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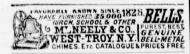
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NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XL.

CHAPTER XL.

Ivan Gorff had deemed it more prudent, both for Narka and for himself, not to be present at the trial, where there was sure to be a large contingent of Russian spies as well as French detectives. But when the day of the trial came he found it hard to keep away. The suspense and auxiety were almost unbearable. It was not possible to stay quietly indoors so he went out and walked about in-doors, so he went out and walked about the streets like a troubled spirit, going from one haunt to another, as if somefrom one haunt to another, as it some-thing unexpected might turn up to help Narka, or throw light on the unknown authors of her arrest. The more he thought of it, the stronger grew his fear that Schenk had betrayed her. The idea, which had at first been repulsed as a groundless suspicion, took shape when he found that Schenk had left town the day before the arrest; and then, as the days went by, and he neither came nor wrote, suspicion grew and hardened into convic suspicion grew and hardened into convic-tion. Ivan had quickly detected the German's passion for Narka, and shrewd-ly suspected that Schenk had declared it, and if so, he had of course been scornful, rejected. As Ivan piced the streets he pictured to himself the scene; Narka stortled into indigant surging answer. pictured to himself the scene; Narka startled into indignant surprise, answering him with two flashes of lightning from her dark eyes, and Schenk, goaded out of his cold-blooded sleekness, pressing his suit; then perhaps threatening—for she was in his power to an extent. Ivan's blue eyes scintillated with inextinguishable laughter as he clinched his hands, swinging heavily by his side, and tramped on. Partly drawn by these coghands, swinging heavily by his side, and tramped on. Partly drawn by these cogitations, and partly obeying the blind impulse that prompted him to pursue his aimless march, he walked on to La Villette and to Narka's house. The place looked just as if nothing had happened; she might have been sitting inside at her work; the door on the street stood open

work; the door on the street stood open as usual. I van stepped in. It was dark in the narrow entry after the brilliant sunshine, but there was light enough for him to see a man standing at the door of the landlady's rooms, opposite to Narka's, as if waiting to be let in. Ivan at a

glance recognized Schenk. The two were equally surprised to

meet.
"Oh, it is you!" said Schenk, coming forward, and held out his hand.

Ivan fell back a step. "How much
money did they give you for it?" he said,
hissing out the words between his teeth, "What do you mean?" demanded Schenk.

You know what I mean. How much

did they give you for selling Narka Larik to the police here?"

"Look here," said Schenk, and he came a step nearer, fixing his green eyes on Ivan's, that were blazing like a tiger's; "take back that lie, or I'll knock it down your threat!" your throat Ivan clinched his hand, and hit out at

him; but Schenk, stepping aside in time, avoided the blow, and Ivan struck the wall with his might, breaking knuckles with the violence of the collis-ion. The pain blinded and maddened him for a moment, and before he had re covered his senses Schenk drew his cane sword and ran him through the body. Ivan staggered, and then fell heavily to the ground.

enk knelt down, wiped his blade carefully in his victim's coat, slipped it back into the cane, and walked away.

back into the cane, and walked away.

Nobody passed through the entry for nearly an hour. Then a lace-mender who lived on the nfth story came down, and hurrying out, knocked her foot against the prostrate body. Her scream brought in a woman who was passing.

"A man murdered!" exclaimed the two, peering down at the white face, and then at the pools of blood around.

then at the pools of blood around. In five minutes a crowd had collected

in five more the commissary of police was there, taking down the proces verbal Before he had finished, the doctor ar

rived.
"Life is not extinct," said the medical

man, after putting his ear to Ivan's heart. "Is there a room where he could be taken, close by, here on the ground

be taken, close by, here on the groundfloor?"

Some one ran to the concierge and got
the key of Narka's door, and Ivan was
lifted in and laid upon the bed. Then
restoratives were quickly applied and the
wound was attended to. Gradually consciousness returned. Ivan carried his
blank gaze round the room, and began to
realize where he was. "Have they condemned her?" he asked, in a faint voice.

