

KODAK IN THE VATICAN.

Experiences of a Protestant Who Carried One Under His Coat-tails - Leo XIII. and the Consistory - Charles H. Adams in "Godey's Magazine" Describes an Interesting Visit to the Home of the Pontiffs.

Having a great desire to see the Holy Father during my visit to Rome, I provided myself before leaving America with influential letters, and on reaching the Eternal City presented my credentials to Monsignor O'Connell, the rector of the American College at Rome. He received me in the most courteous manner, saying that he would render me any assistance in his power. He said the Pope was now so aged and infirm that he gave but few private audiences, which were always given on Thursday. "But," said he, "he is about to hold a consistory, when two new Cardinals will be created, and if you desire to see the pomp and splendor of the Papal Court, you would be well repaid to make your engagements in such a manner as to be here on the 4th of June. Should you be able to do so, I will secure a ticket for your admission." After consultation with our American Minister, ex-Governor Porter, and our Vice-Consul General, Mr. Wood, I concluded to accept Monsignor O'Connell's invitation and so advised him at my next visit. He said: "Take your kodak with you under your coat-tails and you may get some good pictures; but remember you will not be admitted unless you wear a dress suit."

I said: "How can I conceal a kodak under the tail of a dress suit?" He replied: "You Americans are equal to any emergency and you must brave it through. You must also remember," said he, "that should you escort a lady, she will be obliged to wear a black gown with a black head-dress and that a lady wearing a bonnet will not be admitted."

Therefore I returned to Rome in season for the appointed time, and on 8 o'clock in the morning found my carriage at the great bronze gates, which were not to be opened until 9 o'clock. Here, while waiting in the already assembled crowd, let us take a peep at the Vatican, the home of the Popes for over fifteen hundred years.

This episcopium or residence was an insignificant affair as built by Pope Liberius A. D. 352 on the Vatican Hill, close to the mammoth St. Peter's Cathedral. The Vatican increased in splendor as the power of the Church increased, so that in the time of Leo III., 800, it had become sufficiently magnificent to entertain Charlemagne within its walls. He was crowned here after the overthrow of the Lombardian war. Nicholas V. determined to make it the most splendid within the world and to establish within it the Sacred College of Cardinals. Successive Popes added the many beautiful wings and chapels, and Sixtus IV. erected the Sistine Chapel and had it painted by Michael Angelo, Perugino, Rosselli and Signorelli. Sixtus V. built the splendid palace in which the present Pope, Leo XIII., resides.

The Vatican is rather a collection of buildings than one structure, though all are united in one. It is nearly twelve hundred feet in length and nearly eight hundred feet in breadth. It has eight grand staircases, two hundred smaller ones, twenty courts and nearly eleven thousand halls, chapels, salons and private rooms. By far the greater number of these are occupied by collections and show rooms, a comparatively small number of the buildings being set apart for the Papal Court. Notwithstanding all this, the Vatican viewed from the outside is nothing more like a gigantic factory than what the interior shows it to be, the most magnificent palace in the world. It was plundered by the French under Napoleon I. to enrich the Louvre, and owing to the firmness of the English Government in enforcing restitution of the spoils and the generosity of the English nation in subscribing about \$150,000 to defray the expenses of the removal, the Vatican received back its priceless treasures.

The bronze gates finally opened for the impatient crowd, and the Pope's Swiss Guards, with their peculiar costumes in red, yellow and black stripes, designed by Michael Angelo, scanned those who entered to see if they were properly clad. We ascended the Scala Regia, the royal marble staircase, long and broad, constructed by Bernini, and at the top were ushered into the Consistory Chapel, which is in the private apartments of the Holy Father, where the Cardinals were to receive their "red hats." It had been the custom to perform this ceremony in the Sistine Chapel, but of late the Pope does not even enter this chapel.

Speaking of the Sistine Chapel and the wonderful frescoing there, which is one of the chief objects of interest to all tourists, the great attraction is the "Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo, to which, of course, must be added the paintings on the roof. Michael Angelo was sixty years old when he designed this work, at the request of Clement VII., and it took him nearly eight years to accomplish it. Paul VI. was not pleased with the scanty clothing of some of the figures and expressed as much to Michael Angelo, through Messer Biagio, Cesana, the master of ceremonies, who first suggested the idea to His Holiness.

