elevating, and fruitful both to contem

Even if they glitter for a moment with false splendor they vanish from

the memory because they have been barron. Uttering these truest words,

was the great German looking down

with prophet eyes at that nation whose paganism flaunting itself in our own

day in art, in literature, in education,

cepting for a lasting glory that which is but a passing glow? True, while

Frace has been erasing the name of

God from her school-books, her mater-

ial prosperity has in no whit dimin-ished. While a large majority of her

painters and sculptors have been care-

fully eliminating all spiritual motives

to be dissected, their writings form

most finished productions.

young French manhood.

large percentage of modern literature's

Yet it requires no extraordinary

elements of lasting greatness are lack-

their revelation of a social degrada-tion, a moral turpitude almost incom-

prehensible of belief, were but the log-ical outcome of the disbelief than has

eaten its way into the very heart of young French manhood. Even the

eaders of French free throught can

themselves see its ruinous tendency. M. Renan, most emancipated of thinkers, could attribute the dreadful

vanity, the vulgar cynicism which sneers at all faith and virtue, the total

lack of the charity which makes nations strong." The faults of the

There is no real greatness, then, per-

sonal or national, without belief in God.

Remove the sense of individual reli-ance on, individual responsibility to, a

ence. But our belief must be a prac-

tical one, filled with that love which is

the antithesis of pagan selfishness, else

it were better to make no profession of belief at all. "Thou believest in God,

thou doest well: the demons also

our charity towards our neighbor, by

our devotion to truth, by our pity for weakness, by a kindness which

Father's kindness. So that when we

It is neticeable that there is com-

tive" nuns; for which there are tw

principal reasons. Protestants have learned that any nun who wishes to

"escape" need not get over the garden wall, but has merely to pack

their own. There are Episcopalian

Sisters-one order cloistered-and also

Methodist Sisters—otherwise, deacon esses—and some months ago the Pres

byterians were discussing the advis ability of forming orders of this charac-

ter. They will come in time Under

the circumstances, therefore, it will

not do to any longer assail the Catho

lic Sisters.

The "escaped" nun, in vulgar

have been barren.

ished.

IL 21, 1894.

years of age, I must ough to meddle with hy not devote my mainder of my life the rightful King. w weeks more and I t make my escape ign an attack of my ut, and shut myself prisoner in my own s sooner than thus is Dutchman's rule.

of his meditations by William rising and graciously vouchords to himself and with some three or to stood around. On * Mary had dined alone ment, on account of

sposition. as about to retire, a sudden thought, he onet, saying: liece living with you arles, she is betrothed, to Sir Reginald St.

warmly interested. u have already been ant her an audience See that you do not her to the queen." r no reply, William ed by two or three of e of his Dutch friends as his favorite gentle

nsconsced in his own e king now recline a luxurious, richly overed with crimson

ding.

ates were no longe ith his Dutch friends Englishman, Harding, t last relax and deem scard the restraints of affing off his favorite gin, which the English n his presence would passed what were, no antest hours of the day. casion it was with one n that William had to ng the favorite to his ountenance wearing a ile, William exclaimed

Harding, what have about the vagaries of ? Speak out at once, d not be surprised to retch has come to evil self in the lion's den, if on was correct, that had him in his power, e fool, why did he take ay the spy, it he was so it he could not act his

his hands together :

Majesty, I beg you to pplied Harding, "his ave saved him well ruel mishap prevented ng his royal master as wished. I will bring esence a little later; he ng in one of my apart-eral hours, in order to esty's pardon for the in which he executed it, indeed, he has undernest treatment, and nar with his life."

and had he lost it," was ad reply, "if he could k better. Make no exme the contents of the l hear have fallen into

nt Harding hesitated as to excite the wrath of he keen eyes of the king eadily upon him as he other glass of Holland. midated, Harding anslly from fear lest Benson, ed by the king, should

ur Maiesty's forgiveness e amiss, but out of pure ny friend, St. John, Benzealously endeavoring to proposed union between Lady Florence Neill. to become Lady St. John. for he tells me she has th him for his loyalty to is self. And might I a," added Harding, "I that I could have the wit o, to win the lady's love, c, disloyal as she is, one loyal in Your Majesty's

an impudent knave and it." said William, "and hings of your handsome nk you may look so high, r the lady is of high birth, her descent, if all that is true. Moreover, I have y you are under obligation ald and yet under the rose, ng to rob him of the lady "he continued, languidly Finish to be won by you. at more of Benson?"
ur Majesty, I have the
yet. He had papers on
when the brutal mob got

