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MARCELLA GRACE.

By Rosa Mulholland.

CHAPTER V.

AN IRISH CINDERELLA.

All Marcella's expectations were broken and scattered by such a greet-The blood rushed to her face and fled away again instantly as she stammered:
"I do not understand. My father

told me something, but I have not been able to believe it.

"But you must believe it, my dear.
You are the only relative I have left in the world, and I had not a suspicion of your existence till I saw you stand-ing here the first day you came, and my breath was taken from me by your likeness to that portrait. You were

looking up at it—"
"I remember; it made think of my mother," said the girl, "though I won-dered why, for I do not recollect ever seeing her."

"I knew it could not be a chance resemblance, and it set me thinking and inquiring. The thing was easy enough to trace once the question was started; and now you are going to be my own child; and I have been so lonely. I am ceasing to care for the world, and I want a daughter, Marcella—it was my sister's name, her name whose face you have got. And now take off your bonnet and come with me, my child."

Marcella had listened in glad amaze ment. All the wild dreams of a future lifted above the sordid level upon which she had lived-dreams which she had kept aloof as enemies that could only rob her of what little con tentment she possessed-rushed upor her now as friends claiming to be recognized. The moderate expectations she had dwelt upon during the last few hours were forgotten; a bril liant reality shone into her eyes and blinded her. She suddenly burst into

"I do not wonder." exclaimed the old lady, wiping her own eyes. "It has been too great a surprise. But I could not keep the secret any longer. I never could break the news of any thing to any one in my life. And, be thing to any one in my life. sides, I was so impatient to take posses sion of you. Do not cry, my darling You shall never return to that nasty hole any more.

Marcella stilled her sobs and tried to

"My father-" she began.

"Oh, my dear, I will arrange with him. I have told him my intentions, and no doubt he will be glad to agree with them, once you are out of his hands. You have only to assert your self a little-you are twenty-one, you have told me-and you will see that everything will come right.'

Marcella had by this time overcome her agitation and regained her presence of mind.

"You are very good," she said, gratefully; "I cannot find words to thank you for your goodness. But I can never consent to abandon my

ather in his old age." "My dear, you need not use such terrible words. You shall not be asked to abandon him. We will make him as comfortable as he can be, and you shall go see him as often as it is prac-

ticable. Of course you must feel, Marcella—"
"I do feel," said Marcella, gently, "I feel it all, and that is why I will not desert him. He is old and failing in health, and he has loved me and herished me all his life. I must be his nurse, his child, his hands, and staff as long as God leaves him to me. And so, dear friend, if instead of giving me all these brilliant things you offer, if you would merely help me to get work, put me in a way of being able to support him, I will bless you, and he will bless you every day we have to live.

"I don't know that," said Mrs O'Kelly, beginning to get angry. "I don't at all know that. I am sure the old gentleman will not be so easily sat

"You mistake him, madame. He would never consent to part from me. "Then he is a fool," said Mrs O'Kelly, "and I am sorely disappoint ed in you both! In that case pose you must be allowed to return to

And though the interview was pro onged considerably after this difficul point in the conversation had been reached, no better understanding was arrived at, and Marcella returned to the Liberties with a much heavier heart than that which she had left it, Mrs. O'Kelly having parted with her in an ecstasy of displeasure.

On arriving home, however, strong in her consciousness that she had been true to her father and obeyed his warning to suffer no arrangement to be made that would part him from his daughter, she met with a very differ ent reception from that which she had fairly earned, and had a right to ex Old Grace's anger at hearing pect. that she had allowed their friend to quarrel with her was harder to bear than Mrs. Kelly's feverish disappoint

ment. He scolded her well for not exerting nerself to make an advantageous bar gain with the old lady. He had trusted her to do the business, believed in her willingness to be of use to him, placed all his affairs in her hands. He was only checked by the sight of Marcella's fast-flowing tears.

"Oh, father!" she said, bitterly 'do not say that you would have sold me to her if she had only paid you well enough?"

She stretched out her two young hands imploringly as she cried to him, and the soft corner in his heart was reached.

