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THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY:

Rejected for Conscience's Sake. BY CHRISTINE FABER.

He raised his head from his breast the He raised his head from his breast the florid color coming partially back to his face. She had not been told then; she did not know yet. He felt like one who had received a reprieve, though to-morrow the finger that was so inexorably tracing his doom might bring its characters into her sight. Under the influence of that fealing of respite he tried to look at

of that feeling of respite he tried to look at her steadily while he said: "What are the questions you would ask

of me?"
"In what way has this man Kellar come to be such an intimate acquaintance of yours? What is the mysterious ance of yours? anxiety you are so frequently betraying?

Made desperate by the emotions excited by his manner, she had spoken almost fiercely. He put his hands out before him in that deprecating way he seemed to use so much of late: it was as if he would make some mute appeal before he spoke.

fore he spoke.

"I have nothing that I can tell you."

The accent of his voice belied his words; and his ward, again a prey to the old emotions of doubt and distrust, and yet at the same time torn by that singu lar pity and sympathy, could restrain her feelings no longer.

She laid them all before him: her

She laid them all before him. Her doubts of him, engendered by his own manner; her pity, evoked by his evident anxieties; her desire to sympathize with and comfort him, aroused by his gentle kindness, and now her utter disbelief in kindness, and now her utter what he had averred that he had nothing

"You asked," she continued, her breas heaving with every word, and the color deepening in her cheeks, "what I had been told; that proves I might have been told something; why, then, if another might have told me, cannot you tell

At the last her voice had taken a plead ing tone that cut him to the heart. He rose slowly from the chair, so slowly that he seemed like an utterly broken old man. In a queer, incongruous sort of way he wondered if the dead pitied the agony of the living, if the mute cold lips of the phantom he so often fancied near him, phantom he so often fancied near him, would have blessed or cursed him—could it but have whispered one word in his ear, willingly, gladly would he accept every future consequence. But there was noth-ing only the painful silence with which his ward waited for his answer. And he

felt that he must answer her.
"When I said there was nothing I "When I said there was noting I could tell you, I spoke truly. I am not at liberty to tell you, nor to tell anybody. Another might tell you; that is beyond my control; and when that happens, as it may now at any moment, I have only to ask that you judge me by the instincts of your own tender charity — that even while your belief in what may be told to you may be strengthened by my own reyou may be strengthened by my own re-fusal either to deny or to admit it, you will temper your conviction as much as embering that circumstances

"When I am married!" she repeated, wrought to such a pitch of feeling she could hardly pronounce the words distinctly. "Will it be the proper thing for me to marry without telling Mr. Wilbur something of this? He seemed to feel the other evening that I was wanting in confidence with him—that which I would like to have confided to him were my feelings about you. He saw the agitation which I could not conceal after my interwhich I could not conceal after my interview with you, and he was wounded at

Mallaby inwardly groaned: to have his secret before its revelation casting its shadow on the path of the lovers smote him to the soul. Yet what could he do?

which otherwise might come between her and her betrothed.
"Tell Mr. Wilbur," he said, "that your

"Tell Mr. Wilbur," he said, "that your guardian has a secret which troubles him—which has troubled him for years—but he cannot tell it because he is bound by an oath—but even could he do so he would hesitate lest—"he paused, showing plainly his painful doubt of what his next words should be. His ward, her hands still pressed to her temples, was looking at him with widely distended eyes—" lest the memory of another should suffer."

She knew not whether it were the look

in his face, the quivering something in his voice, or the mysterious intuition which at times seems to be borne from the very air into sensitive souls, that aused an utterly unexpected and horrible

caused an utterly unexpected and norricle thought to flash into her mind.

Flinging her hands from her temples she took a step forward. It brought her so close to him he could feel her hot, labored breath upon his face as she said with the air of a passionate demand:

"It the other whose memory would suf-"Is the other whose memory would su

fer my father He averted his face.

Tell me!" she commanded grasping his hands. He felt the fever of her touch through his own veins, for his blood seemed to have turned to ice at her utterly unex-

that you would save his memory at the risk of your own happiness?"

"Your father and I were old and tried friends—bosom friends—for years we had not a thought from each other—our joys, arms, the same. not a thought from each other—our joys, our cares, our griefs, were the same. Why should I not love him more tenderly than even many brothers love, and when the trouble came which blighted his life why should I not be eager to do for those whom he had left. My oath was given to your mother to assure, and to save you from any blight upon your future life."

