

THE LEGEND OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

SIX CENTURIES ago there were brought to the famous city of Cologne, beside the Rhine, the bones of the Three Wise Kings...

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 Europe.

This was the proposition which the Archbishop 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 generation, and they had cheered him to the echo.

And yet it was not till the year 1880 that the Archbishop's promise was fulfilled. In the autumn of that year the Emperor William, with a host of princes and prelates, celebrated at Cologne the completion of the most magnificent 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 lowering rocks of the Brachensfels.

"We will build," said Archbishop Conrad, "the most magnificent cathedral in the world." His hearers echoed this ambitious wish, and money enough was forthcoming.

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. Heraldic 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 he heard the proclamation to make his name forever famous as the designer of this magnificent building.

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 stately cathedral, vaulted and crowded with clustered columns, perfect in proportion, in design and in ornamentation.

Day after day he awoke from his dreams and looked himself up for hours, flinging 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 gorgeous 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.

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 turf.

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 elevation 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.

"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 earth?"

"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. "I cannot!"

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 I 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 architect's wrist. A red drop oozed, and then another. The stranger dipped the pen in this blood, picked up the small parchment again and handed it to his 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 lunging it to his breast, he turned and ran through the forest for his life.

A year later the great foundations of the Cathedral were laid, and an army of masons swarmed around and above them thick as flies. Among the workmen, here, there and everywhere—directing, controlling, exhorting, giving now a rebuke, 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 seeing his dark figure flitting about among the piles of masonry as they passed.

He fell away in flesh 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.

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY

in which he spoke of this man as inspired by God. It was the proudest day of his life and the most miserable.

For the trouble that dogged him day and night was not, as men suspected, this anxiety about his work, but terror for the sin he had committed and apprehension for the doom that waited for him.

It was only when he had swooned once or twice in the midst of his workmen that he consented to rest for a month, and retired to the fastnesses of the Eiffel Mountains.

"I travel to find comfort," he said, "and I seek it vainly; for God is not with me, nor ever will be."

"God is ever with me, my son; and 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 story.'

"My son," said the old man, sighing deeply, when the tale was told, "your sin is terrible, yet there is hope. God is always merciful, and will allow you even now to choose between Him and your own vain glory."

"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 but with me, nor go back to the city. No man shall find you here, and they will wonder, and speak your praises, and in a little while forget you."

"I consent." He turned aside into the hut, and there the hermit absolved him. Cologne expected him back, but the weeks passed, then months, and the building was resumed without him.

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

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 the wall of the unfinished tower.

It was never replaced, and in time was lost. Then, when it occurred to some 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, Melancthon 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.

the C.M.B.A. branches of Arthur and Mt. Forest, of which latter branch Fr. Cassin was a member, together with numberless teams from Minto, Normanby, Arthur and Mt. Forest, met the procession at Bell's Corners.

At the cemetery, the Mt. Forest members of the C.M.B.A., acting as pall-bearers, deposited the remains in the grave, and the Rev. Very Rev. Dean O'Connell, assisted by Rev. Frs. Owens, of Ayton, Doloherty, of Arthur, Duly, 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 the parish school, he was sent to St. John's College, Waterford, then presided 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 Crimmon, in St. Mary's Cathedral, 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 Melancthon, then comprising in part, no less than eight townships.

So well did he labor in this extensive field, that the late Bishop Carbery called him to assume charge of Mount Forest in January, 1886. Here he remained until October, 1892, when he was sent to take charge of the newly-formed parish of Dundalk, Melancthon and Proton, where he remained until the time of his death, when, like the Good Shepherd, he gave his life for his flock.

Besides being mourned by his people, his death is also lamented by a sister, Mrs. M. Sherry, of Arthur; his brother Wm. H. of Buffalo, both of whom were with him at the time of his death.

His cousins, Mother Mary Alphonsus, of Owen Sound, Sister Gertrude, Mrs. Haley and Mrs. Michael L. Arland, of Hamilton, were also in attendance at the funeral. The esteem in which the deceased was held in Mount Forest was attested by the large number who turned out to meet the funeral procession at Corn and accompanied it to the cemetery.

During his residence in our midst the rev. gentleman made many strong friends among our business men and citizens of all denominations by his integrity and good citizenship. General sympathy is expressed for his relatives and flock in their loss. Requiescat in pace.—The Mount Forest Representative.

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RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

No flowers are allowed at Cologne funerals. The Archbishop has forbidden their use.

The Redemptorists and Jesuits are giving very successful missions throughout New England.

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 Riborone, Turin Province, Italy, were recently burned to death by fire, which destroyed the building. Four others were seriously injured.

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

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

The Catholic Knights of America has paid \$6,217,391 to widows and orphans 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., Doucousse, Nova Scotia, has been appointed Vicar Apostolic of the western coast of Newfoundland. His title will be Bishop of Nilopolis, I.P.L. The new prelate was born in 1851, and was ordained in Rome, April 22, 1879.

An enormous transportable organ for St. Peter's in Rome has been constructed by Waleker, of Ludwigsburg. It will have twenty-eight registers and can be moved on three wheels from one part of the great basilica to another by one person.

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 to His Holiness a definite scheme for the attainment of the object in view.

Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, has accepted the chair of Economics in the McMahon hall of philosophy in the Catholic University, to be opened October 1. The chair was lately endowed through the munificence of Joseph Banigan, of Providence, R.I., who gave Bishop Keane \$20,000 for this purpose.

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

McChim (having borrowed ten shillings): Oh, thank you. Works cannot repay you for this favor. Do this: drily: No, I don't think they can.

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