ir scourge, would most e to feel through the friends. They therefore a mock trial, to condemn death; and thus, while you, put themselves in lands and wealth, with municated to me by De f. He thought to excuse affair, by proving to me he is to the principles patriot and a man of

They concerted how to

rnt that Lord Mar had e, these enemies of our body of men, disguised as d a messenger into the orm Lord Mar that Sir-ce was waiting to conm on the banks of the ole father, unsuspicious of ied to ovey the summons, mpanied him, and so both mpaned him, and so both here. He was brought a Stirling, where another ed him; he was to see his dister in captivity. After the falsehoods of one at, and rescued from his gal antry of another, I steetion of my aunt, Lady then dwelt at Alloa, o

ed to Ayr by some treach on of the governor Arnuli other lords was thrown Report says, bravest of Report says, bravest of u have given freedom to uncle. The moment Lord erson was secured, his eized; and my aunt and found at Alloa, we were ners to this city. Alas! diant arm to preserve us emies. Lady Ruthven's was slain on the fatal day nd in terror of a like fate her eldest surviving boy

s after our arrival, my dea

ought to Stirling. Though the town, I was not then ny closer durance than the he was passing through then leading to prison was She flew to me in agony dreadful tidings. w no more, till, having the streets, and bursting ry obstacle of crowd and und myself clasped in my paffled the attempts of the rt us; and what became of ot, till I found myself lying attended by many women d by my aunt. When I rementation and to tears, my I was in the apartments of Warden. He, with Cressing gone out to meet the d so basely drawn into their alence himself saw the paternal affection contend-the man who would have ess daughter from his arms erciless man! he separated me, with my aunt, a prisoner

and, containing a few lines her to me, and a letter from s to Lady Ruthven, telling ur goodness to me and to my narrating the cruel manner ey had been ravished from in which you had placed said that, could she find prising you of the danger in and her husband were inwas sure you would fly to e. Whether she has found e. Whether she has found s, I know not; for all combetween us was immediately mpracticable. The messenrought my aunt the packet Southron, who had been won lar's entreaties; but, on his r apartments, he was seized nt of De Valence, and put

t day, a packet was put into

the like compassion on the funhappy Scotland. Valence com elled my aunt packet to him. I was made soner; but captivity could crors for me, did it not divide father; and grief on grief s have I to write it?—they him to die! That fatal y step—mother's was brought and as your adherent, m Wallace, they have sento lose his head.

o death, to intimidate all

knelt to Earl de Valence; ored my father's life at his to no purpose. He tells me to no purpose. He tells me ngham at his side, and Ormstters from Scone, declare it st be made to appa! the dis-Scots; and that, as no lord teemed in Scotland than the r, he must die!

, then, my father's preserver hasten to save him! O, fly, ke of the country he loves; ke of the helpless being den his protection! I shall be es till I hear your trumpet walls; for in you and heaven all the hopes of

"HELEN MAR." dew stood on the limbs of s he closed the letter. It too late. The sentence was the earl: the axe might alrea fallen. He called to Ker, messenger was brought in quired how long he had been a "Only thirty four hours". ng. "Only thirty-four hours," ne youth, adding that he had night and day, for fear the he risings in Annandale, and g of Berwick, should precipiarl's death.

mpany you this instant," cried "Ker, see that the troops get ns." As he spoke, he turned room where he had left the Thirlstane. ' said he, " there is more work Stirling. Lord Aymer de Valagain escaped the death we ad overtaken him; and he is hat citadel. Follow us with your prayers, Sir Richard; and I shall not despair in sending blessed tidings to the banks of the Leeder."

fixed himself in his saddle, and spurred over the Carron.

TO BE CONTINUED.

when that gentle lady was conveniently blind, and then she asked wistfully:

"My mother, I have still remaining purse."

