

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOUND WANTING.

"I know not what I was playing, or what I was dreaming of, but I struck one chord of music. Like the sound of a great Amen. It faded the crimson twilight. Like the close of an angel's psalm. And it lay on my fevered brain. With a touch of infinite calm. It linked all perplexed musings into one of perfect peace. And trembled away into silence. As if it were loath to cease."

—Legends and Lyrics.

The Bishop came to give confirmation—not as had been expected, on the 19th (feast of St. Dunstan), but on the last Sunday in that month of May. Hitherto, when the Bishop had made his visitations, the Vicar had contrived so to modify the ritualistic innovations in his services that His Lordship's strictly orthodox eyes, and His Lordship's still more orthodox mind, had not taken offence—at least, not so gravely as to call for a peremptory and public manifestation of his pastoral authority. On this occasion, however, Mr. Vaughan was determined to bring matters to a crisis: the state of things in the parish absolutely demanded it, and the Vicar's conscience would no longer allow him to act a double part.

The Bishop either had authority or he had none. If possessed of it, it was his unquestionable right to regulate the mode of service then in use in the Elvanlee parish church—that mode of service being very different from the ordinary service of the Church of England. If, on the other hand, he had no authority so to regulate, in whose person, then, was that authority vested? What was to become of that great fundamental principle—so thought Mr. Vaughan—of an existing Church authority? And, again, if that fell through, how about the validity of orders and Apostolic succession? Another phase of the complicated difficulties relative to his position as a clergyman—or, rather, as he called himself, priest of the Anglican Church—lay in the fact that Mr. Vaughan had reached an important landmark on the road to Rome, where the ultra-extreme sense in which the High Churchmen may with impunity regard the doctrine of the Real Presence in the sacramental species can no longer remain a matter of choice—a faith to be either put in practice or laid aside, as may seem expedient according to the amount of popular prejudice to be encountered. He had come to believe firmly, with all the powers of his soul, in the reality of the doctrine in question; he held an undeniable truth, that to him, in the right of the sacred priesthood, belonged the tremendous power to consecrate the creatures of bread and wine, making them to become the very true body and the very true blood of his Saviour Jesus Christ.

Acting, therefore, on such a belief, Mr. Vaughan had unscrupulously taught the dogma; and had introduced a method of celebrating the Communion service so similar in its ceremonies to the ordinary and canon of the Mass that uninitiated persons, entering St. Dunstan's for the first time, would have found their books of Common Prayer almost useless. The service was in reality no other than the Communion service of the Church of England, which is a section taken from the Mass. Instead, however, of performing this service at the close of Morning Prayer, and then only for the benefit of those who intend to partake of the most comfortable Sacrament, Mr. Vaughan adopted the custom, in use among ultra-Ritualists, of dividing the service in a peculiar fashion. On Sundays the 11 o'clock morning service commenced with a sermon, after which, omitting all the previous portion of prayers and litanies appointed to be read (they having formed a separate service earlier in the day), Mr. Vaughan, assisted by two deacons, who came purposely from Liverpool every week, and all three being vested in sacerdotal robes very similar to those worn by Catholic priests, celebrated the Communion service with most of the ceremonies used in the Canon of the Mass.

Several portions of the Mass—the Gloria, Sanctus, etc.—were beautifully rendered in English words, and sung by Genevieve's choir. At the moment of consecration the bell was rung, exactly as for the elevation of the Host in Catholic churches. By far the greater number of the congregation (though some few still steadfastly set their faces against such innovations) bowed their heads very low, and apparently adored as Catholics do, the Presence of their God upon the altar.

Now the Vicar had determined upon submitting his vaunted "Catholicism" to the final test. In this final test was contained his last overture of peace with the Establishment. He would make it his bounden duty to understand, and that without further dallying, what were the doctrines he might or might not teach from an English Church pulpit. The Bishop was accordingly invited to be present during an extra grand High celebration at St. Dunstan's, and his indignation was on this occasion as undisguised as it was real.

