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MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"I fear, madame, my father is not young enough to make efforts to improve his trade. I understand your meaning perfectly, and I hope the younger weavers may profit by your advice. But my poor father's day for such things is over, I am greatly afraid."

Mrs. O'Kelly listened, wondering to hear how well she expressed herself. "Well, we shall see," she said; "I do not mean to lose sight of your father, however." And then she prolonged the conversation, by various artificial artifices inducing the girl to speak her mind, till at last she could make no further excuse for detaining her, and allowed her to depart.

As it was now quite dusk, Mrs. O'Kelly rang for her reading lamp, and when again left alone stood before the fire-place holding the light above her head and gazing at her sister's portrait. Truly the face was wonderfully like the young face under the little black bonnet that had confronted her for the last half hour. There was the same broad brow expressive of mingled sentiment and strength, the same tender mouth, the same grave and steadfast eyes. The girl in the picture had more color in her face and was richly dressed, and her dark hair was arranged in a by-gone fashion; but yet the likeness remained. What a curious accidental resemblance!

That night Mrs. O'Kelly wakened with a start out of her first sleep, thinking her young sister long years dead, laid in her grave at the age of twenty-one, was standing by her bed and had spoken to her. "These likenesses do spring up among branches of the same family, skipping a generation or two," was the thought standing clearly in her mind, as if some one had said the words to her; and she lay awake all night after that, revolving the curious suggestions in her brain. How could the daughter of a weaver have any connection with her family? And then an echo of her own words, spoken to Father Daly, came floating across her memory—"There was one who sank in the world and was forgotten. He might have left heirs, but one could hardly hope now to discover them, if they exist." Long before the tardy day-light came, Mrs. O'Kelly had worked herself into a feverish state over these fancies, and was down stairs half an hour earlier than usual, studying again the features of the long dead sister, who had been the darling of her early youth.

"I must see the girl again," she decided, "or I shall have a fever. I will send for patterns of all the colors of poplins at present made. That will be a good excuse. Probably by another light the young woman will look quite different. I was disturbed yesterday and in a condition to become the prey of distressing fancies."

In the meantime, Marcella had taken her way home, well pleased at hearing her father's work commended, yet fearing that he would resent the lady's suggestions for improvement. She knew he believed his work to be, as it stood, the most perfect fabric in the world. Now, if he would only teach her his art, she would strive to profit by the hints offered, and if a good market were to open up she might employ others to help in the work. A bright idea occurred to her, that if she could learn, unknown to him, from some other weaver in the neighborhood, she might ensure a certain development for her plans before telling him of their existence. Then she could happily provide for his old age, and at the same time find full play for her own industrial activity. Having arrived so far in her bright speculations, she suddenly remembered that money might be necessary in order to start her fairly. How hard that she seemed to be driven back from every opening which hope and energy pointed out to her! Where in all the world could she find even one pound to start her upon her profitable career?

Wrapped in these thoughts, she threaded the gayest thoroughfares of Dublin, without seeing the people or the shops, but now, having arrived at the foot of Dame street, and before proceeding up Cork Hill towards the Castle, she shook herself out of her dreams and noticed the crowd standing right in her way staring at placards hung out before the office of an evening newspaper. With a painful start she suddenly remembered some things that had for the moment passed from her mind—the curious events of the night before, and the terrible fact of the murder committed in the streets not far from her home. For the placards on the newspaper office were declaring the news of the murder in huge letters to the world, and announcing a great reward for the apprehension of the murderer or for information which might lead to the same.

She stood for a few moments gazing at the placard with a sharp line drawn between her smooth brows, while her imagination realized the thing that had occurred and her heart grew chill with the horror of it. Then with a shudder she drew her thin mantle more closely round her and turned her face away from the staring letters on the wall and began to make her way as skillfully as she was able through the crowd.

