

ing. Your story is profoundly interesting. The old saying is quite true after all—'Tis a long lane that has no turning.' I suppose I am mercenary, coming as I do of a money-making family; but you make me feel as if I would sooner have been you than your grandfather. I wish our host could have heard you, it might have stirred his lazy placidity. But the fellow sleeps as soundly, sitting on that bench with his back against the wooden partition, as if he had no need of more comfort. Go on, if you please, I am all attention."

"Well, to cut a long story short, at the end of two years I found myself in a small way a capitalist. All this time new comers had been pouring in at length so plentiful that our store was more adequately manned, and I began to have some leisure in which to contemplate the extraordinary change that had taken place in my fortunes. Now my thoughts could go out without let or hindrance towards home. Now I was not ashamed to let them know that I still lived. I wrote, pouring into my letter all I had to tell, relating all the dependency, the struggles, the hardships and privation I had endured. Now that these things were surmounted, I was more proud of them than ashamed. My letter gone, I felt a new life in my veins. With what renewed vigor did I not throw myself into my work during the months that followed, urged on by the prospect of hastening the day when I could finally throw up work, and return home for good. I had calculated the mails to a nicety, and at the end of three months began to look out for a letter. From week to week for many weeks I was disappointed; but at length a letter bearing the English post-mark was placed in my hands. The words 'On Her Majesty's Service' were printed outside, and in the address I could not recognize the handwriting of either my father or my mother. But the letter was from England! I tore it open in a state of great excitement. It contained an enclosure on which, to my horror, I beheld my own handwriting. It was my own letter come back. It had been opened, and on the cover were the words 'Not known.'"

"A crowd of tormenting explanations rushed upon my mind. It was useless to try to get back into my old routine. The blessed days of indifference were gone. I must go to England at once. And the end of it was that, promising my partner to be with him again in six months' time, if all was well, I travelled to Sydney, called by the next mail, and in course of time reached London. The first thing I did was to go to our old house. I asked for my father, but his name was not known. I asked to see the master of the house. From him I learned that my father had become bankrupt some years before, and that nothing was known of his present whereabouts. I hurried to our parish church, which was within a stone's throw, and asked for the vicar. I had expected to have seen the vicar I had known as a boy, but a younger man entered the room. The new comer was a stranger to me, and what I had just heard about my father made me hesitate to tell him at once who I was. So I asked after the vicar."

"I am the vicar," said the reverend gentleman, with dignity and astonishment. "Then Dr. Paul is—?" "Dead!" said the new vicar, "dead these six years."

"I expressed surprise and sorrow. I had known him so well as a boy, and had looked forward to seeing him again. Could my informant tell me anything of a very old and intimate friend of the late vicar—Mr. Chalmers, who used to live close by? I had called at the house, and had only just heard of his misfortune."

"Well, you know," said the vicar, shrugging his shoulders, "he never really was as well off as people supposed. From what I can make out now, his life must, it seems to me, have been one long struggle to meet the necessities of his position. Latterly, of course, he was getting old, and things somehow had gone wrong in every way. His only son, a wild ungovernable boy, ran away to sea, and was never heard of again. It was a sorrow that preyed upon the poor old man more and more as years came on him, and his powers failed. Things might have been different had his son lived and been by him to act as a staff to his declining years. As it was, one could not but feel that death was a happy release to the poor old man."

"My God! What do you tell me?" "Are you a relation?" he asked. "I am his son," I cried, "My poor old father!"

"As soon as I could speak I asked after my mother. "You have taken me unawares, sir," said the vicar. "I wish you had given me some idea of how matters stood. I would have tried to break the sad news to you more gently. You ask me about your mother. I am afraid—I am afraid I can tell you nothing of her that you will be glad to hear." "Tell me the worst," I cried out. "I know what your meaning is, I shall never see my mother again."

wind at intervals in the chimney, and the fitful dashing of the rain against the door and window, that the storm outside had not ended.

"Is it long since you returned?" at length said I, breaking the silence. "About two months."

"So recently? I am sincerely sorry for you. And you find no one of your family—?"

"Not one." "Did you not—I spoke with hesitation for I might be re-opening another wound, did you not speak just now of a child, a sister you had left behind? Has death taken her too?"

"God knows! They tell me my sister may be living. She has disappeared. I have followed up every clue of her I could discover; I am pursuing one now; but as yet I have not come upon herself."