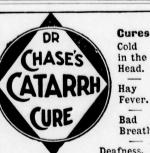
"Ah! it was, then a woman?" said the

"Ah! it was, then a woman?" said the commissary, and out came his pencil to add this point to the proces-cerbal. "Do you know her? Could you identify you know her? Could you identify her?" Then, as Ivan only stared at him vacantly, "The woman who stabbed you," he explained. "Try and remember. We found you lying in the entry badly wounded. Do you know who stabbed you?"

But the wounded man turned his head.

But the wounded man turned his head away and moaned impatiently. At a sign from the doctor the commissary col-

lapsed.
"He is too weak; he has lost a deal of blood. I must go down to the Sisters



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"Sœur Marguerite," Ivan said, with an effort; "tell Sœur Marguerite to come to me."

Lette element making itself conspicuous in the chorus by yells of triumph, which might have easily been mistaken for howls of rage. When M. de Beaucrillon and Sibyl led Narka out of the court, half

and Stbyl led Narka out of the court, hair fainting, she hardly knew where she was going, and allowed herself to be assisted into the carriage without asking where they were taking her. It was only when she found herself before the steps of Sib-yl's house that she realized where she Everybody at La Villette knew that Sear Marguerite was away at the trial.

"I will ask for Sear Marguerite," replied the doctor; "but she may not be in the way; I must take whoever is."

"No, no; Sear Marguerite," Ivan insisted. "If she is still in the court, send and say I want to see her; I have something to say and there is no time to lose.

thing to say, and there is no time to lose

commissary, guessing that the something was connected with this at-tempt on his life, hurried out and called cab, and drove to the court, where, as we know, he found Marguerite, and took her back with him. The errand had her back with him. The errand had been done with great haste, but Ivan's feverish impatience had found the time

never-ending. "Ah! you are come—thank God!" he exclaimed, the moment she appeared. "Get a pencil, and write what I am going to tell you.'

But you are too weak; I had better

wait, she urged, gently.
"No, no; there is no time. I have strength enough, if only there be time. Write."

Marguerite drew her big pocket-book
from her sleeve, and held her pencil

ready.
"You remember that All souls eve at
"You remember that All souls eve at Yrakow?" Ivan began. "My sister Sophie was coming through the wood in the afternoon. She met Larchoff. He stopped her, and —" A spasm passed over Ivan's face; he strugged for a moment with some violent pain or emotion, and having passed and any or "She and having mastered it, went on: "She and having mastered it, went on: "She escaped from him. . . I saw her flying across the road toward our gate; she was half mad. . I went straight into the sacristy, and took Father Christopher's gun. I knew where he kept it, and I knew it was loaded. I hurried back to the forest, and overtook Larchoff, and shot

him." Marguerite uttered a cry, and dropped the pencil; she picked it up, and Ivan continued

"As God hears me, my first thought was for Sophie. I wanted to screen her; if it was known I had killed Larchoff, it would have led to suspicion. . . . After I fired the shot, Father Christopher passed; he was hurrying through the wood to get back to the confessional; I thought he might have seen me, and if he had, I knew he would suspect me. I went on to the sacristy, and put back the gun where I had found it. And then—oh, my God, how shall I tell it!—then I went into the chapel, and knelt down in went into the chapel, and knelt down in went into the chapel, and knelt down in the confessional and confessed the mur-der. Then I was safe. I knew that this sealed his lips—that he must let himself be put to death rather than utter a word that might invitable.

be put to death rather than there a word
that might incriminate me, and betray
the secret of the confessional. . . The
next day I went into X—— and denounced him as the murderer."

Marguerite could bear no more; she burst into tears, overcome with horro

and compassion.
"Ah! I have suffered for my crime! I nave suitered for my crime.

I van went on; "ay, the torments of the
damned... It so chanced—God in
His judgment so decreed — that I was
passing when the police were carrying
him away... I saw him driven on

passing when . . . I saw him driven on him away. . . . I saw him driven on between the two policemen. Oh, my God! my God! the look he gave me! . . . it has haunted me like a dead it has haunted me like a dead man's eye. . I felt sure at first that the prince would have obtained his release; when that failed, I did what I could. . ! I spent my whole fortune trying to purchase his escape, to bribe the allers, trying to get alleviations for him.

