THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"I wish it was more, wife.

as he opened his arms.

It was then Jack's life began in

The prohibition no longer confined

"Pies! pies! fresh pies

bound to flourish.

to the fireman.

me a whole day ?" She smiled and nodded.

shouted,

no longer trembled upon hi

"He

she understood.

forget the boy was only a baby.

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Iderton, Ont., March 9, 1899. Estate John Battle, Thorold Cement,

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County Councillor Middlesex Co

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ENGINEER CONNOR'S SON. Some lives there are that seem to some are rounded to darker lines, running always beside the deeper abysses of tragedy. Some there are who line their these areas and done out who live their three score and drop out

of existence, and the memory of them, for good or ill, ceases with the tolling of the bell that tells their going. And there are some, short little lives, to be sure, but so brim full of sweetness that the sunshine of them lingers in the hearts of those who knew them long after the little lives are ended.

When Jack Connor was promoted to the position of engineer on the Nash-ville and Chattanooga road, which cuts man. Then his mind seemed to wander he was on the engine one moment the next with his family again. the State of Tennessee from north to south, he moved his family into the "The company will do something for you by and by, Jack," he said, "and always remember-don't forget pretty little cottage standing side by side with crippled Jerry Crane's on the hill just above the railroad track, in the little village of Antioch. For the it. Jack-that any man in time of dan engineer was from home most of the time, and Jerry being a cripple, Jack ger may desert-any man but the en gineer. He must stick-stick-stick -to his post, Jack." knew, would insure his own wife con-The hand on the boy's head grew siderable company and protection in

heavy ; the little fellow choked back Jerry's wife. his sobs and laid one hand tenderly on his father's brow. The dying engineer The houses stood side by side, and both doors opened towards the railroad. opened his eyes and smiled. The village, indeed, was built so-straight down the railroad, for the "Stick to the engine and stand by your mother, Jack," he whispered. The hand on the boy's head grew cold, train was about the biggest thing around Antioch. and when they lifted it and laid it

Jack Connor's cottage stood on a hill, so near to the track that he could speak turned to his mother. to his wife from his engine when she stood in the door, as she usually did, to

ee No. 6 go by. The trainmen were pretty well ac quainted with the Antioch people in eneral, but there was not one among them, from conductor down, who did

not know Jack Connor's son. "Little Jack," they called him ; and earnest. the train never whistled for Antioch Jack

mother's lips. She called him instead "My son," "My boy," or else 'twas "Mother's man." So is the heart wont but they would look out for the little fellow hoisted on the wood pile to see to clothe with strength that which it

his father's engine go by. He seldom went farther than the wood-pile : that was his mother's order; leans upon. She trusted him entirely, and his quick mind recognized it. though the brakeman and the "train butcher " would sometimes try to coax him down to the platform with apples him to the woodpile, but every morning when the whistle sounded, the cot and sticks of striped candy. But he would shake his yellow curls and throw tage door would open, the gate click and a pair of bright stockings flash for them a kiss as the long train pulled

out. nimble legs went hurrying down to the Sometimes his mother would take him down to speak to his father, and platform the little fellow would go almost wild cakes over the big engine and the glowing furnace, the great bell clanging a hasty good-bye, and the shrill whistle, which more than once he had been

permitted to "pull. "Just naturally takes to the engine, the fireman would often say ; "gets that from his pappy."

And Jack did seem to have a natural love for a locomotive. Jerry Crane used to say :

"I can allus tell when the cyars are coming—there's a slapbang of neigh-bor Connor's door, a click of the gate, and in a minute a little yellow head top of a big pile of wood ; and when I ee it I allus say to my wife, 'Mary, And she looks the cvars are coming.' out, not at the railroad track, but at the wood pile, and says she, 'Yes, they are coming, Jerry.

Sometimes a neighbor would pass and speak to him : "Any news to-day, Jack ?"

to Jack.

said :

helpful nature.