"It is something to know she is not dead." "I have no proof even of that, and besides there are worse things than death. When a young girl hardly out of her teens, young, innocent, inexperienced in the world's ways, tutored with the same undisciplined spirit which has led more than one of our family out of the beaten track of prudent lives, finds herself suddenly thrown on her own resources in a strange world, with no one to restrain or warn her of hidden dangers, what may not happen? The vicar said as much to me before I left him. He spoke gravely of my sister's youth, of a certain waywardness, natural in youth, but dangerous when freed from the good guidance of more experienced heads. He instanced a tendency she had displayed even during her parents' lifetime, to frequent those churches where the ritual was—'dangerously high' I think were his words; and of her preferring such services to the austere simplicity of the good old fashioned evangelical rite. He augured from that an openness to certain malign influences unhappily prevalent, and urged me—as if I wanted urging!—to leave no stone unturned to find her. Not that his fears alarmed me. I am anxious on other grounds: High Church or Low Church, what is that to me?"

"The vicar referred me to a lady parishioner of his, a Miss Walsingham, with whom my sister had lived for a time. From this lady I learned a great deal about the circumstances of my family. She represented my sister as terribly cast down by misfortune, and from being of an open and high spirited temper to have become morbidly sensitive and reserved. Three years ago my sister left her one day without a word of warning or any intimation of her plans. About twelve months ago, however, she wrote to her friend returning a small money loan and saying she was well and happy, but giving no address. The post marks showed the letter had come from a place which Miss Walsingham ascertained at the time was in Ireland; but she was unable when I saw her to remember the name, nor can she find the letter, though she has searched for it repeatedly since my coming. I have questioned Miss Walsingham and enquired my brains to discover whom my sister knew in Ireland; and no suggestion has been so fanciful, no guess so wild that I have not tested it. I have remembered lately that my father had formerly two cousins living at Ardmore, about twenty miles from here. They were elderly maiden ladies when I was a child. I never saw them, nor can I find that my sister ever had any communication with them. They may be dead long ago; but nothing comes of doing nothing, and though I feel it to be a wild goose chase, Ardmore is my present destination."

"Courage!" said I; "your perseverance is sure to be rewarded in the end." He rose yawning and stretching himself sleepily. "I fear I have wearied you," he said, "with my long story. The fact is I have it on the brain and can talk of nothing else."

"His eyes fell on the peasant, and he added: 'There must be some sleepy influence in this room, for I have grown drowsy too. Perhaps I shall sleep to-night.'"

"You are not going to bed in the dark?" I was loth that he should go at all, and wished he would talk more about his quest. "I'll leave the door open. The fire glow will be light enough. Good-night."

"We shook hands, and I said, 'I wish I might help you.' "Thanks," he answered, as he turned away. "I wish I knew how you could."

After he had gone, I sat for some time at the fire thinking over what he had told me. No doubt on the morrow I should learn further details. It mattered little to me if I did go a few miles out of my road. We might ride together as far as Ardmore. I might learn the result of his journey; nay, if he were unsuccessful, there was nothing to prevent my joining with him in further search. There was nothing, I thought, that I should like better; and I already saw myself full of suggestion and forethought, and so the happy means by which the unbenefited girl would be found. It was a pleasing dream, momentarily disturbed indeed by the return of the good woman of the house, and by the energy with which she roused her sleepy husband, upraising him for bad manners and want of attention to "the quality;" but it came back in all its freshness, and with the pleasurable conviction that it would be realized, when I stood shut into the two-bedded dormitory, and, holding up the light and looking down upon my companion of the evening as he slept,

tried to fill out from his narrative and to realize the dormant experiences and hopes that lay bound up in that recumbent figure.

TO BE CONTINUED. HERESY OF "BROAD CHRISTIANITY."

Lecture by Father Pardow, S. J. Philadelphia Standard and Times.

There is no text that has done such work against the Catholic Church, none that is used so repeatedly as an unanswerable argument—"search the Scriptures." Therefore I wish every one to be able to repeat what I say about it. Our Protestant friends say, "Christ says read the Bible," "search the Scriptures;" the Roman Catholic Church says, "do not read the Bible." "In the question of choosing between Christ and the Church, we prefer Christ." They are right. If I have to choose between Christ and the Church, I will choose Christ. No one can save but Christ. Hence if the Catholic Church and Christ differ, I must give up the Church. The thought has kept many from examining the claims of the Catholic Church—the thought that the Church opposes the Bible. They have taken this statement from others. They have accepted it from others, but have never investigated it for themselves. I myself, if I had been told it from childhood, would have believed unless I had made up my mind to condemn two hundred and fifty millions of people without a hearing. In answer to that I put four questions and shall give them short, crisp, clear answers.