Murray.
"We must spare this good old man,"
the must spare this good old man," returned he, "and have him conducted to his home, before I declare it publicly; but the Earl of Mar is again a prisoner, his hand on his head and blessed him

and in Stirling." Murray speeded the departure of Sir Richard; and, as Wallace held his stirrup, the chief laid The prophet of Ercildown is too ill to bring his benediction himself, but I breathe it over this heroic brow!" Lord Andrew led the horse out of the eastern gate of the town, and, taking leave of the veteran, rejoined Wallace in the midst of his chieftains. He had informed them of the Earl of

Mar's danger; and of the policy, as well as the justice, of rescuing so powerful and patriotic a nobleman. Lord Ruthven needed no arguments to precipitate him to the rescue of his brother and his wife; and the anxieties of Edwin were all awake when he knew that his mother was a prisoner. Lord Andrew smiled proudly, when he returned his cousin's letter to Wallace: "We shall have the rogue on the nail," said he; "my uncle's ave head is not ordained to fall by the stroke of such a coward.'

"So I believe," replied Wallace; and then, turning to Lord Dundaff; "My lord," said he, "I leave you governor of

The veteran warrior grasped Wallace's hand. "To be your representative in this fortrees is the proudest station this war-worn frame has ever filled. My son must be my representative with you in the field." He waved Sir John Graham towards him. The young knight advanced; and Lord Dundaff, placing his son's hands upon his shield, continued Swear that, as this defends the body, will ever strive to cover Scotland from her enemies; and that, from this hour, you will be the faithful friend and follower of William Wallace !"

"I swear," returned Graham, kissing the shield. Wallace pressed his hand:
"I have brothers around me, rather than
what the world calls friends; and, with such valour, such fidelity to aid me, can I be otherwise than a victor?"

Until the men had marched far beyond the chance of rumours reaching Thirlstane, they were not informed of the Earl of Mar's danger. They conceived that their present errand was the re-capture of De Valence. "At the proper moment," said Wallace, "they shall know the whole truth; for as it is a law of equity that what concerns all should be approved by all, and that common dangers should be repelled by united efforts, the people who follow our standards, not as hirelings, but with willing spirits, ought to know our reasons for

requiring their services."
"They who follow you," said Graham,
"have too much confidence in their leader to require reasons for his move-

'It is to place that confidence on a sure foundation, my brave friend," returned Wallace, "that I explain what there is no just reason to conceal. Should ever compel me to strike a ble without previously telling my agents wherefore, I should then draw upon their faith, and expect that confidence in my honor and arms which I now place on their discretion and fidelity.'

Mountains were climbed, plains traversed, rivers forded, and precipices crossed, without one man lingering of his steps, or dropping his head upon his pike to catch a moment's slumber. Those who had fought with Wallace longed to ble their fame under his command; and they who had recently embraced his standard panted with ambition to rival

standard panted with these first-born in arms. Sir Roger Kirkpatrick had been the first to fly to arms, on the march to Stirlod forward to declare that rest should ispensed with till Stirling fell, full of a fierce joy the ardent knight darted over every obstacle to reach his aim. He flew to the van of his troops, and, hailing them forward, "Come on!" cried "and in the blood of Cressingham for ever sink King Edward Scottish crown."

The shouts of the men, who seen to drink in the spirit that blazed from Kirkpatrick's eyes, made the echoes of Lammermuir ring with the voice of liberty; and, leaping every bound, and with prodigious persever-ance dragging their war-machines in their rear, did they pursue their way, till they reached the Carron side. At that moment the foaming steed of Wallace was plunged into the stream to take the ford. Ker snatched the bridle. lord," cried he, " a man on full speed from Douglas Castle has brought

his march from Ayr, Wallace had left Sir Eustace Maxwell governor of that castle, and Monteith as his lieuten-Wallace opened the packet, and

"The patriots in Annandale have beaten by Lord de Warenne; and Sir John Monteith, who volunteered to nead them, is taken prisoner, with twelve hundred men. Earl de Warenne nes to resume his power as Lord Warden of Scotland, and to relieve his deputy, Lord Aymer de Valence, who is recalled to take possession of the Earl-Pembroke. In pursuance of his ed duty. Earl de Warenne is now dom of Pembroke marching rapidly towards the Lothians, in the hope of intercepting you in your progress. Thanks to the information you send us of your movements, for our being enabled to apprise you of this danger. I should have attempted to have checked the Southrons, by annoying their rear, had not De Warenne's numbers rendered such an enterprise on part hopeless. His aim being to e up with you, if you beat him in the van we shall have him in the rear, and he must be surrounded and cut to pieces. Surely the tree you planted in Dumbarbe blasted! Ever my general's and Scotland's true servant,