Having previously ordered candlesticks, crucifix, flowers, and all such like remnants of Popish worship to be removed from the altar, His Lordship mounted the pulpit, and, before touching on the subject of confirmation (about which he subsequently preached) he animadverted in very strong terms upon the service he had witnessed (the sermon on account of the confirmation having been put off to the end of the celebration). He moreover expressed his hearty regret at finding

himself, in his capacity of Bishop, thus obliged to oppose the Vicar of the parish, but no private feeling must, he added, deter him from the solemn duty of lifting up his voice, not only against the savourings of Popery, by which, on entering the church, he had found himself surrounded, but also against the erroneous doctrines which had, he had very good reasons to suppose, for some time past been promulgated among the people.

Mr. Vaughan heard the Bishop calmly enough. From his heart an immense weight of care was lifted; and his difficulties would have been increased if the Bishop had thought fit to temporize. As it was, His Lordship had spoken so positively that no doubt as to his own duty could linger in Mr. Vaughan's mind. From that day his nominal allegiance to the Anglican Church as one of her ministers was abandoned. Before the Bishop's departure all was finally settled. Mr. Vaughan tendered his resignation, which was accepted by his ecclesiastical superior.

Mabel's distress on hearing this intelligence was very great—indeed, the whole parish mourned over the impending loss of their Vicar. He had won the affections alike of rich and poor, and though some were inclined to think he had "gone too far" of late, there were none who did not sorrow over his approaching departure. But Hugh was also well known in the parish, and beloved, too, by the more ancient portion of it. They were glad to have him back again, whom they looked upon as their own property, and with few exceptions, they would as easily conform themselves to his method of conducting Divine Service as he had ever done to the Vicar's. A good many, too, had been impressed by the Bishop's discourse upon the dangers into which their children were being led blindfolded, so that Mr. Vaughan's departure did not fill all hearts with such despairing grief as poor Mabel felt.

To her the cross was a double gift; for it deprived her not only of the Vicar's care, but tore from her at the same time her dear friend Genevieve. Next to the love of husband and wife, there is nothing so beautiful on the face of God's earth as a true friendship. Such was the bond which existed, linking together by chains of love the hearts of Genevieve Vaughan and Mabel Forrester. There was no foolish display of sentimentality between them; they loved as Christians ought to love, because their hopes, joys, fears and sorrows were common, and came alike to both from one Father in Heaven. The grief of parting was therefore to both very genuine. So far as either could foresee, the separation was likely to be a long one; their paths in life were about to sever widely—God only knew if ever to meet again!

Mabel passed the whole of the sad last day at the Vicarage. A very melancholy one it was, though Genevieve exerted herself to be cheerful, and to find occupation for herself and Mabel, so as to leave little time for giving way to their grief. But all was done at last—the pretty drawing-room dismantled, the shelves in the Vicar's study dusty and bookless, the vestibule full of boxes and straw and remnants of much packing; while Genevieve's room—well, it went to Mabel's heart to look at it, so desolate, shorn of all that could remind her of bygone, happy hours, passed in its peaceful seclusion.

The Vicar has gone to pay some farewell visits, and the girls find themselves alone at dinner, for which neither has any appetite. They hurry over it as quickly as possible, and then Genevieve proposes a last visit to St. Dunstan's, and Mabel acquiesces, sadly enough, for she feels that it will be the closing scene of what has been undoubtedly the happiest portion of her life.

Both girls are silent, as they walk slowly, arm in arm, along the wooded path leading from the Vicarage to the church. Genevieve is struggling to repress the outward manifestation of her grief, but Mabel's tears flow unrestrainedly. Not a word is spoken till they reach the church, the doors of which stand open, then, pausing on its threshold, the two girls utter simultaneous exclamations of delight. The rich June setting sun is streaming through the western window, bathing choir and chancel in a flood of softest radiance.

"Is it not set to remind us of Heaven?" whispers Genevieve, her eyes overflowing as she withdraws them after a long, steady gaze into the chancel, to fix them upon her companion. "There will be no parting there, Mabel, no sad days such as this has been. Oh! darling, it will be all sunlight and radiance."

"Won't you come up to the altar, Veve?" says Mabel. "Why are we standing here?"

Genevieve shudders slightly. "Go you, Mabel—I will come presently." Seeing Mabel's astonished look, she adds instantly, "I told one of the children to come and blow the organ. I want to touch it just once more. I will rejoin you, dear."

Mabel is satisfied, and going up to the altar railings, she kneels down in the midst of the golden radiance; while Genevieve ascends the gallery stairs leading to the organ-loft.

