THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

LEO TAXIL.

ducted by the Society of Jesus. After three years he was sent to the College of St. Louis at Marseilles. Here, at the age of fourteen, he found himself in the class of the Abbe Osrbonnel.

In the class of the Abbe Ostbonnel. Being more advanced than the other pupils of his class, he distanced them with out much trouble, and had time on hand to prepare mischief, so that his reputation

PORTION OF THE POUCATION

college for that

UTOBIOGRAPHY OF THIS ASTONISH. ING FRENCH WRITER.

-FLIGHT TO BELGICH-HIS

up the Frondeur, went to Paris, and joined the staff of the anti-Clericale. Turning over a few pages we have a quotation from Voltaire: "To lie is only a vice, when it does good," etc.; and from another source: "Lying is the re-cital of a fact contrary to truth, but to speak lies is to recount, and not to lie." Having adopted this sentiment, he employed himself with a clear conscience in blackening the public and private his tory of all the Church's ministers, priests. Biebops, Cardinals and Popes. Tarli became the secretary of the arth-derical lesgue. The object of the lesgue was to destroy Christianity; that is to sy, the Catholic religion; the means principally devoted itself to spreading these slanders to which we have just alluded. Voltatre himself was the author of one of the greatest successes in this apparently from a blind impulse to do evil for evil's sake. Finally, to crown our wonder, he is converted after many years, and sets about undoing the injury that he had done with the same energy that he employed in accomplishing it. Loo Taxil, says the Month, is the name under which this gentleman made him-self known to the world; his real name, however, is Gabriel Jogand Pages. He was born in March, 1854, at Mareiller, and from 4¹/₂ to 9 years of age went to alluded. Voltaire himself was the author of one of the greatest successes in this warfare; he invented the Cure Jean Mealier. Strictly speaking, he was not the inventor; the first idea came from his friend Thieriot. But he brought the first suggestion to a finished state of reality. Thieriot considered that it would be a great blow to religion if an implous work should be published written by a priest, a cure, say, living in some out of the way village, who during his life bai not given any evidence of want of fervor in his duties. VOLTAIRE LIKED THE IDEA was born in March, 1854, at Marellier, and from 4½ to 9 years of age went to school to the Convent of the Sacred Heart at the Rue Barthelemy. Here he learned to read, picked up the beginnings of French and Lutin, and acquired a good foundation for religious instruction and practice. He went from Marsellies to the Ubilege of Notre Dame de Mongre, not far from Lyons. Tals college was con-ducted by the Society of Jesus. After three years he was sent to the

of fervor in his duties. VOLTAIRE LIKED THE IDEA much, but would have preferred that a well-known man, say a Bishop, should be taken; but Thieriot persuaded him that if such were the case the imposture would very soon be discovered through the evidence of numbers of friends in public position, whose words could not be rejected. A work was then published purporting to be the will of Jean Mealier, cure of Entrepigny, a village in Cham-pagne, in which he asked pardon of his flock for having during all his life led them into error by teaching them Christhem into error by teaching them Ohris-tianity. This will is known to have been written from beginning to end by Voltaire himself, whose style is, moreover, easy

written from beginning to end by voltante himself, whose style is, moreover, easy to recognize. Profiting by this filustrious example, Taxil attempted various works of this same kind. Among them was a scandal-ous work about Pope Pins IX. In con-nection with this several placards were posted up in the streets. Now as the Government was at the time at peace with Pope Pins, it was considered proper that these placards should be torn down as being offensive to a friendly govern-ment. Taxil, to his astonishment, found himself assalled, not by the Catholica, not by hostile political journals, but by his own party, and this in most fierce and hostile terms. This made him think, and perhaps made him somewhat disheartened at the game to which he had devoted his life in such sad exrnest, but he was not yet converted. Yet there were other causes for consideration. He could not So signal an instance of conversion as that of Leo Taxil ought at least to encour-age us to hope that there may be many which the world would require his son to possess, while at the same time he foresaw that his own example and teaching would effectually counteract the training he would receive in Christian faith and effectually counteract the training he would receive in Christian faith and morals. R— awakened Leo's curlosity as to the Freemasons. He read Monsignor de Sigur's work on them and was very much shocked, but R— assured him that they were not really so bad as they are painted. And again Monsignor de Segur's work attracted him to Free-masonry by descriptions of the strange rites and of its seductive mystery. By degrees he lost his faith. When the Paschal time came round he confessed to the priset that he believed no longer. "I cannot, then, give you absolution," said the poor priest, in consternation. "Mon-sieur l'Abbe," said the boy, "whether you give me absolution or not, I shall receive Oommunion to morrow." He communi-cated unworthily the next morning. When he withdrew from the altar to re turn to his place he noticed a crowd col-lected round one spot. The confessor had tanted. for family use. causes for consideration. He could not but see, as secretary of the lesgue, that large numbers of freethinkers went to church in the most important circum stances of their lives; in fact, their anticlericalism was only external. "I was taken into confidence by my collesgues. They confided to me that for one reason or another they were obliged to marry ecording to