"Father's abroad to day, sir," he would answer: or else, "There's a bridge down between here and Chattanoga, sir," or, "No. 6 will be fifteen minutes late to day, sir.'

Engineer Connor was brought home in

a caboose, with both legs mashed and

an arm gone, while his engine lay

Every man had jumped but him-

ficeman, brakemen, all but Jack. "Jump, Connor, for your life !" the

had laid his hand upon the throttle and

The Catarrh Clutch

This Disgusting Malady is at the

Throat of 900 of every 1,000 of

our Country's Population.

"You forget I'm engineer."

" Oh, she's all right, Jack ; she's him whisper. "Just long enough to get home and die with my wife and safe. "But you know what father said. 'Stand by your mother, Jack,' and here I am away off on your engine, His prayer was granted ; he rea

home and the two he loved best on God's earth. Just before he died he sir. reached for his pocketbook under his pillow and handed it to his wife. The delayed freight rattled by twenty minutes late ; the fireman three in some coal, the steam began to puff,

"It is all I've got. Annie." he said. and No. 6 sped on its way. The wind, could it have spoken Then he laid his hand on the little must have carried strange stories of what it saw and heard in its passage through the engine box that day; head with its crown of yellow curls pressing his pillow. He seemed strange stories of rough forms and "Jack," he said, "I leave your mother to you. Take care of her, my gentle hearts, gruff voices and tender words, bearded chin and childish cheek

his eyes. " Is No. 6 in yet ?" he asked. pressed together in sympathy and love No. 6 drew up on time at Antioch, 5:10. A door flew open as the whistle ounded four times, as if it said, 'Here I am, mother."

A little form was lowered from the engine and went flying through the mist and fog towards the lighted door As the train pulled out Engin wav. eer Robinson leaned from his window.

"Here I am, mother," the joyful greeting rang out, and the engineer eer Robinson. Then his mind wand saw Jack go straight into the arms opened to receive him. "Here I am, mother,"-that

came a very familiar cry among the nearest neighbors ; and more than one eve filled up and ran over as little Jack Connor's voice, thrilling and hopeful, rang out on the frosty air of a back upon the dead man's breast Jack vinter's morning. One evening he was late returning

There was no childish outburst of mother !" grief; only an awakening, as it seemed, of the young manhood in him from an errand upon which his mother had sent him. The clouds were heavy, as if they might hold snow.

Mrs. Connor knew that Jack would re I am, mother," he said, and be cold and tired when he returned, so she took his basket and went out to the The pet name of "Baby wood pile.

"I'll gather the chips," she said, and save him that much work. But she had scarcely begun her task when Jack came panting up the hill. "Why, mother," he called, "didn't

his sleeve across his eyes and told the vou know I was coming ?" He expected her to lean upon him as he grew older the feeling grew, and he was always disappointed if she failed to do so.

Ose morning she went out to her milking and a strange dog met her and sprang upon her. Scarcely knowing what she did, she threw the milking moment in the sunlight as a pair of pail at him, and screamed for Jack. He came with a bound, seizing : and

club as he passed the wood pile. "I'm coming, mother." Old Peter

He had turned peddler. Such Glass, passing near, heard Jack's cry tiny, industrious little peddler as he and ran down to see what was the mat was, too ; and with so many rough ter. There he stood between his bearded, warm-hearted friends among mother and the mad beast, flourishing the train men, Jack's business was his club and bidding the dog begone. One day the red stockings went Peter relieved the loyal little fellow

by killing the dog, which he after-wards declared to his wife was raving dancing down to the platform with un usual speed ; so fast, indeed, that the mother, who was following, had scarce mad "But mad or not," he added, "it

ly reached the platform when No. pulled up, and Engineer Robinson wouldn't a hindered that boy's pitching right in to a fight for his mammy dropped from the engine and caught It always brings the tears to my even the boy in his arms and tossed him up omehow, when I come in contact with that manful little chap of Jack Con-"Catch the little engineer, Sam," he " I've promised to let him run

No. 6 to day." "Mother, mother! Can you spare Peter Glass was not only the one whose heart softened for Jack Connor's son. Aye, many an eye wept and many a neart bled for him when the little "I'll come back at 5:10 "-the wheels began to turn-" and the wood low ceased to appear on the hill above the railroad track.