"Toll the Pope," said the painter, "to attend more to the reformation of men and to trouble himself less about pictures" and for his punishment Messer Biagio had his portrait painted, with donkey's ears, among the lost. This

was too much, so he complained to the Pope.

"Where has he placed you?" asked the Pontiff. "In hell," replied the master of ceremonies. "Then," said the witty Pope, "I can do nothing. Had he placed you in purgatory I could have taken you out of it, but I have no jurisdiction over hell. Then the portrait remains there to this day."

The ceremonies at this consistory were supposed to take place at 10 o'clock, so that I had plenty of time to look about me—naturally with curious eyes. The room was of moderate size and not very light, owing partially to being heavily frescoed. There were compartments, with seats enclosed, on the floor, on three sides of the room, for ladies to occupy, with the throne for His Holiness at the other end of the room. Over one of the apartments was a balcony for the Diplomatic Corps. It was a novel sight to witness the entrance of the representatives of the various countries habilitated in their gorgeous apparel of velvet, laces and bright colors and bedecked with rare jewels and orders, which had been conferred upon them by their own and other Governments. The ringing of a huge gong would announce the entrance into the chapel of each dignitary, accompanied by an elegantly dressed lady. Two Papal attendants clad in purple robes preceded them to the balcony stairs, and how we watched them all until they made their appearance above in the balcony and had greeted each other. Some of the ladies were very handsome, and one in particular, a Spanish grandee, was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen.

As there were no seats in the body of the room the gentlemen were all obliged to stand and rest themselves, first on one foot and then on the other, for over two hours, as the Holy Father did not come at the appointed time. The room was now filled with several hundred selected invited guests and there was scarcely room for the Palatine Guards and the Swiss Guards to form a line for the entrance of the procession.

As Monsignor O'Connell had told me to take my kodak and hide it under my coat-tails, I vainly attempted to so conceal it, but was prevented by the Palatine Guards from using it, although it was too dark to obtain good results. An officer finally came to me and told me I must surrender my kodak unless I had a permit from the Maggior-domo. I understood this to mean a permission from the major-domo and learned that he was in the Cortile di St. Damaso, or Court of St. Damascus. I found there a venerable priest and endeavored to get the necessary permission, but was refused, and I then made up my mind to do as Monsignor O'Connell advised, to "brave it through," and returned to the Consistory Chapel, kodak in hand. The soldiers again besieged me and I had no peace until, in my extremity, I addressed a lady seated in one of the compartments by me and found, to my relief, she was an American, who agreed to take care of my camera and secrete it under her skirts until I should call for it.

At last the Guards formed a double line and we saw the head of the procession coming through the Sala Ducale, a hall now used for the passage of the Royal Pontiff. The unorch choir from St. Peter's led the way; the singing was of the finest description. Following the choir was a throng of prelates, secret or private chamberlains of the Pope, heads of religious orders, consistorial advocates, Cardinals in violet robes, followed by Pope Leo XIII., seated in his chair of state, carried on the shoulders of sixteen priests, all richly dressed and bending heavily under their burden. Two priests followed, each carrying a magnificent fan of ostrich plumes, held upright in the air on long handles, the fans containing beneath the plumes the crest of the Holy Father. The Pope was clad in gorgeous pontifical robes and wore his jeweled triple-crown tiara upon his head.

He looked small, emaciated and feeble, and well he may, for he is now eighty-four years old, and as he has never left the Vatican since he ascended the Papal throne, in 1878, the only exercise which he obtains is that within its walls and gardens. The feebleness and extreme age of Leo XIII. recall the fact that of the nearly three hundred Popes who have lived in Rome the most of them have found their graves there, and of the entire number over one hundred and fifty Popes are buried in St. Peter's in Rome.

The name of Pope Leo XIII. in the Roman Catholic Church will live in history. It will figure as the peer of his great namesake, Leo I., and the Gregories and the Innocents. He is in touch with his people, who revere him for his personal virtues. He is fully bright and shining light in the Roman Catholic Church for over half a century. He has lived to see the episcopate of his Church in America increase from fifteen to eighty-five Bishops, the clergy to grow from five hundred to nine thousand, and Roman Catholic laity to expand from one and a half million to nine millions of communicants.

One day while visiting St. Paul's, outside the walls, where St. Paul is buried, I noticed high up in the central nave a medallion mosaic picture of every Pope who has ever lived in

Rome from St. Peter down, and there were about a dozen blank spaces for the portraits of those to come. Pope Innocent IV. in 1249 bestowed on Cardinals at the Council of Lyons the scarlet hat as the insignia of their office. Gradually the symbols of rank became what they are now.

