"Ah! my Wallace, let me go with "What, dearest," returned he, "to live amidst rocks and streams! to expose thy-self and thine unborn infant to all the

idents of such a lodging?" accidents of such a lodging?

"But are not you going to so rough,
so dangerous a lodging?" asked she.

"Oh! would not rocks and streams be heaven's paradise to me, when blessed with the presence of my husband? Ah!

et me go Impossible, my lady!" cried Halbert. "You are perfectly safe here; and your flight would awaken suspicion in the English that he had not gone far. Your ease and safety would be dearer to him than his own life; and, most likely, by his anxiety to preserve them, he would the more easily be traced, and so fall a sacrifice to the enemy."
"It is true, my Marion, what he says:

could not preserve you in the places which I go."
"Then, farewell! may good angels

guard thee!" Her voice failed.

"Courage, my Marion," said he; " re-member that Wallace lives but in thee. Revive: be happy for my sake; and God, who putteth down the oppressor, will restore me again to thine arms.

She clasped her hands, and looked up with an expression of fervent prayer; and then, smiling through a shower of tears, she waved her hand to him to de-part, and retired into her chamber.

Wallace gazed with his soul in his eyes, and would have followed her had not Halbert drawn him towards the porquarter which pointed towards the heaths that led to the remotest recesses of the Girding on his sword, and taking his hunting spear, he pressed the faithful hand of Halbert; and enjoining him to be watchful of his lady, and to be with him in the evening near Corie Lin, he climbed the wall, and was out of sight in an instant.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### THE PASSING OF BROTHER PATRICK.

By M. J. K., in the Ave Mari Brother Patrick, the old Irish gard ener of the monastery, lay dying. day long he had been in a kind of stunor and now, in the gloaming, consciousness had returned, and he lay with wide-open eyes and a placid smile upon his worn, rugged face. A moonbeam stole in through the unshuttered window, and shot the pale light over the carved cru-cifix on the bare wall at the foot of the narrow bed, showing up the white Figure with thorn-crowned head and nailed hands and feet, the blood-stained face sad with the sadness of death. The old monk sighed.

"What was that big, heavy sigh gently.

"Is that you, Father? How good of you to come! I have been dreaming this hour and more. That little bit of moonlight on the wall brought back old times to me. I was thinking, thinking? His voice had a quavering note in it, ke a voice akin to tears. Father like a voice akin Anselm smoothed the check counterpane quietly, and flecked a little holy water lightly from a well-supplied font by the

'Fancy the moonlight bringing back old times to you! I have been saying my Rosary for you, thinking you were asleep. Do you feel easier?"

The old man did not answer; the oonbeams grew brighter on the wall. "She wasn't an old woman," he said at length, quite suddenly. "She looked old, but she wasn't. She loved the moonlight—oh, ay did she! And when it shone on the lough and on the sedges where the wild ducks hatched in the springtime, she'd stand in the boreen

watching, watching." Again he was silent. Father Anselm was silent, too. Then, after a short

ime: "She was your mother?" he said

"My mother!" the old man echoed softly. "The truest, purest, best.
Twas such a quaint old boreen. Wasn't
it strange of me to be dreaming I was there and that she was coming to meet crab trees were all in blossom by the

"Were you her only son?"

No; there were two others. I was the youngest. Sure, I was never much in any way, at home or abroad. I was always doing the wrong thing.'

Father Anselm laughed quietly.

"You were doing the right thing when you became a religious," he said " You cannot say you did the cheerily.

wrong thing then."
"Ab, Father, I needn't thank myself!
Sure wa n't it the mercy of God did
that for me? The moon must be very

bright to night."
"It is most brilliant. Is there anything worrying you? Would you like me to read to you?"

"No, Father; I'd rather you'd task, your voice is so kind. Do you think I'll know how the gardens of God are laid out before morning? I have been trying to fancy them all my life long."
"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard',"
Father Anselm quoted softly. "You
will have all the desires of your heart,
there, Brother Patrick."

Again the old monk was silent; a clock in the monastery tower boomed out

nine solemn, slow beats. "Will you have to go now, Father?" he asked quietly.
"No, no! I'm to stop here with you.
The brethren have been praying for you

since you received the last sacraments Father Prior said I was to tell you. Do you think you'd like to join them Brother Patrick smiled. He folded his toil-worn hands across his breast.

