THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

"SCANDAL."

The Legend of the Organ-Builder. BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

Day by day the Organ-builder in his lonely the chamber wrought; Day by day the soft air trembled to the music of his thought,

Till at last the work was ended; and no or-gan-voice so grad a Ever yet had soare l responsive to the mas-ter's magic hand.

Ay no rarely was it builded that whenever groom and bride. Who in God's sight were well-pleasing, in the church stood side by side,

Without touch or breath the organ of itself began to play. And the very airs of heaven through the soft gloom seemed to stray.

He was young, the Organ-builder, and o'er all the land his fame Ran with fleet and eager footsteps, like a swiftly-rushing flame.

All the maidens heard the story; all the maidens blusned and smiled, By his youth and wondrous beauty and his great renown beguiled.

So he sought and won the fairest, and the So he sought and was set; wedding-day was set; Happy day-the brightest jewel in the glad year's coronet!

But when they the portal entered, he forgot his lovely bride-Forgot his love, forgot his God, and his heart swelled high with pride.

"Ah!" thought he; "how great a master am I! When the organ plays, How the vast cathedral-arches will re-echo with my praise!"

Up the aisle the gay procession imoved. The altar shone afar, With every candie gleaming through soft shadows like a star.

But he listened, listened, listened, with no thought of love or prayer, For the swelling notes of triumph from his organ standing there.

All was silent. Nothing heard he save the priest's low monotone, And the bride's robe trailing softly o'er the floor of fretted stone.

Then his lips grew white with anger. Surely God was pleased with him Who had built the wondrous organ for his temple vast and dim!

Whose the fault, then! Hers—the maiden standing meckly at his side! Flamed his jealous rage, maintaining she was false to him—his bride.

Far he wandered to a country wherein no man knew his name; For ten weary years he dwelt there, nursing still his wrath and shame.

Then his haughty heart grew softer, and he thought by night and day Of the bride he had deserted, till he hardly dared to pray;

Thought of her, a spotless maiden, fair, and beautiful, and good: Thought of his relentless anger, that had cursed her woman-hood;

Till his yearning grief and penitence at last And he longed, with bitter longing, just to fall down at her feet.

Ah! how throbbed his heart when, after

many a weary day and night Rose his native towers before him, with the sunset glow alight!

Through the gates into the city on he pressed with eager tread; There he met a long procession—mourners following the dead.

of the Blessed Virgin, of the parables of Scripture, &c. These were

because they conveyed to our minds in the most vivid manner the history of the Cross in those early and terrible days. If they went there they would see emblems of the Resurrection, the Crucifixion, and other pictures which expressed rudely and other pictures which expressed rudely and that is to rments; and the signs upon these walls were the Christian books of the pe-riod. Nothing could make a greater im-

happy at any time to make them a present of a few books, and he hoped they would establish a literary and debating class, now Nothing could make a greater im-on on his mind, or speak more elo pression on quently of the sufferings and triumphs of the early Christian, than those rude en-

gravings. NOT EVEN THE POWERFUL WRITINGS OF

GREAT MEN GREAT MEN like Dickens and Thackeray could impress him as the Catacombs had. Great au-thors, such as he had named, could only give us an idea of life as they imagined it to be, but the Catacombs gave us real life —one was fiction, romance, the other re-ality. After reading the best and purest onists. anty. After reading the best and pitce and novel, where innocence was vindicated and willainy punished, we felt after all that we had been shedding our tears over a myth, but in the histories of the martyrs How the Press of to-day Destroys Our Children. we had the stern reality. This literature, which commenced in the Catacombs, was still manifested, before the invention of We often speak of "scandal" as some-thing that shocks or startles us, but the word has a much deeper meaning than that. Well instructed Catholics understand the printing, in one of the greatest books which was ever written—the book of Architecture. Take the vast cathedrals word in its truer and more scientific sense

