utterly unknown to ordinary visitors-

City, and of which, as an English Pro-

estant, I had hitherto seen nothing.

In this way I became acquainted with

many eminent and holy souls, both men and women, who did more to remove my

ly with regard to devotion to our Lady.

e instruction on certain points, and

met me at a convent for that purpose

yet, in each and all of these cases, it was that I sought him, not he me

Even later, what I have learned has

been principally from books to which

he referred me, and which I was to

study and work out the conclusions for myself without his aid. I think he was afraid of his personal influence over me

He did me the greatest possible service, however, at this time, by kneeling by

the service, which ever after I was enabled to follow with ease and comfort.

If Catholics who are helping Anglicans into the Church would only do this more

often, one of the greatest stumbling-blocks of Protestants would be removed.

ased to the service of the Mass from

following the service exactly, and see

ing how each part forms one beautiful

and sublime whole, culminating in the

The result of my visit to Rome was

Holy Spirit of God, which touches them

to the quick, so that they can find no answer but in the words of Samuel;

With me (as with so many others at

this very moment) all human consider-ations were perpetually urging me the other way. I had been left sole guard-

ian of my children by my husband's will; but I bad already received notice

Chancery. Of the justice of such a course this is not the place to speak. Enough that it is the law of England that children can thus be forcibly estranged from their mother and natural estimates of the will of the

protector, in spite of the will of the father, if that mother, by following the

dictates of her conscience embraces a

different faith. I had promised my

husband on his death-bed that I would

never leave his children; nor entrust them to the guardianship of others.
And I found myself therefore in a great

strait, not knowing exactly what the powers of the Court of Chancery might

be; and dreading, as all mothers would, that my children would either be taken

from me (in which case my promise would be broken) or that they would be

exposed to influences which above all

others I most dreaded, while I should be

powerless to interfere; and that, from my own act. In this great moral diffi-culty, too, I had no one to advise or

I think that Catholics who

Great Sacrifice.

inting out to me the exact places in

my side at Mass once or twice, an

aded in my

once or twice during my stay at R

"I am very desirous to meet your I said, at last, when the pause in the conversation had grown intolerably long, and she had done nothing to

Which cousin ?" she inquired. "Which cousin?" she inquired.
"Onelda, Miss Haliburton," I explained. "Her uncle, Major Haliburton, has been a friend to me since my
boyhood. He tells me you call her

She looked up at me with her beautiful, romantic, Irish-blue eyes, full of a shy wildness, like those of a frightened gazelle. A wave of rich color swept soft oval of her cheek. I am Dido," she murmured, in low,

embarrassed tones,

TO BE CONTINUED. SOULS FROM PURGATORY PRE-

VENT A MURDER. It was fair-day in the town of the Pyrenees. This fair is held twice a year only—on the feasts of St. Michael, for the Sth of May and the 29th of September. It lasts for several days and is of great importance, for from and is of great importance, for from towns, villages and mountain hamlets the people flock to it in vast num-

A wealthy farmer brought to this autumn fair his numerous stock. He had good luck in finding purchasers, and, at the close af the half-yearly market, had the satisfaction of carrying away with him a well-lined wallet, in exchange for his flocks and herds.

Not all were as fortunate as the lly farmer. Not all who hovered jolly farmer. around the stalls and booths of the market place had sold their wares as profitably as he, and some, indeed, had nothing to sell, and no money with which

The latter was the case with two men who had nothing better to do than to watch their more fortunate neigh-

They beheld the happy farmer rejoicing in his luck, saw the exchange of horses, cows and sheep, for gold, silver and bank-notes, and even saw the farmer's leathern wallet close upon a small

These two men were friends in "illluck," as they called their improvident manner of life. "Good fortune" was no friend of theirs, they declared; and, talking over their mutual disappoint-ments, they grew embittered, discour-

aged, gloomy and envious.
"Why should those who already have so much receive more?" one asked

the other. Their eyes met ; their thoughts were The farmer's way home was their way too. Across mountain and stream, through valleys, glens and lonely paths, within sound of a rushing river, whose bed was deep and whose current swift, their own road lay, and

answered the other.