"I'm always joining them, Father," he said softly; always, when I'm digging or weeding or hoeing. What do I know about praying? Nothing only what God and His Mother tell me. And they tell me to offer up the prayers of th community as my own. I ask God to make me like to each one in turn—as make me like to each one in turn—as kind as you, Father; as gentle as Brother Paul, as meek as Brother Ignatius, as forgiving as Brother Columba. And when the bell rings, as now, I think I'm an hour nearer heaven o"—" (in a low whisper) "hell. And then I say: 'God guard me, and keep me in the coming hour! And that's all.

Ah" (sighing), "the moonlight is gone further up the wall! It's full upon the tal. Obeying the friendly violence of hills at home now. She's at rest in the little churchyard of Kilsheelan. Years ago I used to think my bones would rest

there too. will be waiting for you in the heavenly country, Brother. How did you come to join our Order and leave Ireland?"

A smile crossed the dying face on the pillow; then a sigh, faint as the breath of dawn, came from his pale lips.

"I ran away, Father-ran away from home! They wanted me to be a smith and I'd rather be a sailor; and, after hardships galore, I got on a vessel in Cork, and travelled the world up and down till I was tired. Then one autumn night we were wrecked here on the night we were wrecked here on the Spanish coast, and twas here in the con-vent we were kept till we recovered. And the peace and the quiet stole into my heart, and the flowers in the garden brought back Ireland and my mother; and when I was well enough to go out again, there was a hand wanted in the gardens; and I took the job, and I got used to it and liked it; and I was glad to be admitted into the Order. And here I am ever since-forty-five long

'And you have been happy?"

monk sighed.

A figure rose silently from a prie-dieu by the wall and looked down gravely upon the dying man.

"I think you are awake," he remarked "Happy? Ay, Father, as happy as any one ever is ir this life, I suppose. I got to love the garden and understand the flowers. A sailor's life, after all is a wild and weary one. Indeed, indeed it

He sighed faintly, and went on "I wonder will I meet him there?"
"Who, Brother Patrick?"

"Michael, Father. He was a brother of mine—the dearest boy in all the world—not like me at all." Father Anselm smiled; his hand fell

enderly on that of the dying man.
"Michael was her idol, her best-loved chi d, her dearest. But sorrow touched him, Father; and, for that matter, it touched us all. There was a bit of a fight at a hurling match one summe eve at home, and, in the excitement neighbor's son was killed. 'Twas Michael, the unfortunate lad, that killed him, though he was far from intending

Father Anselm, from surprise, wa Brother Patrick's breath became

fainter. "Somehow, the blame fell on me and—and I begged Michael to keep a still tongue and let them think it. He was to be wed in a few months to a girl he was fond of. Surprise and horror kept silent the only other one that knew

anything about it. I got away, and no one ever dreamed 'twas Michael. She never knew—my mother I mean—and that was all I cared about. "And he-your brother?"

"He lived at home with her, a quiet, peaceful life; he married, and was peaceful life; ooked up to by his neighbors, and was

happy."
"And you, my poor Brother, bore the

him. Twas only what the neighbors thought I would have done. I was wild, you know; but—but sometimes—some times-well, 'tis all over now, and I'm

times—well, 'tis all over now, and I'm laying the load down. And I'm glad, Father—very glad."

"My poor fellow! You were more than loya!. But he was a coward."

"No, Father, not that! 'Twas my fault altogether. Put your hand on my head and bless me. I'm glad to be restinged to be restinged.

ing with no one here but you." " 'Come to Me all you who labor and are heavy burdened," Father Anselm quoted softly, as he laid his hand lightly

on the gray head. "I think God will

welcome you home, Patrick. He lot generous hearts like yours."
"Your blessing, Father?"
"God bless you." (a little)

"God bless you" (a little huskily), and bring you to the rest and peace of His heavenly kingdom."

"And Michael, too!" the old monk murmured faintly. "Bless Michael, too."

"Yes, Brother; God forgive him and pity him and bring him safe home "Amen!" (whisperingly)—" and bring

him safe home! Father Anselm bent lower : he looked intently at the hands clasped around the crucifix on the counterpane, at the old face, full of peace, upon the pillow then as no move came from the stil figure, he looked closer yet, to find that Brother Patrick had passed away.

#### WIT AND HUMOR.

SO HE WAS.

A teacher had told the class of the wonderful voyage of Columbus and how he insisted on continuing the voyage after the other men were clamoring to return. Then she asked: "Who was Columbus?" with the view of hearing

how well they had followed her talk.

