25, 1903.

a night of the ala Espiritual

n Mexico, the aving been set aving been set ar back as the The fallacy of by Icazbalceta, ad the viceroy him on his first rrived prior to

book was pubat the Casa de the imprint of his noteworthy ple of the early to preserve the d to carry the he Indians with as entitled " La nd gave parallel Nahuatl.

R WOMEN.

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social edict the ell-to do homes heir school days ovels, shop shopping. rry them. They ing down under ng them in idleto aid him. It is l, but oh, horror ! l to do a thing to to do a thing to ot until they are lapse and death, vn bread. Then, stry is of no use

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g woman. Learn orld in a womanly e law of the snobs not earn her own tears over your keep him alive by rtion of the anx-that is wrecking Let novels go un Prince Charming r an noble career. te in the eyes of ou obey the mant thy bread! "-

d Incense

the use of incense hts during the pa-Holb Alban's, a parishioner is ed whether the ree ceremonial luxur-e" under existing

is said to have re only two classes mphatically termed lestament—namely, ho offered incense, rgins' who carried "— Church News

C IN FICTION.

art Review. for July, John J. ticle in which he exof the Catholic in Catholic in fiction. al writers of novels y in presenting dis-Catholics and of the nd says : pproves or condemns bhurch and its mem-

whether fictional or as it accords with the ether the teaching of he modus agendi of its faith and live up presented. the dogmas of the presented or scoffed irit of the Church is actices and ceret actices and ceremon-r falsely presented; ter of her ministers t the Catholic feels and it is in these re-is calumniated where liever who is not a

JULY 25, 1908.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER. London Illustrated News.

son's desire to send ample supply of money from his own store. In the lat-ter case the mother had not urged him to consent, for a woman so high-minded does not care to be beholden to her off-London Illustrated News. The Barley's house lies in a green hollow at the end of Linen Clough. To reach the place from Milton you climb the stony, ill-kept road to the summit of the "edge," then cross a few fields to an old packhorse track of moss green stones, all hollow in the middle, where in wet weather the water lies in round spring. She smoothed the telling of the refusal, and wrote with painful lightness of other matters. Her lad loved her the more for every letter she sent; he trembled when he discovered weather the water lies in round, that the Italian caligraphy which wo-men affected in Hezekiah's youth, was in wet weather the water lies in round, limpid pools; then you descend abrupt-ly through a narrow ravine, its lime-stone walls barely covered with moun-tain pansies and bilberry, lichens and fishbone ferns. Half way down lies the Denid's Well a being show the state growing shaky and indistinct. own letters, treasured in a sandalwood secretary, were so carefully placed that she could find each year's collection with closed eyes. Now that the man and wife had com

Druid's Well, a basin-shaped reservoir, where the frogs spawn in early spring. From the steps that rise to this prehispleted the allotted span of years, and each saw the other failing, they began relic the first glimpse of the quaint house may be caught, nestling amid its farm buildings in a circle of to long more powerfully than ever for the presence of their son. But Hezestunted rowan trees. The place dates from the sixteenth kiah gave no outward sign of wavering and resolutely forbade his wife to tell rne piace artes from the sixteenth century. It is one of the seven granges that Endymion Barley, of Bar-ley Lees (whose ruins, with the old chapel still intact, though to-day it is

after another the little household duties she had managed ever since her early wifehood. It came about that in used as a cowshed, stand a good half mile from Darrand Bridge), built for her seventy-second year she fell ill of a sudden. One morning she did not creep down stairs, and Hezekiah, going his seven sons. Not one is inhabited now save the hall in Linen Clough, and there are no Barleys of the true stock left in all Peakland save Hezekiah, the master ; his wife Harriet and their deto the chamber at breakfast time, found her lying back in an easy chair, her eyes closed and her face ashen hued. He had been a reserved man even in his passionate days, yet now so warm scendants. A high-spirited man was Hezekiah, in