We are two. "But if he still resist?"

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We are two; your hearth, like mine, is cold; your children and mine are hungry and naked." But if he should still be too strong

No reply, only a long look into each other's gloomy eyes. After awhile one asked the other: "Would you do him

"Come, are you ready?"

The voice of the speaker was trembling and the reply startled from their lair.

It was only to re-enter it hastily. A flood of light lay across the path, and showed them the farmer—in the midst

of a goodly company.
"His friends are accompanying him

part of the way. Let us hasten forward; we can intercept him at the gorge." Again all was dark, as they issued forth and followed their prey. From time to time the moon penetrated through the deep shade, and showed them the farmer walking on alone, firm, erect and bold. His air and manner irritated them. They were in advance irritated them. They were in advance again—within the mountain gorge, deep

dark, awful. They withdrew once more to wait for the traveler.

each other. No matter; whoever they were, they would not pass the end of the gorge at that hour. "Look, he is

alone!" They saw him clearly now, safe beyond the dangerous pass.

Through the silent village streets they followed him, and waited his coming at a lonely cross-road. How white they were, crouching in the darkness, hardly breathing for fear of being over-

hardy breating for the work of the heard by him, as he drew near!

An ivy-covered wall hid him from their sight for an instant. "When he masses it will be our time."

But lo! he has passed it, and it beside them, and fear smites them as they

'Come," said the other, "let us go; we are not to do this devil's work. Rise!" he repeated hoarsely.
But he had to help his weaker comcommon to his feet, and take him by the

arm and lead him. "I shall go at once to the priest," said the thou with me. We have been saved from doing an evil deed."

They sought their parish priest and told their story. That they were sincere, he had no doubt; but, to prove its truth, the priest sought the farmer and asked him, in a general way, for news of St. Michael's fair—what luck he had had, and of the events of the

The honest farmer suspected nothing, and told how he had sold his cattle to good advantage, how he had supped with his friends, and then set out for

" Alone?"

" Did you stop anywhere?"

"Yes." When he was passing a sanctuary of our Lady, he had suddenly renembered that it was the annivers ary of his father's death; and he had stopped there to recite the rosary for he souls in purgatory.
Ah, thought the priest within himself,

these souls for whom he prayed were his companions and protectors on that cases, but never attempted any renewal fearful road. But he continued his of intercourse either in person or by

"Some of your good friends came part of the way, at least, with you?"
"No; it was late, and I would not let them do so. I know the road too well to need guide or guard," was the

farmer's reply.

Ah, thought the priest again, how little he suspects how much he needed both guide and guard that night, or who they were that kept him company

in that dread hour!
"But you met someone, either coming or going, between this and the village? a living soul," was the de-

cided answer.

The priest was convinced—convinced two souls and grateful. He had gained two souls to his flock, and the farmer's life was safe, thanks to the protection of the

HOW I CAME HOME.

Holy Souls.

resource was to fall back upon my old rule of life, to try as far as possible to be in the mind of the Church if I could not be outwardly of its body; above all, to wait and pray for further light and guidance. My Catholic longings, however, were not satisfied: I could not forget what I had heard. Dr. Newman says truly: "He who has once seen a ghost cannot be as one who had say that I feit I could not ask him to my seen a ghost cannot be as one who had the same threeton.

The following year, I went to Rome their infancy, and can never recoolect the time when they did not understand it, have no idea of the difficulty it presents to Anglicans as Protestants; they have not a notion of following the intentions of the priest without the words; and I do not think they can arrive at it either, till they have CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK. current swift, then
so did the farmer's.
"Let us lighten him of his load; he
will never miss it," said one.
"He is strong; suppose he resists?"
"He who has once
seen a ghost cannot be as one who has
never seen it."
Doubts as to the truth

of the Church of England had been sown broadcast in my mind; and I could not but feel that the only ligitimate and honest conclusion to which the High Church teachings of my life could lead was the one at which the Archdeacon and Dr. Newman had begged to near all det These I gave him; but a could lead was the one at which the Archdeacon and Dr. Newman had the reports of my of

spring of the Reformation and not the Church of Christ; that it was a national establishment, in fact, and nothing else. And if it were indeed a branch of the true Church, where was the harm of going to the parent tree? In the meantime, I read every book that came in my way against these convic-tions—Wordsworth and Burnett, Sewell and Goulburn, Bennett and and half-a-dozen others-and laid each down in disgust, because I felt that they made ex parte statements, that they quoted isolated passages from the "He comes."

