traditions, so true to her God, so loyal solve, and executed in a way particuto her Church, so strangely unworldly? And now comes the social side. Mrs. Ryan and her boys go among the congregation as they file out the door, in-sisting on their breakfasting at the farm house—and Irish hospitality flour ishes in right royal style! We steal away, edified and delighted, out into

the bright sunshine. Driving homewards, Aunt Eva reads us a lesson on the scene of the morning, bidding us look to our faith and compare it with all we have seen and heard. - Dorothy Gresham in the Catholic World Maga

# THE BLIND BOY.

A Recollection of a School Boy's Pranks.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON. The father, who had made but a slender living at several things, moved with his family into our village with hope of doing better by keeping the tavern that for several months had been bidding for a tenant.

Among the children was one who, on account of a blindness that came with his birth, they had named Bartimeus. He was aged about sixteen, With several sisters well grown. younger than himself he attended the Although his understanding was hardly on a level with the common, his aptness in recalling words spoken in his hearing was notable. We have all remarked that one among the innumerable items in the merciful ness of the great Creator, through whose provision losses in one or more of the faculties in the being of His creatures are compensated by proportional sensitiveness and activity in the others. In studies requiring exer cise of verbal memory mainly - as spelling, geography, and the like-he stood habitually at the head of his classes. His sister Caroline, second to the one next younger than himself, used to rehearse once at night the lessons for the next forenoon and she or a particular friend, did, at playlike service for those in the

He was naturally very affectionate. especially so toward a few, whom, rather consciously, it seemed to me, he elected to love best. One of those was myself, who was about four or five years younger. I remember that was sometimes embarrassed by a pro nounced partiality which I could not feel that I deserved; yet it prompted my bestowal of such help as was pos In time I became about only one who took Caroline's place in

the coming of his afternoon tasks. Unfortunately-a thing I have no often observed among the blind-he was possessed of an ardent temper, that was capable of sudden excitement into heat, fiery and exasperate, even venge You could tell that from hi glassy, ever-moving white eyes, and the crimson flush overspreading his face on occasions of even slight embar rassment. If he tripped only a little in his responses in class, or a boy or a girl spoke words in his hearing suspected to reflect upon him, his frame

tears were on his cheeks. He deeply regretted this added infirmity, and strove, if he could not subdue, at least to conceal its manifestations. Al though I never knew him to complain of his blindness, yet it was apparent that he longed for more extended companionship; and it was touching when the other boys were engaged in with which, while standing or sitting apart, he listened in silence to the gleeful shoutings with what amount of

trembled with emotion and sometimes

The girls in the school-room were always considerate in demeanor when they came in communion with him. Excepting Caroline, this was as seldom as he could render it; for I believe he felt instinctively the prudence of avoiding a society of the full enjoyment of which he had been created incompet-

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participation was possible to his con-

ent to partake.

The boys, also, were reasonably thoughtful when in his presence-all except one. Thomas Dilly, somewhat above fourteen years, was a boarder, being of a well to do, respectable fam ily in one of the lower countries. Not bad-that is, not very bad-yet he had a proneness for such things as were forbidden, with corresponding aversion for those enjoined. Rather bright in understanding, he could have done well in studies but for the pleasure there was in avoiding campulsory tasks. In school, whenever it was safe, sometimes when not, he giggled at things for the fun there was, in which he would have felt centempt if occurring on the outside. More than any other boy I ever knew he took pleasure in teasing, and its arts he had learned to perfection. Habitu-ally at or near the foot of his classes, vels of St. Paul's conversion and he shuffled out the ignominy by making others note the painful disappointment in those above him who strove in vain for yet higher places. He made many a boy wince, and occasionally a girl blush even to tears, by his ludicrous rehersal of their mistakes and consequent confusion. In spite of all, he was generally liked, as he had an ex cellent humor and a raciness of talk

interesting, often very attractive.