, one of whom formerly the Papists, and, of recognized him in ly, recognized him in nd these papers, from variyour majesty," added he, 's eyes rested on his counif he doubted the truth of these papers alluded, it is offer he had made of bey on the movements of the is party in Limerick, and are all in the hands of Sarser with a paper accepting

services by one of your ficers." me in the wretchedfool,"
m, his accents almos gutcage. "Let me see lim inage. "Let me see him in added, and Harding, leav

ing the room, in a few moments re appeared, ushering in the soi-disant

"You fool," said the king, "it would have served you right if you had lost your head for your folly in meddling with concerns beyond your power of management. I hope, old as you are, that they punished you in some fashion, a penalty for the folly which prevented you from serving our inter-

"Ah, spare me, your Majesty," said Benson, sinking on his knees; "surely I could not help being recognized by one whom ill-fortune threw in my way some years since."

The frown which had set on Wil-

liam's countenance had gradually relaxed, notwithstanding the furious mood he was in when Benson entered his presence. He had seen this man before with straight white locks falling over his forchead, but now that vener able head was graced with a wig, pow dered indeed, but a veritable wig nevertheless, and it made him look quite a different personage. Again, there was something inexpressibly ludicrous in the whole bearing of the man, his rueful look, his pale countenance, and the trembling servility with which he crouched at William's feet, that the latter was moved to such a de greed of merriment that he was fairly convulsed with laughter, to the no small mortification of the kneeling Benson.

"Why, you foolish knave," he said, when his laughter had subsided, "what has made you disguise yourself, you are too old at fourscore years to indulge

in vanity."
"No, your Majesty," said Harding, really pitying the discomfiture of the wretched being, "I am sure your Majesty will pity Benson when I tell you the wretched mob who assaulted him in the house at which he had taken refuge, though they left him in posses sion of his head, shaved off his white locks and most mercilessly applied the lash to his shoulders, exulting in the torment they inflicted and making merry over his annoyance, whilst they shaved his head out of pure rage, because to disguise himself he had put on an unpowdered brown wig."

Gazing contemptuously on Benson. the king, whose mirth had again given

way to anger, exclaimed:
"Fool, it would almost have served you right had Sarsfield ordered them to take off your head for your folly in carrying papers of such importance in your pockets. To your feet man, and get out of my sight. I pity you, in deed, why, they gave you a much lighter punishment than you deserved; they ought to have punished you for

As William spoke thus, the miserable Benson arose and hastened, by no means unwillingly, though perfectly astounded, out of the presence of the Indeed, his reception was not of the kind he had expected, though at the same time, he had feared a sharp rebuke for his imprudence in keeping about his person parers of such importance as those we have alluded to.
Ingratitude, however, to those who

served him, was one of the chief in-gredients in the king. His brutal remark concerning the Calvinist Walker, is a proof of this vice. The Protestant party were justly disgusted at the speech of the ungrateful king, for on one of them tell-ing him that Parson Walker was amongst the slain in the melee at the Boyne, the coarse and unfeeling reply, was, "Why did the fool go there?" This, then, was the tribute which he paid to the memory of the man to whom he owed so much, and who had gallantly defended London-Nor may the siege of Water ford be passed by, for when he was asked in what way the sick and wounded prisoners should be disposed of, the savage answer them." One thousand of these unfortunates were thus destroyed by the place in which they were cooped up shortly afterwards bursting into

* McPherson's State Papers. TO BE CONTINUED.

Pontins Pilate's Day.

The custom of observing Good Fri day as a holiday is spreading. Banks, courts, boards of trade, and other institutions were closed almost everywhere on that solemn anniversary this year.