"Ready!"

"Stop! What is this? Once more he draws near, but not alone. His friends are with him still—another chance is lost."

They must seek still another spot for their work, but it must be beyond a village which they are now nearing.

"Who were those men?" they asked each other. No matter; whoever they stroyed where it ought only to have amended; and especially regretted the

> Ten Commandments and reiterated prayers for the Queen and the royal family, for the simple Eucharistic service of the Catholic Church. But work thickened upon us. The Crimean war came; and for the moment, I laid aside my racking doubts and fears and bent all my energies to trying to help my husband. During the war, I help my husband. saw my old friend, the late Archdeacon

substitution of the Morning Service

with its wearisome "dearly beloved Ten Commandments and reiterate

behold him. For the third time, he is like the prophet, in --- Street, of all order, beauty and light within." need of Christ which we had given him at Rome. I recollect nervously con-fining myself to the business on hand; but at the end, I could not resist kneel-ing to ask for his old blessing. He gave it me without comment, kindly but sadly; and then we did not meet

gain for months.
I pass over the intervening years of my lite till my husband's death. They had been passed in arduous work and in ever-increasing anxiety for the health of one who was dearer to me than life. At last, the blow came; and then it was that I fully realized what it was to be in a Church in which I did not believe, and which did not recognize prayers for the dead. My mother-in-law had once said to me (in speaking of my sister-in-law's death), that it was the only thing she could not bear in the Church of England. And to me, it was simply impossible. I had prayed for him daily for twenty years. How could I leave of now? Besides, if there were only a chance, however remote, however doubtful, that such prayers could benefit him, how could I withhold them? I had a very touching letter from our old friend, speaking of him as I felt and knew he would do. In reply, I asked him where I could find such prayers as I had sought for in vain among Anglican manuals of devotion, begging him like-wise to say some Masses for my husband's soul; for he was then a priest. He complied with my wishes in both cases, but never attempted any renewal continuing the correspondence.

That year of overwhelming misery

went by. I spent it in the south of France; seeing no one scarcely but my children and the poor, and holding no conversations on religious subjects. went once or twice to Catholic church of the place where I was living; church of the place where I was fiving; but I was rather discouraged than otherwise by so doing; for I found it next to impossible to follow the services from the rapidity of the priest's utterance any my own ignorance of Latin.

This I resoived to remedy by taking lessons; but I had no one to help or explain to me the ceremonies of the Mass or Benediction, and got hopelessly puzzled at the rapidity with which the former was said. Even at that time, reports were spread in England of my having been received into the Church. I repelled them almost indignantly. I had come to no such decision. Yet, being miserable and dissatisfied with the Anglican establishment, my mind was ever insensibly working on-

months in Rome before we met; and he then spoke of nothing but my sorrow and his great love for my husband, and begged to hear all details of the end. These I gave him; but we did not touch

that I resolved to halt no longer between two opinions, but to try by every means in my power to arrive at the truth. I felt, in fact, that I could no In spite of all my caution, however, my conversion were the reports of my conversion were renewed. I had not only done nothing aready arrived.

Whenever we went abroad, we used to go to Benediction or early Mass, and I often discussed the whole matter with I had always done before with my husband) lest people should talk and make truth. I felt, in later, that to do so would longer set it aside—that to do so wo harm?"
The question was low, the voice faltering that asked it. The reply was long in coming; at length it came, but weak and in an uncertain tone.

"I would not take his life."
"But he is strong! and what if resist?" reiterated the other.
There was no answer but a sigh or groun, and they walked on and on. The night was growing dark.
The farmer tarried late.
"He is with his friends at the innight was growing and crising and drinking. He carries a light heart."
"Let his purse also be light," was the really.