Doing so, she started and drew back a little, then slightly turned so as to get another glimpse of a face and figure standing on the pavements, with eyes fixed on the newspaper placards. "One thousand pounds reward!" proclaimed the great letters on which this gazer's eyes were fixed. It was the hero of last night's adventure who stood here in the daylight before her, the

man whom she had hidden in the closet and whom the police had searched for in vain. Had it all been a dream, or had this tall, elegant looking man, this gentleman every inch, really lain concealed at her mercy, actually placed his liberty and safety in her hands? Mechanically she put her hand to her breast to feel the ring that hung round her neck, and the small hard circlet, found by her touch, even through the folds of her dress, assured her of the reality of much besides its own existence.

Another glance at the gentleman standing in the crowd reading the newspaper placards convinced her as thoroughly that this was the man. There were the tall figure and brave carriage, also the pale, clean-cut features, piercing gray eyes, and forehead, indicative of high resolve. His level brows were knit in thought as he stood gazing at the sinister proclamations. Having observed him eagerly for a few moments, Marcella became suddenly fearful that he might wheel round and see her so watching him, and she turned and hurried forward on her way.

And all through the streets as she went, with the darkness descending upon her, she heard the little newspaper boys shrieking their direful tidings along the pavements: "Terrible murder in Dublin streets last night. One thousand pounds reward for any information of the murderers!" And she began to run, to escape out of reach of the piercing and ill-omened cries.

CHAPTER IV.

STRANGE TIDINGS.

During the next few days Marcella traversed many times that part of the city lying between the Liberties and Merrion square; for Mrs. O'Kelly's interest in the girl had no way decreased and she made many excuses for bringing the weaver's daughter to her side. Her father's objection to the idea of new dyes "which the rale ould quality in the days when Dublin had quality" never thought of wanting, his increasing inability to work, and her own desire to take up his art himself, and improve upon it, and devote her energies to its development, made fruitful subjects of conversation between her patroness and herself after the old lady had once for all won the younger woman's confidence. And meanwhile Mrs. O'Kelly had contrived to draw the girl's personal history from her lips. Before a week had elapsed she had learned all about the lady mother whose bitter reverses of fortune had driven her to sit meekly at the weaver's fire-side.

There was a month of intense excitement for Mrs. O'Kelly, during which she had almost daily consultations with her solicitor, and frequently wept as she sat alone in the evenings under the portrait in her library. So lonely had she grown to feel in her great drawing-room upstairs that she had caused her workbasket, novel, and favorite footstool to be carried down to the room where her sister's portrait hung, and where she was accustomed to receive Marcella in the mornings. And here she ransacked old desks and sorted old family letters and papers, and eagerly read the communications forwarded to her every evening by her solicitor.

At the end of a month her excitement rose to a climax when the result of the investigations into the fate of a cousin of hers, who had ruined himself after the fashion of certain Connaught gentry of those times, and disappeared from society, was announced to her, and when the supposition started in her mind by Marcella's likeness to a family portrait, finally gave place to certainty. On the formal page, and in the stiff terms of a lawyer's letter, such positive assurance was conveyed to her one night as led her to drop upon her rheumatic knees, and lift up her trembling hands to heaven, and thank God that a daughter had been given to her old age, and, we fear we must add, that the intolerable O'Flaherty were defeated!

The next morning found her driving through Dublin mud into the objectionable region of the Liberties, with the intention of seeing old Grace, and breaking her extraordinary news to him. When the neat brougham stopped before the weaver's door, the neighbors said to each other that Michael Grace was beginning to go up in the world again.

Marcella was out on some message for her father, and the weaver was smoking his mid-day pipe alone when the lady, having climbed his stair with difficulty, ushered herself into his presence.

"I have come to see you, Mr. Grace. I am Mrs. O'Kelly."

After a little preliminary skirmishing about poplins, she would proceed to open her battle with this coarse and common old man, who, unfortunately, stood between her and her desires.

"Bedad, ma'am, and it's welcome ye are to see the whole of my management. An' I hope it's another grand gown ye're goin' to order—something beautiful and bright, none o' them pale silkless things they do be havin' in the silks and satins in the shop-windows nowadays."

