

REV. ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S. J.

Priest, Poet and Martyr.

The reign of Elizabeth provoked once more in England another era of the persecution of Catholics. Several Catholic Bishops were removed from their respective sees, because they refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Crown represented by Queen Bess. A much more severe and drastic policy was subsequently entered on by Elizabeth, who ordered her ministry to execute any Catholic prelates and priests who would dare celebrate Mass in her kingdom. The first victim of this new programme was the Bishop of Nottingham, who was executed for having been caught in the act of saying Mass in a lonely ravine amid the hills, on a stone altar, while his congregation, that numbered several thousands, were assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. Several other Bishops ended their lives on the block in the weird and ghastly Tower of London, and two hundred and odd priests suffered similar punishment. All these ecclesiastics were undoubtedly martyrs in the service of the Church. It was almost impossible to attend to the spiritual wants of the Catholic congregations throughout England. The celebration of the Holy Sacrifice was high treason to Queen Bess, punishable by death. However, there were always devoted prelates, and brave and self-sacrificing priests, who filled the gaps created by the slaughter perpetrated in the Tower, and many a Mass was celebrated in the caves by the seashore or on the mountains, where the celebrant and congregation were nearer to God and to Heaven. At this time the Earl of Arundel, eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk who had recanted his Catholic faith and had become a member of the Protestant State Church, was executed in the Tower, on the charge of having committed high treason by serving Mass. The priest, who was the celebrant, was also executed. On the whole, the English masses had not that sublime faith in the principles of Catholicism which characterized the noble Irish Catholics, who often faced terrible deaths, and the cruelest of tortures at the stake, rather than desert the See of Peter. The English Catholic's faith was a reed, which broke, and utterly collapsed at the first outburst of persecution. It was thus that the English people became solidly and universally Anglican. They feared persecution.

FATHER SOUTHWELL'S EARLY LIFE.

One of those saintly martyrs was the poet-priest, the Rev. Robert Southwell. He was the son of Richard Southwell, a gentleman who owned a considerable landed property in the county of Suffolk, which property was confiscated by the Cabinet of Queen Bess, on account of the fact that its proprietor was a Catholic! The future Jesuit was born in that county in 1562. While an infant in his cradle, he was substituted by a gypsy mother, who placed in his cradle her own offspring; but the theft was discovered and young Robert was restored to his parents. At the age of fifteen he was sent to the Sorbonne of Paris for his education. He was afterwards an alumnus of the English College of Douai, situated in French Flanders. He subsequently proceeded to Rome on the vigil of the Feast of St. Luke, on Oct. 17, 1578. He had now reached his twenty-first year, and entered on a course of theological studies, with the view of becoming a priest. During that period of his career he was appointed prefect of the English college in the Eternal City. He was ordained priest in 1584. His desire for the salvation of souls was exemplified in a letter to a friend, in which he said that he was about to enter on his mission in England—despite the fact that he might lose his life by his defiant attitude in looking after the spiritual interests of his persecuted Catholic fellow-countrymen. It seems that he had a vision in which he witnessed his own tragic death in the Tower. He then entered on his novitiate with the object of becoming a Jesuit, and completed it in due time, whereupon he went to England. He was not very long on the mission before he was basely betrayed into the hands of his enemies. It happened in this way. He lived near the town of Hares-on-the-Hill, county of Middlesex, with a Catholic family named Bellame. Bellame's daughter having married the keeper of the adjoining property, and her husband having complained to her that he was duped by her father, who had promised him a handsome dowry with his daughter, decided on selling Father Southwell to the agents of the Government. The sum of money which he received for this ignoble treachery, was £5,000, or \$25,000. The house where he was hiding was surrounded by a company of troops, and he was compelled to surrender. Three long and wearisome years were spent by Father Southwell in a noisome, dingy, rat-infested dudgeon, and here he suffered the most cruel tortures. Often in the winter nights, when he was shivering in the intense cold, these animals would bite his flesh, and he had to defend himself against their onslaught, which cost him many a long and painful hour in this horrible struggle for life. At last preferring death to this perpetual agony, he wrote to Lord Treasurer Cecil, requesting that he, the Abbe, should be brought to trial. The ironically savage reply of Lord Cecil was written as follows: "If, sir, you are in such haste to be hanged, you shall have your desire immediately fulfilled. I assure you."