Now Genevieve's one passion is music—organ music she especially excels in. The instrument belonging to St. Dunstan's is a very beautiful one, it has afforded to Genevieve. She feels, in leaving it, that she is bidding farewell to an old friend, and as for the last time she uncovers the ivory

keys, from which her fingers have often called forth such exquisite harmony, she is for a few moments completely overcome. Not for long, however, does she allow herself the luxury of weeping—a few exceeding bitter tears—and then with sudden energy she thrusts back the tide of emotion, and begins to play with thrilling pathos and expression the beautiful anthem from Mendelssohn's Elijah—"Oh rest in the Lord."

The stormy sorrow of Mabel's soul is hushed into a solemn peace while she listens—"a touch of infinite calm is laid upon her troubled spirit," and raising her eyes to the crucifix over the altar, a crimson light falls upon the illuminated scroll which surrounds it, bringing out in bold relief the words she has known so well, but which have never seemed to strike home to her as they do now—"Come unto me all ye that are wearied and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Upon Genevieve there descends, too, the foreshadowing of some quiet joy, an indistinct but certain assurance that her faith has not misled her.

Thus over both young hearts broods the sweet dove of peace. They have sought rest in the sanctuary to them so sacred, and rest has not been denied to them. Though the real presence of their God is withheld from them, through the errors of their Church's faith, they at least are not to blame. They are seeking for Him whose "delight is to be with the children of men"—seeking for Him—He knows it—truthfully, according to the measure of grace vouchsafed to them; and without being aware of it, they are drawing nearer to the haven where both would so gladly be.

When Genevieve, leaving the organ, rejoins Mabel below, there is an expression of renewed confidence in her eyes.

"Mabel," she says, kneeling down on the step of the chancel, "shall we both make a promise here before we say goodbye?"

"What is it, Veve?"

"We have loved our Church so dearly together, Mabel! Here, where we made our confirmation vows, let us promise to our God to be faithful before all things to the Holy Church, wherever we find her."

Genevieve's peculiar emphasis upon the last part of her sentence does not strike Mabel at the time, but she remembers it afterwards, and understands what might have puzzled her sorely had she noticed it then. As it is, she only lifts her eyes earnestly to the crucifix over the altar, and answers simply.

"Yes, Veve, we will be faithful before all things. Let us ask that grace for one another, as well as for ourselves."

"Amen," says Genevieve, quietly. "Remember, Mabel!"

There is a long silent time after that; the girls have both knelt motionless, each buried in her thoughts, until Genevieve at last, with a deep-drawn sigh, raises her head and looks at her watch.

"Come," she whispers, "it is late; we must go, Mabel."

The sunlight has entirely disappeared, and twilight soft and grey has closed in upon the valley. Genevieve turns one last lingering look upon the darkened choir, ere she closes the chancel door behind herself and Mabel; then there settles down upon her countenance an expression of profound peace, which does not leave it even at the sad moment of separation.

When the Vicar returns, nearly an hour later, he finds his daughter and Mabel still sitting out under the canopy of starlight in the garden.

"We have been waiting for you, father. Shall we both walk home with Mabel?" asks Genevieve, as both girls rise at his approach.

"Not you, Veve," he answers with decision. "Mabel and I will take care of one another; you ought to get some rest, my girl. You know we must be off from this by 4 to-morrow morning."

"Yes, Veve, go to bed," urges Mabel, in a husky tone; and then she hides her face on her friend's shoulder as her lips refused to frame the word "good-bye."

"All right then, darling Mabel," says Genevieve, in a broken whisper. "I suppose for a little time it must be—good-bye! Darling, darling little Mabel, God bless you!"

The Vicar draws Mabel's cold hand within his arm, and says abruptly, just because he does not trust himself to speak otherwise.

"Come, child, come, it is getting very late. Then he endeavors to talk cheerfully, as Mabel pours out her heart, with all its burden of sorrow, to him, for the last time.

"Won't you write, Mr. Vaughan, won't you write?" Mabel asks him earnestly, when, having reached The Hermitage garden, he stands to say good-bye.

