## JULY 16, 19C4.

in surprise. "

darling of fond and foolish parents all

had held her a happy inmate for three beautiful years, and Father Marr had

seen her go with a wisful pity for the unguided heart, then awakened soal his little favorite must take into the

"God bless me !" gasped the priest at last, as his horse nearly went down over a huge, moss grown log. "Are you quite sure of the way, Dorothea, child?"

" Oh, yes, yes ; I am sure," was the

climbed to gather her mountain blue-

bells; here the crumbling old breast-works, whose heroic story he had told

works, whose heroic story he had told her with flashing eyes and glowing cheek; there the Indian spring, where they had picnicked so gleefully one summer evening, while the sunset fires burned among the pines, and the air was sweet with the grape blossoms. And here was the "Burn," as Jack's old grandfather had christened the dancing brook that bordered his land—the Burn, that a month ago was a mountain

brook that bordered his land-the Burn, that a month ago was a mountain water-sprite laughing and leaping down to the gorge. Was this the Burn that, swollen into fierce depth and strength, swept down the mountain with passion-

Madcap though she was, Saint Mary's

## 6, 1904

e you not a

y's ?" elationship, I that to speak that to speak to pretty he end. The re always in a one family. nd I—or Eph, out the doors for eight or

" Oh, Father, yes, it is I. I have come for you. Jack, Mr. Dalton, is dying, and he is a Catholic-fie bocame one at Saint Bede's last year." r for eight or a secret from f we had been larry," cried is asso st fellow I've

dying, and Bait Bede's last year." "Young Dalton ! 'Good gracious ! That splendid young fellow that took all the honors of his class ? Dying, you say, my child ? Where ? I am an absolute stranger here. Is it far..." "Oh, yes; fifteen miles by the road. But I know a cut across the mountain," the young voice broke, for it was Jack who had shown her the old "Dalton trail." "Oh, be quick, Father, be quick. He is dying." And the chok-ing sob that came with the word told the good priest enough to fill his heart with pity and pain for the girl whom he had crowned with commencement honors

her life.

rturable Yan-ast there's no n you !" by marriage. been as inti-ould be. Well, n every thing ED.

DOROTHY. e had fled be s, tremulously over the hills. a riot of gold-s of the sumac the forests were rs of crimson

queened it at roses bloomed, toga trunk and was past.

such another - no, nine-the Dick Nev-ll he counts. e dancing and or I haven't a hy Paris mult all is over for-Dorothea sant Dorothea sank attered finery, a suspicious wn eyes. For l,' filmy frag-d a throng of

y of that gown Dalton to her ad throbbed to est tale of love; demolished by on the night he

ever. ed a light word nusic sounding of eager part-and her smile. new things to y, who had a adorer at night roguish glance

roguish grance og.  $\sigma_{g}$  ame all sum-aps, and Doro-ning cards, but the man to play s. It was so he really meant mund.  $\infty - \infty$ upid, so-sovn eyes were t a heavy step brushed them ed desperately s Miss Pamela n, and dropped

l ever any one Everything in set in and show rnest, child, as I hev hed a turn ok my breadth. up in hot haste Jack Dalton is ish priest." alton dying !" " Not dying,

night. Heart id. But to ask last, when the fessing members to my certain good Mr. Lyle dying comfort But this is what ff to Popish col-st! Thank the le Jeb, there's ithin fifty miles

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

dom, were years of careful training and instruction for them. They heard His discourses; they witnessed His mir-acles. To them He explained the par-ables of the Kingdom, and accordingly as they were able to bear the knowl edge, He disclosed more and more fully the mysteries of His religion. To them He foretold His Passion and Death. After the Resurrection He remained with them forty days to form them more the vanity, the cruelty, the heartless-ness that had driven him from her." It was a white-faced, hollow-eyed bitel Dorothy that dashed up to the broad piazza of the Mountain House, where Father Marr, ensconced in a big arm-chair, was fighting off his annual attack of hay fever. "God bless me!" exclaimed the good priest, starting up in surprise. "Little Dorothy Deane, or her ghost!" But she sprang to her feet aglow with bushes. "Oh, you wicked, cruel Jack! To break my heart and nearly kill me like this! I will never forgive you, never!" But Jack could not be driven back now-Dorothy was his own, he knew. couple of planks across the stream so that he could pass. He left me to take care of you-now, and -and forever-if now-Dorothy was his own, he knew. Heart and soul had awakened together. with them forty days to form them more thoroughly for their work. Then He issued His commission to this Body. " Uncle Jack " got well in spite of the " heart trouble," and Father Marr had a more cheerful call a few months issued His commission to this Body, this living organization, which was to carry on His work. Listen to the terms of this commission: "As the Father hath sent Me, so I also send you." Then He breathed on them and said to them: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." \* \* \* "All power is given Me in heaven and on earth. Go, therefore, teach all nations, baptizing them in later when he blessed Jack and his little bride with all the solemn rites of the Mother Church-while weddingbells pealed out in joyous triumph little Dorothy's surrender.—Mary T. Wagga-man in Benziger's Magazine.