"I hope to give you an excellent order, Mr. Grace. I like the old colors myself and will always wear them, but some of my friends cry out for more sickly tints. Fashion is a ridiculous thing; is it not, Mr. Grace?"

"Deed, an' it is, ma'am. Niver a word of lie in that. But niver will Michael Grace sit before a loom to weave such rubbish as them pinks and greens," he said, pitching a little bundle of patterns of silk contemptuously on the table. "Why, ma'am, I've woven poplin that 'ud stand alone for her Excellency the Lady Alfre-

nant—not this one, but her that was in the Castle when I was a younger man, ma'am, an' was a master weaver;—an' ye wouldn't have found holes in my stairs, then, ma'am. Niver to spake," he added, with a change of tone, "of all that I wove for my own wife, ma'am—her that was a lady born and bred, ma'am, body an' soul, an' bether blood niver came out o' the province of ould Connaught!"

It was only his way of dragging his wife's name, half through boastfulness, half through genuine sentiment, into every conversation he held, no matter with whom. The neighbors knew this, and would say, "Aye, Misher Grace, thrue for you, indeed," and pass on, but Mrs. O'Kelly thought the confidence special to herself, and very remarkable. Had any one prepared him for her coming? At all events this outspokenness of his smoothed the way for her own difficult communication.

"I know, Mr. Grace, I know all about that," she said, trying hard to keep a patronizing air and not to betray her nervousness. "And it is about your wife I have come here to talk to you."

Grace stared, and then quietly laid aside the piece of grass green tabinet he had been flourishing in the light while he spoke:

"I don't see what you can know about her," he said, "seen't that none o' her own sort ever looked the way she went, not for years before she fell so low as to become an honest weaver's wife. No ladies came visitin' to see Mrs. Michael Grace, ma'am. Them that had been her own left her to break her bit o' a heart here at a fire-side that was not fit shelter for her. And now, ma'am, what have ye got to say about her?"

"Only this, that I have just discovered that your wife was the daughter of a first cousin of mine. And you must not scold me, Mr. Grace, for I never saw her, and her father was the person to blame."

Grace stood looking at his visitor and patroness with a dazed expression, linked his loose hands together, and drew himself up with an air of incredible dignity.

"It makes no odds about blame now, ma'am," he said. "I did my best for her, and she's gone where all the fine cousins in the world can do nothin' for her. The angels are her cousins now, ma'am, many thanks to you."

"But, Mr. Grace, though it cannot touch her, this may make a difference to her daughter!"

At these words the weaver's entire aspect underwent a sudden change. All the dignity and sentiment vanished from his face, mingled cunning and triumph twinkled in his eyes, and his very attitude was expressive of the acuteness of his perception that something had turned up for his advantage.

"That's as may be, ma'am. But ye must remember she's my daughter, too. What was it ye were thinkin' o' doin' for her, ma'am?"

"Your extreme frankness makes my task easier than I expected it to be," said Mrs. O'Kelly. "Mr. Grace, I will be as candid as yourself. I am a childless old woman, and I have thought of adopting your daughter as my own. I will place her in the position of life for which nature has fitted her, and to which her mother belonged; and I will provide for her handsomely at my death."

"See that now," said Grace, fumbling among his patterns, and pretending to give only half his attention to what the lady was saying. "Sure, an' it would be an illigant settin' for her. An' what would ye be thinkin' o' doin' for myself, ma'am?"

"But Mr. Grace, you are not my blood-relation."

"No, ma'am; and nothin' at all of course to the girl that ye're takin' from me—the child that I looked to for the comfort of my last days—not many of them indeed will I see."

After this a long conversation followed, and the end of it all was that Mrs. O'Kelly offered the weaver fifty pounds a year to give up his daughter, on condition that he was to see her no more, except on rare occasions, when she might find it convenient to pay him a visit. But this offer Grace indignantly refused.