EUSTACE MAXWELL." "What answer?" inquired Ker. Wallace hastily engraved with his dagwarace hastiy engraved with his dagger's point upon his gauntlet, "Reviresco! My sun is above!" and, desiring it might be given to the messenger hapkins and takara-bune for another, and some fine rice paper napkins and takara-bune for another. She managed to buy a fan for her mother the loss to the medal and looked at it; then dropped it to the cent to the door, covered her face with her hands, and wept. Yonewas terribly frightened. In all her life she had never seen her house in the world, and perfectly reliable.

THE NEW YEAR OFFERING OF O

YONE SAN. HOW A LITTLE JAPANESE MAIDEN DIS-COVERED THE "TRUE WORSHIP."

O Yoné San was very much puzzled. Never in all her little life had she encountered such peculiar circumstances as seemed to enfold, like a pall, the tiny bamboo house. It was nearly time for the New Year feast. On all other feasts which O Yoné San remembered there had been grand preparations made for the eventful day. This year there did not seem to be even the least ripple

"May Kubei take me to the Gion Machi to see the rope-swinging when she goes to buy the New Year's pine ionorable mother?" asked the little

Kubei goes not to buy this year, my child," said the mother gently.
O Yoné San's face fell, but she did not ask why and tease to go. It would never have occurred to her to do so, for, though her mother spoke always so very gently, every one did as she said, even the very old nurse-servant, who ruled Yone with a rod of iron.

"Shall we not place the pine over the doorway and set out the Elysian stand, my mother?" asked the little girl, wistfully.

"Not this year, my child," said the mother.

"But we shall go to the temple to make offering for my honorable father?' queried the child.
"No, Yoné." Her mother's voice was

low and her face was very sad.

It was all too much for the little girl to understand and her eyes filled with tears. Then her mother drew her caressingly to her, and emboldened by

the caress, Yoné said : "Will you tell me why, my honorable

mother? "This much I can tell you, Yoné," said her mother. "These things of our custom we do no longer because such is the will of your honorable father. He went to the emperor. At this we wept, but we were proud. Many battles has he fought and bravely. Then has come to me a letter. He is wounded and he lies in the hospital. There he has heard very wonderful things. He has come to be Christian. He say we must not make feast and worship ancestors, for he find true God to worship. When he come home he will tell me all about true wor home he will tell me all about true wor-ship. Then, Yoné, his soul go to the Great Beyond and I have no one to tell me of the true worship, but I can not make the old, for my lord say no. So

e make no New Year feast.
"One Baptist lady come here, she say it is a great sin to pray for those

"I like not the Baptist lady. She have short hair like some man. She all pinch in around her middle and very nuch humpy 'bove and below,' said Yoné
"I think I like to pray for my honor

able father."

She could be a stubborn little maid

stubborn little maid at times, but her mother's heart was too full of sorrow to notice her, so she bade her run and play, and O Yoné San went to her dolls.

She said no more about the New Year feast, for she knew that would worry her mother, but she thought a great deal. Her little friends were planning joyously for the feast. Lotus Blossom was to go to her grandmother'

Blossom was to go to neer grandmoner's for the New Year.

"It is very grand to go there," she said to Yoné. "We rise at the hour of the tiger and find all ready for the feast.

The best vases are set forth with fresh blossoms in each. The kado-matsu (pine of the doorway) is green and very tall. It reaches to the very top of the door way and the rice straw rope suspended above it is of the finest. At the entrance of the house it hangs, beside the well, before the room of the bath, above the sacred shelf and even to the inner

jewels," said Chrysanthemum. "I won-der what the feast will bring to me. der what the feast will bring to me. Last year I had such lovely toshi-dama: (New Year's gifts:) a fan, a basket of oranges, some hoshi-nori, (dried seaweed,) a doll, some sweetmeats and all so prettily wrapped in red and gold cord (red and gold are the "happy colors" in Japan) for joy."