A high spirited man was incoming, in spite of his poverty. He lived narrow-ly—what can be got nowadays from a poor eighty acres of marshy meadows was his pleading that when she had strength to recognize his agonized face she was struck with wonder. "You are all I have, my Harry, my and five hundred acres of the roughest moorland in the country? The gaffer was too haughty to let his shooting; poor darling," he cried. "Nay," she whispered, " not all. There's Ralph and Ralph's wife and the was too naughty to let his shooting; too needy to pay a gamekceper's wages. Such grouse and rabbits as grew to ma-turity were greedily snared by the poachers from Greenlow in the Water, which all the world of the High Peak knows as a Meece of the ragtag and hebtoil. Heredich used to stir measi ttle ones." He put his arm around her neck and drew her head to his breast. "All ! all ! I have none save you. You'll not leave me, Harry ; what should I do without you—alone ? You've always been brave ; you'll not go when I need non meet " bobtail. Hezekiah used to stir uneasi-ly in his bed when the toothless sheep-

She smiled wistfully and kissed his wrinkled forehead. "I'll try, hus-band," she said : " but I'm very weak and old." dogs gave a warning that the rullans came too near the house, but Harriet would bid him lie still; for although he was still plucky, as in his youth, she knew that he would fare ill in an eucounter, even though Stephen, his old Her pride helped her to keep infirm man servant, and the cow lad followed ities at bay; in a short time she rose and resumed her share of the day's work. Then Hezekiah deprecated, but with flails.

Harriet was as proud as her husband. Traditions are more carefully cherished by the women folk, and, despite the fact that she never spoke of the past, her memory teemed with pleasant hear-says. Sometimes, when her master was in the distant fields, she would steal across the neglected garden to a coach house whose doors were great coach house whose doors were locked over a majestic vehicle of last century make, all embellished with lac-quer and gilt ornament. Once before the family had sunk so low, a Barley had been High Sheriff of the county, and this coach had been built in Lon-don when he went up to the capital to see King George III. But when she had lowered the steps and stripped the holland covers from the cushions and sunk into a luxurious dust of lavender pollen, it was a more recent past that

made her poor thin arms press some-thing invisible to her wasted bosom, where the black silk of her bodice lay in stif, frayed folds. Because she had played there with her bantling. She had not married until her thirtieth year, and only one child had been born. But such a child

-a beautiful, strong lad, fit for a king--a beautiful, strong lad, fit for a king-dom; fair-skinned and yellow-haired and gray-eyed, with a temper obstinate as his father's. Dear God, that old woman had suffered a long agony ! "When land is gone and money spent," said Hezekiah, "then learning is most arcallar."

is most excellent. So Ralph Barley had been sent to the

Bluecoat school. She used to cry still when she thought of the first time she had seen him in clipped curls and disfiguring clothes. The Barleys have connections in the

both equally, she had striven to make peace, then had sat with folded hands,

weeping inwardly. Not a day in all those years had passed without her

grieving with the recollection of that last embrace when her one child had gone out from her life. She knew that

he was right; she knew that if he stayed his life would be as harsh and

ding she had unexpectedly inherited a

large fortune. The three children had been sent home to the wife's people.

Harriet had their portraits, and

housekeeper came briskly along The the hall in pattens, which she doffed at the door. She was a short thickset peerage. At the time of Ralph's leavsador to a court of Eastern Europe, wished to take the young man in his suite. Hezekiah's heart was set on his the door. She was a short thickset dame, with a face brown and creased as a walnut shell. She had lived at Nether Flat in Mrs. Barley's maiden days, and long service had given her son remaining in Peakland to restore the name of Barley to its original the position almost of a humble rela lustre. How this was to be done not even he himself knew; but it had been

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Afterward he unfastened'a postern gate that led to a court which opened to the garden. Here were the great doors unlocked and slightly ajar. The sound of Harriet's voice, very loud and stren-uous, reached him as he laid his hand on the woodwork; he stood stockstill and listened. His wife was praying, and her prayer was full of wild appeal. "O, Jesus Christ, whose Holy Mother nursed Thee in her arms, have pity on an old, old woman. O Saviour of the

an old, old woman. O Saviour of the world, help me-let me no longer be as one who has not known motherhood-His one who has not known motherhood-let me keep house with my son's chil-dren about me. Soften, I beseech Thee the heart of him I love, and love as powerfully as my own issue-break down the walls of his firmness-let the wish to see our son become too great to be contented against." Here hustend's hands rese to his face.

