Appreciation.

Thrice blest is he whom God endows
With truest grifts of seeing,
Who feels each beauty dav by day
Throughout his inmost beir g;
Who reads the language o the breeze,
The brooklet's rippling laughter,
Who hears the whispers in the trees
And bird-songs coming after;
Who notes each blossom on the ground,
Each appy if weret all around
Its incomes upward sending.
The myriad voices of the proch

The myriad veices of the night,
The insect's drowsy tumning.
The wind announcing through the leaves
The tempest chariot's coming;
The gentle music of the waves,
The acean's variet voices,
The zephyr which o'er tollers' graves
For pence and rest rejoices;
Who ares the sunbaam through the cloud,
The hope through gloom or sadness,
The deep soul murmurs low or loud
Of Nature in her gladness.

Who knows each beauty half-revealed
In every del and dingle,
And every vision half-concealed
Where night and morning mingle;
Knows well each grass and marvel caught
By moonbeams softly shining,
And loves the pictures delity wrought
By shadows intertwining.
Edgar Longs in the American Magazin.

-Edgar Jones, in the American Magazi

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

If we thought of the little we suffer and of the much others suffer, we should cease to be the sickly sentimentalists who are a nuisance to themselves and woo are a mission to themselves and others. The over-indulgence of children is a prolific cause of the dry rot of self-sympathy—that whinging, whicing, fret ting vexation.—Colorado Catholic

Professor Swing, of Chicago, tells of a youth, halting between the bar and the pulpit, who repaired for light to that old habit of letting the Bible fall open to reveal some line of sudanes. It fell reveal some line of guidance. It fell open for this youth and there lay the words: "The Lord hath need of him." Thus called, the youth studied, and at last began to preach; but with so poor success that he went back to his Scripture text to find whether there might not be some special work mentio aiong with the supple revelation of need. He was not a little amazed to find that the original demand was for a donkey o a mos common grade, -Tribune.

The beauty and the truth of the Catholic faith shine in all their justre before the eyes of some; they feel that no philosophy can be more philosophical, more averse to all injustice, more triendly to the rights of man, and never theless they move with the sad current they live as though Christianity were only for the vulgar, and that the polished man should take no part in it. They are more culpable than actual unbelievers of such there are many. -Silvio

Cardinal Newman's last public appear ance in the dignity of his office was at the festival of St. Pailip Neri, the founder of the Order of the Oratory. The Cardinal has written of the saint in words of sweet affection, and he always preached the sermon at the Saint's Festival. On the last occasion he was very weak—so weak that he could not ascend the pulpit step, and had to be supported from the throne to the altar rais where, in a voice that was only audible to those immediately near to him, he delivered his discourse. But as be preached he seemed to gain strength, and when he had finished, and turned to go away, he motioned away with a wave of his hand the two priests who came of his hand the two priests who came forward to support him, and walked firmly and unaided to his place. But the accession of nervous strength did not last long; a reaction came, and he almost carried to his own

TOM MOORE'S TESTIMONY TO THE

CATHOLIC FAITH.

Hail! then to thee! thou one and true Church, which art alone the way of life, and in whose tabernacles alone there is shelter from all this confusion of mysteries let my soul henceforth repose remote alike from the infidel who scoffat their darkness, and the rash believer who vainly would pry into their recesses, saying to both, in the language of St Augustine; "Do you reason, while I wonder; do you dispute, while I shall believe; and beholding the heights of divine power forbear to approach its depths!"

THE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE. The true art of being agreeable is to appear well pleased with all the company.

A man thus disposed, perhaps, may have not much learning, nor any wit; but, if he has common sense, and something friendly in his behaviour, it conciliates men's minds more than the brightest parts without this disposition. It is true indeed, that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur, and a pleasing assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please, that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him; this disposi tion is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world, and a command over the

HINTS FOR THE EYES.