"Last year my father gave me to drink of sweet saké and to eat of vokan.

drink of sweet saké and to eat of yokan, (bean jelly) prattled little O Cho San,

and one of the girls said:
"What do you this year, Yoné?" But Yoné only shook her head and said nothing. Then the children whis pered among themselves; "It is be ause her father comes not home from he war with the Russian bears that she is sad," but Yoné heard, and haughtily

inswered:
"But we are proud to have my fathe go to his fathers for the emperor," and hen she ran weeping to her mother and

could not be comforted. She grew a little thin and pale as the December days passed and her mother wished she could invent some diversion

for her.
"The child pines," said the mothe to herself. "She misses the old pleas to hersell. "She misses the old pleasures which her little friends enjoy. At any rate she may prepare gifts for her schoolmates. I shall take her to buy." So when O Yoné San returned from the girls' school to which she went each

the girls school to which she went each day, her mother said:
"Come, put, on your best kimono with your best obi. Together we shall go to the shops and buy some toshi-dama for your little friends."

"That I should like very much, honor able mother."

Yoné's face lighted up, and she dresse took her best paper umbrella and trudged along sedately beside her mother to the shops. How gay and fascinating they were! How kind was her honorable mother! She allowed Yoné to take a greet while to choose a

some small coins of my own purs May I please buy some very little incense? Please, my mother, may I not burn just a little for the scul of my hero father?"

But her mother shook her head sadly. "It is not of the true worship of your father's letter, my daughter," she said. Then she turned to speak to the Baptist lady who stood at her gide.

Yoné pouted, She was not at all : rfect little girl, although she was s well brought up by her gentle mother. She was just like any other little maiden of ten years. She liked her She was just like any maiden of ten years. She liked her own way, and she liked least of all to give up anything she had planned to do. Her mother's back was turned. oné gave her a quick glance and aughtily turned back.

"A sen of incense, if you please," she said to the smiling man who waited upon them. She slipped the packet into her ong sleeve in satisfaction and said under the beauty.

er the breath:
'I wish I knew the true worship of

he Christian."

"Do you, dear child?" said a sweet toice at her side. Looking up hastily he saw a foreign lady looking down at ler. It was a strange foreign lady. She was dressed all in black except that a queer white ruff covered her hair and framed in her face. It was a lovely face. very white, with large brown eyes, which had a smile in them, a sad little smile out very sweet.

"Her nose does not poke out from her face like the Baptist lady's" thought

Beside the strange lady stood another one dressed just like her. She was busy buying and did not notice Yoné or that er friend was speaking to her.

her friend was speaking to her.

"What is your name, dear, and what do you want to know about the Christian worship, and why do you want to know at all?" asked the lady of the ruff, for so Yoné had named her to her-

"My name is Yoné, madam, and vish to know because my honorable father become some Christian before he die for the emperor," Yoné answered simply, for she had been taught always o answer questions with the exact truth.
And I wish to know most of all why I

nay not burn incense at the New Year."
"Poor little maid!" the lady's voice "Poor little maid!" the lady's voice was so soft that the words were a caress. "I wish you could come to the school where I teach and you would learn this and much more about the true worship." "Where is the school?" asked You

"It is the new school at Ozabu Kog-itcho 27, the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Many little girls come there to earn English. Perhaps some of your

little friends are there."
"I do not know, madam, but I think
that maybe Maple Leaf, the older sister of O Cho San, goes there, for she learns English at an American school."

"We have a little scholar of that name," said the lady. "I shall ask her to bring you to our Christmas feast, and

erhaps the honorable lady your mother ill allow you to come."
"What is the feast?" asked Yoné.

wonderingly.

"It is a feast of the true worship and ou must come and see," smiled the lady. But, Yoné, tell me why it is that you ish to burn incense at the New Year?" "It is to the spirit of my honorable

ather," she answered, in a low voice,
"And your mother will not allow it?" the lady asked.

"She says we may not, since the letter ame from my father that he had found

the true worship, for the Baptist lady has told her it is not good to keep the New Year feast. We can not plant the sters of remembrance upon his tomb, or we know not where he lies, and I am sad that I may not even burn the in-cense for his spirit. It is the first feast since my father's passing;" the child's eyes were filled with tears. "I do not are so much that we shall not have the oine at the doorway or set forth the Elysian stand with its lobster and chestthe sacred shell and even to the liner court, for you know that wherever it nuts or the mirror dumplings. It does not matter that I can not give a parcel of cash to the tori-oi who chases away jewels," said Chrysanthemum. "I wonburn the incense for his spirit."