"First.—Did Christ ever say to any one, 'search the New Testament?' Answer—Never. It was not in existence and He never saw it.

"Second.—Did He ever say to any of His followers, 'search the Old Testament?' Answer—Never. He said it to His enemies, the Pharisees, who professed to believe in the Old Testament, yet refused to believe in Him of whom the Old Testament was full.

"Third.—Did Christ ever say, even to His enemies, that they would find every point of doctrine in the Old Testament, and that if they did not, they were not to believe it? Never.

"Fourth.—What did He tell them to find? One thing only. He told them to find there Himself, the Teacher, not the teaching. He said, as the Church does to-day: 'Do you believe in the Old Testament and not in Christ? Search it and find Christ. Do you believe in the New Testament, but not in the Church? Search it and find in it the Church! To say 'search the Scriptures' and to say 'Christ meant you must not believe any point of doctrine unless you find it there is as wide a difference as the difference between heaven and hell, and I repeat, it is lowering to the human mind and is the most unfair piece of argumentation ever accepted. Do you mean to tell me that men and women ever thought about this? Why it was not possible to have given one half hour's thought to the subject and not see the absurdity of this argument."

"Then we read of St. Paul in Acts xvii, 11, commending the Boreans because they read the Scriptures to see if these things were true. 'There,' say our Protestant brethren, 'St. Paul praises the people for searching the Scriptures.' Oh, yes, but what Scriptures? Those you want me to examine to-day to find out the teaching of Christ? No. St. Paul says to them: 'You admit the Old Testament, do you not?' 'We do,' they say; 'You admit Christ?' 'No.' 'Well in the Old Testament you find Christ on every page.' Then they believed in Christ and accepted the teaching of Paul as coming from Christ. If they had said: 'We are not going to accept the teaching of Paul because it is not in the Scriptures,' then they would have been consistent with our separated brethren. But once they found the Teacher proved, they admitted His right to teach. But finding the Teacher and calling Him once more to our tribunal and saying 'you must submit everything to our tribunal or we will not accept it, although proof of Christ is found on every page of the Old Testament,' is blasphemy.

"This appeal to the Scriptures leads very rapidly to what is now called 'broad Christianity.' The term has two meanings. One, that the Church of God is composed of three different branches—the Anglican, the Roman and the Russian. These three compose one Church. I call that 'broad Christianity' because it is getting away from one Church and branching into three. The branch theory is absurd and untenable. There cannot be three branches forming one Church. Our Anglican brethren believe they are in the one true Church. They do not object to ranking us as a branch. We thank them for the kindness, but we refuse them the condescension. The tribunal of reason says that if they are branches of the one Church they cannot have different doctrines. The Anglicans say there is no need of a visible head of the Church on earth. We say there is. Making these two branches of the same Church, when we find them so opposed on such a point as this, is making fun of God. The Anglican Church teaches that there are two sacraments. Some of them say there is another, and still others of them add another. The Catholic Church teaches that there are seven. Can you say that there is one Church formed out of these conflicting beliefs? If our Anglican brethren are in the right, we are wrong, and if we are right, they are wrong, but to say these two form one Church is as much against reason as to say England, the

United States and Russia form one country. They don't, and we hope they never will. They all admit certain principles, agree on certain laws, but they are absolutely different governments. The branch theory invented by the Anglicans is absurd and untenable.

"Broad Christianity" has another meaning. It is principally upon it that I wish to spend a little more time. I am convinced that it is the heresy, the cancer worm, that is undermining all belief. 'Broad Christianity' is the greatest heresy. There are examples of it wherever we go. We read the account of a funeral of a distinguished man. There is a sermon by a non-Catholic minister at the funeral. It is something like this: 'The man whom we have assembled to honor was not a Christian in the ordinary sense of the word. He belonged to no special sect. His was that broad Christianity which overstepped denominational lines and which takes in all men. If Christianity's platform is not broad enough to admit this man, then it should be widened.' O! this: 'This was one of nature's noblemen. He was not attached to any particular church. He did not belong to any particular creed. His thoughts did not run on any narrow gauge, but he loved his fellow-men and tried to benefit them on all occasions.' But what about his God? That's passed over. Here are words coming from men calling themselves ministers of God, speaking in buildings called the temples of God and from pulpits supposedly dedicated to the preaching of God's word. It fills me with indignation to think of it. I say that the man who talks thus denies Christ."