THE BITES OF BELIGION. or to baptize their children, or to make The Lanterne, conducted by H. Roche-fort, sppeared at this time and created an immence semation. Loo Taxil bought several numbers of it and devoured them them make their first Communion. I could not betray these brave fellows who confided their secret to me, but these multiplied avowals gave me much

in secret. His ambition was awakened and he desired to become a journalist, to write and be read. He contributed some these multiplied wowais gave he much to reflect upon. It was often the leaders who thus secretly frequented the church, even in the very bosom of the central commission of the league. There was a 'marriage of religion,' a marriage which only I was to know of, and to which I write and be read. He contributed some articles to La Lanterne, and brought his elder brother, Muurice, round to his way of thinking. H. Rechefort had by this time been exlied to Belgium; the two was strongly opposed." And then, in order to harden himself brothers agreed upon a cheme to join him in his place of exile. Leo Taxil settled his pecuniary affairs before setting

adults.

or of course on natural grounds, but she

was to be a great national heroine, a seli

That which finally brought him back to the pushed his impiety to extremes. That which finally brought him back to the faith was a life of Joan of Arc, which he had begun, and was intended, like his other works, for a blow against the Church. Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc. BENNET FURNISHING COMPANY LONDON, ONTARIO. She was to be made to appear a victim of the clergy first, then of the English. Her visions, her miracles, were to be accounted Manufacturers of

JULY 26, 1890.

"THE FRASER HOUSE," PORT STANLEY.

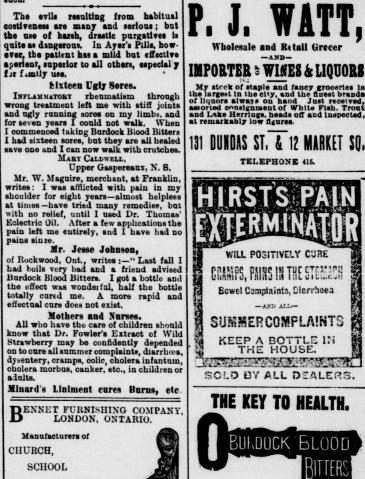
THIS FAVORITE SUMMER HOTEL has not passed out of the hands of Mr. William Fraser (who has conducted it for 19 years), as that has been rumored. He is still at fields and as many new ones as can make the onvenient to call. The house has been thoroughly renovated for the recertion of posting, fishing and driving. Beauting recert, excellent table and the conforts of a city hole. Sanitary arrangements perfect. All modern conveniences.



ANNOUNCING HIS CONVERSION. He went to the priest to make his con-fession, the first for so many years. The priest prudently ordered him to come against God were "reserved cases," he had to delay some time, to his great psin, before he received absolution. He wrote a long declaration to the editor of the Univers for publication, denying a number of stories that had been circu-lated by the infidel press relative to his conversion. The Anti Clerical League called a solemn assembly in order to dismiss him from their ranks with and in spite of the remonstrances of his friendis. M. Taxil showed as much energy in undoing the injury that he was <text><text><text><text><text><text>

in spite of the remonstrances of his friends. M. Taxil showed as much i energy in undoing the injury that he was the author of as he had formerly shown in working it. The meeting of the league was a diegraceful affair. The president delivered an address, which consisted principally of low abuse. His appearance at the meeting, to which he had been in-vited, gave an evident shock to him and the other leaders. When he rose to speak a storm of cries arose of "he shall epeak." and "he shall not speak." In the end he was accused of having always been a Christian in secret, and was expelled by a vote "as a traitor and a renegade." Such a story as this gives us an insight into the diabolical propagnds that is going on in France, and accounts for a state of things which would otherwise be unaccountable. For one who is con-verted and returns to God, how many persevere in the deril's service to the ead, though it may be that there are some on whom God has mercy even to the last. So signal an instance of conversion as the of the conversion as

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa. 13th June, 1890. 611-4



JULY 26, 1890.