"Yes, yes, Mabel; and I would urge one parting advice to you, child—be patient, be faithful to your conscience, and pray for light and guidance. Remember, I am after all but a fallible man; perhaps Mr. Fortescue may be better able to direct you than I am—at least, just at present. Mabel, I am scarcely fit to guide myself—pray for me."

Mabel, for God's sake, jump at no such conclusions. I only say now to you wait, and be patient."

The Vicar is completely overcome; and Mabel, as he bids her farewell under the shadow of the veranda, is the calmer of the two. She goes in quietly with tears still wet upon her cheeks, and in her heart a fear which she cannot define, but which causes her great uneasiness.

Miss Mackenzie has retired, and Hugh only is in the drawing-room, reading by the light of a green shaded lamp.

"I thought you had gone upstairs long ago, Mabel," he says, looking surprised.

"No, I was at the Vicarage: Mr. Vaughan has just brought me home."

Then Mabel sits down by a table some way off Hugh, looking listless and dispirited.

"Poor little thing!" he is thinking, "how she must hate the sight of me! I wish I could say something to comfort her."

(Perhaps he would be much surprised if he could but know how much of comfort he really is to Mabel. She is looking straight at him now with those sweet, shy eyes of hers, and somehow she does not feel so very unhappy as she felt a few minutes ago. It will be very nice to have Hugh for a friend, very nice to be a good deal with him, very nice; yes, Mabel, and something more before long, if you are going on at this rate. When two people begin to find it so nice to be in each other's company depend upon it they have further discoveries to make.)

TO BE CONTINUED.

SCOTCH CATHOLIC COLLEGE.

A Reported Move Which Would Benefit Scottish Students.

It is reported, says the Dundee Courier, in St. Andrews that the Marquis of Bute has purchased the priory, with the object of founding a Catholic college, to be affiliated for degrees with St. Andrew's University. Some days ago a statement gained currency that a Catholic nobleman had intimated his readiness to make a donation of £20,000 for this purpose, and although the price of the reported purchase has not been disclosed, both statements are being connected as pointing to the immediate prospect of something definite being done in the direction indicated.

St. Andrews is endeared to Catholics by many associations of the past. In the reign of Alexander I. a priory was founded there. The abbey wall, which is one of the landmarks of the ancient city, measures about 900 yards in length, and encloses an area of twenty acres, on which the entire priory buildings were erected, the intention in raising the wall being to keep the Bishop to his cathedral propriety. For a long period the ground was so barricaded against the ground that it latterly passed into the hands of a Unitarian College, on the understanding that the wall would be left intact.

As it was in the beginning, it still remains, having four gateways leading to the grounds. Chief among these is the Pends. An entrance of modern construction adjoining the same admits to the present priory, a very attractive structure, modern in design. In the event of the proposed scheme being carried out, it should place the education of Scottish Catholic students on a much better footing than for centuries.

Hilbert Blair College, Aberdeen, has been found inadequate for the increasing demand upon it, and negotiations are in progress for building a new college there, the cost of the undertaking having been estimated at well-nigh £20,000. Provided the application contemplated can be brought about, there is every reason for believing that the new college at Blair will not be proceeded with.

Praise for Catholic Priests.

Those people who entertain the opinion that the priests of the Catholic Church live only in the past, deal only with traditions, know nothing outside of dogmatic theology and the old schoolmen, are afraid to speak their own minds, cannot get beyond Church Latin, and stand in terror of modern science, progress, thought to pay a visit to the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburgh, says the New York Sun. The lectures of Father Zahm on science and of Father Doonan on logic would have been instructive to Darwin and to Chancellors McCosh, if they had heard them. Dr. Zahm's scientific discourses were as free in their rationality as Dr. Doonan's were rigorous in their ratiocination. These priests do not seem to be afraid of any truth that may be discovered, nor of any of the revelations of nature or of life.

"I'm so nervous"—before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I'm so well"—after taking Hood's. "Be sure to get Hood's."

Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but human beings, and that it is necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhoea, etc. It is a sure cure.

The Public should bear in mind that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is a genuine and really efficacious—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why are these disgusting growths on your person, when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure?

A CONSECRATED FAMILY.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The day was waning, the sun mid-day down the western sky tempering the fiercer light of noon, and the blue heavens adopting a deeper hue. A sudden shower of rain burst from the sky, and the few loiterers on the quiet streets began to hurry on to save their Sunday finery from ruin.