It was June, glad, sunshiny June, '-the train was moving -"and the kindling"-the rattle of the cars drowned his voice "box full" when Jack's mother went one morn ing to call on a sick friend, an old -how the steam roared ! Not one neighbor, at the station just above word of what he was saying could Antioch.

APRIL 8, 189

"Here I am, mother," the shrill sin, the invention of confession could clear voice would ring out. And when the train had passed on some one not have been a question of m But, perhaps, there is a certain pleas. would explain : "It's poor Jack Con-nor come to meet his mother." They ure connected with hearing confes 8610n ? If you think so, my dear friend, go to a church and examine the confessional grew accustomed to seeing him there as the days drifted into years. "Every train until you come back," What pleasure can there be to sit in a close box for hours, yea, half days, shivering in winter and sweltering in summer. However, this is nothing in or summer, the trainmen would see the comparison with the fact that the concottage door open, and knew it was Jack waiting for his mother. One day they missed him ; he was ill, fessor's mind is continually strained to hear the confession, to mark the omissions for which he must ask, to disraving with fever, Jerry Crane's wife bent over his pillow ; the poor little life was going. At 10 o'clock he opened tinguish in each case, to give salutary admonition, advice, preventatives, in fact to make himself, before God, responsible for the penitent. These mat-"Not yet, Jack," they told him. He smiled and closed his eyes again ters are so burdensome and so serious, as to surpass the conception of the penitent. I shall say nothing of the " h inhaling of the bad breaths of the dif-"I must go down to meet her ferent penitents, nothing of the straining of the ear in hearing, the fatigue At 11 he started and sat up in bed of whispering for hours. Indeed, it would take volumes to describe the Indeed, it " Is No material hardships of the confessional alone, and yet these are as nothing "Not yet, Jack, dear," they told him, and he dropped back among his pillowe, where he lay for an hour talk compared with the spiritual burden ing first to the engine, then to Engin which devolves on the confessor. sider, now, the priest at the sick bed. The penitent may have malignant ered to his father and the night he fever, cholera, or any of the innumerdied. "Stick to your engine and stand by able contagious diseases. He cannot, like the physician, judge the case from your mother, Jack,'" they heard him appearances or effects, and give ad-At midnight a whistle sounded sharp and Jack raised himself in bed and vice to the attendants, but must be at the bed-side of the penitent, sit there until the confession perhaps of many gave a cry of joy: "She's in !" he shouted. "No. 6 is in. Here I am, years is finished, inhale his breath even at the risk of dying of this contagious disease. Is it possible that this can be a pleasure ? - for this gratiwas only a freight stopping for waterfication priests should have invented confession? Ah my dear friends, could you believe such an absurdity, you would indeed be fit subjects for an in-

sane asylum. Let us, however, for argument's sake, admit that at one time all the priests lost their common sense and for the sake of pleasure imposed upon hemselves this terrible burden, which destroys the health and the life of the confessor, do you not think they would at least have had sufficient sense to excuse themselves from going to confession? How foolish they did not do so! For there are no exceptions ; every priest, every Bishop and even the Pope must confess.