Again her hands were flow for the same in the same ways flow for the same in the same ways flow for the same in the

future life."

Again her hands were flung from her temples, but only to be clasped over her eyes while she thought wildly, feverishly of what he had said. Everything about him seemed to proclaim that he spoke the truth, and if so what did she not owe him; not alone gratitude on her own part, but on that of her dead parents. He had served them all, and he was still a

martyr in their cause.

Mallaby, expecting her to answer and finding she did not, resumed:

"Since, as you say, Mr. Wilbur seemed to expect you to tell him some of the feelings you have communicated to me, per-haps you had better confide to him the portion of this interview, which revealed to you that I held an anxious secret; you need not state anything further, for the rest does not concern him, and would not have been made known to you, had you not divined it as you did. You may add,

not divined it as you did. You may add, however, to your statement to Mr. Wilbur, that I shall go away directly after your marriage. Being only your guardian, there ought to be little regret, or thought about any course I may pursue."

The phrase, "being only your guardian," struck even through the wildness and anguish of her thoughts, bringing back with a painful bitterness the frequent occasions on which she had so slightingly spoken of him.

He deemed the interview ended and he moved toward the door. She looked

slightingly spoken of him.

He deemed the interview ended and he moved toward the door. She looked at him as he went, wanting to speak, to stop him, but knowing not what to say, and he went out leaving upon her mind and heart a picture of him that was finally to surmount by its pathos and dejection every other thought. If she could only think clearly, but her thoughts were so confused and conflicting; one moment she almost doubted all that Mallaby had told her, and wondered whether his story might not have been invented to conceal the betrayal of his trust as her guardian, and the misappropriation of her money; the next she rejected every suspicion and severely condemned herself for having any. One instant she questioned if Mr. Kellar, being the old friend of Mallaby that he termed himself, would not know if what she had heard warm true and whether he would nimself, would not know if what she had himself, would not know it what she had heard were true, and whether he would not reveal to her what her guardian had withheld. The latter had said that she might be told something at any moment. From whom was the revelation more likely to comethan from Kellar? But her

repugnance to the man was too great to permit her to seek an interview.

What should she do? Tell Wilbur only what her guardian had advised her to tell, and suffer the latter to go away after their wedding as he was planning to do; that would be an easy course to pursue, and if what he had told her had only been you can, remembering that circumstances sometimes belie us.

"When you are married I shall go away — far away, and then if it be too hard to have a kindly memory of me, you can forget me."

"When I am married!" she repeated, "When I am married!" she repeated, wrought to such a pitch of feeling she could hardly pronounce the words distinctly. "Will it he the proper thing of the words distinctly. "Will it he the proper thing for its Mellany's departure. Surely in return ing Mallaby's departure. Surely, in return for his self-sacrifice it would be little for her to soothe his declining years as much as she might do. And th time it flashed upon her that her afflanced might hesitate to give his name to a woman whose father's memory was shadowed by such a secret as her guard ian seemed to carry. For aught she knew it might be a secret relating to some crime. Why had she not thought to ask ber guardian that? But even as she re-gretfully put the question to herself, she felt he would not have answered her. Wilbur, no doubt, in his masculine judg-

head drop upon his breast.

Miss Hammond's temples were throbing so furiously she bound both her hands about them.

For one whirling moment the thought came to Mallaby of seeking Wilbur, and telling as much as he dared to do without the would fold his bigh sense of reserving his even to do without the would fold his bigh sense of reserving his even the would fold his bigh sense of reserving his even the would fold his bigh sense of reserving his even the would fold his bigh sense of reserving his even the would fold his bigh sense of reserving his even the world fold his bigh sense his even the w For one whirling moment the thought came to Mallaby of seeking Wilbur, and telling as much as he dared to do without violating his conscience: but the thought was discarded in the instant of its conception, for his revelation must be followed by questions from Wilbur which could not be satisfactorily answered. Unless indeed, that Kellar already had told Wilbur, but even then Mallaby could neither deny nor admit Kellar's disclosure. But at least he must tell this excited girl something to avert the shadow which otherwise might come between her leaving the room, rose in very protest. She could not withstand its mute, and sad plea, and she sank to her knees clutching the scapular beneath the bosom of her dress and praying wildly for help and strength.

and strength. Above stairs her guardian was on his knees also, his head sunk in his hands and through his fingers oozing at inter-vals drops of moisture that might be tears, or the perspiration caused by his burning thoughts. At times he mut-

"I have not broken the oath—but he will tell her; he will tell Wilbur—then for her the flight—for me the doom, and afterward—oh God, afterward!"