"But you can pray for him," said the

"What does that mean?" asked You

just as the other racy, her friend said quickly: her to come to the school with her friend said quickly:

"Try to come to the school with Maple Leaf and I will tell you all about it. Now take this little medal to remember me by, dear child. When you think of your father say to the Lady on the spirit. he medal, 'Our Lady, pray for the spiri of my honorable father,' for this Lady is

of the true worship. Good-by, Yoné.' Yoné grasped the little silver medal eagerly, and smiled good-by to her nev riend, as her mother's voice sounded in

"Come, Yoné we must go now." The Baptist lady had gone, and the ittle girl trudged along by her mother's side, wondering at all she had heard. When they reached home, and, leaving their shoes at the door, knelt upon the matting floor of the dainty living-room to have tea, her mother asked suddenly:

"What is that you have in your hand nv child?' Yoné started. She had been saving over to herself the words of the strange lady: "Our Lady, pray for the spirit of my honorable father

"It is this bit of silver," she said, holding it out. "Where did you get it?"

"The strange lady has given it to me," she answered. "She who talked with me while you spoke with the Bapt "What did she tell you?" There was a strange excitement in her mother's usually quiet tones which surprised

Yoné. "She told me to come to their feast of the true worship," said Yoné. "It is at the American school, my mother, where the sister of O-Cho-san learns the English. This silver is of the true wor

Her mother quickly took the medal

mother weep before, for Japanese women to smile and not to burden

thers with their sorrows.
"My mother!" she cr mother!" she cried. "Do not It is a good silver, I am sure that is. See, the pictured lady is fair as enten-Sama, Goddess of Mercy, and or face is kind!"

But still her mother wept. Then Youé saw that she had dropped the incense from her sleeve upon the floor and she feared that it might be that which had caused her mother to

"Forgive me that I bought the in eense, O my mother," she cried. "I will not burn it. It was only that I did not wish to forget the spirit of my father on is, our first New Year feast without But the strange lady told me that e could say good words for him to the dy on the silver. 'Our Lady, pray the spirit of my honorable father,' taught me, and these words are of

iled at her daughter.

We shall go to see your strange ly," she said. "For I know her words a good. See, Yond, it is hard for me to burn the incense as we have alsys done. My heart has wept not to y the New Year's pine, but it must got the words of your heaven he fetter. p the words of your honorable father, Yoné, in that last letter that he ote me, he said, 'Keep no more the old feasts, for the true worship I have found. I shall bring it you when I come and thus shall we be ever together, for to those of the true worship there come to those of the true worship there comes no parting. Our Lady keep you! and with his last dear letter came a silver such as thine. See! I have worn it ever on my heart," and she pulled from

her kimino a little medal like Yoné's. The child looked at her in silence then she took her mother's hand.
"Let us go to the strange lady and

learn of the true worship which my father knew," she said, and her mother answered: "We shall go."

There was great rejoicing in the Convent of the Sacred Heart over two added to the fold, for Yoné and her mother were speedy converts to the Faith.

"It is so beautiful to pray for my honorable father," said Yoné, "and the

candles and the incense carry my prayers up to the sky." It is so great a happiness to know that I shall again see my beloved." said her mother, "and that I may live in the

true worship in which he died."
When the New Year feast came, You'did not weep for the pine of the doorway, or the Elysian stand, for she heard Mass in the chapel of the Sacred Heart and, with the incense, there floated heavenward her gentle prayer for the spirit of her honorable father.

MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Sir Walter Scott in one of his nove (the Antiquarian) makes some of his characters behold "a beautiful sunse en the east coast of Scotland.'

The English parliament some years ago passed an Irish bank bill, one clause of which provided that the profits shall be equally divided among the stock-holders and the residue go to the gover-

Ireland has not all the bulls. Among the things which Wells and Fargo's ex press will not be responsible for, as carriers, is one in the following words:

"Nor for any loss or damage by fire the acts of God, or of Indians or any other public enemies of the government.