One little hand went up.
"Well, Johnny, who was he?" asked the teacher.
"Columbus was the gem of the ocean,"

A CONFIDENCE GAME,

was the answer.

Governor Sheldon of Nebraska, to ilustrate the point that to be unfair, pre judiced, or suspicious, is always to judge wrongly, told the following story:

"There was a suspicious countryman who went to New York to see the sights. Coming to the Metropolitan Museum, he was amazed to find that admission to this splendid building cost nothing. He mounted the steps and entered.

"'Your umbrella, sir,' said a uni-ormed official, extending his hand. 'The countryman jerked back his um brella, laughed scornfully and turned on

I knowed there was some cheat about it when ye got in free,' he said.'

Teacher.-Yes, children, when the war broke out, all the able-bodied men who could leave their families enlisted in the army. Now, can any of you tell ne what motives took them to the front? Bright boy (triumphantly.)-Locomo-

Mrs. Nuritch.-I told Widow Downes o send her boy to you and you'd give im a position.

Mr. Nuritch. - Well, I didn't give im no position. He came with a note from her, an' she said in the note: "I ust find employment for my boy, even if he works for a mere pittance. nerve of her callin' me "a mere pit-

A lady who kept a little curly poodle, lost her pet and called on the police to find it. The next day one of the force ame with the dog, very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed, and asked a

number of silly questions—among others:— "Where did you find my dear darling? "Why, ma'am," said the officer, "a fellow had him on a pole and was wash-ing windows with him."

Mr. Martin was talking at the dinner table in his usual clever manner about

he inconsistency of women.
"These young ladies who protest that they are never going to marry!" he broke out. "Everybody knows they will belie their own words at the very first opportunity."

He paused, and evidently hoped that Mrs. Martin would come to the rescue of her sex; but that discreet woman

held her tongue.

"Why, Mary," he continued, "you re with yourself.

member how it was with yourself. I have heard you say more than once that you wouldn't marry the best man

alive."
"Well, I didn't," said Mrs. Martin.

QUESTION BOX. RESERVED SINS.

happy."
"And you, my poor Brother, bore the brand of Cain in silence!"
"Ay, Father, but 'twas easier than for him. "Twas only what the neighbors thought I would have done. I was wild,
Any sin over which the confessor's sentence of the Church upon the confessor's sentence of the Church upon the confessor's

ditions are necessary to make a sin reserved?"—Reader.

Any sin over which the confessor's jurisdiction is withheld by his superiors is a reserved one. The Pope possesses plenary jurisdiction, and therefore his power to absolve is unlimited. In conferring jurisdiction on Bishops the Pope limits its extension by reserving all the lighted candles and torches. conferring jurisdiction on Bishops the Pope limits its extension by reserving absolution for certain sins to himself alone. Bishops in bestowing faculties upon priests also limit their powers in certain cases. A case reserved to the Pope or to a Bishop is termed reserved. Reservation of certain sins is a very Reservation of certain sins is a very Reservation of the Company of the Church's Reservation of the Company of the Church's Reservation of the Company of the Church's Reservation of certain sins is a very ancient usage in the Church. The Council of Elvire, held in 305 declares: prayers. Following this portion of the on the who has committed a great sin must demand penitence from the Bishop, and not from a priest." The Bishop, and not from a priest." The municate, expelled from the society of the faithful, might be put to flight like exposition of the discipline of the the demon, for it was thought that the demon was relegated away as far as the church bells sounded. The extinguished Church in the matter of reserved cases.
"Our ancient Fathers," it says, "have candles cast away signified that the exalways held it of grave importance, for communicate was deprived of grace and the good discipline of Christian people, that certain atrocious and very grievous crimes should not be absolved inlight and entirely cut off. The ceremony as described has gone into disuse, but the differently by every priest, but only by expression "bell, book and candle" those who are of the first order. This is why, and with just reason, the Sovereign Pontiffs, in virtue of the supreme "A. B."—When a man dies who has why, and with just reason, the Sover-eign Pontiffs, in virtue of the supreme power which was given them over the not made his Easter duty, and yet was buried from the church, you should own judgment the cognizance of certain most atrocious crimes. And as all that comes from God is well ordered, it must man is not excommunicated by the that he neglected his Easter duty, though he is liable to be excommuninot be doubted that all Bishops, in their several dioceses, have the same liberty, which, however, they should use for edification and not for destruction, and that in consequence of the authority which has been given them over their subjects above all other instance, by attempting marriage before a minister, or by joining the Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and ferior priests, principally in reference to sins that carry with them the censure of excommunication. Now it is conformable to divine authority that this reservation of sins not only has re-

cation. Therefore, in case the Church does not pass the sentence of exec munication upon him, he is not really deprived of his Catholic membership or

