

Kathleen Mavourneen.
 Kathleen Mavourneen:—The song is still ringing
 As fresh and as clear as the thrill of the birds
 In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and singing
 In paths too sweet for the tenderest words
 O have we forgotten the one who first breathed
 It—
 O have we forgotten his rapturous art—
 Our need to the master whose genius has
 quenched it?
 O why art thou silent, thou voice of the heart?
 Kathleen Mavourneen: Thy lover still lingers
 The long night is waning—the stars pale and
 few—
 The sad surrender, with trembling fingers,
 Is bowed with his tears as the lily with dew:
 The old harpstrings quaver—the old voice is
 shaking—
 In sighs and in sighs moans the yearning re-
 frain—
 The old vision dims, and the old heart is break-
 ing—
 Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again!
 —James Whitcomb Riley.

Written for THE CATHOLIC RECORD.
POOR LITTLE NINETTE.
 (A L.B.A.)

CHAPTER I.
 NINETTE.

"You will not marry the man your father and mother have selected for you? What do you mean, child? Are you crazy?"

The speaker was a tall, stately, dark-complexioned woman, somewhat past the prime of life; the party to whom she addressed the remonstrance was a quiet, little, modest-looking brunette, resembling the lady, her mother, in nothing but the color of her hair and eyes. She was the youngest of a pretty large family, the other members of which more nearly resembled their mother, both in appearance and in imperiousness of character; while Nina took after her father, a man naturally amiable and generous, although rather too much under the influence, direct and indirect, of his wife. Indeed, Madame de l'Orme had been accustomed to "rule the roost" all her life. Her husband saw everything with her eyes; and even her children, who shared her own haughty temper, although they were not backward to show fight when any difference of opinion arose, invariably ended by doing just as Madame wished, whether it were right or wrong. The three elder daughters had married the man of her choice; her sons had settled in life according to her wishes; and she had now set about arranging a match for her youngest daughter with a wealthy but unattractive and elderly proprietor in the neighborhood. The idea of meeting with even a remonstrance from the timid and gentle Nina never entered her mind. From infancy this youngest daughter had always been so submissive and conciliating that her self-asserting brothers and sisters never dreamed of consulting or considering her; her ready and unflinching consent to whatever others wished was looked for as a matter of course, meriting neither thanks nor comment. The only acknowledgment her amiable docility called forth, especially from her mother, was a lurking and thinly veiled contempt. "Poor little Ninette" was considered too weak to have a will of her own, and too insignificant to be taken into account at all. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that Madame de l'Orme was somewhat stunned when "poor little Ninette" signified her intention of declining the matrimonial advances of M. St. Hilaire, which she did, not boldly, but quietly, and with due respect for her mother.

"You will not marry him?" continued the exasperated lady. "And why not, may I ask?"
 "Because I do not love him," answered Ninette.
 "Love him! No, of course you don't, but you will love him after you are married. Nobody thinks of love until then."
 "Yes, mamma, I do. I am perfectly sure I never could love him, and how, then, could I kneel down at the altar and swear before God to love him? I could not do it."
 "Stuff and nonsense! You always think yourself wiser than everybody else. What works very well for other people is not good enough for you, eh? Your sisters married to please their parents: are they not happy? Do they not love their husbands?"
 "Perhaps they do, and perhaps they are happy. But Adele and Desiree and Louise differ in character from me; they lack depth."
 "They lack what?" exclaimed Madame de l'Orme, opening wide her eyes in astonishment. In fact Nina was coming out in so unsuspected a character that the good lady began to have an uncomfortable and bewildering impression that she was talking to a total stranger whom she had never before met.

"Depth," repeated Nina composedly. "They are, I have no doubt, as happy as fido houses, fashionable dress, and plenty of visiting can make them; and they could get along pretty well with any reasonable person, because they find their happiness in these other things. But I am different. I never did care a great deal for such matters; I care for them less and less every day. I must love the man I marry for himself, not for what he can give me, and how he can keep me."