Architecture. Take the vast cathedrals raised by our Catholic ancestors in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, in which both we and they believed. Could we ever hope to emulate these? Did they not far surpass the written romances, more or less fantastic, of the present day? Before paper and printing were invented,

paper and printing were invented, what a splendid book was a Catholic Cathedral, and of what magnificent truths was it not a token, both to high and low, rich and poor! It spoke of undying love, of unren.itting labor and inexhanstible generosity. Let us enter magnificent truths was that a token, both to high and low, rich and poor! It spoke of undying love, of unremitting labor and inexhaustible generosity. Let us enter these noble fanes. On one altar we should see the kingly crown, placed there when its owner renounced the world and gave was false to him-his bride. Vain were all her protestations, vain her in-nocence and truth; On that very night he left her to her angulsh and her ruth. Inexnaustible generosity. Let us enter these noble fanes. On one altar we should see the kingly crown, placed there when his owner renonneed the world and gave himself up to the working out his salva-tion. We would see martyrdoms pictured in the stainel glass, and various virtues our Catholic contemporaries constantly re-cord cases of juvenile depravity traced to what are called "dime novels." Even the phlegmatic Hollanders' soul is moved by such pernicious trash, for we read of a murder committed at the Hagua by one Marine Reareadt on the son of a retired in the stained glass, and various virtues symbolized and expressed in the images and decoratious of the building. This was the mode in which the people who lived then conveyed their thoughts to those who came after them; and so we Marius Bogaerdt on the son of a retired Java merchant named DeJongh. The felthose who came after them, and so we were now acquainted with the inspiration and the knowledge of that day. He might go on to speak of painting and of the magnificent conceptions and intuitions of Raffael and Carlo Doice, men who first low enticed the boy out for a walk on the Downs, intending to keep him hid while he extorted a ransom from the father. The boy threatened to raise an alarm, and Bogaerdt killed him. The murderer convent to Confession and Communion, and then embodied their magnificent ideas on the canvas, as they kneel before it.

fessed that he was earning enough to sup-port himself and his mother, but he had been reading a story in the Holland *Illus-tated Journal*, in which the abduction of a BOOKS IN MODERN TIMES were composed of paper and types through which medium the author gave child to secure a large inheritance was re-lated, and the idea had worked on him. as the results of his culture and his genius. We could not compare modern literature Nor are the cheap novelists the only stum-oling-blocks of the rising generation. Corwith mediaval art, or say that we now surpassed the ages of faith, but everything must have its day. Rome, with its vast physic-l power, its wonderful organization, and its immense knowledge of human "Now why weep ye so, good people? and not its immense knowledge of numbers of to day?
"Now why weep ye so, good people? and not not immense knowledge of numbers of to day?
"Make and its requirements, seemed to its nowledge of numbers of youth of humbers of the destroyed. Greece, with its transcendent learning, its wonderful culture, its wonderful culture, its most superhuman cultivation of the benutiful, would never have been believed to be capable of annihil ation in the age of from His church we mean to bury her. Seet yonder is the door."
"No me knew thim, no one wondered when her service of God's por, "Yon the dot,"
No me knew thim, no one wondered when her is the door."
and the internest knowledge of numbers of youth of humbers of youth of humbers along the vary?
"And because her days were given to the service of God's por,"
"No me knew thim, no one wondered when her is the door."
No me knew thim, no one wondered when her is the door."
No me knew thim, no one wondered when her is the door."
No me knew thim, no one wondered when her is the door."
No me and the internest is nowledge of annihil attor in the gession of type and paper and be and the possession of type and paper and be and the possession of type and paper and be state of existence, and now read the possession of type and paper and be and the possession of type and paper and be and the possession of type and paper and be and the possession of type and paper and be and the mathematical points the top state of the state of existence and now read the possession of type and paper and the possession of type and paper to

perhaps as pure, child-like and simple a man as ever lived. We were so accus-tomed to look on the dark side of human nature, and it was well to look at the bright ment might causes his comrade to totter and fall. The life of a fellow-being had been intrusted to him, and he had been faith-ful in his trust notwith standing his unspeakable anguish. The noble man was carried to a hos

pital, and after long and severe suffering was cured. But through all Belgium and its borders the report of the heroism of this workman was spread abroad, and many from far and near, sent him tokens of love and admiration