The manager of a Kilkenny theatre (Ireland) on one occasion finding but three persons in attendance said: "Ladies and Gentlemen—As there is

nobody here I'll dismiss you all. The performances of this night will not be performed but will be repeated on to-

The following resolutions were passed sippi, some weeks ago:
1. "Resolved that we build a new

"Resolved that the new jail be built out of materials of the old jail as far as they will go.
3. "Resolved that we use the old

jail for the prisoners until the new jail is finished." Sir Boyle Roche was the chief blun-derer of the Irish Parliament. On one

occasion he jumped up and cried:
"Mr. Speaker, I boldly answer in the ffirmative-No!"

on another occasion he cried:

"Mr. Speaker, if I have any prejudice against the honorable member, (Curran) it is in his favor." It was Sir Boyle who told the Prince of Wales: "If your Highness ever comes within a mile of Castle Roche I hope you will stop there

and pass the night.'



as I am going to give away at least one-hundred-thousand pairs of the Dr. Haux famous Perfect Visio Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearers in the next few weeks—on condition that they shall willingly show them and speak of their high merits to neighbors and friends everywhere.

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Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics

FAMILY PRAYER. "Unfortunately, the habit of family prayer seems to be going out of fashion and we Christians are responsible for it. If you are a Christian father or nother and have no family altar in you home, you are deficient and some day you will be called upon to give account

if your children's souls are lost."

The above quotation is not the utterance of a Catholic, clerical or lay. The words were spoken by a Methodist elergyman, Rev. J. Frank Milman of Pottsville, in a Methodist Church in Scranton, a few weeks ago. If they possess force, when addressed to such an audience, how much the more should they cause Catholics to pause, reflect, act.

True, there are few Catholics, practical, worthy the name, who do not, morning and night, invoke, in some manner, God's blessing on their waking efforts, their sleeping helplessness, but it will not be deailed for it can rest that it will not be denied, for it can not, that the custom of our fathers and grand-fathers, simple immigrants though they were, of having nightly family prayers in the home is tast growing obsolete. With the loss of the practice must also be bemoaned the loss of the attendant

graces. There are many causes; the greater liberty given to the youth of the present day. Our God-fearing ancestors prized the Faith first. We are more prone to take chances, a very foolish procedure, but as against which few may be reckoned in the category of wisdom. The numerous societies. Catholic, with their varied features of amuse-ment, recreation, entertainment, harmess in themselves but with a tendency to take youth from the family circle

Similar causes frequently producing similar causes frequently producing similar effects in the cases of parents.

To deny the efficacy of family prayer is as futile as to deny that God came on is as there as to deny that God came on earth, for God has said that where two or three are gathered together in His name He is in their midst. A sufficient incentive for the re-establishment of this time-honored Catholic custom. St. Alphonsus has written that the devout recitation of the rosary, daily, is accompanied by such graces as to preclude the possibility of mortal sin. The person continues to remain free from mortal sin may surely be classed as happy. St. Alphonsus Liguori is good authority. Happiness is within the reach of all Catholics.—Catholic Sun.

JESUITS AMONG THE LADIES

A few years ago the Rev. W. O'Brier ardow, S. J., of New York, said:
"I do not like the word medieval as used by Ruskin. There is a sort of slur on being medieval. And to illustrate that I will give you an experience of mine. I had the very great honor to be invited to address a club of Unitarian ladies. I rather shivered at the invitation to address these ladies, but I survived, and I am here to tell the tale. There were not more than forty of them, and when I asked the manager what was to be my subject I was amazed then sh said: 'Your subject is to be, Why Are Youla Catholic.' I said, 'What a change has come over the people when they invite a live Jesuit into an Unitarian parlor and ask him to explain why he is a Catholic!' It was a plain sign of the times and I was greatly encouraged: But here is the point I want to make That, whereas, the manager told me my subject was to be Why Are You a Catholic, when I entered one lady asked me if I had seen the program. I said I had not, and she brought it to me and the title of my address on the program was 'Medievalism,' but I declined to speak on that subject and spoke on the topic originally given to me. I spoke for an hour and afterwards answered questions for three quarters of an hour longer.