"Where did you learn all that nonsense, child?" asked her mother, angrily. "Do you think people can pick and choose in this world? Who has been filling your head with these silly notions, Nina?" she exclaimed, as a sudden thought occurred to her, "has that Conrad been talking to you?"

Now, "that Conrad"—Conrad Neudorf, a German by birth—occupied the position of book-keeper in M. de l'Orme's mercantile establishment, at a not very large salary. He was a gentleman, both by parentage and education, and being, moreover, highly accomplished, was considered

an acquisition at the house of his employer; that class of dependents being, in France, freely admitted to the social circle. Madame de l'Orme, however, had early discovered that he held what she considered romantic and heterodox sentiments on several subjects, and that he had a mind of his own in maintaining them. Her daughter's opposition to her plans, grounded as it was on sentiments of a similar kind, now suddenly and for the first time awoke in her mind a lively aversion to the fact that Conrad had always devoted the greater part of his attention to "poor little Ninette"—a circumstance which Madame had always laid at the door of his modesty, but which she now began to attribute to a different cause. The expression of Nina's face, and the rapidly changing color which were the only reply to her abrupt question, increased her suspicions and caused her to repeat it yet more angrily.

"Has he been talking to you, child?" "I don't know what you mean, mamma. He often talks to me, and talk very sensibly too."
 "And he has been trying to draw you into a silly engagement, unknown to your father and mother?"
 "No, he has not," answered Nina; her indignation almost getting the better of the habitual awe with which she regarded her mother.

At this juncture, the door of Madame's boudoir, where the conversation took place, opened, and M. de l'Orme, newspaper in hand, entered.
 "Here's a pretty mess," exclaimed Madame, vehemently. "That Conrad has been making love to this silly child, and she says she won't have anything to say to M. St. Hilaire."

"Mamma, I never said that about Conrad—he did nothing of the kind," said Nina, aroused to unusual energy by the imputation cast on an innocent person. "I said I would not marry a man I could never love; and Conrad—here she stopped short, and her mother struck in."

"Ah; you could love him; is that it?"
 Nina's first impulse, responsive to this question, was to hang down her head and cry; it was the reply her mother fully expected. But something in the tone and expression which accompanied the remark caused her to drive back her tears, and to say deliberately.

"Yes, I think I could."
 "Tush!" said her father, "stuff and nonsense, child! Go to your piano and practise your music, and leave such matters to be settled by those who understand them."

With habitual deference to the parental command, Nina immediately withdrew; but instead of going to the piano, she went to her room to have a good cry.

"We must dismiss that Conrad," was Madame's first remark to her husband.

"That is more easily said than done," answered he. "Has he really spoken to the child?"
 "If he has not," she replied, "at least she is predisposed in his favor. I can see that."

"It will be difficult to replace him," said M. de l'Orme, reflectively; "difficult, also, to dismiss him without any reason. What did Nina say?"

"Flatly refused to do as all her sisters have done, and as everybody does. The saucy girl had the assurance to tell me that what might do very well for them would do for her because she had more depth, forsooth!"

"There is some truth in that," returned her husband, still reflectively. "There is some truth in that. Nina takes after her aunt Cecile."

"And did not her aunt Cecile marry the man her parents chose for her? And was not their married life a very happy one—quite a success, in fact?"

"True again," said M. de l'Orme, brightening. "Come, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll send Nina down for a week to Cecile, who is full of good sense, and get her to talk the matter over reasonably with the child. I don't see how I could dismiss Neudorf, or even forbid him the house."

So Nina was sent into the country for a week, to visit her aunt Cecile, who was duly informed of the circumstances that required her interference.

CHAPTER II.
 AUNT CECILE.

Aunt Cecile, M. de l'Orme's only sister, was a widow lady, residing in a snug campagne, or country house, situated about a league and a half from the city where dwelt that gentleman and his family. Her husband had been dead for some years, and her only child, a son, having entered the priesthood, she lived all alone with her domestics. She was greatly beloved, not only by her dependants, but by all who came in contact with her, socially or otherwise; her amiability and obliging friendliness, and, above all, her sunny, cheerful temper and bright countenance, rendering her a universal favorite. Detraction could find but one plea to pick with her behind her back, and Detraction was not slow to pick it, viz., how could a mother be so cold-hearted and unnatural as to allow her only son—her only child—to leave her and become a priest? Remarks, however, fell harmless on Aunt Cecile, for the reason that she seldom heard them, and paid no attention to them when she did.