EXECUTION OF FATHER SOUTHWELL. Meanwhile the culpable wife of the land agent had an endless remorse of conscience for her betrayal of the

priest. She could not sleep at night, and caught brain fever, while her husband was making himself intoxicated every day on the blood money secured him by his wife. He built with it a splendid mansion, and bought the property of which he had been previously the care-taker. He purchased a stud of twenty-five of the best blooded horses, and cut high jinks on the race-course. Lucullan feasts washed down with many a bottle of wine soon devoured his wife's dowry; and they were beggars five years after Father Southwell's execution. Nemesis, the emissary of God, evidently had ruined the lives of both partners.

On the 18th of February, 1589, the good father was taken to Newgate prison, where he was detained three or four days before he was brought to a trial which was an unquestionable travesty of justice. The trial was held on the 21st of February. Chief Justice Pope was on the bench. The prisoner was asked:—

"Did you ever celebrate Mass in this country?"

"Yes, many a time I celebrated the Holy Sacrifice," he boldly replied. "And did you know that the celebration of that ceremony is high treason to the Crown?"

"I did not care about the Crown. I was too much devoted to my Catholic faith to heed an unjust and unjustifiable decree."

"Well, then, you are to beheaded in the Tower in a few days from now." On his arrival before the gates of the Tower, his captors having dragged him through the ankle-deep mud of the streets, he sought in vain to wipe the dirt off his clothes, and then made the sign of the cross on his forehead, and from the platform addressed the multitude, professing his innocence of the charge of high treason.

"I shall go with a quiet conscience to my doom," he exclaimed, "for I have never committed the crime of high treason to the only King I worship, my Saviour, and my God." Thus at the age of his Master, Christ, when He died on the Cross, the martyr, Father Southwell, passed away after having spent thirty three years in the service of the Church. His sister was permitted to carry his remains to the old family graveyard of Kants, in the county of Suffolk. It is said that she wrought miracles, such as healing the disabled, by the aid of some of his relics.

A CRITICISM OF HIS POETRY. The reverend abbe was only a third-class poet, and a minor lyricist. Yet there was a power of sweet melody in his verses which even the great minor-poets of every age sometimes woefully lack. He was apparently very fond of writing sonnets after the manner of Petrarch's. Here are the opening lines of a poem on "Magdalen's Blush":

"The signs of shame that stain thy blushing face,
Rise from the feeling of thy mournful pain.
Whose pangs annoy, whose guerdon is desire,
Whose solace flies like dreams, 'tis now my
Soon dying, mirth begat long living pain."

This poem towards its close, as the reader may observe, is obscure in its meaning in certain parts.

Here are a few of his lines on a "Spear":

"Suffered spear, that breaks his prison cell,
Seat of all felicity, working with double
treason,
Love and life, thou surely drawest away,
Maugre thee, my love shall stay!"

The following lines on the "Jealousy of St. Joseph," are among his best:

"Then Joseph, daunted by a deadly wound,
Let loose the reins of undrawn sword,
His heart did throb, his eyes in tears are
drowned,
His a lost, death seemed his best relief;
The pleasing relish of his former love
Is still to his taste and bitter prove,
And he doth feel the pangs of woe's grief."

These last lines are also disfigured by obscurities. Their exact meaning may have been known to the author himself, but like Browning's poems they should have a commentary in order to understand them. He will, however, be excused for his apparently nebulous ideas by the fact that he was a true soldier of the Cross in active life, and that he sacrificed that precious life to the greater honor and glory of God and His Church.—Eugene Davis in Boston Pilot.

Schismatics and the Blessed Virgin.

Rev. Dr. John Tierney, writing from Jerusalem to the *Mountaineer*, a paper published by the students of Mt. St. Mary's college, says: "The devotion of the Oriental schismatics to the Mother of God can nowhere be better observed than in Jerusalem. There are here Russians, Greeks, Armenians, Copts, Abyssinians, Syrians and many others. Most of them are schismatics, yet in their worship, processions, devotion to the saints, etc., they have retained the practices of the true Church, from which they have been cut off for so many years. Even the Mohammedans have a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and Mohammed himself places her among the excellent women whom the faithful must honor."

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MATERIALISM: ITS MEANING AND ITS FOLLY.

The materialistic spirit, now so widely prevalent, is the antipodes of the spirit of Christianity. According to the latter, man's chief end in this life is to prepare for a future state of existence; according to the former, it is to provide himself with all the comforts possible while passing through his brief sojourn upon earth.

Materialism esteems the things of the flesh more highly than the things of the spirit. It abhors the mention of self-denial. The cross is an abomination in its sight. Its ideal of supreme felicity is the possession, in the fullest measure, of the means of gratifying the senses. Worldly prosperity is its idol. It measures all things by a gross earthly standard.