Toward this boy Bartimeus had a feeling that seemed to be mainly, if not only, dread. Tom's frequent rail-leries at the other scholars, female as well as male, and his unsparing ridicule of their mistakes, pained him so that as much as possible he kept him. self away from his society. Tom was one of the first to notice this, and it was not so much from resentment as an insatiate proneness for teasing that he

land! Is there any country in the determined to incite further instead of parish priests who in every sermon, world so faithful to the first Christian conciliating. It was an unlucky reland in every private work and prayer.

larly exasperating.

The voice of Bartimeus had a sort of whine that in him was only pathetic, but adopted by another very ludicrous Many a time Tom had excited laugh ter among the less thoughtful by pre-tending unconscious imitation, but he had never done so in the presence of Bartimeus. Thereafter he did it more frequently, occasionally even in class, to a degree, however, that avoided the master's suspicion, but was invariably detected by the person for whom it was meant, who, as if to keep down some of the pain and resentment, without mention of the reason, avoided Tom more and more.

One day at recess, while I was reading the lesson to him, Tom, who was passing by, whined with the tone of Bartimeus in spelling the word I had just called. Instant with the sound Bartimeus sprang forward, and, seiz by the coat collar, ing the offender dealt with his whole strength a dozen or more blows upon his face. Much playground. Before they could reach the scene Bartimeus seized Tom by the throat and dragged him to big him to eeing that the latter must soon be throttled unto death, I placed my hand upon the frenzied boy's shoulder and

"Bartimeus, do you want to kill Tom Dilly? You will do it if you don't

At the sound of my voice his fingers instantly relaxed their hold. The recollection of that face as he turned to me has often brought to my mind meditation upon the awfulness and terribleness of the wrath of the innocent and the weak. It passed quickly as it came. Leaning his head upon my shoulder, he cried : 'Philemon, is it you? Oh, Phile-

mon! Philemon! it was more than I could bear; but I ought to - I was wrong, wrong! Oh, I wish I were dead

As for Tom, he had to lie in bed for days and days, and even be tended by the doctor. His mother was sent for and as soon as he was able to travel she took him home, and that was the last our school had of Tom Dilly. He left humblest apologies for Bartimeus, who wept when they were brought to him. It seemed a mercy when a year or two afterward, the poor boy, too sensitive to the discordant things in this lower life, was relieved by death, for whose coming he was prepared and thankful. - Catholic Columbian.

## OUR OWN.

"We must take care of our own"meaning, too often, the Catholics ex clusively; also that we must not take care of any one else lest we should neglect the household of the faith.

A second meaning is that we mus take care of our own in such a way as to win others. Let us claim every body Everybody is our own. Whose own are non Catholics if not ours? Do Pro testant ministers so much as claim div ine jurisdiction over souls? Is there any soul in the universal world to whom the Church of Christ has not Whatever soul belongs to een sent? Christ is our own. He died for all : He sends His Holy Spirit into every soul, there to struggle for the mastery over vice and error, and He sends Church to every soul, to assist His Holy Spirit by outward teaching to triumph in that inward and invisible battle.

Some Catholics talk of "our own as if everybody else was the devil's own. Error can acquire no rights. The original and the final ownership of every soul is vested in Jesus Christ, whose Church is His regular agent, His steward, His messenger, His represent ative every way. Let us claim posses sion of our own-every soul within our reach. The man who will not claim his own not yet in possession, is not worthy to keep that part of his own already in possession. Let us care for our own by all means; let us keep what we have got, the precious souls of the Cath olics, and strive for what we have not vet obtained, the no less precious souls of non Catholics.