But, now, the main point, beloved Christians. Two agents are required for an imposition, an imposter who commits the deed and a dupe who per-Receive ye the Holy Ghost," thus mits himself to be imposed upon. speaks our Lord in the gospel of to-day it possible that all Christians should whose sins you shall forgive, they have submitted to this imposition withare forgiven them, and whose sins you out offering the least resistance? Supshall retain, they are retained.' Sublime, memorable words, by which pose an edict were issued that auricuar confession were abolished, and that our Lord has instituted the infinitely hereafter public confession were obliconsoling sacrament of forgiving sins gatory ; would you meekly submit to That power which belongs to God alone such a precept? And now imagine to forgive the sins of the penit that centuries ago a Pope arose and ent and to retain those of the impenitdecreed : "Heretofore it was necesent, He has given to the apostles and sary to confess your sins to God alone, their successors in the priesthood. in future, however, you will be obliged day, our Saviour solemnly gives to the apostles this power, this commission, this command. But has He also given to confess your sins to a priest, entering into details, without which there What would will be no forgiveness." them the gift of omniscience, to search not all Christians have answered to such a demand? Would not old and the heart, to distinguish between the penitent and the impenitent? No, He has not, but He has made it the duty young have exclaimed in a rage : That we will never do; rather than submit to of the sinner to open his heart to the such an unheard-of innovation we will priest by a sincere confession of his renounce the faith. But examine the guilt, to lay open his conscience by an pages of history and seek the name of humble and entire accusation of his this Pope or when so universal an sins, in order that the representative apostasy occurred on account of the in-vention of auricular confession ; you of God can judge whether to remit or retain. Hence, we read in the acts of will find no trace of either, but you the apostles that even at the time of

THE PRE - REFORMATION CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

" who

pork oaten

Bes

APRIL 8, 1894

D. M. Barrett, O. S. B., in American **88 re** perou Catholic Quarterly Review. the m

PART I. - CONTINUED.

A splendid specimen of painting also, still remains in the little church of Fowlis Easter, near Dundee, which will serve as an illustration of this. It import consists of a series of pictures painted consists of a series of pictures painted on the screen which separates the nave from the sanctuary. They represent the crucifixion with attendant figures, pear fine pictures of the apostles, and other sub-jects. The style of the work indicates the middle of the fifteenth century as vicin ous a from the date of its execution. There is of the good reason for supposing that the whole surface of the walls of this little mon church bore similar decorations, but that they were effaced at the Reforma prisi succ tion by the tearing down of the wall old The panels of the screen were Aus coated thickly with whitewash at the same period, and to this fact the preserarou vation of the pictures is due. They were discovered about the middle of the of II Bea present century. The artist is con-jectured to have belonged to the Flemstill thes ish school. The presence of paintings of such superior excellence in a little the village church testifies to the high state of culture in Scotland in the age slat

which produced them. Another instance of the appreciation man fact of the painter's art is seen in the employment for three years of a foreign ainter, Audrew Bairhum, by Abbot Reid of Kinloss, for the decoration of his abbey church. Traces of these frescoes of the sixteenth century may still be descried amid the ruins of Kin-The faint remains of mural paintings under the chancel arch and on the wall of a chapel at Pluscardyn Priory, near Elgin, which seem to have been executed at about the same period, may also be mentioned as a assing illustration of the same sub

James IV. lavished his means on the decoration of his royal palaces and of the Chapel Royal at Stirling in a way which led to the imitation of his nobles, in his own and the following reigns. His son, James V., inherited these artistic tastes. His palace at Stirling became a marvel of art for that period, and ranked as one of the wonders of the kingdom.

Allusions has been already made to the diligence of monks in writing and illuminating manuscripts. The mere mention will suggest the conclusion that the country was entirely indebted to the Church for such books as were to be found in those early ages Sacred Scriptures, the writings of the Fathers, and even the classic poets and historians, were copied and recopied with painstaking labor by those inde iatigable workers. Monks and clerics were for many ages the only scribes, and have been at all times almost the only writers who possessed the patience necessary for transcription. But the Church was to do more for Scotland than cause manuscripts to be written for such as chose to acquire them. The inestimable treasure of the printing press may be attributed to her influ Under the patronage o ence also. Under th Bishop Elphinstone Aberdeen. Walter Chepman established the first press at Edinburgh about 1509, and almost the first work-if not the very first-executed by it was the "Brevi ary of Aberdeen," which that prelate had just compiled. This portion of our subject may be

fittingly concluded with a quotation from a Scottish historian, which sums up in a few words what has been se forth in some detail. "The church men of those remote times, "says Tytler, and he is speaking of the middle ages,

"did not only monopolize all the learning which then existed ; they

fireman that little Jack Connor had gone to meet his mother .- Will Allen Drumgoole in McClure's. FIVE . MINUTES' SERMON.