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pect to external protection, but holds efore God Himself. Yet, for fear be-

cause of this reservation some sou

should perish, it has always been observed in the same Church of God by

ous usage that no case is reserved in the article of death, and that any pries

may absolve any penitent from cen-sures and from any sin, no matter what it may be. But, outside of this case,

in, all they can do is endeavor to per

ade penitents to present themselves

to superior and and careful judges in order to obtain absolution." The same

against those who deny the right of serving sins by Bishops. (Session

There are many reasons why sin

should be reserved. The foremost one is to impress forcibly upon sinners the

normity of their crimes. When a man ows that a certain sin is reserved and

hat pardon cannot be granted by an or

linary confessor, but that he must hav

course to the Bishop, or to one to who

he Bishop has given the faculty of ab-

The second reason is to deter Chris

espect and fear of public condemnation

God, and will arrest one on the point of

evil-doing more forcibly than would the

read of God's displeasure. Hence

nan who would commit such a sin, if h

could obtain absolution from his ordin ary confessor, will not likely commit i

when he knows that he can obtain abso

lution only after delay and severe

Finally, a third reason is that sever

maladies of the soul need to be treated by physicians fully qualified in learning

disease is very serious, all do not posses the knowledge fitted for the case.

mortal sin, either in its nature or in it

consequences. 2. It must be external Sins of thought or of the will may be

as grave in God's sight as the over actions, but they are not reserved

3. It must be consummated; for reser

vation does not attach to simple at-tempts unless specially mentioned.

4. It must be committed by one who

has attained his majority or age of pub erty—fourteen for males, twelve for fe

males-as the Church regards that per

sons younger than these ages lack suffi-cient discernment to commit an act of

contumacy. 5. It must be certainly mortal and expressed in the faculties at reserved. It there be doubt upon either

of these two points, the reservation does not exist as far as practice is concerned

"What is meant by excommunication

by 'bell, book and candle?'—Student."

The phrase has reference to the p

understand that circumstances may have

cated. Excommunications are divided

into two kinds: one that is incurred

BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE,"

which means that the ordinary confessor

may give absolution

Certain conditions are laid down that

more keenly felt than the fear o

having no powers for reserved

also launches an anathema

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trials.

liable to the penalties incurred by one that is excommunicated.

But sometimes the neglect of Easter duty is notorious, and consequently scandalous. In such a case the pastor would create scandal by giving the honors of Christian burial to one such Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria

notoriously scandal maker.

In cases that are not notorious it is Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a emedy to cure disease of the breathing organs has to take the remedy into the stomach? It cures because the air rendered strongly anti-eptic is carried over the diseased surface with

better to consult the Bishop before denying all Christian treatment negligent deceased person's body. However, when a man is buried with the rites of the Church, you should presume that the priest has given all attention to the matter and has decided that his action is justified. It is, then, owing to ircumstances that the action of priests. avorable or unfavorable, to such persons is found in different parishes and in apparently similar cases.

THE CHURCH AND FREEMASONRY.
"Why does the Catholic Church excommunicate its members who join the Freemasons?—A. B."

Because Freemason is a sort of re igion. The Church calls it a " sect.' Freemasonry is a sort of religion, for it teaches that God is the Supreme Architect of the universe, and stops there. It does not proclaim the Trinity, and in so far is solely monotheistic. In this regard it ranges itself with Judaism and Mohammedanism. The spirit of Masonry is at least nega-

tive as regards revelation. But as it admits to membership men of every belief, it literally sanctions no belief. Its influence is hurtful to Christian faith, because it actually essays to supplant Christian morality by a code of ts own that is purely naturalistic.