"I did not mean rightly that, my girl," he said, "only that we oughtn't to have quarrelled with her. But let's say no more about it. I don't know but that I might die if I couldn't see I don't know

your darlin' face no more ! And Marcella was comforted; and having prayed to God to send her work from some quarter that she might nour ish this loving father in his declining days, she slept soundly upon her sor

But Mrs. O'Kelly was not so easily comforted. For many weeks she had lived on the certainty of having Marcella for her own that she could not reconcile herself to disappointment She blamed herself for her hasty tem per, acknowledged that she had been unreasonable, and admitted that the girl's determination not to give her father up only proved the sterling qualities of her heart. Before another day had passed, she was more in love with Marcella than ever, and busy with schemes for enamoring the gir into her keeping. She must manage to do it without alarming her filial devotion. She must gradually ween her from that dreaded old man, who at all cost must be kept down, concealed in the shadows of his original obscurity. At last she hit upon a plan which she thought must be successful: and it proved to be so.

She made another pilgrimage to the Liberties, the result of which was that the weaver permitted his daughter to go on a visit to Mrs. O'Kelly at Merrion square. Grace was well pleased arrangement, considering that once his daughter had gained a foot-ing in the old lady's home and heart he might ultimately hope to make his own terms. Mrs. O'Kelly was satisfied, thinking that Marcella, having tasted the sweets of young ladyhood, having been dressed, admired, accustomed to drawing room life, would be found very menable to reason, through her feat of being thrown back into poverty and squalor. As for Marcella herself, seeng that both father and friend were content, she felt free to give hersel up to her young enjoyment of the hour and to live like the heroine of a fair romance.

Not to shock the properties of any who might chance to look on in her home at the transformation of the weaver's girl in Mrs. O'Kelly's niece, she called her (fondly imagining that the girl might have been the daughter of that dead sister of hers whose por trait she resembled, and whose nam she bore), the lady was prudent in he arrangement of the affair. She left ome, only, however, to stay at a hote not far away, where Marcella met he No one could and was transformed. have imagined that the girl in sordid clothing who passed up the staircase of the hotel, and whom nobody could have sworn to have seen pass down again, had any thought about so insignificant a matter, was one and the same with the elegant and beautiful young who was found seated with Mrs. O'Kelly when the waiter served her lunch After a few days' shopping, walking through the fashionable thoroughfare and living at the hotel, which seemed to the girl from the Liberties a palace of splendors, the two ladies were met one day at Westland row railway station by Mrs. O'Kelly's carriage, and were conducted home in state to Merrion square.

It was immediately known, much talked of in her circle, that Mrs. O Kelly had received on a visit a young relative who had been living abroad, and having lost her parents and finan interesting position as to excite the old lady's sympathies. She had gone to London to meet the girl on her way from Paris, and was making as much fuss about her as if she had been her actual child.

On Mrs. O'Kelly's next reception day her drawing-rooms were crowded with friends and acquaintances curious to behold Marcella, who sat making tea in a pretty close-fitting dress of dull crimson cloth which set of her dark beauty to advantage. Miss O Flaherty was the first to arrive and the last to take her leave, and made many bold attempts to cross question the suddenly discovered niece as to her antecedents, all of which attacks, however, Mrs. O'Kelly adroitly foiled, enjoying intensely the discomfiture of her enemy.

As for Marcella herself, she felt too timid in her new position to enter into rolonged conversation with any one, and took refuge in her task of tea making, answering in a few words when she was spoken to, and referring everything to her patroness. Yet her natural self-possession gave her so well-bred an air that nobody could call her After the last visitor had depart ed, Mrs. O Kelly congratulated her on the success of her first appearance in society.

"You must gain more confidence in yourself, Marcella. You have less brogue than Julia O'Flaherty, and there was not a woman here to-day who can cross a floor as well as you do it. Just go out of the room, my dear, and come in again and up to my chair. You may laugh if you please, but it is a pretty art to move about a room with grace. It comes to you naturally, of course, with your nicely-turned O Kelly ankles and your graceful O'Kelly arms. Now, Julia O'Fiaherty's feet are like

the feet of a clothes horse."