For three hours after his interview with Kellar Wilbur sat in stern and agonized commune with himself. Should he ques-tion Agnes of her knowledge or what had been told, and read from her manner— though her lips denied it, that she did know, his affection for her must turn to scorn. Should she, feeling that longer concealment was useless, confess to her knowledge, even then his love for her must receive a fatal blow. Her confession would stamp her not as a victim, or a dupe, but as an accomplice and a de-ceiver. As the other alternative, should he torce himself to believe, that she did not know, and acting on that belief make her promise to break completely with her guardian, pledging herself never to see him again, he would even then be makhave turned to ice at her utterly unexpected question.

"Tell me!" she repeated.

It was useless to try to withstand, or evade her, and he turned back to her, his face as bloodless as that of a corpse. His lips hardly opened to emit his reply, and she caught it more from watching his mouth than from actually hearing it, and it confirmed her fear. She dropped his hands, putting her own again to her temples.

Her promise to break completely with her guardian, pledging herself never to see him again, he would even then be making an alliance against which every tradition of his family name sternly set themselves. But he could not give her up, and almost unconsciously his hand sought her little pearl rosary that he had found, and which he carried constantly in his inner breast-pocket.

He had to determine on some course

He had to determine on some course

anger when he found his proposition met with a firm refusal. His manner on greeting her had seemed like a forebod-ing of something unusual and unpleas-ant, while her pale face and agitated air had told equally of her own trouble. But

had told equally of her own trouble. But he would not give her an opportunity to impart it, and thus perhaps seal his doom: he would tell at once frankly what he wished and why he wished it,—reports had reached him that were not credit had reached him that were not credit-able to herguardian, and that made it im-possible for the wife of Sydney Wilbur to have any connection with Mr. Mallaby, or even ever to see him again. "Such a request I ought not, and I shall not grant," she had answered, with-out a moment's hesitation, though her heart sickened and her knees trembled.

"He is only your guardian," said Wilbur, indignation at her unexpected obstinacy mastering everything else in his tones. "It is a little strange that you

"Only my guardian," she repeated,
"but I owe to him more than most wards owe to guardians," and then, her voice becoming tremulous and tearful, she told him all that had passed in her last inter-

view with Mallaby.

"The confidence you accused me of withholding," she continued, "I have given you now, and knowing as you do my feelings, my obligations in this matter, you surely will not persist in your re-

Was she acting a part—a part that had been prepared for her? Had Mallaby learned that Kellar had informed, and learned that Kellar had informed, and had he, in accordance, drilled his ward, or had she in her own cleverness made the part? If so, she was acting it well, with all apparent ingenuousness, and Wilbur found himself touched and softened while he looked. It was impossible to believe that she knew more than she had told, and if so could he have the heart with in his property her description to owen in his anger at her determination, to tell her the awful things which Kellar had revealed? But it was also impossible to marry her unless she would consent to be severed from her guardian, whom Wilbur now hated and detested. He did not be-lieve a word of his story of self-sacrifice which he had told Miss Hammond.

which he had told Miss Hammond.

"Why do you look at me in such a manner?" she asked, as he, making no attempt to reply, continued to gaze at her.

"And what have you heard about my guardian, and who has told you—was it that man, Kellar?"

Her last question seemed to indicate that she did know more than she had told, else why should she mention Kellar's name? It was sickening that she should he such a deceiver, and yet the expression of her face, her manner, her voice, all belied the thought. He turned away for a moment to think what he should answer. If she did not know, how could he be the first to tell her, and what might be the consequence of that awful revelation?

He turned back to her.

"Agnes!"
His voice had never sounded so sor-rowfully tender, but, somehow it seemed like a knell—the knell of their final part-

"It is not necessary for me to tell from whom, or what I have heard, it is enough to say that it is different from the you have given me-but it is give you, that you consent to resign Mr. Mallaby entirely and forever. He is only your guardian."

"If it be necessary for the honor of contrares" the recent of the land.

