

A True Story.

Two years ago a young Protestant woman, a Baptist, was induced by her friends to go into one of the principal London churches.

When the time came for Benediction, and the Blessed Sacrament was placed in the Monstrance, the friends of the young Protestant saw with surprise that she was looking pale, watching with fixed attention, sitting perfectly still. When Benediction was over, she made no move to go away, but remained long after in the church. As soon as they were outside the church, they began to ask what was the matter.

"Do you know," she said, "I have seen God in the Catholic Church."

"And where else should you see Him?" was the quick answer.

"God in the Catholic Church!" that was the only thing she could say. Her friends tried to make her talk, but she remained pale and silent.

When they reached the house, and she was alone with one of her friends, she was persuaded to tell what had happened and why such a change had come over her.

"Well," she said, "when the priest was carrying that bright thing in his hand, I saw what seemed to me a lovely portrait shining through that little white round space. So lovely was the face that I forgot everything else in the church, and it seemed to be approaching nearer and nearer to me, always getting larger and clearer until at last in large life-size I saw that it was our Saviour, crowned with thorns and carrying His Cross. There was a sad expression on the face as it looked at me, and I began to think to myself: 'Well, what a lovely picture these priests have to put over their altar, and how wonderful that they can make it appear so large when it seems to be in such a tiny space. I could not move my eyes from it, for all the time I felt it approaching me, and I felt afraid as to what I should do or was going to happen. But presently the priest began to carry it, and at last he took the lovely figure in his hand, opened that little door on the altar and put it inside. I could see it no more. And yet I see it still—that lovely face—our Saviour. I know it was He. But in the Catholic church!'"

Her friend could only say to her: "You have seen what priests themselves do not see. How good God has been to you!"

All that night she lay awake longing to know the meaning of this, asking herself. Can it be true that God is in the Catholic Church? Her belief as a Baptist seemed to fall to the ground, and she felt miserable; her only idea of hope was in her wish to speak to a priest. But before she could get a chance, she was obliged to leave the neighborhood and go into the country, where she was seven miles from the Catholic church—a chance which occurring precisely at that time, was a trial and disappointment to her. The evening before she left London, her friends took her to a religious house, where the nuns gave her books and showed her their little chapel. There, in the fulness of her new faith, she went directly up to the tabernacle door, saying in a deep, earnest whisper: "Ah, yes—only think—He is there! He is there!"

For the next five months she was in the country, and as it would seem, left to herself. But she prayed constantly, and used the "Garden of the Soul" as her book of devotion; and she learned the little Catechism, and read "The Threshold of the Catholic Church." She returned, just as a mission was beginning at the same church, and without delay she visited it again. She was introduced to one of the Fathers, and after a few interviews was received into the Church. On the day of her Baptism her joy was indescribable, and again on her Confirmation day at the end of the mission. But her greatest happiness was reserved for the feast of



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the Immaculate Conception, when for the first time she received Communion.
—A. in the Rosary.

Why He Chose the War.

When Charles Dudley Warner was the editor of the *Hartford Press*, back in the sixties, arousing the patriotism of the state by his vigorous appeals, one of the typesetters came from the composing room, and placing himself before the editor said, "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled sensations of pride and responsibility Mr. Warner replied encouragingly that he was glad to see that the man felt the call of duty. "Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor, "but I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your copy."—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

PIC-NIC

In House of Providence Grounds
IN AID OF

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH,
SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1893.

What a Root Did.

It is sometimes hard to understand how the roots or shoots of plants are able to do what they do in their apparent search for water and light, without special consciousness or intelligence, and yet we know that they possess no such qualities, says the *Youth's Companion*. There are few farmers who have not seen the sprouts of potatoes in their cellars find the way to a knot-hole in a board, and extend their growth through it in search for sunlight. The following case, reported by a California paper, tells what a root did:

The root of a tree followed the brick casing of a sewer until it reached a high brick wall in which, several feet above the level on which the root was growing, was a small hole leading through to the other side. For this hole the root made a "bee-line," passed through it, and ran down on the other side, where finally it found the water it sought. The questions are asked by the journal which records the case: "How did the tree know of the hole in the wall?" "How did it know of the water on the other side?" The answer made by a botanist is a very simple one. The tree did not know anything about the hole or the water, for trees do not "know" anything. But they send out their roots in every direction. Those which find moisture and nutriment grow and thrive; and those which find none die and waste away. The root in the case in question was probably turned upward by the wall, so that its discovery of the hole was purely accidental. But once through that aperture, its discovery of the water below was perfectly natural. The roots of trees do "know"—not of their own consciousness, but as the result of countless ages of growth in their kind—how to push on in the direction of water.

The Lord Lieutenant (Lord Houghton), has sent a subscription of £5 to the Cork Amateur Athletic and Bicycle Sports.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, August 30, 1893.

| | | |
|-------------------------------|--------|--------|
| Wheat, white, per bush..... | \$0 62 | \$0 63 |
| Wheat, red, per bush..... | 0 61 | 0 62 |
| Wheat, spring, per bush..... | 0 60 | 0 61 |
| Wheat, goose, per bush..... | 0 59 | 0 60 |
| Barley, per bush..... | 0 35 | 0 44 |
| Oats, per bush..... | 0 37 | 0 40 |
| Pears, per bush..... | 0 60 | 0 61 |
| Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.... | 8 00 | 8 25 |
| Chickens, per pair..... | 0 50 | 0 65 |
| Geese, per lb..... | 0 08 | 0 09 |
| Turkeys, per lb..... | 0 12 | 0 13 |
| Butter, per lb..... | 0 22 | 0 24 |
| Eggs, new laid, per dozen.... | 0 12 | 0 13 |
| Parsley, per doz..... | 0 20 | 0 00 |
| Cabbage, new, per doz..... | 0 30 | 0 40 |
| Celery, per doz..... | 0 10 | 0 00 |
| Radishes, per doz..... | 0 15 | 0 20 |
| Lettuce, per doz..... | 0 15 | 0 00 |
| Onions, per bag..... | 1 20 | 1 25 |
| Turnips, per doz..... | 0 20 | 0 00 |
| Beets, per doz..... | 0 15 | 0 00 |
| Carrots, per doz..... | 0 15 | 0 00 |
| Apples, per bbl..... | 2 00 | 2 50 |
| Potatoes, per bag..... | 0 65 | 0 70 |
| Hay, timothy..... | 8 00 | 10 00 |
| Straw, sheaf..... | 7 50 | 9 00 |

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO Aug. 29.—At the Western cattle yards to-day there was more to sell than the trade wanted. A little buying was done in shippers. One load of 20, averaging 1,400 lbs, sold at 4½¢ per pound; a load of 20, averaging 1,330 lbs, sold at \$4.60 per cwt; and a load of 23, averaging 1,300 lbs, sold at \$4.37½ per cwt.

In butchers' cattle there was more firmness. For a few picked deals as much as 3½¢ was paid, but most loads of the best ranged from 3½ to 3¾¢ per pound.

Most of the milkers and springers here to-day were inferior, and some fetched very low prices. A better quality is in request, and for all such good average values can be reckoned on.

There were about one hundred and fifty lambs and sheep here, and we had a slight enquiry for sheep for export at around \$4.50 for anything suitable. There was little or no demand for butchers' sheep. There were not enough lambs on the market, and prices were stronger at from \$3 to \$3.50, and \$3.75 for choice; all the lambs sold.

The supply of calves being small everything sold readily, but at unchanged prices.

In hogs prices were a little stronger; for a few \$6.10 was paid, but \$6 was the quotable outside price. All grades are wanted.

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