THE MANNER OF RESERVING THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

establish a literary and debating class, now they had a library. He would advise all the young men of the parish to join the society. By perseverance and judicious study they would be enabled to give ex-pression to their thoughts in a clear and concise mamner, and be capable of taking their place on another platform in the in-terests of Catholicity, to appeal to the good sense and kind feeling of their fellow col-onists. In ancient times the Blessed Sacrament In ancient times the Blessed Sacrament used to be kept in a golden dove suspended from the canopy of the altar. This was the way in which it was generally kept, and it was on this account that many of the ancient fathers used to designate the church by the appellation of "Domus Columbe"- that is, the House of the Dove. Reference, of course, to the Holy Ghost, who is so often represented by a dove, is the ultimate intent of the expre-The Church of Verona used to keep the

Blessed Sacrament in an ivory vessel of costly workmanship, and this was the custom also with many British churches. Sometimes it was kept in a small tower, and sometimes in a neat little basket of delicate wicker-work, in allusion to the baskets that were used at the miraculous multiplication of the loaves by our Divine of "stumbling-block," something done which induces others to do the like, or at all events suggests it to them. Viewed in this light, scandal is one of the heaviest counts against a man who does wrong. Lord. This latter way of keeping it was in vogue at Rome in the time of Pope Gregory XL, A. D. 1370. In many of the Anglo-Saxon churches, whilst the custom prevailed of keeping the He may obtain God's forgiveness more easily than he did the wrong, but the bad consequences of his deeds on others are in-

Blessed Sacrament in the golden dove, a sort of aureola, formed of very brilliant lights, used to surround it. In all cases a light burned before it day and night.-Father O'Brien's History of the Mass.

To Public Speakers.

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The Liver, the Skin, the Kidneys and the Bowels, are the natural eleansers of the system; secure their healthy action by nature's grand remedy, *Burdock Blood Bit*-Ters. It cures Scrofula—It cures Liver Complaint—It cures Dyspepsia—It cures Female Complaints and purifies the Blood while it restores strength and vitality to the shattered system. Trial Bottles 10 cents

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TO THE READERS OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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In Memory of Mary Ann Cowa Who died at Point Edward, April 23. Aged 21 years.

Let your tears kiss the flower's of my g When you pass where they've laid m

When you pass where they to inita-rest: It is all that I wish—that I crave— For I know that you loved me the ba-Breathe a sigh from the depth of you For the one that has loved you so we Let the tears come that inbidden stu-When you kneel by my grave in the

Let your tears kiss the flowers of my a Keep them blooming in memory of me Only think of the love that 1 gave When I was so happy with thee. Other faces may grow dear to you Ere one short year has passed on its wi But you will not forget one so true; Will my form in your memory decay?

Let your tears kiss the flowers of m Let your tears kins the nowers over a weak of the when your kneel at my lone grave abd Linger there with a sigh this is a variable of the love. I will soon be forgotten when dead By the many that once were so dear: But above my lone grave will you tree And give to my memory a tear. A Frite

REV. THOMAS N. BURKY

Grand Sermon on the Passion

On Passion Sunday Father preached in the Dominican Church, Dominick Street, Dublin. The edifice was densely crowded in ever

He said: "At that time Jesus said unto the "At that time Jesus said unto the tude of the Jews, Who is among that can convince me of sin?" words, beloved brethren, are taken this day's Gospel, which is also d from the 8th chapter of the Gos cording to St. John, and they a grandest words, the most significan striking words, that ever the Son e uttered during His sacred life at men. Oh, dearly beloved, how the meek and humble Jesus asserte self. Though He was accused of self. Though He was accused o crimes He never pleaded "not gy one of them. They said He was factor and a seducer of the peop He, instead of vindicating His c and His innocence, was silent; I patient as the lamb before the s They accused Him of every crim heaven except one-not even th himself ever thought of accuing one of His apostles of the si of -but of every other sin our Sav accused. Yet still He rema ned s urged not a word in self-defend denial of their charges. But lest w perchance imagine, my beloved by that this silence of our Lord im any degree a confession of guilt-might imagine that because m accusing Him of every sin, that guilty, or even capable of being g any imperfection—behold on this this Passion Sunday—the Sunda the Church of God is about to the commemoration of His Pass sufferings—the Sunday when images are draped in sombre images are draped in solitory mourning—when every sign of GLADNESS AND JOY IS EXTING and put aside—the Sunday will sorrowful and pensive thought, on the commemoration of the g