"If it be necessary for the honor of your name," she repeated, "that I should give up Mr. Mallaby, then is it still more necessary for the honor of your name that you should cancel your engagement to me. I have already told you that my guardian's secret trouble is because he would shield my father and would save me."

me."
"But I do not believe Mr. Mallaby's story," blurted out Wilbur with new indignation.

"And I do believe it," responded Agnes, her tones all the more firm that in her heart the old doubt was beginning to

struggle.

Once more he resumed his wonted tendeness as he pleaded with her: as he begged her to resign her guardian — it could be managed so easily; he would take her on a long wedding-tour — he would restrict the to write once; and take her on a long wedding-tour— ne would even permit her to write once; and he would see that Mallaby did not want.

She prayed with all her heart while he was speaking. Remembering the former occasion when she would have yielded but for Florence, it seemed as if this were an opportunity to atome for her weakness then; and the anguish of that occasion was not appropriate as her suffering was then; and the anguish of that occasion was not so poignant as her suffering was upon this. She thought of her duty to poor, broken Mallaby—broken from the weight of his sacrifice made for her and hers, and she thought of her duty to Wilbur not to suffer him to marry one upon whose name there rested a suspicion.

Perchance also the discipline of prayer and varient adjustment of the past mouths.

and patient endurance of the past month had made her strong for the present trial.

"Do not press me further," she said, "I

cannot consent to what you ask. And you will let me go-you will say good-bye forever! There is another world

in which we will meet.'

in which we will meet."

He turned from her and went to the door—her face set in an appalling expression of indignation and grief.

She did not move, not even the hands that hung limp by her side, twitched as they had done a moment before. She seemed to herself to be set in some frozen mould unable to make a sign that would show her anguish. Nothing that she had suffered at their former parting equalled the dumb agony of this. He looked back and saw her standing like a statue; her face as colorless as one. It recalled with and saw her standing like a statue; her face as colorless as one. It recalled with a sickening sense the pain of their former separation; he had little reason to suppose that her determination would yield any more now than it had done then. He wanted to hate her for preferring her guardian to him, to hate her for her tirmness, to feel that her affection for him was not sincere when she so readily yielded him; to think that he had been mistaken in her character: to believe that him; to think that he had been mis-taken in her character; to believe that the qualities which (she affirmed bound her to Mallaby, were only assumed, now that she was aware Wilbur knew some-thing of her family history; and he wanted to rejoice that he had so good an opportunity of escaping from an alliance which might sully the honor of his name; but all were only struggles that seemed which might sully the honor of his name; but all were only struggles that seemed to gain nothing while she stood there in her pale, sad, touching, pleading beauty. Then he felt that he too must be firm; as before when he would not yield his religtemples.

"Tell me something more," she pleaded, "all at least that you may without violating your oath—to whom did your affection for my father come to be so strong.

"He had to determine on some course before he saw her, and when at length he resolved on the latter alternative which he had proposed to himself, he did not doubt for a moment her willing assent to it.

What, then, were his surprise and that were only adagted to that adjusted there in her pale, sad, touching, pleading beauty. Then he felt that he too must be firm; as the fore when he would not yield his religions of the course of the pleading beauty. Then he felt that he too must be firm; as the form of the pale, sad, touching, pleading beauty. Then he felt that he too must be firm; as the pale, sad, touching, pleading beauty. Then he felt that he too must be firm; as the pale, sad, touching, pleading beauty. Then he felt that he too must be firm; as the pale, sad, touching, pleading beauty. Then he felt that he too must be firm; as the pale, sad, touching, pleading beauty. Then he felt that he too must be firm; as the pale, sad, touching, pleading beauty. Then he felt that he too must be firm; as the pale and proposed to himself, he did not doubt for a moment her willing assent to it.

What, then, were his surprise and

sacrifice his family honor; from the old Puritan times his family name had descended, and it had ever been the synonym for rectitude: surely he had condescended much, and incurred no little risk in being willing to marry her with the condition of giving up Mallaby—but in that case he could remove her where no breath of dishonor might reach either of them; but, to marry her, consenting to retain her obligations—as she considered them — to Mallaby would be to invite upon his own head a share in the awful things that Kellar had told him. He shuddered slightly as they reproduced themselves for a moment, and then while their influence was strong upon him, he their influence was strong upon him, he walked back to Agnes, took one of her limp, cold hands in his own, and said hurriedly:

Reconsider your refusal; think of al that I have promised; remember my hap-piness that you are blighting; and then answer once more—whom do you choose, Mr. Mallaby, or me?

