Your anxiety is for your delicate child; the child that in spite of all your careful over-watching, keeps thin and pale. Exercise seems to weaken her and food fails to nourish. That child needs Scott's Emulsion with the Hypophosphites—not as a medicine, but as a food containing all the elements of growth. It means rich blood, strong bones, healthy nerves, sound digestion. No child refuses Scott's Emulsion. It is pleasant and palatable.

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THE SOLITARY CLOUD.

(Written for the Catholic Register.)

Across the meadows mantled white I gaze,
O'er mound and furrow strays my eager eye
Until the lone cloud, cold, which gently strays
Over yon hilltops blue across the sky.

Lone, solitary cloud, where dost thou roam?
Thou fleet of congealed beauty moving slow,
Onward you float across one wondrous dome,
O, wandering spirit, lone one, love me. Lo—

You did I greet, when in the orient
At noon in fairy form thou didst appear,
You did I love, as westward ever bent,
Thou didst, lone pilot, well thy gran; deur steer.

Hastening onward, ever noiselessly
Thy shade ethereal 'cross the blue hast sped—
Lone cenotaph of angels blest, in thee
My soul will weary rest when life is fled.

The heaven's chilled by winter's breath are pale.
Rest thou among the light—loved western hills;
Dare not again the trackless blue to sail
Rest, thou lost glory, when the night earth stills.

ALPHA.

AWFUL HEART DISEASE.

Death Charmed Away under the Spell of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—More Wonderful than a Fairy Tale is the Story of Mrs. Roadhouse, of Willscroft, Ont.

Where disease has effected the heart the remedy to be applied must be speedy in its effects, or all may be lost. Mrs. Roadhouse, of Willscroft, Ont., says: "Cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face, because of the intense suffering from heart disease. I often felt that the death struggle was at hand. No medicine gave me help until I used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. In thirty minutes the severe pain was removed, and after taking little more than one bottle the trouble had vanished. I know nothing of it to-day."

SOLD BY

GEO. E. HUGHES.

An Infidel Enlightened.

Some time ago the editor of the Iconoclast received the following letter:

"Cincinnati, Dec. 13, 1896.

"Dear Brann,—I am no A. P. A., but was raised a Catholic and know more about Catholicism than you ever will know. If you admire Jesuits and nuns, why don't you believe in the infallibility of the Pope? Six Popes issued bulls against witchcraft—persecution that caused the torture and burning alive of hundreds of thousands of innocent people. Those bulls were 'ex-cathedral' documents, hence they contained infallible truths. This is Catholic doctrine. You don't know much about nuns. They go into convents because they can't get married, or because they are too cowardly to fight the battle of life, to struggle for existence. You admire nuns because they are nurses in hospitals, etc. Don't you know that thousands are waiting for a place (like a nurse) in a hospital or anywhere else? Don't you know that it is good luck to get similar positions? If you would not be a Papal hireling, you would know and write the Catholic nuns build hospitals and orphan asylums only because they can beg for money easier, thereby feeding and enriching themselves and priests and bishops and Popes. Nuns are the unhappiest creatures after the first few years of enthusiasm have passed away. I may also mention the fact that no girl without money can enter a convent. There you see the finger of Rome—money? A convent is a real penitentiary; gloom and despair the lot of most victims. Don't you know that the most effective and destructive enemies of Popery and priestcraft were raised and educated in Catholicism? Voltaire was educated by Jesuits, Theodore Parker was a Catholic, Luther and Bruno were monks, Napoleon was a Catholic, and abolished the Spanish Inquisition and played ball with the Pope; Joseph II, of Austria, a Catholic, confiscated the property of convents and churches; an old Catholic Bavaria, Munich, a Catholic city, sent two socialists to parliament in Berlin for many years past (German Parliament—Reichstag.) So infidels, though, are materialists, infidels, glorious atheists, because they believe in humanity, not gods. Where now is your Gibraltar of Catholicism? Where was your Gibraltar of the Catholic Church in the first French Revolution, when priests were killed by the hundreds like mad dogs?

"JIM WILLIAMSON."

Editor Brann, who is himself a free-thinker, but an admirer of Catholic institutions, turned Bro Williamson's letter over to the Reverend P. F. Brannan, pastor of Weatherford, Texas, and here is the priest's reply:

To answer him fully would occupy too much of my time, which I can employ to better advantage, and also too much space in the Iconoclast, which can be used more profitably.

He says six Popes issued bulls against witchcraft, etc. Which were the six Popes and the dates of their issuance? This man so hates the Popes that he mentions no one else in connection with witchcraft. The idea is implied that Protestants ignored the subject completely. The belief was thoroughly current in Protestant England, which is indited in many works of dramatists in the Elizabethan era, including the great Shakespeare himself, who, however, was not a Protestant. It is a very ancient thing, and a chapter of the code of Justinian deals exclusively with the subject. It is mentioned in both the Old and New Testaments. In the Old Testament it is mentioned in 1 Sam. 15 c., 23; 2 Chron. 33 c., 6; Exodus 22 c., 18, and several other places, and by Saint Paul in Galatians, 5 c., 20.