I have lived in poverty . . . my life has been a hell of remorse. . . And now I am dying accursed and unforgiven, murdered myself. . . It is just! it is inst!"

Marguerite dropped on her knees, shaken to her soul with pity for the mis-erable man who had sinned and suffered so terribly. But her strong sense and habit of self-restraint quickly brought her back to the practical question of how to make this confession available for Father Christopher. She had presence of mind enough to remember that either it must e made verbally before another witness

be made verbally before another witness, or Ivan must sign what she had written in presence of a witness.

"Is it any good my confessing now?" said Ivan, as if he guessed what was in her mind. "Will it help to set Father Christopher free, do you think?" If it did, if I knew that before I died, it would make hell less horrible to me."

make hell less horrible to me."

"I have not a doubt," replied Marguerite, "but that as soon as your statement is known to the authorities, they will liberate him at once; but you will have to repeat the confession, or else sign its the research of another person. May

it is the presence of another person. May I send for the commissary?"
"Yes, yes; send for as many as will come. I will swear before the whole

"Yes, yes; send for as many as will come. I will swear before the whole world that I committed the murder, and conferred it to Father Christopher."

Marguerite went out, intending to send for the commissary. She tound him in the entry, surrounded by the cure, the doctor, several police officers, and others who had been attracted by the news of the murder. She told rapidly what had happened, and when the commissary, accompanied by the cure and the doctor, came in, Marguerite read aloud what she came in, Marguerite read aloud what she had written, and then asked Ivan if it was correct, and if he would swear to the

truth of the story.
"Yes, I swear, as a dying man, that what you have written is true. So help me God! Get me up that I may sign it." me God! Get me up that I may sign it."
They lifted him, and put a pen in his hand, and he wrote his name; the others then added their signatures. The commissary was putting away the pen, when Ivan made a sign that he wanted it again. They gave it to him, and he cutched it fondly. It was Narka's pen. He remembered seeing it on her little writing-table.

rin remembered seeing it on her little writing-table.
"What have they done to her?" he asked — "to Narka Larik; what is the sentence?"

"She is acquitted on all points," replied the commissary, who had heard it from a police-officer just come from the court.
"Thank God!" muttered Ivan, and his face brightened; then, changing suddenly, a look of hungry, wolfish hate came over it. "Now let them catch Schenk," he said. "It was Schenk's doing—it was Schenk that stabbed me. I would die easy if I knew they would hang him!" He fell back exhausted on the pillow.

CHAPTER XLI.

The verdict of acquittal was received with loud and general applause, the Vil-

One by one the links of the past are

was. It was then too late to protest, even if she had had strength to do it. Sibyl took her upstairs, and put her to bed; she was kind and tender as a sister; and Narka, worn out in mind and body, submitted unresistingly to the soft body, submitted unresistingly to the sort ministrations. She was thankful to be at rest. She slept through the night from sheer exhaustion. Sibyl would have her lie in bed next morning; she forbade her to get up till the afternoon, and gave or ders that Mlle. Narka was not to be dis

turbed, even if Sour Marguerite came.

Immediately after the second breafast Sibyl went out with Gaston. The were both anxious to see Marguerite, and learn the cause of her mysterious summons from court the day before. The moment they were gone, Narka rose and dressed herself, and slipped down to the boudoir. She could not lie quiet in bed, when Basil might arrive at any moment and call for her. She had not been long when Basil might arrive at any moment and call for her. She had not been long in the boudoir when a carriage drove into the court. It might be Basil! Narka started up and went to the window. A coupe was drawn up before the steps; the hall porter was parleying with some one inside. Presently he opened the carriage door and assisted a lady to alight. Narka recognized Marie Krinsky. The thought of meeting this girl, who alight. Narka recognized Marie Krinsky The thought of meeting this girl, who loved Basil, who had been her rival loved Basil, who had been her rival, would have been intolerable; but it did not occur to her that Marie was coming upstairs; she was, no doubt, going to wait in the drawing-room, or perhaps to write a note in the library. It was only when the sound of silk rustling on the large transport of the l landing became audible that Narka knew landing became audible that Narka knew
the young Princess was going to appear.
She glanced round for a way of escape.
There was a panelled door that opened
into a tiny closet, a sort of debarras where
the tea-table, etc., were kept. There was
just time to spring across the room and
open this door and draw it after her,
without daring to shut it, when Marie
entered. entered.