Next to sunlight the incandescent light gives the best illumination for reading, and all notions of the injurious effect on the eyes of the electric light

The vast majority of people who wear glasses can see well without them. They use them to avoid a constant tion is a muscular one and uses up nerv ous energy.

The oversighted eye, in which the

focus comes behind the retina, has to perform this muscular act continually. The results are headaches, irritability and nauses. The only remedy in such

cases is to wedr glasses.

For the eyes in a healthy state there is but one safe wash—pure cold water. When the eyelids are inflamed the best weak solution of salt and water. Never apply poultices to the eyes or use "eye waters" without the advice of a physicisn — The Optician.

their associates exercise over their character, their habits and their lives. Here and there a lad of strong will and well-marked individuality will exert ascendancy over others, while no reflux influence by them over him is apparent. But such natures are exceptional, and persons of this character rarely form close friendships. Young men, taking them generally, are awayed by their intimate friends just as their own influence reacts upon others. "Every friend," says Jean Paul, "is to the other a sun and sunflower also—he attracts and follows."

To is subtle and imperceptible influence is either elevating or degrading in

Tois subtle and imperceptible influence is either elevating or degrading in its effects. No man stands still; he is forever rising higher or sinking lower. In your nature and mine and every man's there is a perpetual motion, either upward toward Heaven or downward toward hell. It is a true proverb that you may know a man by the company he keeps; it is equally true of most of us that we are what the company we keep makes us. A good friend helps one to climb to the higher levels and purer atmosphere just as a bad friend draga one down the steep and slippery path of vulgarity and vice.

vulgarity and vice.

Let your friend be a man of education and intelligence. With such a one you will not be confined to the mere gossip and small talk of a narrow and un informed circle, but will have no lack of the better nort; and "as iron." topics of the better sort; and "as iron sharpeth iron," so his wits and yours will gain in keennees. I would not have you one of those insufferable prigs who, posing for general admiration, parade their solemn anxiety to improve their minds.

A hearty laugh, a merry jest, a droll story—all these are perfectly consistent with a well stored mind and a cultivated

ST. CLEMENT HOFBAUER. This saint, recently added to the Church's roster of sauctity, was one of the greatest preachers and most success ful missionaries modern times have pro duced. To him the Redemptorist order owes its great power and popularity in Europe and this country, and the Church owes much of her great strength and importance in Austria, as well as through out Germany. Yet it was not to build up his order that Father Hofbauel labored; he was a Catholic before and

labored; he was a Catholic before and above everything else. The late Orestes A. Brownson used to say that the Church owed nothing to him, but he owed every thing to the Church. He had brough nothing into her but his sins. Father Hofbauer used to say: 'It is true we are sinners; we have little virtue to boast of; but thank God, we are children of the Holy Catholic Church." He fully recognized the great fundamental truth that whoever may plant. whoever may water, only God can give the increase. "We must give to prayer," he was wont to say, "all the time we have free from the duties of our state of life,"—Western Watchman

INTEMPERANCE.

Is not intemperance the great prime cause of the social wreckage that con-fronts us to day in this blessed land? In the face of this ever-present danger and the social ruin that is going on around us, surely we, Catholic Americans, caunot take our stand beside the French cannot take our stand beside the French skeptic, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and ask: "If the people will do harm to themselves, who has the right to hinder them?" I answer, and you answer, and the great Caristian voice of America the great Caristian voice of America answers: Everybody has the right to hinder, for everybody is interested in seeing to it that the people do not mis-use their power to inflict wrong upon

the individual and society.