"She'll be here again to-morrow," he reflected, "doublin' her pension to me, and in the meantime I will talk to the girl about it. Sure it is well make a handsome thing out of it. Ours we mustn't be in too great a hurry settlin' our bargain. Oeh, an' faix it's a fine sight together than marryin' the girl agin' her will, and dependin' for the rest o' my time on a son-in-law! An', bedad, when the girls gets her own way wid the lady she'll be takin' her ould father out to drive wid her in her carriage every day. An' it's dinin' wid the Lord Lieutenant you'll be, Michael Grace, before you die. Not a doubt of it!"

Finding the old fellow grew more impracticable the longer she stayed, Mrs. O'Kelly desisted from further bargaining on this occasion and departed, looking forward with keen pleasure to the unfolding of her intentions to Marcella, who as yet had heard no hint of the changes in store for her.

When Marcella returned home with her scanty marketing she found her father wrapped in clouds of tobacco-smoke, and beaming with mysterious delight. He broke his news to her cautiously, with a half fear that she would fly out of the house before he had finished, and bestow herself unconditionally on her prosperous kinswoman.

"It's a little story I was makin' up to amuse myself," he said; "an', if it comes thrue, we'll have no more need for work; so you needn't be takin' looks at the loom. And ye needn't be gettin' in afraid nather, about marryin'; for, if it comes to pass, it's a duke you'll be

condescendin' to for your husband. An' maybe it's the Queen herself 'll be recavin' us at her table—the pair of us!"

"Father!" said Marcella, reproachfully, thinking he was jeering at her. "Now, what title will I be after takin', if they offer me one? My Lord Grace would sound well, I'm thinkin'. An' isn't that what you call the dukes, ma'am?"

"Dear father, I am sure you would not care for a title, if you had one."

"Wouldn't I, Miss?" said Grace, chuckling with pleasure at her utter unconsciousness of the great fortune that was awaiting her. "But let me tell you my story, alanna."

"Yes, dear father, you can tell it while I'm making your tea," said Marcella, glad to find him in so pleasant a humor, and beginning to arrange the delict tea cups.

"My good little girl," said the old man, patting her cheek, "you and I will never part, myoureen, while the sod is growin' under my feet and not over them. After that you can do as you please, Marcella."

Marcella put an arm round his neck and returned his caress.

"Mind you have promised that," she said, playfully; "and you are going to teach me to work, and to dye the silks to please the fine ladies—"

"Oh, you foolish child, sure it's you that'll be wearin' the silks. Aisy, now, an' I'll tell you the whole story."

It was a long time before Marcella could take it in. She thought her father was amusing himself with idle dreams of what might happen, as he had always been rather fond of doing. It was clear the lady had been to see him in her absence, and had been particularly kind, and her friendliness had suggested the extravagant fancies in which the old man had since been indulging over his pipe.

"And supposin'," he said, "that Mrs. O'Kelly was to declare that she was your mother's cousin. 'An' bein' very rich, an' without a child,' says she, 'what can I do but take your daughter for my own? An' I'll put her in her mother's shoes,' says she, 'an' will become her to stand in them. For she's a handsome girl,' says Mrs. O'Kelly, an' a credit to the gentry of Connaught."

Marcella had got her sewing, and was listening half amused and half impatient to her father's romancing. Such things as this did often happen in stories or in dreams. When she was younger, she had sometimes indulged in wild imaginings about her mother's people, wondering would they ever think of her, find her out, and encourage her. But she was too old in experience to expect any such miracle now. And it pained her to have such bright impossibilities flung into her thoughts.

Seeing that none of his hints conveyed anything of the truth to her mind, Grace at last got provoked at her.

"Marcella," he said, "will you put down that sewin' and listen to me? All that I have been sayin' to you is gospel truth. An' you're to put on your bonnet and go over an' have a talk about it all with your cousin, Mrs. O'Flaherty O'Kelly, of Merrion square, this evenin'. Only, mind, you and me are to keep together, Marcella, no matter what she says. I'm not going to give up my child, an' be lonely in my latter days, not to please no fine madame of a Connaught gentry-woman, you can tell her."