Her husband's hands rose to his face; he groaned aloud. From the closed chariot came the sound of mufiled sob-

Ralph of their weakness. And day by day Harriet was compelled to resign one "O, Thou Who wert the one Son of Thy Mother, help me in this my grief. I am too old to bear my burden in patience, too feeble not to ery out. Shall the agony of my labor, the longer agony of these years and years of separation, stand for naught? Send me not down to the grave without seeing my lad again! Let me but lay his and in his father's."

hand in his father's." After a long interval of silence Heze-kiah crept closer to the coach and saw Harriet kneeling with bowed head. On the faded enshions before her lay tiny Missionaries to Non-Catholics in carments of fine needlework-and a garments of the needework—and a christening cloak of yellowed silk em-broidered with blue heartseases, knitted socks no bigger than a man's thumb and a worn coral with battered silver bells. And on the opposite seat spread toys-wooden houses and bricks for palace building, and tin soldiers and tattered copybooks, between whose ruled lines ran ancient maxims writ in a straggling hand. This had been the lad's playhouse,

and these were the things that he had loved. It was the old woman's play-house now—a playhouse of tears and verlasting sorrow. Hezekiah leaned silently over her

dinal to his charge. shoulder and put his cheeks against her COURAGEOUS CATHOLICS ARE

own. "Harry," he said, in a husky voice "I'll send for the lad. I can't bide with-out him any longer." The mother moaned again, this time she would have her way. Such tasks as she undertook might numb the

ith perfect gladness. "I'm tired husband," she whispered, oignancy of her longing; she gave her-

self no moment for idle thought. Her letters to Ralph grew more tender you must help me to the house. than ever ; she discoursed often of the laughter and play that she, even then a woman approaching middle age, had shared with her baby. But never once did she mention the thing that her But Hezekiah took her in his armshey were strong even yet as oaken aplings-and carried her to her own

ace in the parlor. "I'll send him word this very day," general way that Catholics are bound he said as he kissed her. "Now rest quiet dear, so that you may be strong when he comes. I have only another hour of work, and then I'll be with you heart craved for-the old mother's pasto a different and an austerer profes sion to gaze, before she died, into his and, logically enough, they expect us to justify it. Let us not be deceived So the year went on, from spring to summer, from summer to autumn, and with each day she grew more fragile and

again. He went away with Harriet's tender by the evidence of vagne fer and dis-like of the Church which often goes with this knowledge. Still less should He went away with Harles's behavi-laughter following him, the hallowed laughter of the woman whose lover has found his true self. And when he reached the fields old Stephen pointed out to him a traveling carriage and a and transparent. She allowed no sigh to escape; her husband was fain to believe that she was content. He watched her with jealous care to diswe attach importance to newspaper praise of the miscalled "liberal" Cathcover in her countenance any look of wistfulness, yet never in their life to gether had he seen more placidity there. If she wept at all it was in the horseman descending the narrow road of the Clough. Hezekiah, without a word left the reapers and went to the gate and watched, with hungry eyes. The rider leaped from the saddle and

dead of night, when, worn, with outdoor toil, he lay fast asleep by her stood bareheaded before him, a stalwart brown man with a pleading face. "Father," he cried, "I have come back to you. I wish to stay, with you I But one afternoon in harvest time, having had occasion to leave the field

wish my sons to grow up in the old homer It has called to me for years and years. We are all here-my wife and my boys-your boys; do not turn them away.

she usually sat amid quaint silk pict-ures and lac cabinets two centuries old, and found her favorite chair empty "I have been a proud fool, Ralph," he gasped, "but to-day I was going to bid you come. Your mother has cried out for you." and her linen darning thrown care-lessly on a side table. Then he went to the bedchamber, but as she was not there he descended again to the parlor and tugged the hare's foot at the end

Ralph sprang again to the saddle ; the grandsire groped his way to the carriage which was standing some yards away. And Harriet unconsciousfelt herself drawn to the threshold ly felt herself drawn to the threshold of the great hall. There in the rich glow of autumn sunset, she saw her nan-child coming to clasp her to his