Would to God we could believe with an eminent ecclesiastic, in a late issue of the North American Review, that in temperance does not threaten our institutions; that the tide of intemperance is recording; that its waves are subsiding ; and that we, like soldiers returning from battle, are making a good deal of noise and are "making the greatest show of courage" because the enemy has turned his back. We know the enemy ful security. We find the enemy to day strongly entrenched in the great cities of America, from the byways and alleys of which, festering with a vice and misery, come the wall of anguish and despair those unfortunates whom demon of strong drink has bound fast in

Does not the daily experience of every onest man not blind to facts show us the dreadful ravages of intemperance? Is not this vice the great prime cause of the social wreckage that confronts us to day in this blessed land? How like what goes on in this country is what Cardinal Manning writes in the March number of the Ninetenth Century as taking place in the United Kiegdom? The drink traffic he sets down in the second place as the great cause of the could write of a three vertices of the social ruin of a large portion of the English people. "It is," he writes, "a public, permanent and ubiquitous agency of degradation to the peop'e of the Unit-d Kingdom." Itis "our shame, scandal and sin," and the venerable ecclesiastic warns his countrymen that by unless brought under the will of the people, and no other power can, it will be their downfall." Has not the illustricus Archbishop of St. Paul and others in this country said as much to the American people? Have not the judges throughout the land given the same note of warning? Is it not the unanimous ver dict of our prison boards; of the heads of our asylums, orphanages and reformatories, that intemperance fills these places with inmates? Ex Chief Justice Noah Davis, of New York, says: "Of all the causes of crime, intemperance stands out the unapproachable chief." It is the prolific source of pauperism, and is doubtless the proximate cause of nine tenths of the idleness, brutality and vice which affect society. The commands of the Gospel, the precept of the Church, the laws of God and man, the ties of humanity, the very instincts of self-preservation are recklessly ignored by the drupkard.

THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

Many young men are scarcely concious of the immense influence which

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. A FLYING VISIT

TO ST. DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE-CHARLOTTE TOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Travelers upon the accommodation trains running between Casrlottetown and the different points east and west of the Prince Edward Island Railway of the Prince Edward Island Railway are often surprised to find the train stopping about half way between the capital and Royalty Junction at a spot where there is apparently no outlet and where there is certainly no station. The stoppage is usually of the very shortest; the engine gives a fierce little snort, the carriages brace themselves up with a nervous tremor, and the whole train in a few seconds disappears behind one of the not infrequent curves for which this line is somewhat celebind one of the not inrequent curves for which this line is somewhat cele-brated. The passenger at the end window, however, has plenty of time to observe the travelers who get off the train, and who are almost slways of the sterner sex and very often attired in clerical habiliments, and he sees them climo up the embankment by a narrow pathway, and open a hitherto invisible gate in the tall snow fence, through which they straightway vanish. It is through this cunningly contrived aperture that I would lead my readers, in order to introduce to them St. Dunstan's College, introduce to them St. Dunstan's College, although I very much fear that the reverend rector will not be altogether pleased at our arriving by such an informal entrance. The pathway continues beyond the fence, and winds across fertile fields and around a magnificent orchard, and past out-buildings and play-grounds, until it merges into the well-kept avenue, from which we ascend the step; and ring the bell at the front door. The door is the bell at the front door. opened to us by a young cleric who chances to be crossing the hall, and who nahers us into a large room to the right, furnished in quaint old man gary, that would delight the heart of many a Montreal col lector. Here we await the rector, and one of our party, who is nothing if not daring, treats us to 'Dream Faces' upon the treats us to "Dream Faces" upon the magnificent new piano, which occupies a recess in one end of the room. After "Dream Faces" she lapses into the Mikado, just as the rector enters, wearing a very grave expression of face, for the rector does not like the Mikado, and has been known to say so.