The old lady lay back complacently in her chair and stroked Marcella's hands, which she had of late been bathing with perfumes and unguents to remove the traces of toil from the shapely fingers. And she went outfolding her ideas and intentions. And she went on,

"I have been asked several times today whether I did not intend presenting you at the drawing-room, but I have made up my mind that it would not do, as you have not yet consented to me?" said the voice Marcella re-

to be altogether my daughter, Marcella. It would not be proper to present a girl to His Excellency at the Castle who would afterwards return to live in the Liberties, my darling. And yet you must see a little life while you are with me. I said to the inquisitive people that, though you were rather young to be presented, I did not know but that I might take you to the St. Patrick's Ball—just to look on. You shall have a pretty dress, and you will see the dancing, which will be new to you. And after that we shall perhaps

have a little dance ourselves. Marcella expressed her delight at the prospect of so much pleasure, and thought of the long-past Patrick's Ball at which her mother had gaily danced, little dreaming of the dreary fate in store for her. How strange was life! Certainly but one month ago, if any one told her that she, Marcella, should be going to a Patrick's Ball, she would

have taken the prophet for a lunatic. And yet she was certainly going to A pretty dress was ordered, and Mrs. O'Kelly displayed to her the pearl ornaments which she herself had not worn for long, and which she believed Julia O'Fiaherty already counted as her own. "But I am not sure that she will have them," said the old lady ; ' not if some people behave themselves nicely. They exactly suit a debutante, and it is a long time since poor Julia went to her first ball. They will go charmingly with this fleecy white dress of yours, which makes you look as if clothed in snow."

CHAPTER VI.

THE PATRICK'S BALL. The eventful night arrived, and Mrs O'Kelly, wearing her tabinet train, and followed by Marcella, white and fresh as a dewdrop in her glistening silk and pearls, set out in the O'Kelly brougham for Dublin Castle. The old Castle-yard, witness of many a strange scene in Ireland's history, was alive with carriages, cabs, and all manner of vehicles down to the jaunting car which brought young men in their dancing pumps, who had fallen back on the friendly jarvey, finding cabs were scarce — a scarcity not to be wondered at, seeing that in Dublin carriages are less plentiful than hack onvevances.

While they awaited their turn to be set down, Mrs. O'Kelly related anec dotes of the ancient splendors of Dub in Castle, not derived from books, for she was no great reader, so much as from memory of what had been related to her by her mother. About a hundred years ago or so it might have been truly said that there were gay doings at Dublin Castle, when a legend of the nobility inhabited the magnifi cent old houses in and about the city now either mouldering to decay, rifled of as much of their carvings and decor ations as can be carried off, or turned into noble museums, public libraries, and asylums for the sick and unfortunate, where exquisitely adorned ceilings spread rich canopies over the hospital-bed of pain, while students ascend daily the royal staircases of the top of which dukes in former days re-ceived their guests.

Mrs. O'Kelly and her charge were long in making their way up the noble staircase that leads to St. Patrick's Hall; for the Patrick's Ball (held once a year on St. Patrick's Day) is sure to be a crowded one, being the only entertainment given within the Castle walls to which those persons can obtain invitation who have not already been

formally presented to Vice Royalty.
"There is Julia O'Flaherty standing at the top of the stairs talking to Bryan Kilmartin;" exclaimed Mrs. O'Kelly, in a low tone, more to herself than to Marcella, as they stood wedged in a corner of the lower landing and looking upwards. "Why does the girl wear pink with that beet-root color in her cheeks? How much she has got to say to Bryan, though she does sneer so at his politics! Dear me, if people would only think it their duty to keep moving on! Why does she not get into the ball-room? She will dance all night, if she can get any one to dance with her, and she knows he never dances-

Here a movement in the ascending clouds of silk, and tulle, and velvet, a stir which set jewels flashing, and drew forth sighs of relief from the impatient and little notes of low laughter from the joyous and sweet tempered, swept Marcella and her chaperon some steps nearer to the landing which was the goal of their desires, and Marcella was able to see Julia O'Flaherty and the gentleman to whom she was talking. He had his back to the staircase now but something in the turn of the head was strangely familiar to Marcella. She held her breath for a moment, till the man, happening to turn, glanced down the stair and looked her right in the face. Then she saw that the gentleman whom Mrs. O'Kelly called Bryan Kilmartin was the hero of her midnight adventure, the man whom she had sheltered from pursuit of the police, who had given her the ring, and whom she had last seen reading the proclamation of reward offered for the apprehension of the perpetrator of the murder which had been committed on that eventful night.

He looked her straight in the face as she ascended, and his glance lingered on her with such an expression of interest that she thought herself recognized, in spite of the change in her condition and apparel. Would he speak to her? she asked herself rapidly. What would he say to her? Would he allude to the secret he and she shared between them? Another movement of the crowd now carried them up to the landing, and she stood

that I should be cut dead?"
"Oh, is that you, Bryan? Who would expect to meet a person of your politics within the Castle walls, or such a non-frequenter of dances at a Patrick's Ball. It is so long since I have seen you in evening dress that I scarcely recognized you.