It was with this genial relative that Nina de l'Orme, nothing loath, was sent to spend a week at her cheerful and sunny campagne. Nina was greatly attached to her aunt, and M. de l'Orme rightly calculated that whatever Aunt Cecile said would be likely to weigh with her more than anything else. On the present occasion, however, the young lady prepared herself

for battle; and it was a great relief to her, as deferring the evil hour, when her aunt, who met her at the hall-door, after embracing her tenderly, said, as she conducted her to her room:

"We won't talk business to-day. Ninette; we will enjoy ourselves this afternoon, and sleep over matters for a night."

And they did enjoy themselves that afternoon. The elder lady had not outlived the beautiful and quiet tastes of her girlhood—tastes which her youngest niece fully shared. They had music, and fancy-work, and pleasant chat, and delicious cakes and coffee: all of which were participated in by a neighbor or two, whose uninvited though pleasantly welcomed company afforded one reason, even if there were no other, for the postponement of private discussions. It seemed to Nina, however, that on this evening her aunt was scarcely so lively as usual. She looked somewhat pale, and dropped frequently out of the conversation, and Nina sometimes caught her glance fixed on herself with a thoughtful expression.

Next morning after breakfast, Aunt Cecile took up her work-basket, and said:

"Come, Ninette, we will go and sit under the vines, and enjoy the scent of the roses. Put on your hat, and bring your crochet."

Nina obeyed, and the two were soon pleasantly seated in the garden under a shady arcade covered with grapevines. The needlework was set aside, and after a while they began to talk.

"Tell me, my child, what is all this fuss about at home?"

Aunt Cecile had been put in possession of the facts as viewed by the older folks; but she wished to give Nina an opportunity of stating the matter from her own point of view.

"My father and mother wish me to marry M. St. Hilaire," replied Nina, coming at once to the point.

"And you are not willing to do so; is that it?" asked her aunt.

"Yes, aunt, that is it. I am sorry to disoblige them, and would gladly obey them if I could. But I can't. Even if he were not so old, and so homely, and so tiresome, I could not do it. I would rather die."

"He is a very good man, and could keep you well," said her aunt gravely.

"Perhaps," answered Nina. "It is possible some girls might get along very well with him. They would 'wash him down,' so to speak, with fine dresses and Turkey carpets, and all that sort of thing. But I could not. My heart would be hungry all the time, and if, in after life, the happiness of which I dream came to be at length within my grasp, I could not answer for consequences. Besides—oh! aunt, she cried, laying down her crochet, "I could never marry him!"

"Don't cry, my poor Ninette!" said Aunt Cecile, soothingly; "don't cry. I wish to hear everything unadvisedly from your own lips, and to advise only for your happiness. No, my child, she added after a short pause. You could never marry under such circumstances, and I would be the last in the world to advise it."

"You, Aunt Cecile!" exclaimed Nina in surprise, and feeling as if a load were lifted off her.

"Yes, my child," replied her aunt. I know too well, by bitter experience, the sufferings it would entail upon you."

"Why, Aunt Cecile, everyone always says you were so happy."

"Everyone is happy who loves our Divine Lord and practices conformity to His holy will. It is not in the power of external circumstances to render such a one unhappy. But Nina, unhappiness and suffering are not synonymous; they are two very different things, although persons are apt to confound them. I have been happy, for I have had peace of conscience and the many consolations of our holy religion. But I have also suffered—oh! as I trust, never to see you or any one else suffer."