The Reverend James Charles Mac-Donald, Rector of St. Dunstan's College, is a tall and well-built Scotchman, in the prime of life. He has a kind and cordial manner and that happy knack of giving his visitors an unaffected and sincerwelcome, which seems to be common to all Highlanders. After some conversation upon various topics, L. esked to visit the house, and the rector, finding that we all unanimously supported that motion, kindly consented. Colleges and convents are, with some exceptions, very much alike interiorly -study-rocms, class-rooms recreation rooms, dormitories, corridors, and last, but not least, the refectory, where, in this instance, we found the tables all laid and furnished with very tempting looking rolls, loaf bread and fresh butter in preparation for the evening meal. The college library is extensive, and would repay a much longer visit than we had time to give it. The little chapel is very peaceful and devotional. As we turned Blessed Sacrament, we were all struck with the beauty of an old oil painting which hangs facing the attar. It represents our Blessed Lord seated at the table of the Last Supper and beside Him St. John, his blonde head rest ing on the Saviour's breast. It is well painted, this old picture, and is probably one among the many that found their way to Canada, after the despoling of the monasteries which took place at the

period of the French Revolution.

From the upper windows of St. Dun stan's College there is a glorious view. North and east stretches the lovely undulating country which is such charm of Prince Edward Island scenery. To the west a blue river wanders be tween sunlit fields and dark pine groves, and to the south, over the purple and green of the bishop's vineyard, the city mon, and lifts its tall spires heaven-ward.

Through the open windows of the dor nitory floated the laughter of the merry lads, and now and then we heard a cheer of encouragement or of triumph, for the college cricket club, long renowned in Prince Edward Island history, was having practice on the lawn, and in a field adjoining the votaries of Rugby football were enjoying a round of that king of

After thoroughly inspecting the college, the rector led the way to the gardens, where he gathered us each a ouquet of autumnal splendor. Not far from the flower beds we espied the famous orchard, its tempting fruit already glowing on the green shaded boughs.

Boys, even at St. Dunstan's, have been known to steal apples, and L. took occasion to inform the rector that were she boarder she should frequently indulge

in that peccadillo. There is an old Scottish superstition which says that you should not leave place by any door save the one by which you entered, for fear of taking away the luck. This superstition, however, has no place in the rector's belief, for despite our having arrived at St. Duustan's by means of the private gate in the railway snow fence, he was firm in his determination that we should leave it by the grand gateway of the main avenue, and further that we should be driven to town in his

carriage.

As we drove under the pale green limes and turned into the broad macad amized malpeque road—that name so suggestive of vivalves to us in oystereating Montreal.—L rallied me up-on my ponderous note book, and upon the way in which I had victimized a very handsome and obliging young clerical professor in spectacles, wh kindly undertaken to answer all my questions and to supply me with infor mation respecting the past, present and future of St. Dunstan's College. She considered this information of infinitely less value than the apples which had been her portion of the day's favor, but nevertheless for the sake of those who care for the history of all brave old Cath-

them to my indulgent friends, the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD. A. M. P.

AN ALLEGORY.

PARSON MC- AND A BAND OF EVANGEL ICALS IN SEARCH OF A PRESBYTERIAN HEAVEN.

Parson Mc— and a band of evangelicals having shuffled off the moral coil, plume their wings of self righteousness and launch forth into ethereal space in search of a Peesbyterian heaven. After a long and painful journey they arrive at heaven's gate. Timidly they knock thereat, being uncertain of having arrived at their destination, and, moreover, being overawed by the great height and massive structure of the frowning battlements. A side wicket opens at which appears the radiant face of the Porter, who smilingly inquires their business. The Parson said ne wished to know if that was the Kingdom of Heaven. The Porter answered in the affirma-

tive.
The Parson next inquired, was the

The Parson next inquired, was the Virgin Mary there?
The Porter answered "Yes." That she was seated on a throne of Glory be side her beloved Son, Jesus, and that the whole court of heaven paid her homage and adoration.
At this the Parson shook his head.
The Parson next addressed the Porter and enquired if such a thing as a cross was kept there and reverenced, as done by the Oatholics in Montreal and elsewhere on the earth?

where on the earth? The Porter told him that the Cross, the sign of man's redemption, was there and was reverenced; that it was erected

Lamb, and that it was solemply carried At this information the Parson dole

At this information the Parson dole-fully shook his head.

Again the Parson addressed himself to the Porter and inquired—"Are there any Catholic Saints here?"