"Supposing," as St. Paul says, "godliness to be gain," it judges the value of the gospel of Christ by its effect upon the development of a nation's material resources. It insists that Catholicity is a false gospel, because Catholic countries, like Spain and Mexico, have fewer railways, coal mines, manufactures, and free schools than Protestant countries like England and the United States. It tests all things, even religion, by the one grovelling question—does it pay?

When found, as it often is, among professed Christians, it demands ease and comfort in this world as collateral security for its hopes for the next. It seems to fear that heaven may not be a reality after all, and that if it does not secure its share of the temporal goods of this life, it may find after death that it has been cheated out of happiness, both in time and eternity.

It looks upon the self-denial taught and practiced by the Catholic Church as the height of folly. It literally cannot see how Catholic religious orders can have such childlike faith in the promise of Christ, that all who forsake houses and lands and kindred, for His sake, shall be rewarded a hundred fold, both now and hereafter. It cannot be made to understand how a Christian can do any better work than to give most of his time and energies to the things that perish with the using. It flatly contradicts Christ, by saying that it was Martha who chose the better part, because it is every woman's duty, and it should be her happiness, to do a share of what it is pleased to call the useful, practical work of life. For the materialistic Christian, Mary was a mere enthusiast, a religious dreamer, a useless drone, like the thousands of monks and nuns that the Catholic Church has produced, by preaching the doctrine of contempt for the world. No matter how much Christ commended her for it, it was all wrong for her to sit at His feet, and leave all the household work to be done by her sister.

Never was there a more evil spirit abroad in the world. To say nothing of heaven, it cheats men out of the truest happiness that this life affords, by a transparent lie. Were all its deceitful promises made good, were the visions it conjures up turned into realities, the world would not be fit to live in.

To see this, let us picture to our selves a materialistic paradise, which as many seem to anticipate when the "evolution of civilization" has gone to the farthest possible point. Poverty will be banished from it. All will be rich. Every one will have the opportunity to satisfy all his desires. No sensual appetite will be left ungratified for want of means to satiate it. Every palate will be satiated with the most delicious viands. Yet no evil effects will follow the most abandoned indulgence in good eating. For science will have traced the last bacillus to its hiding-place, and disease will be unknown.

There will be no untidiness, or raggedness, or bad taste. All will be clothed in soft raiment, and all will lie upon beds of down. There will be no more toil and sweating. The his toric accounts of the contented laborer of past ages will be read with the same sort of wondering curiosity with which the modern student reads the remains of the ichthyosaurs. Every man will dwell in his own palace, and by the help of electricity, will gossip pleasantly with his neighbors in London, Saint Petersburg, Pekin, and San Francisco. The touch of a button will summon a flying machine, which will bear him, with incredible swiftness, to the end of the earth, if he wishes it. And all women and men will be cultured, refined and mutually delightful. For "scientific morality" will have forever banished vulgarity and coarseness from earth.

An earthly sensual paradise like this, destitute of spiritual aspirations, the materialistic ideal. It is the goal which modern science, modern philosophy, and modern inventive genius seem to be striving to reach. Happily it will never be attained. God, in His mercy, guards its gates from entrance with a flaming sword in the hands of a pitying angel.

For a more wretched world it would be hard to conceive. It is in fact an impossibility. Its continued existence would involve a contradiction. For man is a social being. Every one depends upon his fellows. The needs of one are the necessary means by which the desires of another are attained, and his aims accomplished. No work, be it great and noble or little and selfish, can ever be done without the stimulus of want, without the working man's necessity of making his living. A world then in which this stimulus will be wanting, would be a world sunk in absolute stagnation. Having no motive for exertion, not one would lift a finger to help another. In it there would be no room for the play of the higher qualities of

man's nature. The means of gratifying desire being equally within the reach of all, there would be no need for poverty or misery or sadness to be soothed by charity, mercy, gentleness and sympathy. There would be nothing left for men or women to do but to spend their lives in wretched sensuous idleness, each conscious, in the midst of his abundance of worldly goods, of wants which nothing but the willing help of another could supply, and all cursing a world from which all motive for such help had been taken away.

Truly did our Lord say, "Man liveth not by bread alone." And truly did His great servant, St. Augustine say "Thou hast made us, O Lord, for Thyself and out of Thee our souls can find no rest." Men may not believe this in their foolish longing for a paradise of material conveniences and sensual delights. But were it once attained they would find in the midst of it a tree bearing not the fruit of life and happiness but apples of Sodom, fair to look upon but turning to bitterness and ashes upon the lips.—C. J. A. in Catholic Review.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

A Country With Home Rule and Without Poverty or Ignorance.