Nina regarded her aunt with a look which spoke her sympathy more eloquently than words would have done, while the latter, after a brief pause, continued: "I never speak of it, because, while it lasted, it was easier to bear in silence; and now that it is past, it would seem like reproaching the dead. I mean no reproach, however; I only speak for your good, because I know you are not a girl to think of marriage merely as an occasion for display, and fine dresses, and cards, and wedding-cake, and all the rest. My husband—may he rest in peace!—was a very good man in his way; upright, honorable, and attentive to his business. But he was cold and unsympathetic—a man whom I never would have chosen had it been left to me. From the very first he never showed me his affection; and to a fond and clinging nature that would have been pained even had we stood to each other in a less intimate relation. Perhaps he liked me as well as he could like anyone; but he never showed it—never showed it in any way. Time would fail were I to recount the efforts I made to thaw his icy nature, or were I to detail the weary hours I passed in solitude with my hungry heart, and the pain of supporting the oblations of a not over-pleasant temper, with nothing to support me but the determination to do my best, now I was in for it. Many women would have made light of these things, and found their happiness in society. I could not; I wanted love. I know not what I should have done but for my child. He was the sunshine of my life; and God has rewarded his love for his mother by calling him to His own service, and has compensated me for many sufferings by giving me a son who offers up for

me daily the Holy Sacrifice, and will offer it up for me daily, after I am dead. "No, Nina," continued the poor lady, wiping her eyes, "a woman like your mother cannot even imagine the anguish of having to fulfill the duties of a wife with a persistent will—ay, and a pleasant face—while every faculty of the inferior or sensitive soul is in rebellion."

"I could not do it, aunt; I would run away," said Nina determinedly.

"That, my child, would only be to make bad a great deal worse. It would be to break your marriage vow, and commit a great sin. A woman cannot afford to lose her soul, just because she has a few sorrows to bear. It is bad enough to miss domestic happiness in this world, without, also, missing Heaven in the next. We must each of us stand by our cross; but before a sensitive and affectionate woman commits herself to a loveless marriage, let her be well assured that it is the cross her Heavenly Father desires to lay upon her, and not a mere matter of fine house, stylish establishment, and good settlements."

"How can I know, dear aunt?" said Nina, her eyes once more filling with tears.

"Pray, my darling, that He would guide and direct you. He knows how to make His will clear and unmistakable. Take no step of which your parents would disapprove; but, on the other hand, remember that in the matter of your settlement in life, their counsel binds you only in as far as it is according to reason and religion."

"Thank you a thousand times, aunt Cecile; your words both comfort and strengthen me. If mamma—here Nina paused, and her aunt, during her thoughts, said:

"I will write to them and tell them what I think. But I will wait a few days, and meanwhile, we will put the subject away, and spend cheerfully the time you are to remain with me."

Aunt Cecile embraced her niece, and, gathering up their work, they returned to the house. The next few days passed pleasantly, in country walks, reading, sketching, and agreeable talk. Towards the end of the week the good lady despatched a letter to her brother, the contents of which she did not impart to Nina further than their late conversation enabled her to surmise them. Next day a short note from her mother was handed to Nina, requiring her immediate return home.

"I thought so," remarked Aunt Cecile. "That was why I delayed writing. I did not wish your pleasant visit to be cut short sooner than could be helped."

It was with some trepidation that "poor little Ninette" turned her face towards her mother, to meet her imperious mamma; and truly, that worldly-minded lady was nursing a somewhat wrathful mood for her daughter's benefit. It may be remarked that she did not for a moment consider Nina's opposition as menacing any ultimate frustration of her plans; she had been too much accustomed to bear down opposition on every point, and to carry all before her through force of overweening self-will.

She merely resented that Nina, whose gentle docility she mistook for feeble-mindedness, should give her so much trouble. The ultimate issue she held to be quite assured.

It chanced that on the day Nina returned to the paternal mansion, M. de l'Orme was confined to the house by indisposition; and, being unable to go to his place of business, he had ordered the attendance of his book-keeper, the obnoxious Conrad. The two were busy over account books when Nina entered the library to salute her father. Madame de l'Orme, also, was there with her needlework; and when the young lady made her appearance, the emotion that flashed up in Conrad's blue eyes, and the flush that overspread his face, even to the very roots of his golden brown hair, revealed the state of his feelings to Madame, who watched him narrowly, with a certainty that could admit of no doubt. His warm German heart literally glowed on his expressive countenance. Even the old gentleman took note of it; and when, subsequently, his wife drew his attention to the fact, he could not but admit that her surmises were correct.

