, undemonstrative natures, and therefore in its perfection seldomer found in women than in men." Yet it is not so rare that any man dare be without it.

It is not a matter of physical viva-city or emotionalism. It need not be gushing in its expression. "We should not confound together," said Whately, "physical delicacy of nerves and extreme tenderness of heart and benevolence and gentleness of character. It is also important to guard against mistaking for good nature what is properly called gold humor—a cheerful flow of spirits and easy temper not readily annoyed, which is compatible with great selfishness." Many a man is by nature cold, undemonstra-tive, self contained. Many another is by nature effusive, superlative. Tenderness is apart from either nature. and is the gentle and loving esteeming of others better than one's self, the kindly, sweet desire to please others and to help them softly, with something as near to a mother's touch as a man

may know. This is a quality of manliness which is of use every hour. Tenderness should be the atmosphere of life. It should add a sweet savor to every act and every word. "An intrepid courage," wrote Dryden, "is at best but a hollday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised and never but in cases of necessity : affability, mildness, tender. ness, and a word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue-I mean good nature-are of daily use ; they are the bread of mankind and the staff of life." Tender ness makes life sweet and takes away its envies and harshness and jealous-ies. It "creams off nature," to use ies. It Swift's phrase.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. Labatt's Brewery Fire.

The fire was confined chiefly to two of the malt houses. The fermenting tuns and the vessels were not damaged, so that the Brewing Department will very soon be in complete running order. The fire did not reach the cellars, and I have a large stock of Draught and Bottled Ale. Customers will be supplied as usual.

My depots at Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, St. John and Winnipeg have full supply for present demands.

Tenderness does not make a man weak. Tenderness is possible only to strong men. It is the highest evidence of strength; it is the sign of poise and confidence. To be a man is not enough. Each of us must be a gentle man. More men are called men and gentlemen than are entitled to the honor of either title.

For, as Thackeray says : "Perhaps a gentleman is rarer than any of us think, for which of us can point out many such in his circle-men whose alms are generous, whose truth is con stant, and not only constant in its kind but elevated in its degree ; whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small?" O! how many of us would Chaucer's quaint description of his knight hold true?

A knyght ther was and that a worthy man, That fro the tyme that he first bigan To riden out, he loved chivairie, Trouthe and honor, freedom and curtesie.

And though that he were worthy he was wys, And of his port as meek as is a mayde. And of his port as mack as is a mayde. He never yet no vileyne ne sayde In all his lyf unto no maner wight, He was a verray parfit, gentil kynght.

Among many young men at times the manly man seems to be the selfassertive man, the braggart, loud of voice and thoughtless of the existence of others. It is a low view, tasting of the curb side. The true man always thinks of others before himself. He gives his seat to those weaker and more needy. That is tenderness. He keeps his car window shut when it would pour cinder or dust or draft on

some one behind him.

That is tenderness. He forgets how to frown and meets all the asperities and accidents of life with a generous smile. That is tenderness. some things that are not tenderness. and therefore not gentlemanly-to smoke in a crowd and compel others to breathe the exhaled smoke, to push in ahead of others to forestall them, to be boisterous, rough, full of clamor, to be other than a gentleman in anything.

The finest truth is the true life of a pure man. The finest purity is the stainlessness of a pure life decisively committed to the "crystal Christ The finest decision is the quiet, sweet, patient resolution of a tender and gentle soul. Truth, purity, decision, tenderness-these learned in the school of that true, pure, strong One,

"The first true gentleman that ever breathedare the great qualities of a man. May God give to every young man who has read about them in these papers the irresistible ambition to be this kind of a

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the hest physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

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My husband's legs, from knee to toes, were itching with Eczema. He had no rest day or night, and would scratch so his legs would be raw. He had a good many doctors, who gave him about a peck of bottles, salve and other things to rub on, but none did him any good. I told him to try CUTICURA remedies. that instant and got CUTICURA SOAP, CUTICURA (ointment), and CUTICURA RESOLVENT. That night he rested well, and kept getting better until he was cured. Mrs. H. JENKINS, Middleboro, Ky.

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