Araluen. [*]

- Arainen. [*] Take this rose and very gently place it on the tender, desider Mosses where our little darling Arainen lies asleep; Pat the blossome close to baby-kneel with me, my love, and pray; we must leave the bird we've buried-aay good-bye to hear to day! In the shadow of our trouble we must go to other ianda. And the flowers we have fostered will be left to other hand; Other eyes will watch them growing, other feet will softly tead. Bitter is the world we live hi; life and love are mixed with pain-We will never see the daisies-never water them again !

- them again : Ah : the saddest thought in leaving baby in this bush along the leaving baby in this bush along the leaving baby in this bush along the leaving baby in the leave been too poor to do it; but, my darling, never mind. God is in the gractom heaven, and His sun and rein are tors heaven, and His sun and rein are tors between, and His sun and rein are the spot with beauty; they will make the spot with beauty; they will make the spot with beauty; they songs will could be wild will linger; here the shining nonth will stay Like a friend by Araluen, when we too are far away. But beyond the wild-wide waters, we will tread another shore; We will never watch this blosson, never see it any more.
- Girl whose hand at God's high altar in the dear dead year i pressed. Lean your striczen head upon me, this is still your lover's breast; She who sleeps was first and sweetest, none who sleeps was first and sweetest, none mythe have to take her place; Empty is the little cradie; absent is the out fittle face,

- inttie face, other children may be given, but this rose beyond recall, But this garland of your girlhood will be dearest of them all, None will ever, Araluen, nestle where you
- None will ever, Araluen, nestie where you used to be, In my heart of hearts, you darling, when the world was new to me, We were young when you were with us, life and love were happy things To your father to your mother, ere the angels gave you wings.
- angers gave you wings.
 You that sit and sob beside me-you upon whose goiden head
 Many rains of many serrows have from day to day been snedWho, because your love was noble, faced with me the lot ausiere,
 Ever pressing with its hardships on the man of letters hereLet me feel that you are near me; lay your hand within mine own,
 You are all I have to live for, now that we are left alone.

- are left alone. Three there were, but one has vanished. Sins of mine nave made vou weep; But forgive your baby's father, now that baby is asleep.
- baby is asleep. Let us go, for night is falling—leave the dar-ling with her flowers; Other hands will come and tend them,other friends in other hours.
- [*In August, 1882. a young Australian poet died in Sidney. His name was Kendale. Has be lived he would have made a great name. Here is one of his poems-on the death of his chilo; a poem that is an im-bouled sob.]

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES.

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS. Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, New York City.

New York Catholic Review. SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

"By their fruits you shall know them." (Gospel of the day, Math. 7, 15, 21) Here is the practical test that may be applied to everything, from the fig tree in the garden to the revelation of God. With most men it is the only and the final test; and none can deny that it is right and just. The tree or the doctrine that does not produce good fruit should undoubtedly be condemned. We can have no faith in anything that does not produce good results. And the objec-tions that are so often unjustly raised against our religion on this head are the most difficult of all objections to meet. For eighteen hundred years our faith has withstood every possible attack. The blood of millions of martyrs has cemented its foundations. An ever-widening stream of knowledge has demonstrated its reasonableness, and miracles without number have borne full testimony to its divine character, but objections are still raised against it, and the original objection made against Jesus of Nezareth and His doctrine is still re-Sp

One who cons at evening o'er an album An i muses on the faces of friends that he be have a shown, Bo I turn the leaves of facey till in shadowy design I dnd the shilling features of an old sweet-heart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in

An Old Sweetheart of Mine.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB BILEY.

6

A face of illy beauty and a form of the form of the second of the second

the less the scene of romance and mystery. A most remarkable story of a spectral beweighted the caress With the written declaration that, "as surely as the vine Grew round the stump, she loved me"-that old sweetheart of mine. And again I feel the pressure of her slender returned from a three years cruise in Behring Sea. One day in the early part of May, 1886, a man named Leavit, who has charge of the Pacific Steam Whaling company's station at Cape Smith, nine miles to the southwest of Port Barrow, was astonished to see a ship standing toward the shore, about a mile in the offing, hemmed in by towaring leabarge. As we used to talk together of the future we

a planned-should be a poet and with nothing

else to do But to write the tender verses that she set

When we should live together in a cozy little

Hid in a nest of roses, with a tiny garden Where the vines were ever fruitful and the

weather ever fine And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine.