CHRIST'S ONE CHURCH. Our Protestant neighbors seem

"The world has not ceased hearing of Florence Nightingale," says the Catholic Transcript. "Her name is embalmed in the memories of the Crimean war. Still she does not bear think that different churches are like different families and that it does not matter to which one you belong, so long as you "have faith in Christ and Crimean war, still she does not bear her honors single and alone. From the obsenvity of the cloister, a nun now writes her ' Memories of the Crimea.' Seldom indeed do we find the name of a religione as the title mase of a volume accept Him for your personal Saviour." To the argument that Christ established only one Church, they reply "Oh, well, there is really only one Church, and these are branches of it. religious on the title page of a volume But, then, to the objection that it stands to reason that these churches of history, or the more pretentious works destined to perpetrate deeds of mercy. As a matter of fact a band of that teach contradictory doctrines as divine truths cannot be branches of one livine Church, which Christ effectively prayed should be one, they have no rely to make. When they are asked if, as there is

tardy form came forty years after only one Church of Christ, the Catholic campaign drew to a Church also is a branch of it, some of them will say Yes, and some No, and neroines of charity do not wear from the hands of royalty or republics. others will again remain silent, not knowing what to say. There is only one Church established

by Christ; it is visible; it has only one creed; and no one is saved who does

and who has no sorrow for sin .- Catho

England.

ase is himself a convert, and there-

RESPECTED CATHOLICS.

Do those Catholics who compro

ion of faith and conduct than

They know what we claim

equaintance and on general principles

lie Columbian.

PROTESTANT MISSIONARY TELLS HOW not belong to it, consciously or uncon-sciously. Faith in Christ as the Soa of God and acceptance of Him as one's Saviour, will save nobody who rejects the light of faith, who is not baptized, A PRESBYTERIAN LADY BECAME CATHOLIC.

Red

In the Madison Avenue Methodist

UNREMEMBERED HEROINES.

Irish nuns went to the battlefield when the Crimean war broke out. Two or

the nuns wears the decoration of the Red Cross-a recognition which in

THE OPEN CHURCH.

three of the religious survive.

One

close. All the

In the Madison Avenue Methodist Church, Baltimore, the other day, Rev. Dr. Frank Mason North, of New York, read a paper on "The Open Church in Our American Citles." At the conclusion of Dr. North's paper, Mr. James E. Ingram, president of the Baltimore City Missionary and Church Extension Society, poke. Mr. Ingram said he was much impressed by Dr. North's paper, and in urging the "open church" he said: "We ought to have our churches open at all times. A few summers are The missions to non-Catholies so successful in this country have now been definitely extended to England. One of the latest works of Cardinal Vaughan was the establishment of what are called in Westminister the Diocesan Mis-

the "open church" he said: "We ought to have our churches open at all times. A few summers ago I was stopping at a seaside hotel, and there met a lady who was a Roman Catholic, and she was never tired of impressing upon me, her own received naries of Our Lady of Compassion, to are commissioned to preach to n-Cathelics. Father Chase, the head impressing upon me her own peculiar religious views. I asked her how it came about that she had been conthe mission, speaks very glowingly his experiences so far, and states t it has already led to some conververted to the Catholic Church for she had been a Presbyterian. She said ons and still more to the seeking of struction by the catechumens. Father that years before her husband lay sick unto death. The physician had given up hope, and she desired to go to the e specially qualified to direct the ortant work committed by the Car-Great Physician and pray for her hus-band's restoration. But she could not pray at home. So, leaving her hus-band's bedside, she started out for a

church. But she found the churches closed. Presently she came to a Catholic church, which was open. She entered, and there prayed for her hus-band's recovery. He grew better, and and minimize in the matter of religious faith and practice, and who eringe to those outside the Church—whom they w both are devoted members of the count on that fact alone, their betters Catholic Church. Doubtless they would have remained in their own Church if -for the sake of society, get even the ness of pottage for which they so found a Presbyterian Church grievously imperil their birthright? Not often. Non-Catholics feel in a open.'

A Real Piety.

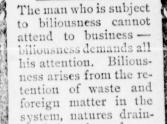
"Be pious, but let your piety be of the kind which sets duty before mere practices of devotion. Be firm against the world and human respect; be sim-ple and modest; habits of luxury and ovel-reading are the ruin of women Bad books lead to hell. If you come across any such work thrust them from you as you would a burning coal. I warn you against these things that you may not fall into sin; but if you ever may not fall into sin; but if you ever find your fervor waning, come to the Sacred Heart, make a good retreat, and God will give grace to rise again.— Mother Barat. The ordinary Protestant may, at first

dislike a firm, outspoken, self-respect-ing Catholic; but he will not distrust him. But the Catholic who caters to