"He must go," said Madame. "His a pity," said her husband, "an excellent young man, and first-rate at business."

"You will find hundreds from whom to replace him."

So M. de l'Orme, desirous of doing the thing as tenderly as possible, found some trifling business for Conrad to transact for him at Frankfurt; with the intimation that after it was done, he might take leave for a month to see his relations, and that he, M. de l'Orme, would find a substitute *pro tem*. The old gentleman hoped that before the month was up, all temptation would be removed, and that Conrad would return only in time to pay his respects to Madame St. Hilaire.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A lady writes the simple truth as follows: "Barrie Island, Ont.—I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being the most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use. MRS. JOHN McLEAN.

DEAR SIRS,—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, and have found it to be the best medicine I ever used. I could not eat without suffering from a terrible burning pain in the pit of my stomach. I used six bottles of B. B. B. and am glad I did so or I should have been in my grave to-day; it completely cured me. I take a bottle every spring and would not be without it if it cost \$10 a bottle. DAVID PEDLEY, Morley, Alb. Minard's Linalum cures Dandruff.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Church Progress.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a marked copy of the *Christian Union* of New York, calling our attention to a well meant effort on the part of some of our separated brethren towards what they are pleased to call the Union of Christendom.

We have before pointed out the essential weakness of the proposed union. While the effort is laudable on the part of those outside of the Church, there is not the least doubt that it will prove fruitless, for the proposed basis of union is merely negative. The first fundamental principle of union is wanting. The attempt dissipates itself in the wasted energy of trying to draw a circle without a centre.

Union necessarily postulates unity. Secure the centre and the circumference naturally posits itself. Unity in the religious sense necessarily means truth. In other words, the religious centre is oneness of truth. This oneness of truth determines everything else. Without it everything else is indeterminate. Religion is not a mere heap or aggregate of doctrines or dogmas; it is essentially one truth from which all others logically flow as conclusions from their premise.

It is this prime and essential conception of unity that is wanting amongst these well meaning people, outside of the Church, seeking some means for the reunion of Christendom. Their idea is to pare away all differences and take the residue. They imagine that union may be established by a negative process of taking away doctrines, leaving as a substitute a vague sentiment of Christian fellowship expressed in an undefined belief or, as many express it, on Christ.

They forget that Christ as the Incarnate Truth is the source and foundation of Catholic unity and doctrine and that from Him as the centre radiate all the doctrines of Christianity. They would keep the sun without the light-giving qualities which necessarily radiate from it. A sun which gives forth no radiation means darkness and death. This unconsciously is the very thing they are doing. They are actually seeking to quench the light that flows from the centre of truth. For given the first, essential truth, the principle of unity, and from it comes the logical nexus that one harmonious system of truths, bringing spiritual life and health to the soul.

Union without unity is a chimera; unity without truth an impossibility; and truth without doctrine mere negation.

A HAPPY HINT.—We don't believe in keeping a good thing when we hear of it, and for this reason take special pleasure in recommending those suffering with Piles in any form, blind, bleeding, protruding, etc., to Bettor's Pile Salve, the best and safest remedy in the world, the use of which cuts short a vast deal of suffering and inconvenience. Send 50 cents to the Winkelman & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order for you.

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A VOICE FROM SEATTLE.

DEAR SIRS,—I can highly recommend Hagar's Pectoral Balsam. It cured my daughter of a cough she had been troubled with since childhood. She is now twelve years old.

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FIVE-MINUTE

Fifth Sunday of

SINCE OF THE

And if any man think him not bridling his tongue, but heart, this man's religion is vain.

My dear brethren, words that we have a find out whether or not he called sincere critics. In order to

to get control of himself, and all that it can do, law of God; to get all

ness, lust, anger, envy, sloth under the control to get that will subjugate the will of God; and, must keep himself in

at least so far as to from venial sins, to keep his danger. He who ac

good man, and that not vain.