THE LEGEND OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

IX CENTURIES ago there were brought to the famous city of Cologne, beside the Rhine, the bones of the Three Wise Kings for Magi, as we call them) who came from the East to Bethlehem, to visit the new-born Christ in the humble inn. These relics had been brought to Milan by certain Italian gentlemen who had taken part in the First Crusade. When the Lombard capital was leveled with the dust they had been saved, and Fredenck Barbarossa presented them to the city of Cologne.

Now there was no cathedral church in Cologne at that time. But the Archbishop Conrad of Hochsteden and the municipal council of the city conferred together and determined to erect a shrine for this precious treasure that should eclipse every other sacred edifice in

This was the proposition which the Archbishp made in the Stadthouse of Cologne, and the town councillors had agreed unanimously. The city at this time had reached a period of great prosperity, and these worthy burghers were determined to surpass all other cities.

"We will have the finest cathedral in the world " said the Archbishop in his peroration, and they had cheered him to

And yet it was not till the year 1880 that the Archbishop's promise was fulfilled. In the autumn of that year the old Emperor William, with a host of princes and prelates, celebrated at Colognethe completion of the most magnifrent Gothic building in Germany. Today no incomplete fragment mars the stupendous proportions laid down by the ancient and nameless architect. All is complete-the lofty choir, built by Gerard de Riel; the double aisle, the regiments

of soaring pillars. Six hundred years have passed, however, since it was first designed, and since the stone to build it was first brought with immense labor from the towering rocks of the Brachenfels. And the reason is this, according to the legend:

"We will build," said Archbishop Conrad, "the most magnificent cathedral in the world." His hearers echoed this ambitious wish, and money enough was forthcoming. Only it was evident that before building this mighty edifice they must have a suitable design.

The Archbishop took counsel with the burghers, and offered an almost unlimited reward for a plan of the proposed cathedral that should be entirely worthy of the bones of the Three Kings. It was to be dedicated to St. Peter and, like the Cathedrals of Strasburg and Mayence, belonged to the black-robed Order of St.

Augustine. A year was allowed for the preparation of the designs, which were open to public competition. Heralds were sent to all the great towns of Europe to announce the prize in store for the successful

architect. It chanced, however, that there lived in Cologne itself an architect who resolved as soon as Le heard the proclamation to make his name forever famous as the designer of this magnificent buildly cathedral, vaulted and crowded with clustered columns, perfect in proportion, in design and in ornamentation.

Day after day he awoke from his dreams and locked himself up for hours, flogging his brain to reproduce the magnificent ideas that occurred to him in his sleep. For ten months he labored hard, and at the end of that time tore up all his drawings. It seemed to him that all his toil had been in vain; and yet he felt assured that could he but seize the gargeous imaginings of his dreams, and transfer them to paper, his cathedral would be the most splendid of all structures in the wide world.

In his despair he fancied that his brain was giving away. He fled from Cologne to the famous Siebengebirge, and, settling himself in humble lodgings, determined to see his fellow-men no more until the competition was over. He had failed, he told himself; there was no time left; nothing was left to him but to forget his ambitions.

had wandered far, oppressed with the gloomiest thoughts, when he was caught in a sudden and violent thunderstorm. In the distraction of his mind he had plunged into the forest without taking thought of his steps. He roamed up and down, drenched to the skin by the rain, which fell in torrents, and at length found himself near a magnificent oak. He was passing it when a rent glared

between the black clouds and a white light blazed about the tree, showing up every leaf. The thunderclap which followed it seemed to shake the very earth beneath the architect's feet. A second flash came quick on the peals of the thunder, and at that moment he saw, under the branches, the figure of a man standing where no man had stood before. The stranger was wrapped in a scarlet mantle and wore a slouching red hat with a scarlet feather. His face was pale and handsome, with a pointed coal black beard, eyebrows the arch of which was pointed sharply, and a pair of dark, inscrutable eyes. As the architect's glance fell on these eyes the stranger bowed and advanced from under the

"Dom-Architect," said he, "you have kept me long waiting in some of the most accursed weather within my ex-

The architect stared at the title given to him.

"Sir," he stammered, "pardon me if I was unaware that I had made any appointment with you. If I must confess it, this is the first time I have looked upon you, nor do I know the least in the world who or what you may be. It astonishes me that you should know my profession, or, rather, my aspirations in that profession-"

The stranger smiled curiously, and shook a few raindrops from his scarlet

"I am well aware of those aspirations," avertheless, and I believe that you are just now in despair of seeing them re-

alized. It was to be of some service to you that I waited your coming under the oak. You wish to win in the approaching competition of designs for the Cathedral of Cologne—is it not so?"