Some years ago, this conversation Justice Carter, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and the late Hon. Richard T. Merrick, the eminent lawyer, who, by the way, eminent lawyer, who, by the way, was a practical Catholic. Said Mr. Merrick: "You will not

hold court to morrow, will you, Judge?" "Why not?" said the Chief Justice. "It will be Good Friday," answered

the Chief Justice.' 'Then," said Mr. Merrick, "your Aonor will be the first judge who has held court on that day since Pontius

The cutting retort went out among the legal fraternity of Washington, and every Good Friday since serves to bring it back to the public mind.

No small objection which young folks had to the old time spring medicines was their nauseousness. In our day, this objection is removed and Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most powerful and popular of blood purifiers, is as pleasant to the palate as a cordial.

Are you a sufferer with corns. If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

UNBELIEF.

Not the least amusing feature of modern atheism, if it were not also the most pitiful, is the boast, open or immost pitiful, is the boast, open or implied, of its professor that their unbelief is really a sign of their intellectual eminence. The absurdity of such a claim in view of the slight services rendered to hymanity (the only ices rendered to humanity (the only god of their recognition) by minds emancipated from belief, as contrasted with those rendered by men whose pivotal reliance was a Supreme Being, never seems to even ruffle the plumage of their sublime ;self - consciousness. Viewed with practical, humorous eyes, this self-gratification of the free thinker suggests the comparison of a deformed person-a museum freak or circus might well deceive mankind into acattraction-exalting himself above his

perfectly developed human fellows, for

the mere fact of his deformity. Not in all cases, but in many, the decadence of a man's belief in God is but the sequence to the decadence of his belief in humanity and in himself. And loss of faith in these last two, comes rarely save to those who have or suggestion from their works, these have attained a technical perfection never yet paralleled. While her writers have been holding up religion sinned grievously against them. Surely in such cases, death were more merciful wages of sin, than the moral darkness which waves itself aloft as purest And cynicism, indifferentism, liberalism, light scouts as they are of the army of unbelief, are they not also danger signals hung out by the very hand of God Himself, over the morasses of unbelief, of modern paganism, into which the feet of His faithful ones might otherwise unwearily stray? In cynicism, the spirit of our day, the spirit that gibes and scoffs, and would reduce all things to a common level, even men themselves, professed sneerers, know there is little attractiveness. The cynic in literature is an excresence, a deformity. Loveable, honest Thackaray himself becomes repellant in his scoffing moods. And the great ones-Shakespeare and Milton, Dante and Goethe—what a splendid spirit of belief in God and humanity glows throughout their pages! Even Byron, most cynical of earth's great singers, is great for us, not of his eynicism, but

despite of it.

Marvellous indeed is it that man, with that infinite, ever-varying wonder of creation about him, with this still, immovable, fixed law of a conscience within, can doubt the existence of a supreme source, a supreme law A grave-eyed Napoleon, not caring to waste further breath with the philosophers who had proved, beyond paradventure, that all belief in the supernatural is but a shibboleth, points to the starry firmament above, with the query, "Gentlemen, who made all these?" Answerless query! But even could we accept the conclusion

that all this endless miracle of clouds and stars, of seas and wind-tossed flowers, and a nature ever renewing herself, was but a harmonious combination produced by the clashing and welding together of millions of atoms moving for millions of years through space, by what reasoning can we ex-plain this inner voice, this law higher than reason, this incorruptible judge within ourselves, that we call conscience? Splendid, incontrovertible fact, clearest word of the Creator to His creature, human reason cannot explain it, or cynicism explain it away. True, indeed, when its warnings have been repeatedly disragardits. its mandates set ruthlessly aside, this inner voice sometimes ceases, through silence, to be any longer a proof of the existence of a God. But woe to him for whom it has so ceased; rudderless boat as he is, drifting hither and thitherwards on a shoreless sea!

But conscience, voice as it is of God's justice, is also the voice of His love. What a divine happiness of approval it sheds on the self-sacrificing deed, the exercise of courage and truth in a hostile or unfriendly world! Lord Brougham, speaking to Sir Robert

The chief reason, however, why our Peel at the time of the latter's espousal of the cause of popular reform, "Your public career will be checkered, but you cau always turn from the storm without to the sunshine of an approving conscience within." Blest, best sunshine! well for the man, be he statesman or peasant, for whom it has ceased not to shine.

So fallen, so lost! The light withdraw Which once he wore."

"All else is gone; from those great eyes
the sout has fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!"