all mysteries, that of man's the Immaculate Son of God day when she enters on the con of that mystery of the Passion we shall behold Him—Him th Word. Him the Son of the Virgi Nord, Him the son or times, going oaded with all our crimes, going His heart on the cross at (this Sunday, lest any one should i pret, misapprehend or misunders action—lest any one should think of the greatness of His suffering uncomplaining nature, that that that anything simful in Him—the C God places Him before us as He nidst of the Jewish peopl the mast of the sewish people salem. A crowd was around crowd, like all crowds, unthink easily swayed. But nearer to H was a ring of Pharisees and Scri enemies; men who had a person enemies; men who mat a perso against Him; men who were ev to put Him to death; men deter destroy Him. And there, in pr-friend and foe, in presence of p people, the Son of God towers ab all—He stands there in the gra His infinite sanctity, and say vou have seen me-my life are before you, my very though fore you—every speech, every we action of my life has been bet you have watched me—some miration and some with ho wicked eyes—and now I say und friends and foes, saints and sim friends and foce, saints and simily Who is there amongst you that vince me of one sin ? Oh, gran oh, grand word ! I am proud of God, my heart swells within my when I see the Immaculate So thus once in His whole career Himself and challenging the wil-if there he one amongst them -if there be one amongst the vince Him of sm. Oh, nob word-oh, word never befor the lips of man, never since never to be uttered to the e for there never was a man i since Adam fell, and never wi THE LAST BEING THAT SHALL ON THE EARTH, one that can say to his fellow lessly—nay, more, could say t or to the devils, or to God Alm self, "Who is there in heaven that can find sin in me?" Ch Christ—He alone—the Son of Christ—He alone—the Son of man—He alone was able to say alone said it. Oh, what a p testimony did He bear, not t but to His enemies! Reme they were that were looking a listening to Him. They wer the multitude, the crowds of the plausible men of learning the men who spent all their I ing the Mosaic law—who wer to split a hair on any point, t plit a hair on any point, bed and so wise. There learned and so wise. Ther who was so learned that, inst ing down in the temple strode up to the altar and said give Thee thanks I am men. I am a good man, I an a charitable man, and pay am not like that wretched am not fike that whether and who, is asying this, in the boasting, pointed to a poor down near the portice of the stones wet with his tears, and broken with sobs, cried out, " merciful to me, a sinner!" A care that sinner, and cursed it gave that sinner, and cursed The Pharisees, my brethren, they who knew every tittle

No one knew him; no one wondered when he cried out, white with pain; No one questioned when, with pallid lips, he poured his tears like rain.

"Tis some one whom she has comforted, who mourns with us," they said.
As he made his way unchallenged, and bore the cofin's head;

Bore it through the open portal, bore it up the echoing alsie, Let it down before the altar, where the lights burned clear the while:

When, Oh, hark' the wondrous organ of it-selfbegan to play Strains of rare, unearthly sweetness never heard until that day!

All the vaulted arches rang with the music sweet and clear; All the air was filled with glory, as of angels hovering near;

And ere yet the strain was ended, he who bore the coffin's head, With the smile of one forgiven, gently sank beside it-dead.

They who raised the body knew him, and Jaid him by his bride; Down the aisle and o'er the threshold they were carried, side by side;

While the organ played a dirge that no man then softly sank to silence-silence kept for evermore. Andth

AN ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

SOMETHING THAT MAY BE READ WITH PRO FIT BY OUR CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN-HOW THEY CAN SERVE THEIR CHURCH AND THEMSELVES-"ENLARGE AND RE-FINE YOUR MINDS."