One lady said to me: "If I was convinced that I had an immortal soul I

would accept a good deal of what you say." "Madame," I said, "this is really beginning at the foundation."

"We know," the lady said, "an immor tal soul is quite hard to get hold of."

Another lady said: "Well, if I could be convinced of a personal God I would accept a good deal of what you say. And another said: Well, now the Cath olic Church is very consoling. I believe that fully. If I only could believe, would accept all you teach." It made ne sad and I came away a wiser man and I considered the advantages that we Catholics have, that the children in our

schools are innocent of almost all the objections of these refined educated ladies. PRAYING IN CHURCH.

Why did Pope Leo X. of blessed memory order prayers to be recited by the priest after each low Mass? These prayers were to be recited in the vernacular, the language used by the congregation, and the form prescribed a response by the people. The priest performs his duty in this respect. What about the people? The latter fail in theirs. Why? Timidity? Shyness? Diffidence?

Diffidence? Even the women, Godfear-ing, devoted and loyal, fail here. Indulgences are attached to the recital of these prayers, intended to be public, not private, intended to be re-

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cited aloud. Not in a tone intended to

cited aloud. Not in a tone intended to be annoying, but in the same tone that one would use in reciting the same prayers publicly in one's home.

Many, to whom this latter practice is common in their homes, fail, when it comes to the same practice in church. This should not be. These prayers are practically a public profession of one's faith, to perform which properly, should be well worth one's while. To fail in this respect, is like doing that which our Saviour says He will return in kind, before His Father Who is in heaven. To be practical is to be firm. To be firm is to be fearless. To be fearless is to discharge in a satisfactory manner every duty in a satisfactory manner every duty that the Church imposes.—Catholic

AS TO BIBLES.

While millions of Bibles are being ent out to Persia and China, where the utilitarian heathen make papier mache ornaments out of their laminated leaves, the needs of the home population in Scriptural literature seem to be curi-ously overlooked. An accident that had occurred to Senator Beveridge a few days ago revealed how sadly some parts of the Bible Society's own country are neglected. He was traveling in Montana, and his Bible was in his luggage, but the luggage and the owner got separated somehow, and it became necessary to find another copy of the Bible, and the search was begun. The

Tribune says:
"Ike Harpster, the conductor, went through the train and endeavored to find a Bible. There was none to be found. Then the train reached Big Bend. Harpster asked the agent there if he had a Bible. The reply was emphatically in the negative. The train went on to Gold Creek. At this station the agent said there had been a woman who had a Bible, but her husband had been transferred, and she had gone a few days before, taking the Bible with her. So there was nothing doing at Gold Creek. Haskell was next. Harpster swung off the train and walked confidently up to the young man who man-

ipulates the key there.
"Have you a Bible?"
"Wot's a Bible?" was the answer, and

the conductor fled.

After sundry other stations had been apped without results, one bearing the startling name of Hell Gate was struck, and there, wonderful to say, a Bible was found and the Senator's mighty thought was rounded out. He may shortly have something to say about the foreign missionary field.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times

Controversy.

The Living Church (Episcopalian) recently declared that "the Roman press" in America and England "constitutes perhaps the chief bar to friendly relaions' between Anglicans and Roman Catholies; and that "those not in a position to see the Roman Catholic paper can have little idea of the vioently polemical matter printed therein. To this charge the Lamp, an Episcopalian periodical, replies that it has pronan periodical, replies that it has pro-bably on its list of exchanges a larger number of Roman Catholic weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies than any other Anglican periodical; "therefore," says the Lamp, "we think we are in a position to judge of the relative charity or want of charity toward each other of the Anglican and Roman press, and we do not hesitate to say, and to say it emphatically that the burden of offense in this regard is on our side view of the carping, snarling tone so generally employed by the Anglican church press in reference to Rome, we are frequently filled with admiring wonder at the fore bearing and truly charitable spirit displayed towards ourselves by so many of the Roman Catholic exchanges that come constantly to our desk."—Sacred Heart Review.

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—when she is dead. The most moderate share of a mother's love, with all the admixture of motherly selfishness is gigan-tic as compared with all filial love.—Bis-

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