But more manifest even in the nations than in men are the evil effects of unbelief. A strong faith in a higher law, a Supreme Being, has ever characterized those races that have strongly impressed themselves pelling Zeus and the multiform gods of the Olympian heaven, was a saving force morally and nationally. Twas when Rome forgot her heathenism, 'Twas when she relaxed into animalism of "Court has never been utter unbelief, that she knew the hour held on that day."

"This court will be held," declared people who had lapsed from their belief, not in one true God, but in many false ones that St. Paul hurled that terrible denunciation contained in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romars, "They liked not to have Romars, "They liked not to have God in their knowledge. . . Be-ing filled with all iniquity, malice, coveteousness, wickedness, full of envy,

deceit, malignity, whisperers. Foolish, dissolute, without affection,

parlance, is played out. Even the very ignorant decline any longer to swallow her yarns. Henry Ward Beecher once informed a man who came to him complaining of gloomy and despondent feelings, that what he most needed was a good

cathartic, meaning, of course, such a medicine as Ayer's Cathartic Pills, every dose being effective. every dose being effective.

Mrs. M. Stephens, of Albany, N. Y., writes in as follows: My stomach was so weak that I could not eat anything sour or very swee, even fruit at tea-time would cause Heartburn, fulness or oppression of the chest, short breath, re-tlessness during sleep, and fright ful dreams of disagreeable sights, so that I would often dread to go to sleep. With the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery this unpleasantness has all been removed, and I now can eat what suits my taste or fancy.

Bad Blood causes blotches, boils, pimples, abscesses, ulcers, scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters cures bad blood in any form, from a common pimple to the worst scrofungs of

Foolish, dissolute, without affection, without fidelity, without mercy."

Of that faithless people and debased era Nero was the typical autocrat, Martial the typical singer. As the high ideals of purity and honor and household virtue embodied in the worship of Minerva and Vesta were forgotten at home, so did their power

Are you a sufferer with corns. If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has lever been known to fail.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

If you are begin to wane abroad. So great an element of a nation's supremacy is a strong belief, even though it be a strong belief, even though it be a strong belief.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

wretchedly false one. "All epochs," observes Goethe, "in which faith has One of the most remarkable escapes ance of St Joseph. prevailed, have been brilliant, heartfrom instant death that has been reported by the pelice of this city occurred shortly after twelve o'clock yesterday, (Tuesday) when young Saint Joseph's feast.—N. Y. Catholic Frank Smith fell from the fifth floor of Review. No. 66 Pine street to the ground floor vanish from the memory because they and escaped unhurt.

Young Smith is employed as a printer by Davis & Chrystie, printers She Taught Infanta Eulalia a Lesson at No. 66 Pine street, and is a bright looking boy of about seventeen years old. Shortly after twelve o'clock, in use at present.

There is no hatch door covering the opening, but in order to prevent accident a floor footboard is placed around the opening, standing upright They became excited in the chase, and as young Smith approached the hatchway he slipped and fell to the floor. Before he could save himself his body was thrown against the protecting and he fell headlong into the open as an emotion to be analyzed, or a myth shaftway

ambulance surgeon applied restoratives, and the lad was removed to the keenness of intellect to see how far the ing from this show of Godless well-being. The recent Parisian riots, with

young Smith were two small discolora tions on his face and a slight bruise on one of his feet.

In the meantime Smith's companions in the shop came tumbling down the stairway expecting to see their com-panion lying dead on the sidewalk. Their joy knew no bounds when they found that he was well and apparently unhurt. The lad was sent to his home, collapse and calamity of 70-71 to nothing else than the "press filled with mean buffooneries, the puerile No. 1.017 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, in a carriage.

I called at young Smith's home last night, and found that he was perfectly well, and was suffering from no bad effects from his lofty tumble. He said he did not remember anything after striking the board around the hatch-Third Republic are the faults of the Second Empire intensified. Well for second Empire Interest it if no deeper mortification, no sadder Sedan, no more terrible Commune await it in the near future.