His Grace, the Archbishop of Sydney, His Grace, the Archibiop of Sydney, blessed and opened a new library, for the Catholic Young Men's Society, at Newton, Australia. In the course of his able re-marks to the members and their friends, he said:—He did not think he could do better on an occasion like the present than to speak on Catholic literature. It seemed to speak on Catholic literature. It seemed to him that Catholic literature meant Catholic letters, and letters were simply the signs which composed the alphabet; but literature in a broader sense did not confine itself to printing, or even to let-ters. He would not, then, speak of pagan or pre-Christian times, but would com-mence with the earliest examples of Chris-tian literature, which he believed were manifested in the Catacombs. Those Cat-acombs were vast excavations, beneath the surface of the Roman Campegna, which

THE WORLD WAS TAUGHT THROUGH THE PRESS.

PRESS. It was a long time, however, before print-ing made itself felt. It had been invented long before Guttenburg, and before his time handpresses, almost as perfect as those new in use, existed in Italy. The discov-ery of how to make paper from linen and cotton in the fifteenth century, gave a the semeter of the steeple. Its elevation, however, appeared to be impracticable, for the steeple are the steeple of the steeple. Its elevation, how ever, appeared to be impracticable, for the steeple of the steeple of the steeple. Its elevation, how ever, appeared to be impracticable, for the steeple of the steeple of the steeple. Its elevation, how ever, appeared to be impracticable, for the steeple of the steeple of the steeple. Its elevation, the steeple of the steeple of the steeple of the steeple of the steeple. Its elevation, the steeple of the steeple of the steeple of the steeple. Its elevation, the steeple of the st cotton in the fifteenth century, gave a cheaper medium for impressions than parchment, and soon brought printing into general use, and caused the greatest revo-lution in literature which the world had ever seen. Newspapers were now seattered over the world like snow, and by means of steam presses, printed sheets were so multiplied that the world had been doing the previous night. They who belonged to the old Catholic Church, which apapted herself to every condition of human affairs, tatt the shead shall be world had been doing the previous night. They who helonged to the old Catholic Church, which apapted herself to every condition of human affairs, tatt they should have entire confidence in herself to every condition of human affairs, found that printing might be made of im-mense utility to them. Good books could merciful God, into whose hands they had that the store of the store of

THE FAITHFUL COMRADE.

THE MOST PERFECT BIOGRAPHY EVER WRIT- on take breath, and 'thank God' come

TEX. There was a great deal of good to be acombs were vast excavations, beneath the surface of the Roman Campegna, which some suppose were originally quarris. They were composed of vast, almost in-terminable galleries (tunnels or adits as it were), and of larger excavations, which formed halls and chambers of some consid-erable size. These dark subterranean cav-erab became the hiding place of the early Christians, and were at once their dwell-ings, their churches, and their sepulchres. On the walls, sketched in the rudest man-ner, were various drawings and emblems; pictures of Christ as the Good Shepberd, i

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than ever. Raymond's created ma-chines on sale. New Boot AND SHOES STORE IN ST. THOMAS.—Pocock Bros. have opened out a new boot and shoe store in St. Thomas. They intend to carry as large a stock as any store in Ontario. This will enable all to get what they want, as every known to get what they want, as every known style and variety will be kept on hand in large quantities, a new feature for St. Thomas. Prices will be very low to suit the present competition. Give them a call Choice Florida oranges, Spanish onions bananas, Cape Cod Cranberries.—A. MOUNTJOY, City Hall.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!! f so, go at once and get a bottle of WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately-depend upon it; there is no mistake about 1 There is not a mother on earth who ha over used it, who will not tell you at one that it will regulate the bowels, and give res to the mother, and relief and health is the child, operating like magie. It is perfectly safe to use in all enses, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldesi and best female physicans and nurse in the United States. Sold everywhere at 2 cents a bottle.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering. Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a 1 or Ache. 'It will most surely quicken blood and Heal, as its acting power is w derful.' "Brown's Honsehold Panace being acknowledged as the great Pain liever, and of double the strength of a other Elixir or Liniment in the world, sho we in access. family handy really is the k Cramps in the res of all kinds, Pains and Aches of all by all Druggists at 25 ce and is for sa





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