"That is the case. But I have decided not to enter. I have torn up my

designs, and, even were I inspired, there is no time left in which to make new ones." The stranger thrust his hand within the breast of his doublet, and drew forth a parchment roll which he unwound.

As he did so a smaller piece of parchment dropped out from inside the roll and fluttered upon the tarf. The architect stooped and picked it up. "Oh, you may hold that in your hand

for a minute; we will concern ourselves with it presently. In the meantime, will you give a look at this?" He spread out the large parchment.

The architect looked at it, and drew back with a cry, half of delight and half of terror. He saw before him the plans and ele-

vation of a cathedral such as even his most splendid dreams had never shown him. And yet he recognized, here and there, many details that those dreams had suggested to him. It was the perfect and glorified whole of which his visions had been but fragments. He clutched it with hands that trembled violently.

"This must be the devil's work!" he

gasped. "What matter whose work it is?" answered the stranger. "The point is that it may become yours."

" Mine!" "Yes, yours-for a consideration." The architect was ready to faint.

"Do you mean that I may sign my name to this incomparable design—that I may have the honor of building the grandest temple on the face of the

" That is what I mean." "The conditions—quick! let me know the conditions!"

"There is but one—the simplest in the world. 'Tis but this, that before you set your name to this design, which, I need hardly assure you, will be easily victorious in the competition, you sign it at the foot of the scrap of parchment which you hold in your hand."

The architect opened the scrap and read it.

"But this means that I sell you my soul!" he cried. "You are decidedly intelligent. Yes,

that is the position. "That at the end of my natural life I am yours, to do as you please with me?"

The stranger bowed. The architect hid his face in his

hands. "Very well. Then I have wasted my time, that's all;" and the stranger at

once began to roll up the design. At the sound of the crackling parchment the other took his hands from his

face and stretched them out. "No, no! I cannot let it go. Give it to me. I will sign at once."

The other smiled.

"Now, I thought you were about to behave rashly." He put his hand within his doublet again. "Here is a pen, but 1 regret to say I carry no ink with me. Extend your arm here for a moment-so-

thank you."
Quickly and almost painlessly, with the point of the pen he punctured the ing. Day after day he wandered the country round, eating next to nothing, sleeping hardly at all, haunted all the while by the vision of a grand and state-ly authedral wanted and crowded with companion.

"Sign, and be famous." The architect dropped on his knee, and spreading the parchment on the other, signed his name.

"There is one thing I ought to explain, perhaps. Are you fainting, sir? No? I thought for the moment—However, as I was saying, there is one point I may explain. You must not allow yourself to think, because the building which you are about to erect will be dedicated to the greater glory of God and will redound to the honor of His name, that therefore you have a chance of slipping out of your bargain. It is for your own honor and glory that you have sold me your soul, remember."

"Demon, give me the design!" cried the architect, and snatching it and hugging it to his breast, he turned and ran through the forest for his life.

the Cathedral were laid, and an army of here, there and everywhere-directing, controlling, exhorting, giving now a re-buke, now a word of approbation—moved the Dom Architect, the greatest man in Cologne. His feet never rested, his eyes never slumbered. Late at night he lingered about the stupendous works, and dawn found him in his place before the earliest mason. Nay, often at midnight he would start up from the bed where he found no rest and sally out under the moon to feed his eyes on the structure, as if he could see it growing. The watchmen on their rounds had surprised him thus once or twice, and had been on the point of arresting him by mistake, but grew accustomed to sceing his dark figure flitting about among the

piles of masonry as they passed.

He fell away in fiesh, as was natural. Men, noting his feverish eye, whispered that the great architect suffered from the madness that so frequently afflicts genius. The work was killing him by inches, as if he cemented the Cathedral stones with his heart's blood. Still they looked up to him with wonder and reverence. The masons, as he passed to and fro among them, hung on his slightest word. Certainly there never was such an architect since the world began.

The scores of pillars rose quickly upon their bases, the thick walls grew to the height of a man's eyes, and then a great festival was held. All Cologne and the country round assembled to witness the fixing in this wall of a huge brazen tablet bearing the architect's name and recounting his vir-tues. The Archbishop made a speech

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of his life and the most miserable.

For the trouble that dogged him day and night was not, as men suspected, by, Arthur and Mt. Forest, met the prothis anxiety about his work, but terror cession at Bell's Corners. Arriving at for the sin he had committed and apprehension for the doom that waited for him. It wore him to a shadow. He could neither eat nor drink. To his horror he found he could not pray. He whom the Archbishop believed to be inspired by God was sold for all eternity to Satan.