The answer was low, but steadily de

"I cannot give up my guardian."

"I cannot give up my guardian."

He threw her hand from him, and without another look strode to the door. In a moment he had reached the street-door, in a moment he had reached the street-door, and they are the street of moment he had reached the street-door; she heard it close upon him and then she rushed to the window half expecting that he would look back: but he walked rapidly on; she watched him until she could see him no longer, and then she turned away from the window and went wearily up to her room. She had not Florence now into whose arms she might throw herself and sob out her grief and throw herself and sob out her grief and throw herself and soo out her grief and desolation; there was no one to speak to; not even her guardian, for he had left word in the morning that he would not be home until midnight; and now it wanted an hour of the evening dinner

She had such a tired, numb feeling almost as if she were too fatigued to cry though there was a gulp in her throat And how changed everything appeared even the familiar furniture in her room even the familiar furniture in her room seemed to have undergone some alteration during her absence, and the noises of the street incident to a summer evening that came in at the window, had a strange, gloomy sound. She stood looking in a sort of dazed manner until her eyes fell upon a little statue of the Blessed Virgin which her own hands had set up in a corner of the room and around which she had improvised a sort of shrine. She threw herself on her knees before it, and the lump in her throat dissolving into rethe lump in her throat dissolving into re-lieving tears.
"Mother of God, pray for me, help me my trial is greater than I can bear."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A YOUNG MAN'S HIGHEST AMBI-TION.

As there can be no higher ambition for a young man, so ought there to be nothing dearer to the hearts of parents than to see such of their sons become priests as may be called by Almighty God to that holy office. No one sh be urged or unduly influenced to take upon himself the exalted office of the Christian priesthood, to which are attached the greatest responsibilities for, as the Apostle tells us, "Neither doth any man take the honor to him self but he that is called as Aaron was (Heb. v, 4.)." But parents ought to make their homes nurseries of every virtue, so that vocations may be for tered therein: and when, thus surrounded, young boys manifest a dis position to study for the holy priesthood, fathers and mothers ought to en courage those dispositions, and should be willing even to make sacrifices, when necessary, to fit them for the calling which God may have vouch-

safed them. We know that frequently parents make great sacrifices in order to prepare their sons for the profession of law, or of medicine, or for commercial ing of a religious vocation, they ought to be willing to do at least as much to fit their sons for the holy priesthood when they have reason to be a constant of the constant pursuits: if they appreciate the value of their faith for themselves and God has deigned to call some of them to

When we reflect how intimately the aity are connected with the clergy in their most sacred functions, sharing with them, and being united with them in offering at the altar the great Sacrifice of the New Law, surely parents should feel highly honored and grateful to God when He elects to cal ne of their sons to this sublime office, and when we remember the infinite value of the sacrifice, both for the living and for the dead, the knowledge that they have one who will never forget them when standing at the altar ought to compensate then for any outlay found necessary to fit him for these sublime functions.

But the priest should not come from the family only which has to make sacrifices for his education. Parents m God has blessed with the world's abundance ought to see to it that they pe represented in the priesthood o God's Church. There is no better way of making acknowledgment to God for His favors, and of drawing down a blessing on worldly possessions.
Undoubtedly God is no respecter of

persons, even in the bestowal of vocaions. He calls His servants from every class, but it is to be feared that the wordly plans and ambitions of parents sometimes stifle in the mind and hearts of their children the gentle voice of the Holy Spirit sweetly calling them to heavenly things. Our Blessed Saviour once called a

young man to the Apostolate itself who declined the honor, "and went away sad," and the reason assigned by our

to the seminary, there to test the genuineness of their vocation, and prepare themselves to follow it, if they persevere in their choice. Nor should parents regard the time lost or money spent without a purpose even if, after a few years, the boy should change his mind. He will pursue a course of studies that will be most useful to him in after life, no matter what calling he may follow. All of the secular branches that are taught young men of his age in other colleges will be taught him there, and, besides, he will be grounded in those principles of virtue that make up that integrity of character which ought to adorn the life of

every man.
Our Blessed Lord redeemed the world by His death, and He saves it through His Church. The very exist. ence of the Church is made dependent upon the Divine Priesthood of Jesus Christ, shared in by those whom He Himself chooses for the work, as He chose His Apostles and appointed them to go forth to the bounds of the earth and till the end of time. He Himself has so ordained; hence should parents feel deeply and profoundly grateful to Him when thus deemed worthy to be indeed partakers with Him in the work of the Church.-Pastoral of Bishop of Monterey.