Protestant prejudices — trimming his convictions and opinions with a view to making himself more tolerable to "Certainly our will can not die, nor our mind either," writes St. Francis de Sales. "But it sometimes passes be yond the limits of its ordinary life in order to live entirely in the will of God. It is when it neither can nor dethem-anxious to demonstrate on every possible occasion how little he is in possible occasion how little he is in sympathy with the mind of the Church —wins ordinarily nothing but the con-tempt and distrust he deserves. Courage is a singularly magnetic vir-tue. The Catholic who stands fearless-ly by the Eletter and spirit of his faith on all occasions, and who adds to courires to will, and thus abandons itself totally to the good pleasure of Divine Providence, so mingling with and steep iug itself in that good pleasure that it no longer appears, but is entirely hid-den with Christ in God, in Whom it by by the jetter and spirit of an attain on all occasions, and who adds to cour-age those sweet flowers of true charity —patience, magnanimity and courtesy —is far surer of even a social success lives, yet not it, but the will of God in

-is far surer of even a social success than is the mean spirited compromiser. Courage and fidelity in the super-natural order imply the same qualities in the natural order. Men realize Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholers, dysentery or Diarthers, and have to use great precautions to avoid disease. Change of water, cooking and green fruit is sure to bring on the stracks. To such versons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentry Cordial as oring the best medicine in the market for all summer compliants. If a

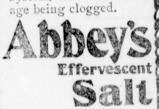
Full particulars sent to any address free, Address C. A: FLEMING, Principal



vs.

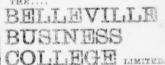
Biliousness.

Business



goes to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause - persuades the stomach and bowels, in a gentle but insistent manner, into healthy action, Abbey'sclears the bile from the system in nature's own way, bringing health, a clear head, a clean stomach

and energy for work. A Charles and the second s Soucational.



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HAL YEAR

is offended at a sin-is disaffection toward pen antagonism, to it, ponent is honest and y enlightened, well-has a vital convicesses truth in the su religious belief, and no argument brought verity which is not utation. indulge in dalliance olic, no Catholic will nights on their ac-of this kidney who bear hurch are like tiny in-

e upon the globe of a light. They may ts rays, but are apt to s. Such writers only n children against the its deep inner spirit-

cretted that so many very pious are very even unjust in their their neighbors. their neighbors nd expression in kindghbors as well as in We should remember Whom we serve was

h to promote happiness ill the members of the be as kind and court-nother as they are to isitor receives bright isitor receives words, constant atten-its of efforts to please. lk are often cross, rude, -finding toward one anour own as worthy of are as is the stranger in our gates?

tion. "Where's the mistress, 'Lisbeth?' said Hezekiah: "I cannot find her.' said Hezekiah: "I cannot find her.' said Hezekiah: "I cannot find her." "She was here a while ago," replied the housekeeper, "for I came to ask her about the blackberry wine." Her mouth closed tightly, and before Heze-kiah could intercept her she had don-ned her pattens again and clattered off to the kitchen garden. The old man swore faintly and renewed his search— this time in the overgrown allevs of the dream of his life ever since the gossips had clamored to his chamber with news of a man child. And Ralph chose to follow the primrose path ; the life of the Clough was too wretched for a lad who wished to see the world. There had been words; the father had bidden the son think well; the son had thought well, and replied that he could this time in the overgrown alleys of the garden. He could find her nothought well, and replied that he could not live in the old place. Then Heze-kiah, wrought to fury, had sworn that while he lived Ralph should not again cross the threshold. The wife and mother had lost all her comeliness in where, and with each moment his anxthose weeks of anger. Her smooth face had shrunken and her brown hair turned gray and then white. Loving both equally also her brown that

f the bellrope.

frank eyes.

side.

where the servants were reaping and

to return to the house for another sickle, he hurried to the parlor, where

where, and with each moment his anx-iety grew less endurable, so that at last he was compelled to go back to the house to consult 'Lisbeth again. When the woman saw him approach, his face full of trouble she raised her apron to her eyes. She had known for many years where her mistress stole in Hezekiah's absence, and her instinct told her that the place was sacred. Her Hezekian's absolve, was sacred. Her told her that the place was sacred. Her memory held lively pictures of the day when Harriet played there with Ralph when be able to be able -the mother as happily as the child-at riding to London with my lord the at riding to London with my ford the sheriff and talking quite treely to Farmer George. Little Ralph would tell the story of the traveled cat that wished for and gained a sight of royhopeless as their own, therefore she felt no resentment. In sober truth, her love for both had only increased;

ar love for both had only increased; day by day her prayers grew more fer-vid. He wrote to her regularly. Even now, when they had been parted for more than twenty years, the lame postman who hobbled twice a week into line Cleach breach has a wary Mon-"Mammy," said the curious boy, "was it the Queen's own chair, and did she sit in it when the mouse was fright-ened under? I thought kings and the op throngs 1" queens sat on thrones !