The question was low, the voice falter who who matter with my husband. He knew perfectly what often discussed the whole matter with my husband. He knew perfectly what husband husband had the noven for the provent in the Lungara, where my couns had had the noven for the provent in the Lungara, where my couns had had the noven for the my cousins had had the noven for the my cousins h they are feasting and drinking. He carries a light heart."

"Let his purse also be light," was the reply.

The darkness deepened, and shadows gathered around. The mountain path became less and less distinct.

"Let us wait here."

They took shelter behind a beetling crag that shut them in from the road. Darkness settled down while they waited; and there was yet no moon.

A footstep was heard at last. Their hearts beat loud, it seemed almost as if the rushing river Gave, instead of blood, was surging in their veins.

"Come, are you ready?"

The voice of the road point of the road blood, was surging in their veins.

"Come, are you ready?"

The voice of the road point of the road blood, was surging in their veins.

"Come, are you ready?"

The voice of the road point of the road point of the road point of the road point the cathers and being of use in one's generation, depended on our staying where atom, depended on our staying where the result of hundreds and hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of such conversations. I make the result of hundreds and hundreds of such conversations. I make the result of hundreds and hundreds of such conversations. I more their services, but I used to steal in from the garden to the Church by this means. After all, it was not a question for A. Or B. It concerned the individual soul of each one, and could not be decided my Anglien chaplain, who was my boy's that they are like the result of the presence, and felt into the Church by this means. After all, it was not a question for A. Or B. It concerned the individual soul of each one, and could not be decided in my Anglien chaplain, who was my boy's tutor and lived with us. But his notions about women have no character that as long as the Anglian Church in the reaction of the road blood in the road point the research and she wards dusk and pray before the little of the Presence, and felt used to steal in from the garden to the Church by this means. After all, it was not a question for B. It was not a question for B. With the light tellin it. Now, in some cases, such advice might
Now, in some cases, such advice might
and have been wise and right. No one feels
I more strongly than I do how absurd it
lk- is for a woman, however carefully eduwith the intellect but with the heart," their veins.

This was the result of hundreds and have been wise and right. No one feels more strongly than I do how absurd it found it worried him, and I left off talking of it; but my own feelings underwair.

and mer—in the midst wheart, the conviction that had mer—in the midst accompanying him accompanying him accompanying him.

This was the result of hundreds and have been wise and right. No one feels more strongly than I do how absurd it is for a woman, however carefully educated, to discuss theological questions. That is what people mean when they say, "they believe not with the intellect but with the heart, "they have an instinct of what is true or false before they realize tions and extracts; and my old work for my husband long ago convinced me dawned upon me before my marriage and dawned upon me before my marriage and dawned upon me before my marriage and for my husband long ago convinced me of the extreme difficulty of judging any the Church of England was but an office that they have an instinct of they can only read books in translations and extracts; and my old work for my husband long ago convinced me of the extreme difficulty of judging any the Church of England was but an office the matter as a fact." They do not mean that the Catholic Faith does not in my case. I had always lived with and Spirit stronger than they say, "they believe not with the intellect but wit been treated as the equal and companion of clever men; I had not had the education or training of an ordinary woman; and the religious doubts and "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant difficulties which troubled me had been heareth." put before me by really able and firstrate minds. So that to tell me, as this good man once did, to stifle without

solving them, was a moral impossibilacquainted with a Hungarian lady, a very fervent Catholic, to whom I now became intimately and warmly attached. She took me with her to a restant to the control of the disconnection of the disconnec Circumstances at this time made me treat she was attending at the Villa Lanti, which was preached by the Pere de Damas, of whom I had heard a great deal during the Crimean war. I was struck by the very practical nature of his teaching. There was not a word with which I did not entirely agree. And this was the more important for me at that time, because I was just in that state in which so many people are before they quite make up their minds to submit to the Catholic Church—that is, I was inclined to cavil at everything. People imagine that they must understand everything, and that all

their doubts must be cleared up before they take the final step; whereas you must take the plunge in order to see and understand! God in that way rewards our faith and simplicity; and as Dr. Newman well observes: "The as Dr. Newman well observes: "The Church is like a painted glass window —all darkness and confusion without;

help me. I felt strongly also how usesurrounded by a group of men.