It was only when he had swooned once or twice in the midst of his workmen that he consented to rest for a month, the parish school, he was sent to St and retired to the fastnesses of the Eiffel John's College, Waterford, then presided Mountains. As he climbed among them one day, driven along by the scourge of his fears, he heard a voice hailing him, and looking up, perceived a rude but perched on a rock above the path, and a holy, white-bearded man standing at the doorway.

"God be with you, my son!" said the hermit. "Whither are you hurrying so

The architect grosned. "I travel to find comfort," he said, "and I seek it vainly; for God is not

with me, nor ever will be."

therefore, He stands beside you, if your eyes could see Him." They are darkened with fear and sin. Father, tell me what to do; for my soul is lost forever.'

He knelt at the hermit's feet. Hear my confession!" he cried. "I have sold my soul to Satan," And with sobs and cries he told the hermit his

"My son," said the old man, sighing deeply, when the tale was told, "your in January, 1886. Here he remained missin is terrible, yet there is hope. God is always merciful, and will allow you even how to choose between Him and your now to choose between Him and your own vain glory. Which will you-to be where he remained in the faithful disfamous and lose your soul, or to be forgotten and possess the unspeakable love of God?"

"Let me be forgotten?" cried the architect. "Let my name be clean blotted out from among men, if only I may possess my soul alive!"

"Then, my son, you shall share this hut with me, nor go back to the city. will wonder, and speak your praises, and in a little while forget you. The great Cathedral will rise and be completed after many generations, for God will not miss His honor. But it shall be done without you. You shall attain heaven at this price, but at no other. the cometery. During his residence in our midst the rev. gentleman made many

"I consent." there the hermit absolved him. Cologne integrity and good citizenship. General lately endowed through the munificence then months, and the building was reland flock in their loss. Fequiescot in who gave Bishop Keane \$50,000 for this sumed without him. Men agreed that puce.—The Mount Forest Representative. purpose. he had fallen from some precipice among the mountains, or fallen a victim to the robbers that infested the country. They regretted the loss of such a genius to the world, and in awhile forgot all about him. Only the brazen plate remained to tell his name and what manner of

man he was. Up in the Eiffel Mountains the man they missed spent his days in prayer and fasting and penitence. The old her-mit died, and he closed his eyes and huried him on the mountainside; then he went back and inhabited the hut

Long before his own death he knew himself pardoned; but the final sign of it was not given till the very night of his death. While in the heights the spirit of this man ascended to his Maker a furious storm swept down toward the Rhine and tore the brazen tablet from A year later the great foundations of the wall of the unfinished tower.

It was never replaced, and in time was On the third day of his sojourn in the masons swarmed around and above them lost. Then, when it occurred to some meighborhood of the Siebengebirge he thick as flies. Among the workmen, one, marveling at the gigantic Catherine. one, marveling at the gigantic Cathedral, to ask the builder's name, nobody could give an answer. Nobody knows it to this day, and nobody ever will. Catholic Standard.

> Druggists say that their sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla exceed those of all others. There is no substitute for Hood's.

A GOOD PRIEST GONE.

Death of the Rev. Father Cassin.

This week it is our sad duty to chronicle the death of the Rev. Father Cassin, the popular parish priest of Dundalk, Melanethon and Proton. He had been ailing for the past six months, but kept on doing duty until the first of June; notwithstanding all that medical skill and the best of care could do, he quietly passed away last Thursday morning the 19th September at the parochial residence, Dundalk, in the 45th year of his age, and the 19th of his sacred ministry. On Saturday morning at nine o'clock in the Roman Catholic Church, Dundalk, the funeral ceremonies began, with the Very Rev. Dean O'Connell, Mt. Forest, as celebrant, Rev. Fr. Buckley, Owen Sound, deacon; Rev. Fr. O'Reilly, Hamilton, sub-deacon, and Rev. Fr. McPhillips, Orangeville, master of ceremonies. The Right Rev. Monsignor McEvay, Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, preached the funeral sermon and the Rev. Fr. Duby, the priest in charge of the parish, assisted the choir. Besides the above rev. gentlemen, there were present in the sanctuary, Rev, Fr. Maloney, Durham, and Rev. Fr. Shaughnessy, Owen Sound. After the ceremonies, the funeral, headed by the Dundalk silver band, began to move, and in a short time the largest funeral procession ever seen in that locality was on its way to Kenilworth cemetery, township of Arthur, where the decessed willed to be buried beside his brother. Members of