"You will find everything here, Princess," said the servant, and soon the click of an opened inkstand, and then the

noise of a pen scratching the paper, announced that Marie was writing.

The time seemed long to Narka, but in reality ten minutes had not elapsed when reality ten minutes had not elapsed when Marie started up, exclaiming: "Seur Marguerite! I am so glad! I was writing a line for Madame de Beaucrillon. We only returned from Fontainebleau last night. You were at the trial; tell me about it. Was Narka Larik guilty? Did she conspire against the guilty? Did she conspire against the life of the Emperor?"

Marguerite lifted her eyebrows.

Marguerite lifted her eyeprows.

Marguerite lifted her eyeprows.

"Why, did you not read the trial? It is all in this morning's newspapers. She was completely acquitted."

"Oh. I know that. M. de Beaucrillon in the jury.

"Ob, I know that. M. de Beaucrillon is rich enough to buy up the jury. And he was quite right to do it; but is she guilty? Is she the dreadful woman they say? I so want to know the truth." She spoke earnestly, nervously.

"Narka is no more guilty than I am," said Magnerite, with the warmth of consaid Marguerite, with the warmth of con viction. "She is a noble woman, and she

viction. "She is a noble woman, and she has suffered cruelly." "Ah! But now they say——— Is it true this story of Prince Basil's being in love

with her and wanting to marry her?" "Yes, it is quite true."
Marie grew pale, and Marguerite saw
that the words had cut into her like a
knife. Poor child! So she was to be a
victim, through no fault of her own. She looked as if a touch would have over-thrown her courage; but she struggled

bravely, and kept up. "I am glad she is good, since he is going to marry her," she said; "it would have been dreadful for Madame de Beaucrillon; and I should have been sorry for

her brother, who—"
Marie stopped short, blushed violently, and then grew white, and an expression between terror and defiance came into her eyes. Marguerite turned to see what had wrought the sudden change, and saw a gentleman advancing quickly toward the open door of the boudoir; he was un-kempt and travel-stained, like one come kempt and travel-stained, like one come off a journey; but Marguerite recognized Basil at a glance. He went straight up to her, and took her hand and raised it to his lips; he did not say a word, but his face, his whole manner, were eloquent with feeling. Suddenly, as if he had not noticed the presence of the young princess, he made her 'a low bow. Marie took up her parasol.

"I am not sending you away, I hope, Princess," said Basil.

"I am not sending you away, I nope, Princess," said Basil.

"No; I was going." She shook hands with Marguerite, and then, looking Basil steadily in the face, "I am glad to be one steadily in the face, "I am glad to be one of the first to congratulate you on your approaching marriage, Prince," she said," He read insolent contempt in her glance; but it was the defiance of desperation.

"Thank you, Princess," he replied, and held back the portiere with an ostentatious pretence of making wider room for

The girl's retreating footsteps made no sound on the soft carpet, and Narka did not know she had left the room when

Basil spoke:
"Sibyl is out?"
"Yes; I believe she is gone to La Villette," Marguerite replied, and she laid on the table a parcel that she took out of a basket on her arm. There was nothing so far to inform Narka that Marie was set still present Marguerite leaked. so far to inform Narka that Marie was not still present. Marguerite looked tired, and Basil thought agitated; she sat down and with a certain hesitation in her manner, "A dreadful thing has happened," she said; "Ivan Gorff was stabbed yesterday during the trial."

"Good God! Ivan! By whom?"
"Brayen read Salent."

"By a man named Schenk."

"Schenk!" Basil repeated, aghast.
My God!" And is Ivan dead?"