weather were fine And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine. When I should be her lover forever and a day and she my faithful sweetheart till the and we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb They should not shine in Heaven till the other's kiss had come. Leavitt had spent the winter in the ice and the appearance of a ship there, at such unusual time of the year, nearly acared him out of his wits. Visions of that fabled ship, the Flying Dutchman, darted himself, and walked down to the beach. As he did so, the fabric drew nearer to the land.

other's kiss had come. But ah: my dream is broken by a step upon the stair: And the door is softly opened, and-my wife is standing there, Yet with eagerness and rapture all my vis-ions I resign, To meet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine. the land. He says it mids a charming picture to the says it

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

familiar. She was a whaler of 335 tons, from New Bedford, and was lost in the ice pack in the Arctic over a year sgo. She was crushed and set to leaking by the ice, so that it became necessary to abandon her hastily, as she was thought to be sinking. This occurred a long distance to the north of Point Barrow. When Leavitt eighted her she lay cradled immovably, with her deck just above the level of the icy valley where she reclined. Har three masts towered aloft with still perfect rake, and shrouds, The celebrated Dr. Arnold wrote in The celebrated Dr. Arnold wrote in the early part of this century: "Belleve in the Pope! I would as soon belleve in Jupiter." And yet, among the converte of the Oxford Movement is this men's brilliant son, Thomas Arnold, L. L. D., brother of the poet, Matthew Arnold.

Cardinal Newman is physically so feeble that he cannot walk a yard without slow, painfal effort and the support of an at-tendant. Until quite recently the Cardi-nal rose early 'and attended most of the services of the convent. But this is now havend bis atrancth beyond his strength.

A gentleman travelling in South Penn-sylvania, reports a good story which he heard about a worthy mechanic who aspired to legislative honors. In his Ivania, reports a good story which he ard about a worthy mechanic who pired to legislative honors. In his inted appeal to the voters, he said, with they declined to elect him, he should main at home a cooper and an honest aspired to legislative honors. In his printed appeal to the voters, he said, with more significance than he intended, " that if they declined to elect him, he should

vessel. Two of the sails were shaking their stiffened tatters idly in the breezs, Seek to make life henceforth a conse-Seek to make life henceforth a conse-crated thing; that so when the sunset is nearing, with its murky vapors and lower-ing skies, the very clouis of sorrow may be fringed with golden light. Thus will

native customs in many respects. When he comes in from a walk he leaves his shoes at the door and enters the apart-ments in his stockings. He has also be-come expert in writing Japanese in the native style, and by the aid of two pretty Japanese girls he has mastered the lan guage, which he speaks fluently and writes with ease. It was only by the polite fiction of serving as an English intor to these two young women that he was permitted to live in the native quar-ter. HIS BARLY LIFE AND PIETY-BE LOVES ARREST-JOINS VOLTAIRE-ATTACK ON PIUS IX. -THE EXTREME OF BIS IMPIETY -HIS CONVERSION AND WORK FOR THE CHURCH.

The current number of the Month con-tains an interesting review of "The Auto-biography of Leo Taxil," the life story of a yourg man, carefully brought up, who at an early age passed from a state of plety to the extremest limit of fanatical hatred of religion. Not for gain or posi-tion or the esteem of the compatriots does he asseail religion and its ministers, but apparently from a blind impulse to do evin And I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes.
And I light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
Is faile with my tobacco and to vanish in the smoke.
'Fies fragrant retrospection—for the loving takes were and the save in the smoke.
'Fies a fragrant retrospection—for the loving takes being are like perfumes from the bioshow are like perfumes from the bioshow of the beart:
And to dream the old dream over is a luxury when my trunnt fancy wanders with that old sweetneart of mine.
Though I hear beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings.
The woice of my collidere and the mother as she sings.
I feel no twings of conscience to deny me may theme.
In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds charm.
For I find an extra flavor in memorys.
Thet makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetneart of mine.
A face of illy beauty and a form of airy.

towering icebergs. Leavitt had spent the winter in the ice

she reclined. Har three masts towered aloft with still perfect rake, and shrouds,

backstays, braces and etays covered with ice coatings in fantastic shapes, brought out in the sunlight in bold and beautiful

relief against the blue mountains of ice behind.

and conveyed to the shore. He would have continued stripping the

vessel, but the ice file containing her drifted off shore on the following day. It remained in sight several days after-wards, and then vanished to the north-

the song in the house of your pligrimage be always the truest harmony. It will be composed of no jarring, discordant notes; but with all its varied tones will form one sustained, life long melody dropped for a moment in death, only to be resumed with the angels, and blended with the everlasting cadences of your Father's house.-J. R Macduff.