The natural tendency is to narrow the Church to "our own" personal self, family, race, parish, diocese. "Our own" is that and nothing more, till we rise above self, and above all other abbreviations, to the supernatural and universal Church The right way is our Lord's way there is no Catholicity that is not mis

When the Apostles started from Jer usalem to convert the world they left their own in charge of one of their number. Slowly they came to this, under compulsion of persecution and of St. Stephen's martyrdom, of the vis vels of St. Paul's conversion and preaching, and the incessant stimulant of the Holy Spirit. If they had devoted themselves to their own, gentiles should never have had the faith and love of Christ. So have acted all the great missionaries— Patrick for Ireland, Boniface for Germany, Navier for the Indies. In have Mary extolled from Protestant every such case ordinary human prupulpits. "Surely her life and characdence said, Stay at home and save your own people; but the zeal of Christ said, Leave your own and go away to a foreign country and save My own. There is, therefore, a sense of duty which is routine, and a sense of duty which is inspired. Give place

to both Another view is, that the best way

and in every private work and prayer, set apart something for poor non Cathand this makes their ministry to Catholics more fruitful.

No man knows the truth so well as one who has learned to believe in it and to love it in contrast with errorthis, at any rate, is the usual rule. The tree that has grown tall and stout in the open has a better fibre than one that has grown in the dense forest, because it has every day been tested and toughened by the wind. So the Catholic character which braves the storms of error is hardier and more reliable than one that has never had to fight. This is very painfully shown in the difference between classes of Catholic immigrants. Therefore it is a benefit to a Catholic parish to keep the people busily occupied advancing their truth against their neighbors' errorsin all peacefulness, but with aggressive

zeal No Catholic living among Protestants can claim to be completely Catholic until he has set his mind upon some one to convert; nor is any parish complete till it has its course of lectures

in a parish is a marvellous increase of virtue among the Catholics-faith, hope, and charity. Proud of their faith, they hold up their heads and speak of it openly. Proud of their clergy, they easily bring their non-Proud of their Catholic neighbors to personal acquaintance with them.

All the lectures and all the questions in a non Catholic mission form a com pendium of religious truth. It is the most efficacious way of teaching the people how to be practical Catholics and especially the Question Box at a non-Catholic mission is a school for answering questions-all kinds of ques-

Let us beware of thinking that we are always to have the instinctive and quiescent faith of our old-world genera-No ; we must fight for the faith ion. of "our own," and in doing so we shall conquer many souls of the non-Catho lics around us.

As the love of God requires an occasional jubilee, like a Catholic mission, so does the faith of God require a jubilee like a non Catholic mission—all for "our own," if for nothing else.

The presence of a large number of converts in a parish is always bene ficial. They tend to universalize A variety of classes, tendencies, char acters in the parish is a help. I broadens the activity of the zealous, i stimulates the sluggish, it develops the resources of the priest in preach

ing and in hearing confessions.

If all the people, high and low simple and educated, had an eager missionary spirit, how very much it would improve them! There are very few of the doubts that Protestants have that do not suggest them selves to Catholics betimes.

To the inchote Church, while yet in the country places of Galilee, our Saviour said: "Go ye not into the "Go ye not into the way of the Gentiles, and into the cities of the Samaritans enter ye not. But go ye rather to the ost sheep of the house of Israel." But to the same Apostles at a later day He said: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Going, there fore, teach all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consumma-tion of the world." The universal world is our own.—Rev. Walter Elliot in the Missionary.

### A LITTLE CLOUD OUT OF THE SEA.

It is as gratifying as it is surprising to observe how common expressions of reverence, even of tender admiration, for the Blessed Virgin are becoming among non-Catholics of every shade of belief. Those who are watching the religious signs of the times must regard this marked change in Protest ants with astonishment. Hitherto to speak of the Mother of the world's Redeemer in terms of respect, fearing to dishonor God; and we have seen Protestant catechisms in which our Blessed Mother was referred to in way that is painful to remember Catholics were accused of Mariolatry for their praise of her whom it was prophesied, "All generations shall call me blessed"; for honoring her whom the Almighty honored so exceptionally And to invoke the patronage of her through whose intercession Chris wrought His first miracle at Cana of Galilee was regarded as savoring of idolatry. Now it is different. Catholics are beginning to realize that the homage we pay to the Mother of Our Lord is her due, that our praise of her is fully merited, and that our de votion to her is well grounded. We could fill pages with quotations