"He is dying. He sent for me to make a confession — a terrible confession." Narka held her breath, while Marguerite paused, as if the words were hard to speak. Then, almost in a whisper, "It was Ivan who murdered Larchoff!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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LESSONS OF THE AUGUSTINE CELEBRATION IN ENGLAND.

being renewed. The force of tradition comes to the aid of logic in bringing back the British people to the old paths. The Ritualists have sought to stay their feturn by presenting to them mere fragments of Catholic truths and urging that they should be content with these. But tradition and historical memorials, as well as commonsense, piead too powerfully against a feeble and halting imitation of Catho-licism, and non Catholics in growing numbers are coming to see that if the creed of the Church's early days, the creed taught by the Apostolic men who went forth to win the nations to civilization and Christianity is to be ac cepted, it must be received not piecemeal but in all its essentials. This is the lesson of the Augustine celebrations, and with what emphasis has it preached. The brilliant and dignified ceremonies all seem take us back to pre Reformation days, and in witnessing them the Catholic could not but feel as if he were present at one of those glorious scenes depicted on so many of our historical monuments wherein reverence for the Church, and especially for th Holy See, is as conspicuous as pride in the vigor and stability of the State. The commemoration was indeed an exhibition of respect and love for Peter such as vividly recalls old English life Everything in the scenes and incidents was suggestive of the Roman Pontifi cate. First of all, in a touching and encouraging letter the Holy Father conveyed the Apostolic blessing. Then the representative of the Holy Father, his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, with a host of Bishops, priests and cures visited the spot on the shores of Kent which were first hollowed by the tread of a band of missionaries sent from Rome by Pope Gregory the Great And as a sign of that unity which binds together the Catholics of every land now as in the days of Augustine there was the presence of that learned and eloquent representative of the Church in France, his Eminence Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Arles, the Superior of the Society of St. Sulpice, and other well known French priests. The celewell known French priests. bration was thus a decisive step in the bridging of a chasm created through passion and prejudice.

The Anglican Bishops had in their own way already paid honor to the memory of St. Augustine in connection with the thirteenth centenary of his landing in England. But both they and their flocks might well have joined with the Catholics in expressing their gratitude for the blessings which the Holy See has been the means of con ferring on this country through St. Augustine and many other agents of light and leading. It is not merely Catholics who are indebted to them but Protestants of all shades of doctrine, even those who are most aggresively opposed to the Roman See. The Pro testants for the most part fail to realize their dobts in this respect, and the act is scarcely surprising, for few are fully alive to the extent of their obligation towards those who have gone before them. The period of the Roman occupation of this island was comparatively brief, but even after so many centuries how numerous are the traces on the imperial power and genius of Rome. And if this be so in the matter of material records and memorials, how much more is it the case with regard to language. The Roman language crept in and interfused itself with the Saxon tongue. ut how close and how great was the influence of the Holy See upon England, not in one, but in every feature of national life. Men nowadays dwell at no little length on what we owe to the British Constitution, yet they often forget to tell us that we owe the British Constitution itself largely to Catholics who acknowledged the supremacy of the Roman See and derived inspiration and guidance from it. The respective parts which the Celtic monks on the one hand and St. Augustine and his followers on the other played in the conversion of Eng-

land cannot be easily defined. Roughly speaking the Celts converted the North and the Romans the South. Both the Celtic and the Roman missionaries recognized the supremacy of Rome, and it is for that reason that the Roman influence on England so readily absorbed the Celtic energy and so deeply affected the foundations of the State We find it making itself felt at all the great crises, struggling for culture and barons, protecting the serf and ensur-ing him his daily bread, spreading dis-cipline through Theodore, diffusing historical and literary lore through Bede, paving the way for representative government through ecclesiastical councils and synods, combating despotism through Anselm, laying down just laws through the good King Edward, and vindicating the rights of the people through prelates like Langton. It is not too much to say that the makers of England, the men who laid the foundation of its greatness, were sterling representatives of the Roman See and the Catholic faith. Since England is under so many

and such great obligations to the Holy rilla. See, how came it that spiritual allesucces giance to Rome was cast off and that the inhabitants of this nation were so long and so violently hostile to the authority of the Holy See? The rupture was not due to the English people. As Cardinal Manning was fond of remarking, they were robbed of their birthright. Despotic monarchs desired to follow their own wills without hindrance, and by violent persecution they