Paul II., who loved pomp and state and magnificence around him, amplified the dress and desired that the scarlet robe should be long enough not only to envelop themselves, but also their mules and horses when they rode, so that when I saw a priest behind each Cardinal at this consistory bearing his train, it at once brought to mind the origin of this custom.

One of the new Cardinals was from Lisbon and was one of the most magnificent specimens of manhood that I have ever seen. He was about forty years of age, over six feet tall, of fine physique, regular features, a pale Portuguese countenance and hair as black as a raven's wing. His dignity of demeanor compared with the gravity of the occasion, and as he walked side by side with his smaller brother Cardinal-elect, he was the observed of all observers. A number of the Cardinals were quite aged, one particularly so, and so feeble in his gait that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could keep his place in the procession, and he had to be supported by two priests throughout. Cardinal Bonaparte, a nephew of the great Emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte, was also in the procession, and I noticed the strong family likeness as he passed by; but his days of usefulness are ended. He is mentally not much more than a wreck, and but little attention is given by him to his duties; his brother Cardinals and Leo XIII. look upon him as one who has fulfilled his mission and who will never be of any further use to the Church. This part of the procession attracted more attention naturally than any other, excepting Leo himself, as from this body of men must be selected the next Pope, and about them must necessarily cluster much interest not only in the Catholic, but in the Protestant world.

The Pope usually wears Peter's ring, or the Fisherman's ring, which is worn by every successive Pontiff, with his name engraved within it. It is called "Annulus Piscatoris." As the Holy Father was carried through the room on the shoulders of the sixteen priests he bestowed his blessing upon us by frequently raising and lowering his right arm, with the two forefingers extended. As he was borne slowly along I noticed the flash of diamonds in the ring on his right hand, and so stated to my friends on leaving the Vatican. This was disputed; I was told that the Popes were not allowed to wear diamonds. I insisted that if he had not on a diamond ring my eyes would not have deceived me, and I wrote to Monsignor O'Connell, who replied that I was correct. He said that while the Pope's ring contained sapphires, in this case he wore a ring containing a huge diamond set about with small ones. This ring was a gift from the Sultan of Turkey to His Holiness in January, 1888, on the occasion of the Pope having completed twenty-five years of his bishopric. The ring is valued at fifty thousand liars \$10,000 and is filled by His Holiness to the Church.

To return to our subject, as the Pope waved his hand in the attitude of blessing, all good Catholics bowed the head, and as he passed and blessed the members of the Diplomatic Corps in their elevated gallery, they laid their heads devoutly upon the rail before him. After fine singing by the choir and elaborate ceremonies performed with great pomp by His Holiness, he placed a sapphire ring on the forefinger of each new Cardinal, thus marrying them to the Church.

After this the Pope retired, being borne away by sixteen priests, blessing us as he departed, and the procession followed on through the Sala Ducale, the Cardinals' hats being carried on a pillow by one of the Priests.

All the Cardinals then returned and walked in procession through the Sala Regia, or Royal Hall, to the Sistine Chapel, where the Te Deum was sung by the choir; prayers followed and the new Cardinals remained prostrate before the altar, the others kneeling around. At the close of the services the Cardinals were congratulated and embraced their new colleagues.

While the Cardinals were going through their prayers in the Sistine Chapel, as there was good light there, I was very desirous of taking some pictures, and seeing a good opportunity, I snapped my camera several times. The noise attracted the attention of some of the soldiers of the Swiss Guard, and I thought for a moment I should certainly lose my kodak, but by mumbling to them, which they naturally did not understand, I got away and stood behind a screen in one corner of the chapel awaiting another opportunity. At length the opportunity came and the soldiers again made a rush for me, and I assured them that I would take no more without permission. The pleasant-looking officer who had at first told me I must get a permit from the major-domo, standing near me, I held up one of my fingers to him and said in the most bewitching manner possible: "Let me take one picture; just one," and he smiled and said something in Italian, which I understood to mean: "Go ahead; I am not looking at you," and turned his back on me. No sooner said than done, and I got my first picture in peace and quietness, but the click of my instrument brought the

soldiers again, and as the assemblage was leaving, I followed them rapidly down the royal staircase, and not being held in awe any longer by the dreaded guard, "I pressed the button" a number of times on my way down the stairs and through the long hall to the bronze gates, securing several fine views of the departing guests.