He added that he expected to go to

work in a few days.
Young Smith's father told me that the only solution in his mind for the Supreme Being, and you have deprived man of the one high motive of his existintervention of God.

ular and also "St. Joseph's cord," which insures the wearer the protection of Saint Joseph. The boy had just put the cord on. Frank's mother was of the opinion that his life was saved by the wearing of these symbols of faith.—New York Herald.

believe and shudder," says St. James. We believe in God; let us show it by The above account appeared in the New York Herald of Wednesday, the feast of Saint Joseph. A few words of must be the reflection of our Heavenly explanation will make it clear to all Catholics that this miracle must be ascribed to Saint Joseph. The Smith family, mentioned in the Herald, are members of Saint Joseph's Union, a society established by the late Father Drumgoole for the support of homeless and destitute children.

The mother of the boy in speaking

to Father Dougherty, successor to Father Drumgoole, about the miracuparatively little talk in this country of recent years of "rescued" and "fugilous escape of her son, said she attributed it entirely to the fact that she was a member of Saint Jeseph's Union.
"On Saturday night," she said, "I had a dream in which I saw my son dead and mangled. The next day (Sunday) I procured from the Mission Home on Lafayette Place the cord of Saint Joseph and placed it on my son and requested at the same time the prayers of the members of Saint Joseph's Union for him. I endeavored to do all in my power for the homeless and destitute little ones of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, and now God has rewarded me her trunk and walk out of the front door. And Protestants have also Protestant friends take a different view of the sisterhood life is because they have established sisterhoods of

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by protecting my own little son from instant death by the miraculous assist. Hood's Cured

It is also a remarkable fact that the publication of this miracle worked by Saint Joseph appeared in the papers o

A TRUE AMERICAN GIRL.

Finish in etiquette at Manhattan after he had lunch, he and Jeremiah Myer began a race around the big room. The printing establishment occupies all of the top floor. In one corner is a hatchway that is not much in use at present. girl according to the ideas of American freedom and independence, so that the famous Sacre Cour is a home on the soil as though it had been in digenous to it.

And apropos of its training. When Miss Florence Lincoln, daughter of Judge Lincoln of Cincinnati, left the Sacred Heart here to go for French finishing to the Rue de Verenne, she board of the hatchway, which broke, entered there at the same time with the Infanta Eulalia. The one conseent, and when he struck the ground floor he lay there without motion. An ambulance surgeon applied an arrail for her by some one the tives, and the lad was removed to the telegraph office in the building. In ten minutes he opened his eyes.

The surgeon was surprised to find no ten minutes he opened his eyes.

The surgeon was surprised to find no ten minutes he opened his eyes. bones broken and the only bruises on to any form of court etiquette. It was approaching the American girl's turn, who was also a Child of Mary, and her

spirit rose. She went to the nuns.
"I want to tell you," she said, "about that prie dieu, that I simply won't carry it. No American girl would do such a thing. In America I was taught to carry things for the aged, the sick or the lame, but for a healthy princess, just as strong as I am! Well, I put my foot down. don't care the snap of my finger for princesses. There.

Then she went to the princess "Now, look here, Miss Infanta," she said, "I want to tell you that I simply will die before I touch that prie dieu And if you don't go and tell the nuns way, until he found himself sitting in that you don't want me to be asked to the telegraph office with a crowd do it, well—well, I'll make it hot for around him. wouldn't carry it for the Infanta of-of

Hong Kong!" and she didn't.

Last year when the Infanta was here, while in Washington she made miraculous escape from death was an her first visit to Florence Lincoln, her terrention of God.

He said that Frank wore the scapdear old school-fellow, now a Sister among the Indians, with Mother Cath erine Drexel.

"Florence, do you remember the prie dieu?" was the princess' first question after greeting her.

"Yes, Eulalia, dear, I do. And I want to tell you that in the matter of prie dieus, this garb hasn't changed me one bit. Not one bit. I'm exactly of the same mind still. Nun er no nun, I'm still an American girl. And Eulalia kissed her.

The Spring Medicine.

The Spring Medicine.

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HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathar-tic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable,

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Others Failed

Scrofula in the Neck-Bunches All



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Hood's Sarsal Cures not bear the slightest touch. When I had taken one bottle of this medicine, the soreness ha one, and before I had finished the second the gone, and before I had finished the second the bunches had entirely disappeared." BLANGER ATWOOD, Sangerville, Maine. N.B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsapa-rilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restor-ing the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal

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