from recent sermons and writings by Protestants praising the Blessed Virgin in terms that might be employed by the most fervent of her clients. The Rev. Dr. McLeod, of New York, would ter," he says, "ought to suggest many a tender and instructive discourse." The Rev. Alexander Whyte, D. D., a Presbyterian minister, lecturing in Edinburgh, has set an example to his confreres in this respect. It would be a pleasure to quote him at length, but we must content ourselves with one short extract, which reads like a para-

had that I could safely deny to Mary The divine congruity compels me to believe that all that could be received or attained or exercised by any woman would be granted beforehand, and all but without measure, to her who was so miraculously to bear and so intimately and influentially to nurture and instruct the Holy Child. We must give Mary her promised due. . . . Mary must surely wear the crown as the Mother of all them who believe in her

It is a long call from Scotland to New Hampshire, but our good Shaker friends at East Canterbury have just favored us with a pamphlet entitled "Mary the Mother of Jesus," which affords another illustration of the growing reverence for the Blessed Virgin outside of the Church. The author is a Unitarian, and, of course, does not believe in the divinity of Christ; but he sees the inconsistency of which non-Catholic Christians are guilty. says: "It seems quite plain that Catholics who think of Jesus as God are much more logical in making Mary a divine being and calling on her in prayer than the mass of Protestants, who also call Jesus God but almost entirely ignore His human mother. Among the mass of Protestants she

receives but little notice. I never remember of hearing a sermon about her, or of reading an article about her in a religious paper." "Is it not strange," he says in another place, strange," he says in another place "that she who cradled the world" Christ in her maternal arms should receive so little thought? That she who nursed the Infant Jesus at her pure breast should be almost forgotten by the millions who worship her first

born son ? Strange, indeed; but very strange also that a writer so intelligent and fair minded should accuse Catholics of "making Mary a divine being." would be offended if we were to speak sternly and say: "It is false! Catholic holds that Mary is a divine being. The accusation has been refuted a thousand times. It is unfair to accuse when we can not answer; i is unjust to fasten on us what we deny It is not surprising, however, that a Unitarian should find no better reason for Protestant neglect of the Blessed Virgin than reaction against what h calls the "adoration" of her by the Catholic Church. Being aUnitarian, he holds that the life and actions of Jesu were purely human and natural; most other Protestants, who get their religion from the Bible, will not deny that Jesus Christ was divine. This is the stumbling-block. They can not con sistently deny the divinity of the Redeemer, and yet they do not believe in it as Catholics do-two things very different. If they did believe, they would understand our devotion to the Blessed Virgin. But as Christ came into the world through her, it may be that through her also those who have strayed from Him will return. This i we regard the increasing honor paid to the Blessed Virgin by non-

Catholics as a most consoling sign of the times. It may be that among the many Protestants who now pay honor to Our ady there are few who invoke her in tercession; but it will come - it i Even the Unitarian to whom coming. we have been referring closes his tri bute to Mary, the Mother of Jesus, with these fervent lines of a well-know Cath olic poet:

Hail Mary!" lo, it rings through ages on;
'Hail Mary!" it shall sound till time is done
Hail Mary, Queen of Heaven! let us repeat
And lsy our love and tribute at her feet.

Yes, the new Visitation of Christ's all holy and ever glorious Mother ha begun. Her light is come a darkness is disappearing. is come and the The drought is now past; "a little cloud has come out of the sea." The flowers have sprung up in a land which knew them not-the tokens of love, the harbingers of peace. - Ave Maria.

THE PREACHER IN MEXICO. His Bigotry Made Him Miss Half the Beauties of the Place.