The Eaglish Bishops have decided to call upon the Catholics of that country to the boats, which had evidently been torn from the ships davits by the ice; but the great quilt of snow which enshrouded the Young Presix from stern to stern re-vealed the figuration of the hatches and paraphernalis, which showed that she had no time since describin been rollunite in an endeavor to overcome the in-creasing vice of intemperance. They say it has now become a national vice, de-manding swift and sure treatment before its awful work gains additional strength. On every first Sunday of the month in the On every first Sunday of the month in the future the subject will be called to the at tention of the faithful from every pulpit and the organization of societies will be rapidly perfected. The London Tablet says the evil has never caused so much alarm as it has recently. her.

THE FINEST RUBY.

The b'ggest ruby in the world is found in the Czar of Russia's crown, which has the distinction of being the finest ever worn by any sovereign. In shape it re-sembles a Bishop's mitre.

ST. BERNARD DOGS.

Various theories are advanced as to the The famous St. Barnard dogs are very carefully trained, says the New York Ledger. A traveler who visited some of the monasteries of the monks of St. Berprobable course the Young Pheatr will now take, and as to how long it will be before she is seen sgain. It is very likely, old Arctic whalemen say, that the island the monasteries of the monks of St. Ber-nard a few years ago found the monks of puppyhood. Not only is physical stages but spiritual culture is by no means neglected. At meal time the dogs sit m to taining his repast. Grace is said by one of the monks; the dogs sit motionless with bowed heads. Not one stirs untion the "Amen" is spoken. If a frisky puppy partakes of his meal before grace is over an older dog growls and gently tugs his ear. EDWIN ARNOLD'S CHRISTIAN EPIC. "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

will go swimming around the Arctic in intense cold for years, perhaps for centur-ies, for the very elements there will con-Letters from Tokio give some very in-teresting facts about Sir Edwin Arnold's new poem upon which he has been work-ing for six months. He lives in the Japanese guarter, and has adopted the

forth on the journey, and finally the two brothers, under the pretense of making a trip to the sea, set forth for Aix. They waited there all that day, expecting the department of the diligence which was to bring them to Digne. They had passed Digne when, at a small willage. like the toy shin enshronded in the glass blower's art. Plucking up his courage, Leavitt finally went out to the ice pack and boarded the THEY WERE ARRESTED

fainted.

by a brigadier of gendarmes and told that their father awaited them at Digne.

ship. He found everything intact upon the decks just as it had been left. Not The father, rather unwisely perhaps, confined the second son at Mettray. The eldest was allowed to pursue his studies. even the polar bear or the Arctic fox had paid her a visit, and the ropes were colled eldest was allowed to pursue his studies. Gabriel was at length dismissed from Mettray as incorrigible and returned to Marseilles. He there pursued his studies at a lycce, and at the same time wrote as journaist for some papers that cultivated impiety as an art. In consequence of an outbreak which was organized by him, he was dismissed from the school and out on the belaying pins as the crew had placed them. There were no traces of the boats, which had evidently been torn he was dismissed from the school, and devoted himself solely to the profession he had adopted. We must pass by his

ing in each no time since desertion been foll-ing in each heavy enough to disturb any of her fittings. It is supposed, in fact, that she was picked up free from the water by the same ice pack which crushed he had adopted. We must pass by his short service in the arm of Algeria, from which he was dismissed when it was found that he had changed the date in his birth certificate (he was then sixteen), and describe the true beginning of his Leavitt went down to the ship's cabin and found several articles, which he dragged over the fields of ice to his boat career as a journalist. But first we have two incidents full of

ghastly significance. Some young men, Leo Taxil among them, held a council of war and condemned certain political adversaries of theirs to be butchered on

adversaries of theirs to be butchered on the first opportunity. And again, at a club called Alhambra, Leo Tazil proposed and carried by vote the death of the Archbishop of Marseilles. To continue : Gabriel Jogand took at

To continue : Gabriel Jogand took at this time his cognomen Leo Taxil, prin cipally in consequence of the complaint of his father that he was disgracing the family. The commune came and passed. Taxil engaged in it, but to what extent he does not relate. At the age of eigh teen he had fought three duels, and was condemned to eight years in prison for attacks in his paper on various persons. He retired to Geneva, accompanied by a person that he had formed a connection with, and their two children. After some months of starvation his friends managed to settle matters at home for managed to settle matters at home for him, and

HE RETURNED TO FRANCE

and stopped at Montpellier, where he wrote for the Frondeur, a local journal of impiety. Here he had some opportun-ity of admiring the beauty of Republican fraternity. Another Republican journal told infamous lies about him, and "M. Espitallier, maire de Cette, Republican et francescon," tried to have him assas-sina'ed. Somowhat disgusted, he gave

devoted martyr and a victim to supersti-tion. He ardently undertook the study of her life, and worked at the translation of the process of the Holy See, which in 1456 revised the evidence upon which

HURCH.