One of these, a lady richly dressed, and entirely unprotected from the storm, hastily entered the open doorway of a little church. She stood looking at the great rain-drops which came in long, slanting lines, and, at last, tired waiting for the shower to cease, she turned towards the interior of the church, hoping to find something to interest her during her stay.

The altar blazed with a thousand lights, and the perfume of fragrant flowers, mingled with that of some rare, subtle incense was wafted towards the new-comer. A feeling of awe stole over her, a feeling of a new joy and yet a thrill of fear rose in her heart. Was this the sensation she should experience when she stood before the great throne of the Almighty? Indescribable emotions conflicted within her, and she remained motionless.

A priest, robed in surplice and stole, and accompanied by a procession of acolytes, came through a side-door into the sanctuary. He knelt before the altar, and then, ascending the steps, faced the people before him. The kneeling audience sat down, and on the strange lady, still standing near the door, timidly ventured forward and seated herself in an empty pew.

It was the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and this was the day chosen by pastor and people for consecrating the families of the parish to that Adorable Heart. In a few burning words the priest spoke to the assembled multitude of the object of the consecration; and after his discourse was ended, the Sacred Host was exposed in the ostensorium, and priest and faithful pronounced together the words which were to bind them and their families to the Heart of Love. The stranger listened eagerly, like one in a delightful dream, and when the closing words came, her voice, too, rose high and firm among the others: "Be our shelter, and our refuge, and our resting-place; and when, one after the other, we shall have fallen asleep in Thy blessed bosom, oh Jesus, may each of us in Paradise find again all his family unbroken in Thy Sacred Heart."

The echo of the last voice had ceased, and every head was bowed in silent prayer. Anon the great organ pealed forth the beautiful Benediction service, and the blessing of the Unspotted Host descended into the adoring hearts of the devoted worshippers. One after another they rose up and which were to bind them and their families to the Heart of Love. The stranger listened eagerly, like one in a delightful dream, and when the closing words came, her voice, too, rose high and firm among the others: "Be our shelter, and our refuge, and our resting-place; and when, one after the other, we shall have fallen asleep in Thy blessed bosom, oh Jesus, may each of us in Paradise find again all his family unbroken in Thy Sacred Heart."

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She turned towards the most fashionable quarter of the great city, and, pausing at the door of a handsome residence, rang the bell. A servant answered the summons.

"Mrs. Glennon," she said, "I am so glad you are home. We were all afraid you were caught in the shower, but you don't look wet, ma'am."

"No, Annie, thank you, I was under shelter all the time."

She hastened to her room to dress for dinner. At half past 6 she repaired to the dining-room.

"Alice, my love," said a stately, white-haired gentleman, coming forward to meet her, "did you get wet?"

"No, papa. I only got the first few drops. I was in the best possible refuge."

"Where was that, dearest?"

"Wait till Harry comes in, and then I'll tell you all about it."

Just then the door-bell rang. "Here he is now, the dear fellow. I hope he did not get wet. Excuse me a moment, papa."

She went to the hall. Her husband's coat was dripping.

"You didn't tarry as well as I, Harry," she said affectionately. "You are quite wet. We'll wait dinner for you till you get on some dry clothes."

"How is it that you kept so dry?" he asked.

"I was under shelter," she replied. "Hurry down to your dinner like a good boy."

"When they were fairly seated at the table, Alice's father asked: "What is the shelter you have to tell us about, my love?" Alice narrated her afternoon's experience, adding,

"I have so often heard of the Catholic belief in the Real Presence, but I understand it now because I have felt it. And I feel so safe and happy since I have pronounced the words that consecrated my dear family to the Sacred Heart."

Her father looked at her, wondering, Harry was looking very grave.

"What do you intend to do, dear?" asked Colonel Templeton.

"Do, papa? There is only one thing to do of course, and that is to become a Catholic."

placed a small packet in his wife's hands.

"These were my mother's," he said, "she was a Catholic."

Alice opened the parcel. It contained a beautiful photograph picture of the Sacred Heart and a book entitled "The Manual of the Sacred Heart."

"How is it that you are not a Catholic, Harry?"