It was an indictable offense at common law and made a felony by an act of Henry VIII. In the time of Elizabeth (not a Catholic) it was made a felony without benefit of clergy and punished by death. So great a lawyer as Sir Matthew Hale believed in it, Seldon, Coke and Bacon, all eminent lawyers, believed in it, and Mr. Blackstone said that its elimination from the category of crimes was not to be taken as a negative of the possibility of such an offense, though he would not give credit to any particular modern instance even Luther, favorably alluded to by Mr. Williamson, believed in witchcraft. So also the Protestant Puritans of New England in the United States. The devil, of whose existence I have no more doubt than of the existence of God, has many ways of magnifying his Protean powers. The evidence of his possession of some people is manifested by a virulent hatred of the "Old Pope" and the Catholic Church, calumny of the Sisters of Charity and the denial of the existence of a God. That's the shape in which he has Mr. Williamson, and if the devil has any special favorites in this world, and I am satisfied he has, the guerdon of existence will be awarded to those who deny the existence of Him whom the devil hates, but cannot deny himself.

He says "the Sisters go into convents because they can't get married, or are too cowardly to fight the battle of life," etc. The cruel malignity of this infamous accusation! It would paralyze the genius of the English language to furnish suitable phraseology to express my fathomless contempt for any man who would make such a brutal charge against women. This malignant and loathsome defamer says in one place that they go into convents because they are too cowardly to fight the battle of life, and immediately after says that no girl who has not money can get into a convent at all. His black calumny has overleaped itself, and he makes one assertion cut the throat of the other. A girl with money can fight the battle of life anywhere, and it is an important element in this utilitarian age in enhancing matrimonial opportunities. Besides, he says, the convent is a penitentiary, and yet girls pay money for the privilege of being "victims of gloom and despair." Mr. Williamson possesses a unique interest from the fact that most men who are liars are so from one point of view; but this man proves himself to be the chief apostle of Ananias from every point of observation.

Women who leave parents and friends, home and kindred, devoting their lives in zealous fidelity to the physical and spiritual interests of others, nursing the sick, feeding the orphan, comforting the widow, reclaiming the outcast, blunting the sting of melancholy, gilding the gloom of sorrow and planting the fragrant rose of hope in the wilderness of despair, often ending their lives, which have been lived for others, by fearless entering the portals of dead contagion, and in their efforts to subdue the fierceness of the great monarch of desolation, have become willing victims of his devouring wrath. Are such women cowards?

It has been said;

That whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle's van,
The noblest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man.

Measured by this criterion, in what vocabulary can we find language that would fitly damn a man to eternal infamy for calling her a coward who would even risk her own life to save the life of her implacable traducer?

He says: "Don't you know the most effective and destructive enemies of Popery and priestcraft were raised in Catholicism? We likewise know that the most effective and destructive enemy of Jesus Christ was one of His Apostles. He talks of the cruel treatment to the Pope by Napoleon. What became of Napoleon after that? He was dragged down from the empyrean power of aggrandisement to unexplored depths of humiliation and degradation. The poet Byron said of the hero of Marengo and the genius of Austerlitz when at St. Helena:

'Tis done! but yesterday a King
And armed with Kings to strive;
And now thou art a nameless thing!
So abject, yet alive.

The Pope, whom he had imprisoned, said this to him after being offered a cockade through General Berthier, as a French symbol and as a compliment: "Sir, I accept no ornaments except those with which the Church invests me, the pastoral staff and this little crown on my head. And remember although you may at present throw down the monuments of the living and uproot the tombs of the dead, you will soon be confined to the grave, and this little crook and this crown I wear will govern the universal earth when your name and race and power are forgotten amongst men."

He tells of the exploits of some bad Catholics.

Catholics may go the devil like any one else if he wants to, and they very often do so. Mr. Williamson is a very lively exemplification of this truth. He says priests were killed like dogs during the French Revolution. So were Jesus Christ and ten of the twelve Apostles.

Mr. Williamson, by implication, says he is a materialist, an infidel and a "glorious atheist;" that is, he don't believe in spiritual existence, he has no faith and he dare not believe in any God.

He says in his letter that Napoleon played ball with the Pope. Whether he did or not, in the sense meant by Mr. Williamson, is open to question; but there is no doubt whatever that the devil has got everything fixed to play Hell with Mr. Williamson.

Avalanche Damages a Famous Monastery.