Trembling and afraid they shrank back into the sheltered the hedge.

Trecollect nervously con
Tr I mean the beautiful network of charit-

But there were other circumstances which increased my difficulties. able institutions which nowhere exist in such perfection as in the Eternal the Catholic yearnings of my whole life, I had induced my husband to begin, and had myself completed, the restoration of all the churches on the property large altars, restored the patron saint in prejudices by their daily lives than volumes of controversy would have done. Still, I had difficulties, especialeach church; and, as crucifixes were not possible, had put a representation of the Crucifixion, not in small medallions but in large and separate figures, in all the east-end windows we could find untilled with stained glass; so that I remember perfectly well having been given a Catholic manual, and carefully cutting out and pasting down all such the people might, at any rate, have their thoughts led up to that great Mystery of our Redemption. Moreportions of it as treated of the Rosary or the Immaculate Conception! On over, since my husband's death, I had one occasion, at Countess A—-'s House, I again met Dr. Manning. But restored and fitted up, in the most Catholic manner possible, the chapel in the house, which formed part of the he did not encourage me in any way, and I felt that if I wanted his advice I church of the old Beneautime Monas-tery which formerly stood on this site. Here I had persuaded the chaplain to must seek it directly, he would not be the first to open the subject. At last, wearied with the struggle which had use the Compline service on Sunday evenings; and other prayers on Fridays, been going on for so many months in my own mind, and intensely anxious for taken from Catholic manuals. I was organist, and I had carefully selected explanations which would clear away my doubts and difficulties, I wrote to organist, and I had carefully should be none but Catholic hymns; while the Bishop had given us leave to have Holy Communion on all saints' days and festivals, on which occasions the chapel him and asked him to see me. Even then he hesitated; and I mention this because it is the fashion for Protestants to affirm that he moved heaven was always beautifully decorated with flowers and lights. All this, if I became and earth to make converts; whereas, as far as I was concerned, the reverse flowers and lights. All the partial a Catholic, I must give up. a Catholic, I must give up. was the fact. He emphatically left me alone. And although, at my earnest request, he at last consented to give me

But there was one thing which touched me even more nearly. My husband had built a beautiful church in the village at the cost of £30,000. He and I had completed its adornment by and I had completed its adormance by bringing the rarest marbles and mosales from Italy; beautiful lamps from Venice, and carving and painted glass from Germany. Here, too, he was buried; and my greatest consolation, since his death, had been to pray in this church and in the crypt dear coffin lay, and which I had fitted up almost as a private chapel. great would be the struggle be could give up the daily service in this church, associated as it was with all the happiest years of my life, and now sanctified by being his last restingplace, no one but myself and God knew. In all my church works, also, the Bishop of the diocese had been my constant adviser. He was to me as a very dear brother; how then could I take a step which I knew would not only injure him in the estimation of his floc but also wound him to the very heart? Besides all these reasons, human pride came in. How was I to give up the came in. How was I to give up the position I held in the whole neighborhood, where I was looked upon as the promoter of every good work, and con-sequently admired by good people of every class? How exchange this for scorn and obloquy, and the contempt and distrust of all those whose good opinion I most valued ?

I dwell upon these temptations (for such they were) because I see them reproduced more or less in almost every case of conversion; and I know that hundreds are kept back at this moment by similar considerations. To me, the suffering was peculiarly great, because sunering was pecunary great, because all my life long I had leant so much on human sympathy and human approbation. I had been the spoilt child of my father, the spoilt sister of my only brother, the spoilt wife of one of the best and noblest of men. Since his death the same affectionate love and appreciation had surrounded me, both for his sake and my own. And all this I felt I must relinquish if I became a Catholic, and go out, emphatically alone, in the cold! My whole nature shrank from it to such a degree that recollect saying to a friend who was talking on the subject of the difference between the two Churches: "Don't enquire, don't try and see if you would not be as utterly miserable as I am

TO BE CONTINUED.

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