in which he spoke of this man as in-spired by God. It was the proudest day Mt. Forest, of which latter branch Fr. Cassin was a member, together with numberless teams from Minto, Normancession at Bell's Corners. Arriving at by Rev. Frs. Owens, of Ayton, Doherty, of Arthur, Duby, of Dundalk, read the last prayers according to the Roman Ritual. The Rev. Patrick Joseph Cassin was born in the parish of Mullinavat, Co. Killkenny, Ireland. After attending over by the present Archbishop of Kingston, the Most Rev. Dr. Cleary. While there he was one of the most exemplary and hard-working students. Having finished his classical course, he came to Canada and was adopted as a student of the Diocese of Hamilton. After spending some time in St. Michael's College, Toronto, he entered the Grand Seminary. Montreal, in 1874, and there pursued the usual course of theology and ecclesiastical training until he, together with five others, was ordained priest by the late Bishop Crinnon, in St. Mary's Cathedral, "God is everywhere, my son; and, Hamilton, on Sunday, July 8, 1877. He was then assigned to Mount Forest as assistant to Rev. Father O'Connell, and after spending three years here in our midst in the faithful discharge of his every duty, he was called upon to take charge of the missions of Priceville, Glenelg and Melanethon, then comprising in part, no less than eight townships. So well did he labor in this extensive field, that the late Bishp Carbery called him to assume charge of Mount Forest of Dundalk, Melanethon and Proton. charge of his duties until the time of his death, when, like the Good Shepherd, he lamented by a sister, Mrs. M. Sherry, of Arthur tp.; his brother Wm. H., of Buffalo, both of whom were with him at the time of his death. His cousins, Mother Cardi hut with me, nor go back to the city. Mary Alphonsus, of Owen Soand, Sister No man shall find you here, and they Gertrude, Mrs. Haley and Mrs. Michael L. Arland, of Hamilton, were also in attendance at the funeral. The esteem in who turned out to meet the funeral pro- attainment of the object in view. strong friends among our business men

DID YOU EVER THINK

That you cannot be well unless you have pure rich blood? If you are weak, tired, languid and all run down, it is because our blood is impoveri hed and lacks vitality. These troubles may be overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure rich blood. It is, in truth, the great blood purifier.

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No flowers are allowed at Cologne funerals. The Archbishop has forbidden their use. the cemetery, the Mt. Forest members of the C.M.B.A., acting as pall-bearers, deposited the remains in the grave, and the Very Rev. Dean O'Connell, assisted The Redemptor giving very success out New England. Sister Mary Felice The Redemptorists and Jesuits are giving very successful missions through-Sister Mary Felicitas, one of the oldest members of the order of Sister-Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, died

at Monroe, Michigan, recently. Eight nuns of the convent at Riborlone, Turin Province, Italy, were recently burned to death by fire, which destroyed the building. Four others were seriously injured.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Statistics show that the Catholic colmy in China consists of 44 bishops, 664 European bpriests, 559 native priests, 34 colleges, and 34 convents with 1,092,818 native converts.

The many friends of Rev. Father Frederic P. Garesche, S.J., will be pleased to learn that he is going to celebrate his golden jubilee, "titty years a Jesuit," on Wednesday, October 9.

The Catholic Knights of America has paid \$6,217,391 to widows and orpnans during the nineteen years of its existence. It has a reserve fund of \$275,000 in interest-bearing bonds.

Verdi has just finished a Mass for the seventh centenary of St. Anthony of Padua, which falls next month. He is setting to music a number of hymns to the Blessed Virgin, written by Signor Boito. Right Rev. Neil McNeil, P.P., Des-

cousse, Nova Scotia, has been appointed Vicar Apostolic of the western coast of Newfoundland. His title will be Bishop of Nilopolis, I.P.1. The new prelate was born in 1851, and was ordained in Rome. April 12, 1879.

An enormous transportable organ for St. Peter's in Rome has been constructed gave his life for his flock. Besides being by Waleker, of Ludwigsburg. It will mourned by his people his death is also have twenty-eight registers and can be moved on three wheels from one part of the great basilica to another by one

Cardinal Vaughan will, it is stated, shortly start for Rome to assist the Pope with his new Encyclical on the conversion of the English-speaking race. It is understood that the Cardinal will propose Forest was attested by the large number to His Holiness a definite scheme for the

eession at Conn and accompanied it to missioner of Labor, has accepted the the cemetery. During his residence in the cemetery contlored many made many of philosophy in the Catholic University, and citizens of all denominations by his to be opened October 1. The chair was sympathy is expressed for his relatives of Joseph Banigan, of Providence, R.I.

The two successors of Father Damien in the Sandwich Islands, Fa hers Conrardy and Wehninger, are still at their devoted labors among the lepers of Molaki, aided by the zealous Franciscan Sisters. Nowadays everything is much hetter organized under the direction of the Hawaiian Government, but the awful scourge does not seem sensibly to diminish.

M'Chinn (having borrowed ten shillings): Oh, thank you. Words cannot repay you for this favor. De Time drily : No, I don't think they can.



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