First Sunday After Easter.

THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE. "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are for given them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained."(John 20, 23)

but that was nothing to Jack. A smile flitted across his face. "She's come, he said with a look of unutterable peace held out his arms and went to mee The next day old Engineer Robinson wung himself clear of his engine and went down the platform to speak to the agent. When he climbed back to his seat in the engine window, he drew

The train pulled up and stopped.

he had said and day or night, winter

'She'll be here on that train,

aid.

6 in ?"

whisper.

when No. 6 comes in.

"Is she in yet ?" he asked.

INDIAN MISSIONS

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T HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO appeal to the generosity of Catholics throughout Canada for the maintenance and development of our Indian Mission. The re-sources formerly at our command have in great part failed us, and the necessity of a vigorous policy imposes itself at the present moment, owing to the good dispositions of most of the paran Indians and to the live competition we have to meet on the part of the sects. Per-sons beeding this call may communicate with the Archbishop of St, Bonfaze or with the undersizered who has been specially charged with the promotion of this work. Our Missions may be assisted in the following manuer:

in a ruined heap under a broken bridge inst beyond the Tennessee River. manner: 1. Yearly subscriptions, ranging from \$5 to

210. Learly subscriptions, tang and the second s

Jay schools on Indian Reserves—a siniar said y attached. 6. Entering a Religious Order of men or women specially devoted to work among the Indians: e g. for North-Western Canada) the Oblate Fathers, the Grey Nuns of Montreal, the Franciscan Nuns (Quesec), etc. Donationseither in money or clothing should be addressed to His Grace Archishop Lange vin, D. D., st. Boniface, Man. or to Rev. C. Canhil O. M. L. Rat Portage, Ont.

Vin, D. D., St. Bollinee, June Cahili, O. M. I., Rat Portage, Ont. C. Cahili, O. M. I., Indian Missionary.

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He always had something to tell, and reach her now, but he talked on, and when the steam ceased to roar, and the it was mostly of the train or the track, train glided smoothly out, he leaned from the window. "Good-bye, engines or wrecks. Anything that concerned the railroad was interesting nother.

is in, mother,

He had his father's head, the train-She heard and waved her hand. And then Engineer Robinson pulled men said, but the neighbors declared he had his mother's sunny, hopeful, him back to look at some roasted chestnuts the " train butcher " had sent up But one day trouble came to her door.

for him. It was a marvelous ride to the boy, who never ceased to wonder at the proud old engine and its magnificent But for all the pleasure and strength. freedom, there was a shadow all day on the boyish face, which neither the

good things nor the wonderful stories which Engineer Robinson brought to fireman had called to him when the his entertainment could quite dispel. timbers began to crack : and the man He would climb up to the engineer's velvet cushion and lean his elbow on the window-sill, and dropping his

And there he stood until the crash while he watched the clouds on the trees flitting by. He was not quite dead when the boys Oace the train stopped to wait for a ound him, and all the time they were ielayed freight, and the engineer

working with him he was praying. spoke to the boy, sitting silent at the ".Inst for life to get home." they heard "Hello, Jack !" he said. "You're

not asleep, are you? An engineer can't sleep, sir; remember that. Whatever other folks may do, he's got to keep his eyes open." Jack's eyes filled as he looked at his old friend.