BERNE, March 1.—The left wing of the great monastery of St. Bernard has been demolished by an avalanche. No lives were lost nor was anybody seriously injured, but the monks occupying the monastery were in serious danger for some time. When the great masses of snow and ice descended upon the building the occupants took refuge in the part of the building which remained intact and thence dug a tunnel under the snow, through which they crawled. Most of them were frost bitten. The Hospice of St. Bernard is at the highest elevation of the great St. Bernard Pass, in the Pennine range chain of the Alps. It is the highest habitation in the Alps, if not in all Europe. The monastery consisted of a large regular mass of stone buildings, stern and gloomy enough when viewed from the exterior, but inviting and cheerful within. Despite its rough appearance the hospice has welcomed Alpine travellers for nine centuries. It was founded in 962 by Count Bernard of Menthon who afterwards was canonized. He devoted forty years of his life to helping and protecting the numerous travellers who annually passed between Switzerland and Italy. The inmates are monks of the Augustinian order, assisted by a number of lay brethern. The snow around the hospice nearly every month of the year averages from seven to eight feet in depth and the drifts sometimes rest against it and rise to a height of forty feet. The work of the monks in giving shelter to travellers and rescuing wayfarers lost in the mountains has been the subject of many tales of heroism. The monks care for nearly 20,000 travellers every year without exacting the smallest payment. Those that can afford to do so are expected however, to contribute a sum equal to the amount they would be charged in a hotel in the village. The monastery was once very wealthy, but during the Reformation lost part of its landed property. During the revolution of 1848 the funds of the monastery were seized and the monks were driven from the mountains, but the indignation which this act created soon brought it about that their property was restored to them. Owing to the high altitude of the hospice a monk can remain there only twelve or fifteen years. He then falls victim to rheumatism and takes refuge in an asylum, owned by the monastery, in the village of Martigny. The St. Bernard dogs, which are as famous as the monastery itself, are bred at the hospice. They are subject to the same rheumatic affliction after seven or eight years as are the monks, and are then killed. The monks always keep eight to twelve of the dogs on hand. These dogs travel around in storms with little casks containing bread, meat and wine hanging from their collars, and hundreds of sufferers have been rescued by them. The monks usually go out each day in couples, together with two servants, down both the Swiss and Italian sides of the pass to look out for exhausted or distressed travellers. The dogs marvellous sagacity enables the monks to find their way back through the most blinding snow storm, even when all other indications are obliterated. Often when the storm is at its worst the dogs have gone out alone, bearing round their necks kegs of brandy, and rescued travellers by guiding them to the monastery. One of the monastery's dogs the celebrated Barri, saved no fewer than twenty persons from a horrible death. A short distance from the hospice is a building in which are kept the bodies of those who have perished in attempts to cross the mountains. They have all been found frozen and are set up in the morgue in the positions in which they were found. The atmosphere is sufficiently cold to preserve the bodies at all seasons, but in time they fall to pieces after having dried up and withered, and bones and skulls may be seen strewn along the floor. The monks preserve the bodies so that relatives and friends may have every opportunity of identifying those whom they have lost in the mountains. The pass where the monastery stands was traversed by Roman armies, by armies under Charlemange and by Barbarosso, and in May, 1800, by Napolean and his army of 30,000 men. Napolean and his staff made the hospice their headquarters. In the chapel of the hospice is a monument erected to General Desaix, one of Napolean's generals, who died after the battle of Marengo. He was mortally wounded in the battle, and Napolean stood at his bedside comforting him in his dying moments and promising: "I will give you the Alps for your monument. You shall rest on the loftiest inhabited point—in the Church of St. Bernard."

After a lapse of fifty yeras Marist missionaries are about to go to the Solomon Islands to convert the natives. The mission has just been conferred upon them by the Holy See. The first missionaries went there in 1845. They were Marists, under the leadership of a Marist Bishop, Mgr. Epalle. The Bishop was quickly martyred by savages, and soon afterwards three of his missionaries were not only killed, but roasted and eaten. A similar fate was reserved for others. Not long ago a young priest of the Foreign Missions, Rue du Bac, surprising an interlocutor by his exultant and joyous manner in connection with the sufferings of martyred missionaries of recent times, replied: "But we hope to be martyrs also." A similar hope must animate the Marist Fathers now about to go to the Solomon Islands.

EASY VICTIMS.

A Large Percentage of Members in the Commons Suffer from Catarrh—The Hope of Fifty Found in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—They Tell their Own Story of Successful Recovery Through this Remedy.

Mr. W. H. Bennet, member for East Simcoe, and 49 others of the House of Commons, have, over their own signatures told of the good effects of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. What the remedy has done for these Parliamentarians it is doing for thousands of others in public and private life the Dominion over. With cold in the head it gives immediate relief inside of half an hour, and a little perseverence quickly rids the head of all trouble It is easy and pleasant to use and produces no hurtful after effects.

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GEO. E. HUGHES.

Mgr. Nugent, of Liverpool, whose fame as a philanthropist is already world-wide, has opened a House of Providence in that city. He hopes to save many of those weak women who, having once given way to temptation, are in serious danger of drifting to ruin, but who with aid and sympathy may easily be restored to an honorable position in life. The House of Providence is to be under the care of the Poor Servants of the Sacred Heart, an order due to the Diocese of Liverpool, but specially trained for this work. Mgr. Nugent has placed them in a noble building, with some thirty apartments, standing on about twelve acres of ground, and altogether the conditions under which the institution opens could scarcely be more favorable.

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