1456 revised the evidence upon which she was condemned and pronounced her innocent. While working at this, the splendid virtues that she displayed, and the desire which the the Holy See had shown that these should be acknowledged and honored by the Church, sank into his mind. Of course these efforts were to be depreciated and to be attributed to diplomacy, and Taxil left out all such passages as would bear against his theory that Joan of Arc was a "clerical martyr," and these were very many ; but now the thought occurred to him over and over

again, "you are acting unjustly." Oa the evening of the 23rd of April he had written an article for

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC PRESS,

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC PRESS, in which he pledged himself never to give up the strife against religion. Having eent it to the printer, he set to work to finish his translation. More strongly than usual these thoughts came round him; he was pressed by the two horns of this dilemna. Was Joan an imposter ? Was she a wretched fool laboring under a hallucination ? An imposter ! a liar! she who was

hallucination ? An imposter ! a liar ! she who was loyalty incarnate ! bravery personified ! she who would have died of shame if she had yielded for a moment to dist tion !

And again if she did not lie.

And again if she did not its. Her genius directed the successful war against the English, her astonishing plans of battle, her wonderful defence, so full of intelligence, when on her trial at Rouen, were these consistent with a mere self-deceiving enthusiasm, ignorant, though sincere and loyal ? From these thoughts, thereach that intermediate atoms be did through what intermediate steps he did not afterward remember, his mind re-turned to his earlier life.

turned to his earlier life. "In a few seconds my past life came before my mind; my first good Com-munion, my first sacrilegious Commun-ion; Mongre, St. Louis and Mettrary; my father, my mother, my holy aunt; the happy days of my childhood and the bitterness of my anti-clerical life; the sincere friendships of those from whom I had been separated, and the implacable



\$50,000

\$5,000

Sixteen Ugly Sores.

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avorably known to the public sine see. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alan and other bells: also, Chimes and Pesa

sted. Men scandalized by the see ing barrenness of Christian life still ask with Nathanial, "Can anything of good come from Nazareth?" It is almost in vain to insist that human nature, though redeemed and supernaturalized, is never-theless nature fallen and corrupt. It is theless nature failen and corrupt. It is almost useless to repeat that "scaldals must needs cause," It is little or no purpose to assert that "that beauty of the king's daughter is within." The palpable inconsistancy between Chris-tian profession and practice is ever urged, and men question the value of doc-trines that seem to have no influence in chaning the conduct of those who proshaping the conduct of those who pro-

on the hidden life of supernatural purity and charity and fidelity to con-science and to God that thousands upon thousands of Catholics lead, the world takes no account. It only knows that there are thousands who call themselves Christians, Catholics, and they are no better than anybody else, and, taking them for its witnesses, it passes judg ment on the whole system of Revealed Religion. The sublime testimony to Christian virtue of a Father Damien, dying a martyr to heroic charity on the lonely island in the Pacific, is lost sight of in the latest clerical scandal. The devoted lives of fifty thousand Sisters of Charity are outweighed in the balance of the world's judgment by the disreput-able deeds of an apostate monk or failen

The consistent Christian conduct of five hundred thousand Catholics in this single city, is lost sight of in the corrup-tion of a few politicians, in the dishonesty of a few business men, and in demoraliza-tion and crime wrought by the traffic of our deprayed liquor dealers. There is no denying that all these are so many rocks of scandal in our midst, and it would be

denying that all these are so many rocks of scandal in our midst, and it would be to cur advantage, perhaps, if the sem blarce of faith which they maintain were cast off altogether; but we must not be judged by them, they are not the furits of our faith, but the products of the world, the fleeh and the devil.

the flesh and the devil. The Catholic Church is not afraid to be judged by her fruits—they are the saints and holy souls of eighty generation ! They have adorned every age, and ele-valed every race, and sanctified every caling and condition of human life ; they are in truth the only perfect fruit this

LIST OF PRIZES. Real Estate worth.....\$5,000

At 2 o'olock p. m.