But Marcella could not be induced to set out for Merrion square that evening on such an errand. She begged to be allowed to put off the visit till morning, and Grace, confident in the safety of his cause, consented to humor her: "Let it be, then," he said; "maybe it's as well. You'll want a few hours to think over what you'd better say to her. These fine people have the whip-hand of such as you and me, for their education's in their favor, an' they know what words to put into their speeches, and what words to leave out o' them. There's a dale o' differ between dictionary words, though plain-talkin' people would hardly believe it. An' everything will depend on the bargain we can make wid her."

Still Marcella could not bring herself quite to believe in his story. His persistence forced her to conclude that there was some foundation for his romance, that Mrs. O'Kelly had spoken of some relationship she had discovered between herself and the weaver's wife and meant to be helpful to them on account of it, but further than this her common-sense would not allow her to go in crediting the promise of a change of fortune, although her imagination struggled wildly to seize on all that was suggested and fly away with it. She lay awake all night pondering on the likelihood of the case, and the utmost she could admit was that Mrs. O'Kelly, who had already been so wonderfully friendly, was going to assist her towards honorably earning her bread in such a way that she could support her father in his fast declining years and no longer need to dwell among the lowest population of the city. In all this lay so much cause for joy that, accustomed to disappointment and privation as she had all her life been, she did not know how to give herself up to the expectation of it. The warning contained in her father's words, "Mind we are to keep together—I'm not goin' to give up my child," seemed to hint at some difficulty, perhaps not to be overcome. Certainly she would never abandon her father—that was beyond question. Was it not chiefly for his sake that a change of fortune would be so acceptable to his daughter? It was hardly conceivable to her that any one could contemplate the idea of separating her from him, now when he

needed her so much, and she would have dismissed the doubt as foolish only that a long experience of living by the patronage of the better classes had taught her the rarity of their sympathy with the natural affections of the poor. The problem of what was meant and intended by the lady's strange communication and promises (exaggerated as they might be by her father's sanguine imagination) became at last too much for her patience and incredulity, and she counted the hours till the moment might arrive when she could hear from Mrs. O'Kelly's own lips what wonders she proposed to work within the fold of two humble lives.

Her father was up early and fussing about, pressing her to eat a good breakfast, and showing her many extraordinary little attentions; and she thought struck upon her heart with a pang, that she was perhaps more precious to him now when good fortune seemed about to drop upon her than she had been when she had suffered hunger and hardship that he might be as comfortable as it was within her power to make him. Starting from the thought, however, as if it had been a crime, she found a thousand excuses for him, even if such were the case.

As much to relieve her own suspense as his impatience, she hurried early across the city upon her errand of fate.

Mrs. O'Kelly was waiting for her with a feverish anxiety that was more than equal in intensity to the eagerness of old Grace himself. As soon as the girl appeared, and they were alone in the library together, she took her by both hands and looked, with feeling that was almost passion, in her eyes.

"Is this my child, my adopted daughter!" she said, with a quaver of emotion and age in her voice. "Marcella, I have a great deal to say to you. I have been waiting for you all the morning, my dear."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The June Devotion.

There is no devotion in the whole list of especial Catholic pieties that appeals more effectively and generally to the heart than the beautiful one to which the incoming month is dedicated. Though of comparatively late introduction as a popular piety, this devotion to the Sacred Heart of the Saviour has won the whole Catholic world to its affectionate practice, and already nations, provinces, dioceses, parishes and other communities in numbers that almost defy enumeration, have consecrated themselves to it.

Who can begin even to tell what graces this glorious devotion has obtained for the souls that practice it, or mention the evils from which it has saved the world! With especial fitness has the Holy Father chosen for the general intention of June this year "Union among Catholics." For if there is anything dear to the Sacred Heart of the Saviour it is that those who constitute His following should be united and be one with Him, as He is one with His Heavenly Father, and the Holy Ghost whom He sent from on high to guard the Church of His foundation and preserve her from dissension and strife.

There is never much need to urge Catholics to practice this June devotion. So dear has it become to the Catholic heart that not alone in June, but on the first Friday of every month in the year, as well as at other times, is it lovingly practiced by many of the faithful. Let us, however, bear in mind this June the object for which the Pope would have us pray in a particular manner, and beseech the Sacred Heart to promote the spirit of unity among Catholics.—Catholic Columbian.