Bryan Kilmartin smiled an amused smile that became him well. The grave, stern face that had confronted Marcella in the mouldering room of the old house in Weaver's square vanished, and for a moment she felt that she did not know this man.

"You see even a vagabond like me sometimes wants to get a peep at re-spectable people," he said. "Miss O'Fiaherty has been kindly telling me who the people are who have outgrown me." Then he added in a lower tone, "I hope you will overlook my sins and shortcomings so far as to introduce me to your niece. "She is not my niece, and I don'

know about introducing you at present. She is coming with me now to walk around the rooms. Later in the even ing I will think about it unless I hear some bad stories of you in the mean-

And passing him by with her chin elevated, the old lady swept on into the ball-room, followed by Marcella.

"She is undeniably handsome," said Miss O'Flaherty, looking after the girl; "but there is nothing in her. She is the most silent person I ever met. Has lived abroad, and has not a word to tell about any of the places she has seen.

Shortly afterwards Bryan Kilmartin, having left Miss O'Flaherty happy in the company of a wealthy unmarried colonel, moved into the ball-room and looked about eagerly for another glimpse of Marcella. She was already in the centre of a little cluster of ad mirers. Her plea that she could not dance did not deprive her of their attentions. The appearance of a new face, and such a new face, had already made a sensation in a society where everyone knows everyone else, some times a little too well, and the freshest beauties are tired of all too soon.

Kilmartin could not account for the peculiar effect which the sight of that particular countenance had wrought on him. The beautiful serious intelli-gence of the wide gray eyes struck him as something familiar. Where could he have seen her before? aid she had lived abroad, and he had een on the continent for two or three He fancied, too, that her eye had met his with a friendly expres ion, that she looked as if she wished to speak to him. No; it must be only that that interested, "asking" expres ion of the eyes was natural to her He never could have seen her befor to-night.

Nothing in her! Certainly her ap pearance must be a cheat if that were a just judgment. Silent she might be through unaccustomedness to the subects of conversation which occupied the chatterers around her; but he felt a singular desire to speak to her. There was a particular quality of voice, a soft rich note recurring, and giving to simple words a sort of pathetic sweetness which somehow, he felt sure, went with the expression of those brows and lips. Where he had heard such a voice he did not know, but the Where he had heard tones of it came to his imagination as he looked at her face. Could he have dreamed of this woman long ago, and only remembered the dream on behold. ing her? Nonsense! Or were these the symptoms of love at first sight? Equally absurd! For he was not a man who was much interested by woman as a rule, and marrying was far from his thoughts.

Later he succeeded in getting intro-

duced to her and in obtaining leave to take her to the refreshment-room for an ice.

"Trust me, I will not talk politics to her," he said, smiling; "and, pariah as I am, I will be careful not to let my shadow fall on her plate.

And Marcella found herself moving through the crowd, with her hand on his arm. So keenly mindful was she of their former meeting, so full of consciousness of all that had passed before, that she expected him to say, as soon as they were alone in the crowd, What is the meaning of this? do I find you here? I thought you were a poor girl whom I should never see again and with whom my secret would on that account be safe. Can I would on that account be safe. be sure you will guard it from all these people among whom it seems you live, as I do? And on which occasion have I met you masquerading—as the poverty stricken girl in the Liberties, or as the relative of a wealthy gentlewoman?

But he said nothing of the kind. He only made some remarks about the antiquity of St. Patrick's hall, and concerning the brilliant and tragic scenes that had succeeded each other within the walls of the castle. He talked to her for some little time, hearing only enough of her voice to satisfy him that his expectation had made no mistake as to its quality, and then having found her an ice and a chair, he made an effort to relieve his mind of the perelexity which had been increasing on him with every glance of her eyes and every murmur of her lips.

"You have lived abroad, Miss O'Kelly. How do you find our damp island after more brilliant climes?"

In an instant Marcella perceived that she had been mistaken and that he did not recognize her, and she put herself on her guard. She would not disconcert him by revealing herself, although she could not make any effort to keep up Mrs. O'Kelly's little fiction

membered well. "What have I done her ignorance of life abroad to be taken for stupidity, but here she must make bold to tell the honest truth.