In his latest letter to the Boston Herald Mr. F. R. Guernsey, a non-Catholic correspondent in the city of Mexico, relates the following incident a preacher who visited

One happy week in Queretaro I met a Baptist clergymen, a professor of bells lettres in some Western college. He was a good and upright man and a hater of the 'Scarlet Woman,' as he called the Catholic Church. So, when I invited him, all unsuspectingly, to accompany me to the magnificent churches and see their wealth of ancient pictures and their superb decorations, he refused point blank, alleging the wickedness of the 'Lady in Red.' Nor would that man cross the threshold of a church. missed half of the beauties of the place, and he went away without seeing the bright golden interior of the ancient Church of Santa Rosalia, one of the dreams of a great architect, a splendid edifice worthy of many weeks' study.

"This by way of caution to the New Hampshire college professor to let out his theological belt a few holes when he goes to live in a Mexican town of edly clerical proclivities.

"I have never met a Catholic priest in all Mexico who was not kind in his treatment of a poor heretic like myself. I have dined and supped with priests, together we have smoked frag-rant tobacco of the country, and have even taken a glass of wine in all good humor and good company, as the ing goes. I have found many of them honest men, trying to keep their flocks drilled in the discipline of the Church, friends of the poor, and sometimes they have been human angels, sharing their scanty income with the very

THE GOLDEN KLONDIKE.

Enormous Rush of Gold Seekers Going in

OME SOUND ADVICE FROM ONE WHO HAS MADE THE TRIP, AND KNOWS SOMETHING OF THE HARDSHIPS THE GOLD SEEKERS MUST UNDERGO.

In the rush towards the golden fields of the Klondike, there are thousands who are ill-fitted to stand the strain of hardship and exposure, which are in separable from that trip. Illness, disease and death is almost certain to claim many of the ill-prepared adventurers. The following letter from one who has undergone the hardships of the trip, will prove interesting to thos who intend going into the desolate but Skagway, Dec. 12th, 1897. Dear Sirs-My object in writin

FALLING HAIR Pimply Faces, Baby Blemisher Cured by Curicusa Soap. this letter is to give a word of advice to those who contemplate going to the Yukon gold fields. For ten years have followed the occupation of pros pecting, timber estimating and min ing, and the hardships and privations which one has to undergo are enough to wreck the strongest constitution In the spring of 1897 I was stricken with pleurisy, as the result of exposure. I recovered from this, but it left be hind the seeds of disease which mani fested themselves in the form of heart and kidney troubles. I managed to reach Vancouver, but did not have much hopes of recovering. I was ad vised, however, to give Dr. Williams Pink Pills a trial, and at first purchased but two boxes. Before these were gone I found beyond a their continued use "put me on my feet again," to use a common expre-I then engaged to go to the Yukon country, and only those have made the trip to Dawson City car the hardships that have to be borne in making the trip. Before starting I add ed to my outfit two dozen boxes of Do Williams' Pink Pills, and I can honestly say no part of my outfit proved of such invaluable service to me and I would strongly urge every man who goes in to take a sup with him, as he will find the need of such a tonic and upbuilder of the system on many occasions. in and returned to this place by th Dalton trail, which consists of three hundred and fifty miles of old Indian trail, starting at Pyramids Harbor In going over the trail one has at times to wade through mud more than a foo deep, and ford streams waist deep in cold waters. When I started for the Yukon my weight was only one hundred and forty-nine pounds, and I now weigh one hundred and sixty nine pounds, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink

I am soon starting for another trip to Dawson by the same route. This time, however, the travelling will be on snowshoes, and you may depend upon it Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will again form part of my outfit.

I write this letter for the two fold purpose of letting you know what your medicine has done for me and urging those who go in to take a supply with them. Every man, whether he is sick or well, who undertakes the trip to the Yukon will require some thing to brace him and keep his con stitution sound in that country. may say that my home is at Coppe Cliff, Ont., where my wife now resides Yours very truly, John Piche.

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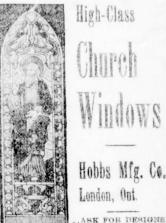
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