FATHER RYAN'S MASTER'S MAS TER POEM. How He Wrote "The Conquered

Catholic Columbian

Apropos of the little ripple of agitaion about returning the Confederate ags captured during the civil war here is a pretty story anent the writ-ing of "The Conquered Banner," Father Ryan's well known poem commemorative of the defeat of the cause he loved and served. The story was first told several years ago by 'Aquila' in the Colorado Catholic. But "Aquila" had it of a young Southern girl, whose telling I quote: "One Christmas, when I was a very

little girl, I went to Father Ryan taking a little book mark, a scroll of The Conquered Banner, which I begged him to accept. I can never forget how his lips quivered as he placed his hands upon my head—for a kindly remembrance touched him so.
"'Shall I tell you a story about this picture, little one?' he said

""Are you going to tell me how you came to write 'The Conquered Banner'? I asked eagerly.
""Yes, 'he said, "I shall tell you how I wrote the how I wrote the poem, and how but

for a woman's care it would have been swept out of the house or burned up and I should never have had this pretty book mark or this true story to tell you. "'I was in Knoxville,' he began,

when news came that General Lee had surrendered. It was night, I remember, and I was sitting alone in my room at the house where were quartered many of the regiment of which I was chaplain, when an old comrade came in and said to me: 'All s lost. Lee has surrendered. looked up at him and knew by his whitened face that the news was too true. 'Leave me.' I said, and when he went out of the room I bowed my head upon my hands and wept. Then a thousand thoughts came rushing through my brain. The banner was conquered, its folds must be furled, but its story might be told. I looked about the bare room for paper, but we were very poor in those days, and all that I found was a bit of brown wrapthe regiment was ordered away, and I thought no more of the poem written in such sorrow and desolation of spirit on that fateful night. What was my astonishment a few weeks later to read them above my signature in a Louis-ville paper! Afterwards the poor woman who kept the house where I had stopped in Knoxville told me she had found the bit of brown paper in my room and was just about to throw written upon it. She said she could scarce read it for her tears, but that afterwards she had copied the poem

and sent it to be printed.

"'And that,' said the poet priest,
'is how 'The Conquered Banner' 'is how 'The Conquered Bannot came to be published; that is the story of the pretty little scroll you have painted for me. Then I looked up into his eyes-

those dear, sad, patient eyes that children loved—and said: "'When I get to be a woman I

shall write that story.'
"' Ah!' said he, 'it is a dangerous thing for a woman to write stories Little one, if you must write, will you, because I ask it, call yourself "Zina? It is a pretty Indian name and means a snowbird. May it help you to keep

your white wings unsullied. " 'Ah!' he added, in that dreamy way that was so often his, 'if only every mother could teach her boys to look upon a woman as upon an altar !

What has become of "Zana" I wonder?

Baby Beauty.

declined the honor, "and went away sad," and the reason assigned by our Lord Himself for His doing so was that "he was very rich."

Candidates for the sacred ministry should be chosen from among young boys, innocent, bright, industrious, imbued with practical plety, and possessing, according to their age, evidences of good judgment. When such boys manifest a love for sacred things and express a wish to study for the holy priesthood they ought to be sent holy priesthood they ought to be sent.

Baby Beauty.

You always think of a pretty baby as plump and chubby. Scott's Emulsion gives just this plumpness; not too fat, just enough to the dimples to come. Babies like it too. Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, Headache. loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, and out of the soft in extended to the dimples to come. Babies like it too. Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, Headache. loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, out of Sorts.—Symptoms, if neglected, it is a tritle saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a point of the dimples to come. Babies like it too. Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, if neglected, it is a tritle saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a point of the dimples to come. Babies like it too. Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, if neglected, it is a tritle saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a point of the dimples to come. Babies like it too.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, Headache. loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms it trout the dimples to come. Babies like it too.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms it leads to the dimples to come. Babies like it too.