Prince Edward Island, the smallest of the provinces of British North America, is also the richest, in that true wealth which means the almost absolute lack of extreme, hopeless poverty. With a population of a little over one hundred thousand, and a climate rigorous but healthy, its natural resources afford the means of living to all, with comfort and luxury as the rewards of sustained industry.

It is a country without either of the curses of modern civilization, the tramp or the millionaire. It owes its material prosperity to two things—self government and universal education. Nearly two generations ago representative government was accorded to that and other colonies in North America. One of the first acts of the people on setting up house-keeping for themselves was to establish a comprehensive system of schools. Probably no other country in the world has taxed itself so heavily to secure the blessing of general education. Sixty per cent. of the gross revenues of the Island was annually appropriated for the support of the schools. The population of the Island is composed mainly of descendants of Irish and Scotch immigrants; and both branches of the Celtic family have ever been noted for their passionate love of learning.

The self-imposed sacrifice has borne rich results. Incredible as it may seem, we are assured on good authority that there is hardly in the whole province a single illiterate native of adult years. We boast with justice of the high degree of intelligence implied in the fact that our most advanced States show only a proportion of 3, 4 or 5 per cent. of illiterates in the native adult population. In some of our States the proportion runs as high as 40, 50, and even 60 per cent. There is a school-house within easy access of every homestead on Prince Edward Island. Even the few surviving native Indians have their schools, churches and comfortable farms.

In another respect also Prince Edward Island furnishes an interesting object lesson. Like most British colonies, it was cursed in the beginning, and long afterwards, with the burden of absentee landlordism. The immigrants went into the wilderness, endured the severest privations, contending against wild beasts and wilder nature, until they at last wrested a fair garden from primeval savagery. Then the landlord, or, rather his agent, came to levy toll on the industry of the settler.

The rent exacted was at first little more than nominal. It was never excessive, judged from an American standpoint; from 25 to 50 cents an acre was, we think, the maximum; but the men who had literally made the country, objected on principle to letting another reap the fruits of their toil.

Self-government—Home Rule—furnished the lever with which even the Conservative British Government might be moved.

HOW THE LONG LEVER WORKED. The first attempt to effect an adjustment of the land question was met with something like contempt. The landlords and their aristocratic friends laughed at the temerity of a handful of poor colonists attempting to dictate terms to the empire, from a distance of 3,000 miles away. But those 3,000 miles formed precisely the length which gave strength to the lever. More than thirty years ago, after much vexatious controversy and a slight show of force on the part of the tenantry, promptly suppressed by the importation of troops, the landlords wisely abandoned the fight, accepted a composition at a sufficiently low rate, and retired from the field forever.

The *New England Magazine* for August has an exceedingly interesting article on this colony, by Mr. Neil McLeod, embellished with fine pictures of Island scenery, as well as of some distinguished natives of the country. First among the latter is a portrait of Hon. George W. Howland, governor of the province, and one of the ablest of Irish Canadians. The Chief Justice of the Island is another Irish Canadian Catholic, Hon. William Wilfrid Sullivan. In fact, the best offices of trust and emolument in the province are filled by men of the Celtic race, the free competition of a practical civil-service reform ensuring, as usual, to the advantage of brains and character.

Mr. McLeod takes an Islander's pride in pointing to the success achieved by his countrymen abroad as well as at home, instancing such well-known names as those of Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax; President Schurman, of Cornell University, and the eminent Canadian artist, Mr. Robert Harris; and including the editor of the *Pilot*, who, however, had only the privilege of receiving his education in Prince Edward Island.

No words can say too much in praise of the Island as a summer resort. As Mr. McLeod writes:—

"To the tourist who comes here for the first time, the summer climate of this little Island will prove a delightful surprise. The mean temperature is about sixty-two degrees, and even when it registers in the eighties the heat is always tempered by the breezes that blow from all sides laden with the breath of the salt sea. The fogs which hover round the coasts of the neighboring provinces are almost unknown here; and that makes it so suitable a resting-place for persons in delicate health. The practical results of this may be seen at a glance by any one who observes the contrast in the appearance of the children from the cities of the neighboring Republic, when they come here in the early summer, with that of these same children when they leave, after two or three months' romping over field and sand,—how the pale face and listless movements have given place to the brown, plump cheek, and the bubbling activity that come from health alone."