FATHER DUCY ON SUICIDES.

A Letter in Reply to the Sentiments of Col. Ingersoll.

New York, Aug. 11.—Father Ducy contributes the following in reply to the latter of Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll on suicide:

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has asked: "Is suicide a sin?" I do not know how Col. Ingersoll can put such a question. He does not believe in sin, for he ignores and denies the existence of the supernatural; and sin is defined as a crime against the law of God.

Many people are very severe against Col. Ingersoll. They seem to be unwilling to recognize that he has any good qualities for the reason that he is a professed agnostic and atheist. I am willing to admit that Col. Ingersoll is a first class know-nothing when he deals with anything supernatural, but I am unwilling to recognize Col. Ingersoll as a know-nothing when his sympathies are called upon in the interest of suffering humanity. I know that Col. Ingersoll is a man of large sympathies and that he is most kindly disposed to relieve generously the afflicted whose suffering is brought to his notice. I know this, not from hearsay, but from numerous cases where I have been called, and to the relief of which cases Col. Ingersoll had contributed with his mind, his heart and most generously from his pocket.

The knowledge of his conduct broke down my prejudice against the man. When I reflected on the goodness of his conduct I could not help giving to him my recognition and sympathy, but I give to him my unqualified condemnation when he attempts the part of the destroying angel against the virtues of faith, hope and charity.

Col. Ingersoll regards life from a natural point of view. He says he does not take God's heavens and hells into account. His horizon is the known, and his estimate of life is based upon what he knows of the life here—in this world. He says that people should not suffer for the sake of the supernatural beings or for other worlds or the hopes and fears of some future state, and that our joys and sufferings and our duties are here. It seems to me that Col. Ingersoll's great fault is that he is a destroyer and not a constructor. He robs poor humanity of the only hope that gives it comfort and makes its afflicted existence endurable, and having robbed it of the bread of hope he reaches out to it the stone of despair.

Another bad point about the colonel's propagandism of destruction is that he always gives his interesting lectures for a large financial return. Perhaps for the good colonel spends this \$1,000, \$2,000 or \$3,000 a night that he is said to receive for the benefit of the poor and despairing, and not for the comfort and luxury of those who are near and dear to him. The religion against which he fights is not without its compassion and devotion to humanity, and the suicide which he justifies is condemned by that religion which holds out to humanity, hope and encouragement.

In the condemnation which the Holy Father, Leo XIII., in his encyclical on labor, passes on the trusts and monopolies of the day, which have driven honest labor to the verge of despair and suicide, Leo XIII. says: "The elements of conflict to-day are unmistakable. The growth of industry and the surprising discoveries of science: the changed relations of masters and workmen; the enormous fortunes of individuals and the poverty of the masses and the general moral deterioration, cause great fear to every honest and thoughtful man. The momentous seriousness of the present state of things fills every mind with painful apprehensions. All agree, and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor." The concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself."

If Col. Ingersoll and others whose chief aim seems to be to pull down that reverence and religion which seek fearlessly to teach all men the obligations of justice would spend the talent and time they devote to the proper adjustment and construction of society upon equitable basis, there would, in my judgment, be few temptations to suicide, and only the insane and morally irresponsible would flee from "the ills they have and fly to others they know not of." If the Colonel would preach this doctrine of justice and adjustment to the railroad wreckers and trust corruptors, who seek through the evil use of money to increase their capital for luxurious indulgence and to create a society of despair among the honest and struggling brain and brawn workers of humanity, I think he would be doing a nobler work for his fellow-man than contributing his luminous brain as a capitalistic trust to rob his fellows of the hope of a higher and happier realization than they find here below.

If death means oblivion Colonel Ingersoll is right. Col. Ingersoll's policy would make men cowards. A man

might abandon wife, children and the obligations of justice to his fellow-men simply because he felt the pangs of disappointment and suffering, and, freeing himself from his portion of the burden, leaves an addition burden to others.

As to the outcast who has abused every faculty of head and heart, I cannot agree with the colonel that he has a right to take his life. I cannot agree with the colonel for I view natural and supernatural obligations, and the colonel has no regard for this view of the case.

Such a creature has, in my judgment, ceased to be a moral agent, and I might say of him what I have heard of a Yankee saying in a court of justice when asked by the presiding judge, "What do you think of this man's moral character?" "Wal, yer honor, I don't know nawthin' about his moral character, but his immoral is first-class." This picture of the colonel strikes me in the same way.