"Yes, sir," he said, "that's just what father used to say." Engineer Robinson turned to look

out at the other window, down the track-the straight, treacherous track along which poor Jack Connor had traveled to eternity. Young Jack talked on, softly but distinctly : "And father said, the night they brought him home, sir, he said : 'Every man may jump but the engineer-the engineer must stick to the engine.' And he said, father said away off it seemed to me, like you to try to speak when the steam's a sizzing, str ; he said : 'Stick to the engine and stand by your mother, Jack.' And I've been a-thinking, Mr. Robinson,"-the engineer leaned farther out, and the sleeve of his blue overalls brushed his face, while Jack talked on, - "I've been a thinking all day as maybe I ured by one box of Dr. Chase's Catarth Cure. MRS, COWLE, 467 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO, thirteen years ago was attacked with Hay Fever. Never knew what it was to have any relief until she used Dr. Chase's Catarth Cure. If anyone troubled with Catarth calls on Mrs, Cowle the will give her endorsation as to her cure. ought not to have left her by herself a whole day ."

The engineer answered, without turning his head :

Jack thought he had never seen so fair a day-the sun shone, the birds believed, came to him confessing and sang, and the flowers were everywhere.

clock, Jack," his mother said, as she kissed his cheek. " I'll be sure to come on that train unless something hap-

"I'll be here, mother," said Jack, ' to every train until you come. The sun still shone when the train ame in at noon. Jack thought the whistle sounded mournful, somehow. And the engine "slowed up" sooner

than usual, so that the train came in "slow and solemn like." And the telegraph operator had laid his hand in a very gentle way on the boy's head as he hurried past him. And Engineer Robinson never once looked out to speak to him. The fireman, too,

theek into his hand, fall to dreaming turned his face the other way and was ousy with his shovel. The brakeman leaned on his brake and never lifted his eves as the cars pulled up. Jack

thought it all very strange. "Here I am, mother.

The conductor cleared his throat when the well known welcome rang through the train. Passengers turned from the windows and put their hand kerchiefs to their eyes, as if the sight of an eager little face aglow with expectation and delight were painful to them.

"Here I am, mother." He was scanning every face eagerly, longing-ly, when the conductor stepped out. "Jack," he said, "she isn't aboard.

A shadow flitted across the bright countenance. The conductor took the boy's hand in his and held it close.

Jack, my boy," he said, "you ist be a man. Your mother has not must be a man. come-will not come, Jack. Your mother is dead, my son. And the sun still shone, but not for

He never knew the terrible story how in stepping from the train her foot slipped and she fell beneath the wheels which passed over her body. -for from that day He never knew never knew anything, except that she never came back to him.

Day after day when the whistle sounded a little figure was seen to climb the wood-pile-Jerry Crane's wood-pile now — to watch for his cording to the teaching of St. Paul, conside

Catholic Church.) As there never were and never will be any charges for the forgiveness of

retained confession.

igent confreres ignore them, and deny

enormous amount to be paid, he might

for the first time leave out the grievous

sins and mention only the lesser of-

fences. By way of parenthesis, how-

ever, I wish to mention that lying, de-

traction, calumny and heresy are. ac-

red very grievous matter in the

will find that in every century, even the apostle St. Paul many in the time of the apostles, Christians have confessed and have done so withdeclaring their sins. (Acts. 19, 18 out the least murmur or objection. the Apostle St. James invites

Already, Hence we may justly say, according "You can come to meet me at 12 the first Christians to confess in these to a Catholic proverb : Either confess words : "Confess, therefore, your sins one to another." (James 5, 16) Thereor burn ! go to the confessional or to hell ! to the priest or to the devil ! fore also does the apostle St. John give Undoubtedly, confession is painful for us the consoling assurance: "If we confess our sins, He (God) is faithful a proud sinner, but there is a pain far greater: namely, that of burning for-ever in hell. There is no other way. and just, to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all iniquity."(I. John 1, 9.) Hence, all the fathers of the Church speak of the confession of sins Amen.