The fine steamers of the Plant Line, running direct from Boston, carry hundreds of visitors every season to the beautiful island whose charms are so well set forth by the *New England Magazine* essayist. It would be a pity if the simple pastoral life of the country should be marred by its becoming a "Fashionable resort," but happily its home-like attractions are not calculated to appeal to ostentatious vulgarity. It is a rarely beautiful country, with a people whose political history is interesting and valuable; a people independent as islanders and mountaineers are. Annexation to the United States would enhance their wealth tenfold; but it is doubtful if the material prosperity would compensate for the grinding conditions which always accompany the march of so-called progress. They are very well off as they are, and may the day be long distant when the advent of the tramp and the millionaire's shark mark the arrival of the vanguard of Progress!—Boston Pilot.

Education and Crime.

Listen to this opinion of the Indianapolis *Journal*: "The theory that crime alone is a preventative or cure of crime is not sustained by statistics. The report of the Superintendent of Prisons in New York shows that of 3,304 convicts in the three penitentiaries of that State, 52 are illiterate, 81 have a college education, 191 an academic education, and 2,623 a common or public school education. This raises a question whether greater pains should not be taken to instill principles of honesty and virtue in Public school pupils, and it also suggests that a great many youths who leave school with sharpened wits but without any trade or handicraft drift from idleness into crime." Facts like these confirm the belief of the Catholic Church—that moral training is the most important part of education. Without it instruction in head-learning only puts means into the hands of the young that may be turned to evil as easily as to good.—Catholic Review.

Make Some Sacrifice for Your Faith.

It is a true saying that men do not love their Church unless they have been in the habit of making sacrifices for it. He who is content merely to call himself a Catholic will care very little about Catholic matters, but he who has done something, even at personal inconvenience, for the Church, will love it all the more. God blesses the act by giving in return for it the great blessing of faith and zeal, which is happiness, for it means holiness of living and content of conscience.

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AUGUST 18, 1894

FIVE-MINUTE SER-

Fourteenth Sunday after

RELIGION FOR WEEK

No man can serve two masters; cannot serve God and Mammon the Devil.

What does our Lord mean by this? "No man can serve two masters. You might perhaps answer, see any difficulty about it? masters. What is to be done for instance, after his regu- work are over, from his out for the evenings to his employer, if he has strength spare? Or, if he can manage arrangement, why should he for one in the morning, in the afternoon? And in fact, many people, example, who give pri- who have a great number whom they agree to serve times?"

Yes, this seems true seems so true that I believe many people who, in Lord's statement to divide their service between Mammon. They hire the to the devil, or at least to during the week, and they comes round, and they good clothes, they change at the same time, and, a time that they are in certain words out of books, in which they service to God. And appear to think that the strange about this. The of course, decency requires should want part of his service, and that he is able in only asking for seven; but that He should claim on them during week that He does not serve does not seem to the other master—that worldly interests or find no difficulty in r service of God and M men of the world like the slightest trouble.

But I seem to hear "Father, are you no matter rather too far cannot be in church prayers at home all the people may find time Mass and all the dev- what you may call a p- ally; but I have to go or my family will would you have me do

Well, I will tell you fault with any one for business during the w- ing as much as he is ob- for himself and his fa- but I must say, by many people, under into the snare of ava- early and late to h- which neither they n- need, and which, le- is only too likely to s- sin. However, I rep- be blamed for attendi- duties of his state of l- at his business, if it is useful one. But wit- blamed for it for atte- instead of being God- ought to be, it was n- at all; as if He had about it. And His law- to it. The delusion Christians are unde- world are entirely sep- that religion, moralit- general, have nothin- ties, business, buyin- what they call practi- say, if we did not about these things, on at all; so they g- granted, even, per- fessional, that such moral aspect whatev-

This is a great de- blunder. A Christi- Christian first, last, one cannot be a Ca- and to all intents a- tant or an infidel. If you can't get on serving God and t- and do His will on- on Sunday, then al- "Don't get on." I- some truth in your who manages his l- life generally, as in in the world, wi- money faster, and a better time, than- lies in God and d- Very well, then, world to the next, standard Sunday, time; but don't tr- and get a pass- ground that you standard now and

A Comfort- When health is fa- then sometime only- secured from the u- What is much bette- in time to save you- Mr. Joab Seales, of short time ago I was Complaint and Dy- and lame back; in prostrated and su- While in this state me to try a bottle Vegetable Discover- and the permanent- cured and made a- that I cannot with- this expression of my- If your children g- give them God's t- tor; safe, sure, and mark the improvem- Ill-fitting boots a- Holloway's Corn C- Get a bottle at once