The Colonel's classic historical examples are prescribed in very bad chemicals. I don't think his camera was in very good order when he focused the pictures. I do not think that the cases of Seneca, Brutus or Antony help his argument. The historical reasons given for their self-destruction convey no devotion of heroic example, and I think the colonel has been most unhappy in presenting these creatures as heroes. In naming Antony he left out Cleopatra. I presume he was afraid to insult the memory of the classic Cato by grouping him with two such immoral associates. THOMAS A. DUCY.

Testimony of the Sects.

The quarterly statement of the Protestant missionaries in Batavia, in the East Indies, bears the following testimony in favor of their Catholic brethren.

"It can not be denied that Rome is making alarming progress in India. Knitted together like a Macedonian phalanx, the Catholics are pushing forward and gaining victory upon victory. As a Church, the Roman Church makes a favorable impression; she at least offers the spectacle of a Church that is really one. She has only one confession of faith; her priests and her followers do not openly contradict one another; what one professes as an article of faith another does not deny. In her organization she is far ahead of us. The superior of our ecclesiastical establishment is appointed by the Government and is usually some State official.

At the head of the Roman missions is a Bishop, who is named by the Head of the Catholic Church and is recognized by the Government. This Bishop is generally one that has grown gray in the country, in the mission; he possesses a real authority, and he commands as one having such authority. The selfishness of the priests of Rome is truly admirable. We see them fraternally dividing the salaries allowed them by the Government. The missions have schools in all the cities; their institutions are splendid in more than one respect; everybody prizes them, and many a Protestant does not hesitate to have his children receive their education in a convent. The nuns train the girls entrusted to them with rare tact, and one seldom meets a pupil of theirs that does not speak of the Sisters with great affection. The zeal with which the Roman priests visit hospitals and prisons deserves all praise. The poor unanimously express appreciation of their cordiality and self-sacrificing spirit. Hence comes also the favorable opinion of the public and the Government. These priests everywhere show themselves to be men full of courage and conviction.

Such testimony is creditable alike to those who give it and to those in whose behalf it is given. But why should the progress of the Church in India "alarm" Protestant missionaries?—Ave Maria.

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FIVE-MINUTE S

Sixteenth Sunday after

BEHAVIOR IN PARADISE And He spoke in a calm and invited, marking how seats at the table. Gospel of Our Blessed Saviour

Gospel teaches us a order and practical can be applied in many make the application ing to our conduct will consider the Holy Mass the great feast invited, the church th and the pews the plac the guests. There is nothing mo the pleasure and purp blage than the good arrangement of every with it, and we oft participated as being because everything wa and arranged. Now, with double force to th of religion. Catholic the public services of everything is well arranged, and there tract them or jar up every service there Presence, and when reigns it soon make communes sweetly, an spirit and in truth."

But in order to se condition of things in essential to recollect each one must know occupy it without del and in our present arrangements each v posed to have his or assigned, and the re church has become a devotion as well as a church finance.

Hence, to secure a in the church is a d well as something e and we find that tr almost invariably try their parish church humble. Indeed, Ca do this are not ap in the practice of th there can be no dou of duty in the case. the support of relig positive law of the C Mass on Sunday, a revenue for the sup comes from the pew therefore, that every possibly afford it sho in church; good or well as duty and a poor business to be pping other people's things, perhaps, of them. Few holders and they must be p Nevertheless, to see harmony at the ser pew-holders must be waive their rights a and others to occup in their pews. The politeness and comr ity demand. To re in church to a str gone to seed, and t who would be gullible.

But while all who have their regular there will, no doub considerable num poverty or pervers holders at large, a Catholic Church is poor. This is a pride. No one c attend the service Church. God is always welcome temples, and none single service of r are too poor to h is free to them, a vacant seats for th not only wish occupy the vacant but we insist on th for the good orde services require t all should be seat dition we imposi tion: "Do not s place" or in the if you are told to not refuse. G doors is more obj thing else, for t that interferes so order and repea Let me arrange the words of th up higher," and the doors.

Nothing is greater tute the great nam of an idle tongue.— A B Says the Pitts publican took a in all humility, penitence, and nercy, since he young men of th rear of the chu their late entran observed out du leave before the vice, are not im nor do they get justified."

No appetite? force food thou scientific mean the stomach. Ayer's Sarsaparilla ingly short tim come again, an