LOOK OUT FOR THE READING. o the priest and call it the only star of

hope, the only plank of safety from the Two farm lads in jail at Watertown, shipwreck of sin. Ecclesiastical his-N. Y., confessed that they attempted to hold up and rob a lady in her own tory relates that confession was in use from the primitive times and that all home on Dry Hill. They gave as the sects who separated themselves from the Church before the fifteenth century, reason for beginning a life of crime that they had been persistent readers of dime novels and had become so en Against these facts, how singular amored of the masked heroes in the and foolish are not the accusations of vile sensational stories that, securing those who maintain that confession is masks and pistols, they started out to an invention of the priest, a fraud of Parents canwin fame and fortune. Parents can-not be too careful what their children the bishops, and popes. Good God, if this were true, alas! for us poor Cath-The companionship found in read. olics ! How shamefully would we have their books and papers has a more perbeen deluded in an affair so vastly im sistent influence on them than that portant ! Let us, however, consult sound reason and ask : What could which they meet in flesh and blood on the streets. Let us watch the door have induced those priests to invent into the incer sanctuary of our chilconfession? Could it have been to ac dren's minds and hearts. This is one quire money? In that case, I would of the cases where the positive treate a very wealthy man : for I have ment is much more effective than the heard many thousand confessions, but negative. Bright, cheery, wholesome papers, full of pictures and healthy life, and good books, are better dein payment have never received a penny. (It is true there are some fenses against bad literature than any amount of "don'ts."-Dr. Banks. ignorant men who preach that the Catholics are obliged to pay for confession, but these men belong to so ignorant a class that their more intel-

April Showers Wash away the filth and waste that have ac-

Wash away the firm and waste tweeter cumulated during winter. In like manner Hood's Sarsaparilla expels from the blood impurities that have been de-posited during the season when there has been but little perspiration and perhaps con-stant confinement in impure and vitiated air. It is a boon to tired mothers, housekeepers, teachers and others who spend their time in-doors. that their churches put forth such an accusation. Should any one, however, have the slightest suspicion of such a fact, he can easily convince himself of the contrary by going to confession and asking the required price for the remission of his sins. If he fears the

doors. It gives the blood richness and vitality, It gives the blood richness and vicaniy-fitting it to nourish and strengthen the nerves, muscles and all the great organs of the body. It cures all spring humors and banishes that irred feeling. It is the best medicine money can buy for all diseases caused by impure or impover-ished blood. You should begin taking it to day.

day.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator i pleasant to take; sure and effectual in de-stroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

were the great masters in the necessary and ornamental arts ; not only the historians and the poets, but the painters, the sculptors, the mechanics, and even the jewellers, goldsmiths, and lapidar ies of the times. From their profici ency in mathematical and mechanical philosophy they were in an especial manner the architects of the age ; and the royal and baronial castles, with the cathedrals, monasteries and conventual houses throughout Scotland, were principally the work of ecclesias It would be leaving the subject in

complete to omit all mention of the way in which the Church had benefited the nation at large in the early centuries by cherishing and promoting the less ornamental, but no less valu able, arts of agriculture and garden ing, mining, salt-making, and the like, together with the impetus she gave to commerce and navigation. At a period when laymen might at any mo nent be called to war, the clergy especially the monks-were practically the only tillers of the soil, since the alone could count with any degree of certainty on escaping the harrying and wasting of lands by the invader sheltered as they were under th Church's protection. The vast posses sions which had accrued to the monas teries during centuries of benefaction were administered in a way which en cites the admiration of even Protes ant historians. They repaid the libe ality of their benefactors "by becon ing," as Tytler says, "the great agr cultural improvers of the country. In later ages they became landlords t the leasing out of portions of the property, and their own good examp in the scientific management of the farms and estates was a practical less to their tenants. The historian quot above tells us that in the fourteen century, while the diet of the upp classes consisted of wheaten brea beef, mutton, bacon, venison a game of all descriptions, and that the greatest profusion, the lower orde

Jack.