In the dimples to come. Babies it too.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms it explores the dimples to come. Babies like it too.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms it explores the dimples to come. Babies it too.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms it explores to prevention it worth of appears to the dimples to come. Babies to the dimples to come. Babies it too.

DR LUKE RIVINGTON. Introduced by the French People by

La Croix.

No Catholic divine is more in evidence in England than the Rev. Dr. Luke Rivington, who is now upholding the Catholic cause with such zeal. learning and elequence. He has lately delivered two remarkable lectures, one on Erglish Freemascury, and the other in defense of the Church against the attacks of an Anglican minister. Those able efforts attracted the attention of La Croix, a Catholic journal of Paris, published by the Fathers of the Assumption, and which plays now such an important part in the religious affairs of France. La Croix, desirous of making known the services rendered by Father Rivington to the Church, in troduced him to the French public by the following article translated by Father William Maher for the CATHO LIC RECORD:

One of the noblest prizes, says La Croix, that Catholic England has won from the State Church is the Rev. Luke Rivington, D. D. The son of a well known editor of London, after a brilli ant course of study in the University of Oxford, while yet a young man, had become one of the most eloquent preachers of the Anglican Church, which is the official Church of Eng-

The Prince of Wales, who held him in great esteem, had made choice of this young preacher as pastor of the chapel which he had built at Cannes (France) to the memory of his brother, the Duke of Albany. Thousands of English people go to spend the winter in that charming city on the Mediterranean shore.

But when the temple was ready, the pastor who was to efficiate in it was not forthcoming. No wonder! The Rev Luke Rivington, like all the Angli cans that unite in themselves intelli gence and good faith, had come to the conclusion that the truth had to be found in the Catholic Church alone and had . . . become a Catholic. After his conversion he went to Rome, where he received Holy Orders, and on his return to his native land, he began an apostolate which he still continues with much zeal and prudence as success His sermons do an immense amount o good. This week he has broken two lances for the Faith—one against Free masons, the other against the Protest ants. This occasion has appeared to us propitious to give an account of these two brillant feats of spiritual

The English thank God with all their hearts that they are not like other men, and in the same way the British Freemasons boast loud and strong that they are a species of Freemasons superior to the other "thre point " brethren.

Dr. Rivington took charge of dis pelling that illusion and of silencing that grand orchestra of applause. He took for his subject "Secret Soci eties." He began by establishing the principles in virtue of which the Popes in their encyclicals, since the last century, have condemned Free masonry. All the Sovereign Pontiffs have scathed the formula of oath taken by the Freemasons, and the clandestine character of their meetings. Although they had in view, in particular, the continental Freemasonry, a great portion of their words are, neverthe ess, applied to that branch of the society that exists in England, under a has in a special manner anathematized the defense and glorification of natural ism, which are the basis of all associations emanating from the Masonic sect—or grouped around it—which principles spring from the parent sect aturalism consists in the glorification of human nature and human reason now this principle is in direct con tradiction of the idea of a Revelation It puts all religions on the same foot

A Pope has qualified the initiation oath as criminal, and sufficient in it self to motive the condemnation of the entire association. It would be con sequently, impossible, morally speak ing, for the Sovereign Pontiff, under penalty of neglecting his children, to permit them to enter an order of this nature. Besides, English Freemas onry, with its frightful oath to keep the secret and its clandestine meet ings, puts at the disposal of bad intentioned persons an instrument but to fitted to their designs, to be a desirable association. A vow of blind obedience to some unknown individuals, with out the limits being defined or rules submitted for sanction to legitimate authority is, according to Leo XIII., a crime against natural justice and humanity.

It may be said that the society is only a place of amusement or a benevolent association; but the oath is the same as that taken on the continent, and the rite is the same. They are members of the same family. Free-masonry, or any other secret society under oath, is not necessary to the Catholic in order to exercise philan throphy, for if the latter is a faithfu observer of his religion, it will supply him with the means of practicing al the charities he can desire to practice

The fact of the condemnation of Freemasonry by the Church is one of the numerous signs by which we may recognize that the spouse of Chris possesses an authority not of thi

On the preceding Friday Dr Rivington had defended the Churc against the attacks of a dissentin preacher named Horton. The latter although his language was clothed i courteous form, had served up all th old cant against Catholicism in Pamphlet entitled "Romanism ar