"Then we read a newspaper editorial or a magazine article something like this: 'The time has come when on account of the great discoveries of modern science, some light should be let in on the thing which is called Christianity.' Science is taking on new methods, such as the discovery of microbes, which is telling us how to treat diseases. So every one that wishes Christianity to survive is wishing to let the light come in. And why should it not? A new light on Christianity! Then another person tells us that at last we have discovered Jesus Christ! It is not fair. I do not say it is irrational, but it is irrational, though it comes under the attractive form of question of the truth of Christ: there is only broadness. Who wants to be narrow? Everybody wants to be broad, but in the one thing to do, that is to accept the thing as He taught it. They say 'creeds have had their day.' My Catholic friend finds himself at a dinner party. Religion comes up—as it does nowadays more than ever. There is a question of a point of faith. Some one says there is a Roman Catholic here present. Then they shudder. What! a Roman Catholic at the same table! 'Then some one defends him and says that after all one religion is as good as another.' Can the Catholic accept this defence? He cannot. He says: 'It is extremely kind of you, but I reject that defence. I do not believe one religion is as good as another. There is but one God, one faith, one baptism.' That's unpleasant. They have lost their appetites. Who could eat oysters on the half shell after that? He has spoiled the evening because he would not be a 'broad Christian.'"

"Let us focus our thoughts on one or two ideas. In a stereopticon lecture we often find that the picture is blurred; the operator turns a screw and the picture stands out clear. What has he done? He has focused his picture. The time has come for every man, woman and child who believes in Christ to have a clear idea of Christ's truth, of Christ's religion. 'Why have we to focus the idea of the divinity of Christ?' A professor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was talking to me of religion, and I asked if he believed in the divinity of Christ. 'Oh,' he said, 'certainly.' I expressed my pleasure at that. And then he said: 'What do you mean by the divinity of Christ?' and looking at me said: 'Why, sir, you are divine.' 'Me, divine!' I exclaimed. 'Yes, is not your work divine? Are you not totting for others?' 'Is that,' said I, 'all you have to say for Christ? If that's all, that's blasphemy.' 'What do you mean,' he said, 'by getting so excited about it?' 'When I say Christ is divine,' I answered, 'I mean He is God, begotten of the Father before all time, the second person of the Blessed Trinity.' 'Oh, I could never believe that,' he said.

"Hence the necessity of focusing our ideas and telling people what we mean by them and asking what they mean. When a man praises Christ and refuses to give Him what the Catholic Church gives Him—divinity—he is no Christian. He has no right to the name, and when he uses it he is a wolf in sheep's clothing, deceiving people. You and I have friends in this category. They are simply humanitarians. They profess to love Christ and they are robbing Him—His divinity. It is time for every one of us to close up our ranks and fight the battle of Christianity. It is said that there are fifty million of people in the United States who believe in no creed, therefore they are not Christians. You have a friend, a good man, who believes in nothing. Every one knows some who have no belief. They are young men brought up in Protestant colleges where Christ as a Divine Person is ignored. The young woman, the new woman, is oftentimes an agnostic, who think it is nice to throw over their lives a halo of intellectuality. They say: 'I cannot admit this or that. In

his heart the fool has said there is no God. The reason he said so was because his heart was rotten. When people say they believe there is no God they are liars."

"The question of 'broad Christianity' brings us to those who say that as modern science has thrown light on all subjects, it must throw light on Christianity, too. The old creeds are crumbling. It is impossible to teach now the things taught years and years ago. A Protestant minister has said that it was not possible for a man who lived 1,500 or 1,800 years ago to form a creed for the nineteenth century. Science has thrown her light on all topics, but what was true in mathematics 1,900 years ago is true now. The principles put down then hold their places to-day. Astronomy has its creed, which, as is yours and mine, is so unbending in its law that astronomers can tell to the part of a second the coming of an eclipse or the transit of Venus. Unbending in its creed! It is the unbending which makes its character. Tell me that we can no longer admit its laws and the world goes to pieces. Electricity has its creed. It makes your light and does your work on one condition, namely, that you sit down as a humble school boy and learn its creed. Rush in where angels fear to tread and handle electricity in your ignorance and you will receive a rebuke that will go through you, and you will never need another."