Early to Church.

In most instances there is absolutely no excuse for coming late to church. People are not hurried or pressed by other affairs on Sunday. If they reach the church five or ten minutes after the services have been begun, it is wholly because of an unreasonable fear of spending too much time in the house of God, else why the studious care which people take of leaving their house with sufficient margin of time to reach the church? Why do they display so much precaution lest they be too early? They are not gingerly about coming some minutes before the play begins at places of amusement. They waste ten minutes thus "lost," otherwise during the day.

But is the time that a Christian spends in church just before the service begins really lost? The expected answer is, "By no means." A sterling Catholic has expressed the opinion that five minutes' reflection and self-communion before the priest comes to the altar are productive of the best spiritual results. The practice of reaching the church five minutes before the services have begun and spending the time in strictly religious reflections—powerfully assisted by the associations of the place—has always prepared an excellent disposition for assisting at the sacred ceremony that ensues.

The Catholic feels that it is a difficult thing to come off the crowded street, sometimes hurried and often occupied with worldly thoughts, and then to kneel down with the proper disposition before the sacrifice of the Mass. The five minutes of preparation before "church begins" have, he thinks, doubled the spiritual advantages to him of the half hour or hour that ensues.

How happy and prudent is he who strives to be such now in this life, as he desires to be found at his death.—The Imitation.

GLADSTONE ON R.

The Letter Which has Aided Irish Churchmen

Gladstone's letter on the unity of Christendom, the unity of Anglican orders, greatly stirred up the mind of England, and has had pronounced as a traitor to a Jesuit in disguise, has the press by the Archbishop. The remarkable contrived statesman and scholar: "The question of Anglican orders might be limited interest if it were treated by the amount of practical and external likely to follow upon any that might now be taken for the clergy of the Anglican orders, numbering 60 and 40,000, and for the whole subject is one of the In the oriental Churches a sentiment of increasing towards the Anglican question of intercommunion present to arise, while system of proselytism ebullient on our mutual relations Latin Church, which from the and the close issue of tion overshadows all freedom, these orders, so far been noticed, have been disputed or denied if they were null, condemnation of them, dily in its letter, would than harden the existing ordination in the case, periods has been a rare can clergy who might see the clerical order in the but very different indeed moral aspect and effect AN AUTHORIZED FORMAL of the question at Rome side the result might in the last degree improbable of known wisdom would put in motion the ma Curia for the purpose of breach which serves the ille Church from a com though small in compa tending through the la creasing range of the in races, and which r religious sphere one of ful nations of Europe. According to my read that breach is, indeed, one that the existing been put into stereoty them, or any express communion on either acknowledgment of A would not create inter condemnation of them, lrely excommunicate, a step, and even more wards excommunicate stand as a practical a principle that it is w religious differences Churches of Christend to the world, and also into a state of the hig to enhance the difficul them at any future ti of reconciliation. Fro of view an inquiry rescription of Anglican no less important than

But the informatio been allowed, through Lord Halifax, to share pels from my mind eve of this kind, and con the investigations of lead to a favorable o charity would be any at such a point as to coming an occasion at EMBITTERING RELIGI I turn, therefore, native, and assume argument that the ju amining tribunal, either to allow upon a ponderance of the e half of validity, or a yow controversy a p ters which enter int discussion. I will fo it for granted that three heads:

1. The external consecrators.
2. The external commission they have
3. That sufficient which the eleventh cil of Trent appears

Under the first tion would of course tion to the consecra the competency of w several cases in w outside the English pated in the consec Bishops, and I ha furnished indepen assertion of validi missal from the cont of these three head nature of an advan and would be so far labors of His Holine

in furtherance of But I may be permit for a moment as pos the full acknowledgment reference to any o points of controver tract validity of A tions is not subje doubt.

And now I must speak in the only c can be warrantabl in a discussion per persons of compet is the capacity of a person, born and glican Church, acc as is the duty of that she has forfeit inherent privilege