There are many other reasons why it

is condemned by the Church, notably one that it has in Europe ranged its forces on the side of the Church's foes. All the leaders in the various nations that endeavor by legislation to separate religion from education and from the State are members of Masonry, and "by their fruits shall ye know them."
Masonry is professedly and purposely in favor of what is called complete solving, he will certainly regard his sin as out of the ordinary and more grave than others. Consequently his repent-ance will be more active, and his resolu-tion to avoid its commission more firm. arization of things civil. Many of the chiefs or masters are avowedly hostile and virulently outspoken against Christianity. The triangle is more sacred in their eyes than the cross. Masonry exacts an oath of blind obedience to the orders of the lodge. Now no man can conscientiously take such an oath, for leavest he maked to describe the orders. tians from committing reserved sin, be-cause of the difficulty of obtaining ab-solution. It often happens that human he may be asked to do something that

Masons of high degree have told me that no Catholic ought to join their ranks. They fully recognize that Cath-

olicity and Masonry are incompatible.

We may rest assured that the Church which is guided by the Holy Spirit knows well what it is doing in excommunicating any of its members who join Masonry. It has had a long all-round accompany with the order and knows. erience with the order, and knows well how faith is shipwrecked by is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth." and in experience. All priests, of course, get sufficient light to treat and neal ordinary spiritual ills, but when the When a man, then, joins Masonry, he makes up his mind to surrender his Church, and is estopped from all complaint when he invites and receives the are required before a sin may be placed in the reserved class. 1. It must be a

### FOR THE PRIESTS.

Catholics should not forget to pray every day for God's priests, for though their office is so sacred and the powers conferred on them through holy orders are stupendous, their responsibilities are equally so, and every priest must tremble when he thinks of the magni tude of his duties and the awful judg ment awaiting him if he fails to redeen the pledges of his ordination day and neglects to look after the souls whom he, as another Christ, is sent to seek and to save. During the coming month the members of the apostleship of prayer are asked to pray especially for the by the church as a time in which to pay particular honor to our Blessed Mother and to invoke her protection through the devotion of the Rosary. Let us remember, as we say decade after decade of the beads and our minds dwell on the fernal obscenity of the pictures. The hink of the blessings we enjoy through graces on His earthly representatives, ambassadors of Christ, as they are truly called. "Every layman is sensible of the fact," writes Father Bearne, S. J., 'that priests owe a duty to their people. Like the Holy Father himself, the clergy are the servants of God. No worthy priest in the mission dreams of and the aware of the show left to neglect worthy priest in the mission dreams of denying that his people have the first claim upon his time, his energy, his zealous care and his constant devoted-ness. But do the laity always realize that they owe a reciprocal duty to their

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oriests? It is to be feared that in some places they do not. How deplorably neavy, and how entirely undeserved is the load of grumbling laid upon the al-ready overburdened shoulders of many parish priest! How little, how petty how mean, how ungenerous, are the grievances of some people who pretend to be devout! How pitifully sellish and how deplorably snubbish are the complaints that they pour into ears already aching with the vices and sorrows of men! Imagined slights, little jealousies, trivial understandings, wounded feeling arising, really from a sensitiveness which is undisguised self-conceit—on account of such despicable trifles as such forbidden association; for "he that is not with Me is against Me, and he must be hindered and stopped. If we can do nothing else for our clergy at least let us give them our daily prayers. The 'pray for me' that we hear as we leave the confessional is no mere formula; often enough it comes from the very depths of a heart that is both sad and weary. Let no day pass without beg-ing God's help for those upon whom is laid the terrible burden of the souls of men. And during the present month pray very specially for the multiplica-tion and the sanctification of priests."— Intermountain Catholic.

## The Nasty Moving Picture.

The moving picture show, which in so many cases has proved itself a species of abomination, particularly hurtful to children since children form a large proportion of its patrons, is as bad as it dares to be without coming within reach of the law. The pictures presented at some of these shows are vulgar and wickedly suggestive, even when they are not openly obscene. In some cities they are obscene. Down in Beunos Ayres, Argentina, the other day, a strong-armed sacred mysteries they represent, to police, of course, could not sanction this the ministry of the priests and to thank they intervened, and the countryman God for those blessings and beg Him and his wife were taken to the police through the intercession of the Queen of station, the proprietor of the show makthe Rosary, to bestow His choicest ing a complaint that his show has been graces on His earthly representatives, damaged \$1.000 worth. The comisario and the owner of the show left to pocket his loss and gnash his teeth. The Buenos Ayres papers applaud the action of the man who took up so effectively the cause of public decency. — Sacred Heart Re-

# Just Lay Aside

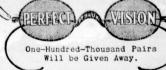
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