"My mother died when I was very young, and my father was a Protestant. He gave me those when he was dying and told me that I had been baptized in the Catholic Church. I have always had a sort of desire to be a Catholic since I heard that."

"We'll go to Vespers at that little church to-night, Harry, and after Vespers we'll ask the priest to give us some books to read. Then I'll be baptized and we'll make our first Communion together."

"You seem to know all about it, Alice. Who told you so much?"

"You know I was educated in a convent and I know a good deal more than you about the Catholic religion. When I was there I never put my foot inside the chapel, though."

"That wasn't your fault, Alice," said her father. "When I placed you there I made that stipulation, but now that you're of age you can do what you like."

"You're very kind, papa. I wish you were coming with us. Never mind, you're consecrated to the Sacred Heart, so you'll join us some day."

Before the end of June, Alice and her children were baptized, and on the following day she and her husband made their first Communion.

"Our European tour this year will be to Rome," said Mrs. Glennon, and accordingly to Rome it was.

While there the Colonel, too, joined the ranks of the Church; and when the pastor of the little chapel Alice had first entered as a stranger, received from an unknown donor a beautiful marble altar simply inscribed, "From a Consecrated Family of the Sacred Heart," he wondered at the richness of the gift, but the three in the secret thought it a small return for the gifts of heaven that had been so abundantly bestowed.

ST. HELEN—AUG. 18.

To St. Helen we owe the recovery of the precious cross on which our Redeemer shed for us His last sigh.

Most writers agree in calling her a native of Britain. Whatever her nationality, she was the mother of Constantine the Great, who was emperor of Rome in the fourth century. Constantine's first act on coming to the throne was to annul the edicts of his predecessors against Christians.

Marching to war against Maxentius, Constantine, whose forces were far inferior in number to those of his rival, recommended himself and his army with great fervor to the only true God. Soon after his prayer he saw in the heavens a cross of light and on it the inscription: "In this sign conquer." That night he had a vision in which Christ appeared to him, telling him to use a cross similar to the one he had seen as an ensign in battle. Constantine obeyed, and was victorious over his enemies. He and his mother then became Christians.

St. Helen was a model of devotion to the poor and afflicted, and devoted all her time to the care of Christ's little ones. In 326, when Constantine gave orders that a magnificent church was to be erected on Mount Calvary, she went to the spot, hoping to find in the cross whose wood was sanctified by the blood of the Redeemer.

After the statue of Venus had been cast down and the heap of earth, which the pagans had thrown on the place, removed, the ground was dug up and the three crosses found. But the title, which had been affixed to Our Lord's cross was detached, and it could not be distinguished from the other two.

A lady of quality lay ill, and to her house the crosses were carried by the Empress and the Bishop. At the touch of one of them the sick person immediately recovered. Part of the true cross St. Helen gave to the Bishop of Jerusalem, and sent the remainder to her son at Constantinople. The three nails that had affixed the title to the cross she regarded as precious relics. One she put in the bridle of her son's war-horse, another in the imperial diadem, and the third she threw into the Adriatic Sea to quell a great storm which raged there. In the eyes of the sailors the sea was thus sanctified, and they always entered it with prayer and fastings.

In August, 328, the pious empress expired, to the great sorrow of her royal son and of all those who had shared her bounty and experienced her kindness and charity.

Like St. Helen, we should consider the cross of Christ as our most precious treasure. We cannot, it is true, enrich the Christian Church as she did, but we can bear with patience the crosses of life, regarding them as tiny fragments of that cross which our divine Lord bore even to Calvary, and which, instead of turning from it in disgust, He embraced with courage and with love. The cross is the key of heaven, and by it only can we enter therein.

A SAN JOSE.

A Comfort Sometimes.

When health is far gone in Consumption, then sometimes only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is much better is to take this medicine in time to save your health.

Rheumatism in the Knees.

SIR,—About two years ago I took rheumatism in the knees, which became so bad that I could hardly get up or down stairs without help. All medicine failed until I was induced to try B. B. By the time I had taken the second bottle I was greatly relieved, and the third bottle completely removed the pain and stiffness.

AMOS BECKSTED, Morrisburg, Ont.

AT THE WORLD'S

Catholic Education Tr...

Canada to the Pro...

Catholic Mirror...

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—In paragraph 1