The Porter answered—"Yes, there were Catholic Saints from every nation,

clime and tongue." The Parson gave another doleful shake of the head. Again the Parson inquired-"Are there

any Jesuits here ?" He was again answered in the affirma-

The Parson stood amazed, but soon recovering, in words and manner whic denoted the deepest despair, he asked be Porter if h Kingdom of Heaven?

The Porter answered—Most surely, this is the Kingdom and Heaven of Almighty God, wherein He rewards the faithful of all nations with eternal happi-

The Parson, then turning to his band of Evangelicals, said:—"Surely we have made a mistake in coming here. This cannot be a Presbyterian heaven. Even if we were admitted here it would be a degradation and an insult to us to sit in such company.. Far be it from us to seek admittance to such a place, was re the Virgin Mary is seated upon a throu of glory; where the cross is venerated, and where there are crowds of Catholic saints and Jesuits. Let us turn our in defatigable wing in another direction in search of the Presbyterian god and heaven."

Again, addressing the porter, the parson inquired of him, as he was most likely to know all about the celestial egions, where was the location of the Presbyterian heaven?

The porter sorrowfully admitted that n case he wished to had a place un-blessed by the absence of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Holy Cross, the sign of man's redemption, and the Catholic saints and the Jesuits, he would be ikely to find it by turning to the lef and passing over a great gulf which lay between here and there. Upon this information, the parson

on this information, the parson simple said to his followers, "Let us try again." Turning to the left, the Parson led the way, followed by the band, over the gulf, through chaos and disorder, the blackness of darkness surrounding them, arrive at a massive structure with wide and closed portal, over which was in-scribed the legend: "Protestant, Jew scribed the legend : or Infidel may enter here, but not a

They read the words with delight.
They poldly knock, the wicket opens, a porter appears, and, with sinister smile, demands their business. The parson said they were in search of a Presbyter ian heaven, where there is no Virgin ian heaven, where there is no Virgin Mary, no cross, no Catholic Saints and no Jesuits. The porter told them that there was no Virgin Mary there, no cross, no Catholic Saints, no Jesuits, and if their absence constituted a Presbyter ian heaven, they had come to the right

The party were well pleased, and prayed for admittance. Inmediately the massive door was swung wide open. In a loud voice and with the same sinister mile the porter bids the gentlemen enter. They enter, The door swings back with a reverberating crash. The Evangelical band have found a heaven or sulted by the presence of the Blessed Virgin Nary, the Sign of the Holy Cross the company of the Catholic Saints, and above all by the presence of the hated Jesuits.

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A Hint to Housekeepers.

A Hint to Housekeepers.

Mrs. Robert Williamson, of Glenila,
Parry Sound, Ont., says, "I could not keep
house without Hagyard's Yellow Oil at
hand. I have used it in my family for
croup, sore throat, and a cut foot, and can
highly recommend it to everybody." A Severe Trial.

Frances S. Smith, of Emsdale, Muskoka, writes, "I was troubled with vomiting for two years, and I have vomited as often as five times a day. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cared me."

If your children are troubled with worms care for the history of all brave old Cath-olic institutions, I have woven my notes together, and hope next week to present and mark the improvement in your child.

THE DEVOTION OF CATHOLICS TO

MYSTERY OF THE INCARNATION.

The peculiar devotion of Catholics to Mary springs, as all must see, from our faith in the Incarnation. Granting that mystery, all is right and proper, and consequently the fact that we insist on it bears witness to the world that we beit bears witness to the world that we be-lieve with a firm faith that the mystery is a reality—that Jesus has really come in the flesh, and that by His flesh, or God in the flesh, we are saved. The worship of Mary is one perpetual feetival in honor of that sacred mystery, and the prominent part assigned to Mary in all Catholic worship is only a proof of our faith—that all in Caristian redemption and salvation turns on the mystery of and salvation turns on the mystery of the Word made flesh. The daily pracof God, aside from the special graces is obtains for us, keeps alive in our minds and in our hearts this mystery o mysteries, and our dependence on it for every good in the spiritual order. We cannot think of Mary without thinking of Jesus; we cannot bonor her without honoring Him as her Son; for here the honor of the Mother is from the Son, not the honor the Son from the Mother, We do not honor Mary as separated from her Son, but as His Mother, and for what she is, being His Mother, Her name brings at once to our mind His name, and the mystery of the Incarna-tion—the foundation of all our hope, the

ource of all our life.