practically succeeded in severing the oonds between Eagland and Rome. The sins and the shortcomings of some Catholics in the days when the Catholic creed was the religion of the masses won for them a certain proportion of supporters, but there can be no doubt that England lost the Faith not through any national revolt against Rome, but in consequence the determination of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth that their power should not be limited even by religious restraints. When once their object was attained the parochial ministers who held their livings independently of the Roman See were hostile te the resumption of relations with Rome lest they should be deprived of their posts, and accordingly diffused a strong anti Roman feeling amongst their flocks. Hence the prejudice and bigotry from which Catholics have to suffer so severely. But a marvellous change has come about within the past twenty or thirty years. History is being written in a tairer and more candid spirit; the literary works and, the actions of such converts as Newman and Manning have dissipated many false ideas with respect to Rome; and, above all, the great incidents in the national life such as that commemorated last week continually appeal to the hearts of multitudes of non-Catholics to return to the faith of their fathers.-Liver pool Catholic Times.

HOLY WATER.

lts Origin-Why The Church Makes Use of It.

On entering a church all Catholics are in the habit of dipping their hands in the holy water font and blessing themselves. While the sources of information regarding this practice are numerous and of easy access it is surprising how few have ever taken pains to enlighten themselves on

this subject. Holy water is one of the sacramentals of the Church. It does not wash the soul from sin or infuse grace, but by reason of the power given to the Church her blessing being attached to it, it aids the soul in the formation of pious desires. For this reason it is placed at the door of the temple so that all may by its use properly pre-pare their minds for their devotions within the house of God.

The use of it in religious rites is older than the Christian Church. It entered into the ceremonies of the Old Law. In the Book of Numbers (chapter v., verse 17) we find the following: And he shall take holy water in a earthern vessel; and he shall cast a little earth of the pavement of the tabernacle into it." The Law of Moses speaks further of a water of expiation and a water of jealousy.

When the Church began its use we cannot say. It is a very ancient prac tice, and we believe that it must have been co eval with the establishment o Christianity. Pope Alexander I., who reigned from 109 to 119, speaks of it as

an established custom. There are three kinds of holy water Baptismal water, which is blessed on the Saturday before Easter, Pontifical water, blessed by a Bishop and used in consecrating churches, and the ordinary holy water, which a priest may bless. The authorities on the question would seem to indicate that the habit of using blessed water is not of divine but of ecclesiastical origin. of those forms which the Church has adopted for the aid and edification of the faithful, the power to do which was Boton the key of the presented to eter the keys of the kingdom of heaven and earth

A Legend of St. Gregory.

In his early years St. Gregory the Great was a monk in St. Andrew's Monastery at Rome; though afterward he became Pope, and sent St. Augustine to preach to the Saxons at Canter-bury. When he was at St. Andrew's a beggar came one day to the gate, and was relieved; but he came again and again till all the monk's means were exhausted. At last Gregory ordered the silver porringer which his mother Sylvia had given him to be

handed to the mendicant. When Gregory became Pope he used to entertain daily at supper twelve Once he was surprised to poor men. Once he was surprised to notice that there were thirteen seated at the table. He called to the steward and said he had given orders that there should be twelve only. The steward looked and counted them over, and said: "Holy Father, there are surely refinement, steadily toning down the rough manners of fierce and rapacious more, but at the end of the meal he asked the thirteenth and unbidden guest: "Who art thou?" The reply guest: "Who art thou?" The reply was: "I am the poor man whom thou didst formerly relieve, and my name is the Wonderful. Through me thou shalt obtain whatever thou shalt ask of Almighty God." Then Gregory knew that he had entertained an angel, or

as some say, Our Lord Himself. This legend is often represented in pictures - Christ sitting as a pilgrim with the other guests. - Ave Maria.

The only permanent cure for chronic catarrh is to thoroughly expel the poison from the system by the faithful and persistent use of Ayer's Sarsapa-This wonderful remedy proves successful when all other treatment has failed to relieve the sufferer.



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