"I admit that many sciences have been revolutionized. I admit that geology has been made a comparatively new science because we knew nothing about it before. If Christianity is the invention of man, then perfect it. Take out its shortcomings. Make it conform with the times. The man who dares to say that the Christianity of one thousand eight hundred years ago is not good enough for us, says it is of human origin and that He who came to teach it was impostor—I hate to hear a man who teaches this say he is a Christian. I prefer to hear him say that he is a pagan than to hear him say he believes in a half Christ. 'I believe in the Christ who loved little children,' such a one says, 'but I do not believe He was God.' But He claimed to be God, and if He was not, He was the greatest impostor that ever lived."

Here Father Pardow referred to the Gospel of the day, where Christ said: "Before Abraham was I am." "Broad Christianity" that has become so broad as to exclude any teaching of Christ is broad infidelity and broad Paganism. Let that be clear. They tell us this leads up to one conclusion, that there is only one Church. Then we are told that we Catholics are very intolerant and would have all the people belong to one Church. And why not? Christ established one Church. If Christ came to establish not six hundred and fifty but one definite religion, why should we not all belong to it? I notice there is a question discussed in the papers of Japan embracing Christianity. The difficulty with these shrewd men (and they are shrewd!) is that they do not know what Christianity to embrace. There is no answer to this but the answer given by the Catholic Church—that there can be only one Christianity, as there cannot be two Christs. They find representatives of all the sects scattering Bibles among them and asking them to pick out a religion. I can understand these shrewd men saying: 'We can't do it.'"

"Truth is intolerant. Ponder over those words of Christ: 'I teach you the truth and the truth shall set you free.' So it does. I would rather have the truth of God in my soul than be the slave of this man's teaching and that man's opinion. I will pin my belief to no man's opinion. Here is an example. Suppose you lent a friend five dollars last week and five more this week. You go to him for it and he says to you: 'In my opinion twice five is nine.' You say: 'No, my twice five is ten,' and he says: 'You are extreme and narrow, and I believe twice five is nine,' and you say you will not leave his place until he gives you ten dollars. No matter what his opinion is, your statement is true, that's all. The Catholic Church is intolerant because she received a deposit from the Lord. St. Paul wrote to Timothy to keep the deposit of faith. What a light that throws on this subject! Christ died for us and He would not insist on His truths if they were not good for us. He loves us all and wishes to save us. So the faith is a deposit entrusted to us as it was to Timothy and to Titus."

Here were related several incidents showing the necessity of being true to a trust. Continuing the preacher said: "Is there no Christian flag, no Christian truth that Christ the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, placed in this world for the good of man and entrusted to an institution that was in the first ages and will be in the last, and which, when any one comes to say to give it up, replies: 'I will let my children

die by millions, as they have died for it, but I will not give up one single article of the faith? I must preserve it the same as the man who would not let one starve out of his flag.' How is it possible that men cannot see the grandeur of the Church of God in this respect? The Church which has never once lowered the flag entrusted to her! Call that intolerance! Then I wish to be intolerant along with our gallant army and navy."

"Put alongside of that all the theories of 'broad Christianity' and they vanish out of sight. Intolerance! Yes, with the intolerance of doctrine, but not of persons. The Catholic Church wishes to embrace all. She loves them as Christ did. As regards persons, she stretches her arms as wide as Christ did on the cross, but as regards doctrine, it is her very immovable characteristic of intolerance which makes her the pillar of faith. We Americans are intolerant, and rightly so. It was our intolerance that made us a nation. The mother country said we must be taxed. The fathers said: 'No taxation without representation,' and they put that down as a principle. The mother country insisted. The fathers remained intolerant, and the mother country said she would wipe the stain out in blood. The fathers said come on and do it. That intolerance made us a nation. Suppose they had not been intolerant, but held one opinion to-day and another to-morrow—we would still be the few struggling colonies of a century ago. Intolerance of principle lifts up mankind. It will be the intolerance of Christian principles which will save the souls of men."

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