We do not connect Mary with the mystery of redemption as efficient cause for the efficient cause is the infinite charity of the ever adorable Trinity. But we do connect her with it as a medial cause, as an instrument, and as an instrument co operating, and therefore as not without a moral share in the work and the glory of our salvation. As long as we worship her we can never forget the Lord that bought us, who has redeemed us with a price—with the price of His own blood; and indifference to her worship is always a sign of a want to love to Him, and of fath in the In-carnation as a reality. None of those who reject her worship understand, or if they do understand, believe the doctrine of salvation through the Cross. Her worship is the best conceivable preservative of the essential Caristian faith; and to neglect it, as we see from the history of Protestantism, is only to fall

The pretence of those who consider that this worship of the saints, and especially of Mary, is idolatry does not move us in the least. So far is it from being idelates, it is a real and sure pro tection against idelatry. Idelatry consists in wershipping that which is not sists in worshipping that which is not God in the place of God, or giving to that which is not God the honor due that which is not God the honor due only to God. We are not commanded to honor, that is, to worship—for according to the true sense of the word, to worship means to honor—none but God. We are commanded to honor the king, magistrates, our parents, and indeed all men. The heathens were idolators, not simply because they had images, and honored them, but because they either worshipped the images as being them selves God, or as symbols of non existing or demoniscal powers—that is, as sym bolizing either what is not, or what is not God. To honor the saints as God, or as gods having a divinity of their own, though inferior to the supreme Divinity, would undoubtedly be idolatry. But we do no such thing. We honor or worship God in His saints, as His work, and therefore the honor we gave them redounds to Him, for they are saints only by His grace. We do not honor Mary as God; we

know she is a creature, and that it is only as a creature we can honor her. The very foundation of the bonor we give her is the fact that she is a creature. We honor her as the Mother of God from whose womb He took His flesh His created nature; and therefore t deny her to be a creature herself would be to deny the very foundation of the honor we render her. The more we honor her, the more, therefore, are we reminded that she is not God, like ourselves, God's creature. We can not call her our Mother, and assert that it is only through the flesh Our Lord took from her womb that we come into took from her womb that we come into brotherhood with Him and are united to Him by a common nature, without dis tinctly asserting her to be a creature like ourselves. To suppose nsr divine, or any other than a true woman of our own race, would overthrow our whole faith in the Mystery of the Incarnation and destroy all hopes of heaven. Truly, then, may we say that to honor Mary as the Mother of God is not only not idola try, but the best possible preservative against idolatry; and as Catholics are the only people who really thus honor her, so are they also the only people in the world who are wholly free from all taint of idolatry .—The Works of Orestes A. Brown-son, Vol VIII.

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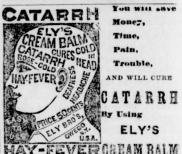
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JANUA

Writter The Con

There they lie, alo In the lowitest and Thither gentle foo There no loving h And the prayer, brave. Never breathes ab

But the birds sing And the grass sign And the little cull Bend their head showers, And the sun shine With its broad, or light.

PROTES

ABLE MISSION WAY MADE Considering t New York Tributestant, the follow testimony again THE F

FACIS FROM SEC

tants must ad Church is hard ago we were le palians, to expe Old Catholic up for a time the justify the hope it. But it never At most it was against the decr t many of t died : others hav to the Church: interest in Euro "Then there

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