"I have never been out of Dublin, Mr. Kilmartin. I am only a poor re-lation," she added, smiling, "but you must not tell that I have confessed it. Mrs. O'Kelly has been very kind, and I believe she wants to make the best of me. So I am supposed to have seen a great deal of the world - places on which I never laid my eyes. don't tell, for it would vex her.'

"I will never tell," he said ; "the rack shall not extort it from me. But am surprised at Mrs. O'Kelly for imagining you needed any such fictitious advantage. And it gives you a diffi-cult part to play. How do you manageit

"I hold my tongue," said Marcella, simply; "I am very ignorant, but that is one thing I know how to do."

She emphasized the thinking that in case he should a little later discover her identity, they might recur to his mind and give him confidence

"It is an excellent talent," he said, but one that can be too much cultivated. I am glad you have made an exception in my case. It strikes me that if you have never been out of Dublin, Miss O'Kelly, it is possible I may Your face and have seen you before. even your voice are strangely familiar to me-familiar although perfectly new. It seems rather as if I had known some one who bore a wonderful

resemblance to you."

He stopped abruptly, seeing her cheek redden a little and then turn white. She felt a thrill of alarm lest he should be on the point of discovering her, for his sake rather than hers. not knowing how unpleasantly such discovery might affect him. At the same moment the paleness of her cheek and the anxious glance of her eyes made her resemblance more striking to the face that was haunting him; and suddenly his riddle was

"She is like the girl who sheltered me," he thought; "singularly like her, both in face and voice. Strange I have noticed before that where a likeness exists between two faces the same resemblance is found in the voices. She was a noble-looking girl in the midst of her surroundings. heavens! it is the very same face.

Marcella had risen and now lifted her eyes to his face. The same scene
-that strange midnight scene, the pen closet-door, the moonlight shin ing into the crazy old room, the shad ow of a crime, on the threshold, the echo of pursuit at the door, all were present in both their minds at the monent as she rose and stood before him, and their eyes met.

"The very girl! Oh, no, I must be losing my senses. I have startled her with my stare. The sordid gown, the oathetic face, are safe in the Liberties. This delicate maiden in her white frock never perhaps heard of such a quarter. But the likeness accounts for the curious impression she has made on

Marcella saw the change in his face nd knew that so far she had escaped detection. The power of circumstance was strong to conceal her identity. She breathed more freely, and a smile came back to her face.

" I have lived so quietly in Dublin," she said, "that I am perfectly new to everybody here. This is my very first appearance in society.

But here Mrs. O'Kelly's voice was heard at her side.

I want my young lady. not accustomed to late hours and I am going to take her home. A young woman who is not out yet and has still to learn to dance, has no excuse for staying late at a ball. Good night, Bryan ; I am not going to ask you to come to see me till you have given up your evil ways, you Fenian! By the way, I hope you are very proud of the last piece of work of your party? Poor Gerald Ffont! it was within these very walls I met him last, and he then said a great deal to me about the wickedness of the people, which I think has been well proved by his murder."

A deep shade crossed Kilmartin's

face, but he made no attempt to reply to the old lady's reproaches. "May I see you down stairs and get you your cloak?" he said gravely. "No, thank you, I don't think you

need. A gentleman is waiting outside to look after us. Come, Marcella!" Marcella gave her hand frankly to

Kilmartin with a friendly look, and followed her patroness, who lectured her all the way home about Bryan Kilmartin, rather for the satisfaction of saying some things that were in her mind against the man than because she thought it necessary for the girl to hear them. "I don't wish you, my dear, to take

too much notice of this Mr. Kilmartia In fact he is rather a thorn in my side, seeing that I have known his people always and was once very fond of himself. He was as nice and promising a lad as ever I knew till he began to take an interest in the Fenian question. That is a good many years ago now, tor Bryan is about thirty years of age; but a University training at Cambridge, and subsequent experiences have not evidently, trained the sym-pathy with Fenianism out of him. He pathy with Fenianism out of him. has lately been siding with the low malcontents in the country in a manner which has turned all my affection for him to bitterness. How his poor mother bears it I am sure I do not know, for I seldom see her now, as she never shows her face in society, being an invalid, doubtless in sonsequence of the wrong headedness of her son.
What brought him to the ball to night

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