Linen Clough brought her every Mon day a letter addressed in a bold hand-writing, whose contents told her of all his doings. The world had used him wall a superstructure of the set of th queens sat on thrones 17 Hezekiah Barley was not a man to be crossed; even 'Lisbeth after the lifetime of service, dared not venture too far. When he repeated his question con-cerning the whereabouts of the mistress the group poly answer but fell well; young as he was, he held a high government post in India. He had married a gentlewoman, penniless, but long pedigreed; soon after the wed-

cerning the whereabouts of the mistress she gave no evasive answer but fell a-weeping in sober earnest. "Oh, master," she faltered, "I never thought to tell you, but the mistress is in the coach house. She always goes there when she's left alone of an after-noon."

times on her secret visits to the state coach she would spread them in her lap and tell them childish tales of her own Hezekiah stole through the stable yard, on whose west side a small win-dow of green bubled glass lighted the

She had begged Hezekiah's leave to she had begged Hezekiah's leave to take the eldest in her care; the old man had turned a deaf ear to her en-treaties. He had angrily ignored his odd dimness had come to his eyes, treaties. He had angrily ignored his odd dimness had come to his eyes, the the the the the the term of the holy Bible, of which she has ever been the zealous and devoted cus-todian and the infallible expositor.— Mgr. Vaughan in the London Catholic

breast. THE DANGERS OF CHILDHOOD

Summer is the most deadly season of he year for little ones. The little the year for little ones. The little life hangs by a mere thread; diarrhoea, infant cholera and other hot weather allments come quickly, and sometimes, in a few hours, extinguish a bright little life. Every mother should be in a position to guard against, or cure these troubles, and there is no medicine known to medical science which will act so surely, so speedily and so safely as Baby's Own Tablets. A box of the Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones, and by giving an occasional Tablet hot weather

ailments will be prevented, and your little one will be kept well and happy. little one will be kept well and happy. Don't wait until the trouble comes-that may be too late. Remember that these ailments can be prevented by keeping the stomach and bowels right. Mrs. A. Vanderveer, Port Colborne, Ont., says: "My baby was cross, restless and had diarrhea. I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and they helped her almost at once. I think the Tab-lets a sulendid medicine for children." lets a splendid medicine for children." The Tablets are guaranteed to cure all the minor ailments of little ones; all the minor aliments of rice ones, they contain no opiate or poisonous drug, and can be given safely to a new born babe. Sold by medicine dealers, or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,

to the Dr. Wil Brockville, Ont.

Catholic Certitude.

No one who realizes and heartily accepts the unique position of the Catholic Church, founded on the Rock, Peter ; no one who bears in mind the promise made by the Divine and vera-cious lips of God Incarnate, that the

cious lips of God Incarnate, that the gates of hell should never prevail against it, can have any misgiving as to the sufficiency of her authority in all that concerns the composition, in-tegrity, inspiration, interpretation,

tegrity, inspiration, interpretation, authenticity and trustworthiness, etc., of the Holy Bible, of which she has

light shine, is doing more to disarm Protestant prejudices than he who takes pains to hide or soften those points of doctrine or discipline which ne imagines Protestants dislike most. All the Church needs is to be known nd she should be known in her beauty

this.

and she should be known in her beauty by the brave, beautiful lives of her children. Those whose favor he seeks can understand the steadfast Catholic, or the open and above board apostate. But they cannot so easily master him who claims the Church and contemns it in the same breath. They naturally assume that in one act or the other he is insincere; and as often as not, it is in the second act that they so regard

"What is he after?" is the common Katherine E. Conway.



I know nothing that saddens me

I was dining, and there were a party of farmers at another table having their The church rung the Angelus Then they all rose up, and standing reverently, the oldest man in the party began the prayers and the rest re-sponded. And the women shopping were standing still in the market.— Father Mahoney.