heaven and on earth, Go, therefore, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the word." \* \* \* "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." \* \* \* the good priest enough to fill his heart with pity and pain for the girl whom he had crowned with commencement honors three brief months before. Stray little lamb that she had been in his fold, Father Marr and Dorothea had been good friends ever since the day he had found her scaling the convent wall behind his little cottage, and with a few grave fatherly words had stopped "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." Here then is the commis-sion of the Church ; here is her power, been good increased in the convent wan had found her scaling the convent wan behind his little cottage, and with a few grave fatherly words had stopped her flight. Dorothea had run away from her dight. Dorothea her dight. Dorothea her dight. Dorothea her dight. Dorothea her di her dight. Dorothea her dight. Dorothea her dight. Dorothe sion of the Church ; here is her power, here is her jurisdiction, here is her duty and authority to teach; hore is her mission to convert, to regenerate, to forgive sins, to save souls. Her mis-sion is Christ's mission ; her work is to continue His. He is to remain in the world and carry on His work through her flight. Dorothea had run away from three boarding-schools before, and pro-posed to keep up the fun indefinitely, but somehow Father Marr's little talk had altered her plans. No one had ever spoken to her in quite that tone before, for Dorothea had been the spoiled darling of fond and foolish parents all world and carry on His work through her. Of this living Body, as St. Paul expresses it, Christ is the Head; the whether friendly or hostile, as a fact which cannot be ignored. It presents itself, not as a theory of life, nor as a mere code of morals the purest and noblest that has ever appealed to the highest faculties of man; it is more than all ranks and conditions of life, oprosed power, an active agent pervading all ranks and conditions of life, opposed on every side by all the forces of evil, resisted, persecuted, cast out, yet ever advancing, influencing the lives and destinies of individuals and nations. Christ taught. Such then is the Christ taught. Such then is the context of the intelligence the spoke. And the paraclete, the Spirit of Truth Who abides in her, recalls to her all that Christ taught. Such then is the christ taught. Such the christ taught. Such then is the christ taught. Such the christ tau nnguided heare, then the first into the his little favorite must take into the world's wide ways. But this was a changed Dorothy, who, with white, strained face, and eyes wild and dark with grief and fear, led him over the mountain heights to-day, answering in short, distracted words to his questionings, while she urged her pony up the steep rugged path ata pace Father Marr's old hired cab found it hard to follow. Higher and wilder grew the way, choked by undergrowth, tangled by wild vines, barred by fallen trees. "God bless me!" gasped the priest at last, as his horse nearly went down over a huge, moss grown log. "Are moven quite sure of the way, Dorothea, GREAT CHANGE WROUGHT. Men, in their perversity, may ques-tion the divine origin, challenge the beneficial effects of Christianity; but sins; and baptizing those who believed, he added three thousand converts to the Church. tremulous answer. Sure indeed ! Was not every turn of the trail filled with had ridden through these wild ways at her side ? Here was the bank he had elimbed is cation here mountain blank and secondly that it has had react alread and secondly that it has the world, and secondly that it has the very turn of the trail of the trail the world, and secondly that it has the church.

wrought a great change in the civilized world. Nineteen centuries ago, when This was the beginning of the Church's mission, and this was the method she pursued. As Christianity, in the lifetime of Christ, was Christ Rome was mistress of the civilized Rome was mistress of the empire world, in the first years of the empire under Augustus Caesır, there was no Christianity in Rome. If you walked into the Roman Forum or stolled with our friend Horace into the public In the initial of the second s baths, you encountered at every turn a temple of some false god. Jupiter Capitalinus looked down on his favorite teaching, governing, regenerating, life-giving Church, there is no Christianity. brook that bordered his land—the Burn, that a month ago was a mountain water-sprite laughing and leaping down to the gorge. Was this the Burn that, swollen into fierce depth and strength, swept down the mountain with passion-ate outery that seemed to voice the wild anguish rang Dorothen's heart ? She drew up her [pony in dismay. There had been a crossing here in the sweet summer time gone by—a quiet, shady place where the trees met over the shallow dimpling water and she and Jack had always let their horses stop and drink. Now the dead leaves were swirling in a wide stretch of angry foam. " Missed the bridge, eh ?" said Father Marr, why was prepared for something of this sort, with such a will o' the wisp guide. " No," said Dorothea, still sure of herself and her way. " A ford!" gasped Father Marr, looking at the will sween of wass to cross here. We would be madness to to cash here to the rocks below. city from the capitol hill; Mars and Appollo, Venus and Vesta, all had their Christ made His religion a living, or-This is the history of the Church from the day of Pentecost. Like the must-ard seed, which is plantéd in the earth and first seems to decay and die before it shoots up into the living plant and then grows into a great, wide-spread-ing tree; so the Church in the first centuries seemed to be crushed into the earth by persecution, only to emerge into the light of day strong and vigorous and confident in the promise of her Divine Founder. And all through those centuries there was no Christianity except in the Church; there was no witness for Christ except in His Church. There was no organ of the Holy Ghost, no fountain of new life, ex-cept this Church. There were heresies and sects; but what were they except branches torn from the tree, to wither and decay, or streamlets diverted from and decay, of surfamilies drive the frame the great river, to dry up in the sand and disappear? Those spurious forms of Christianity, those counterfeit churches are now unknown to history, except in connection with the one, true Chapter form which they may sourced Church from which they were severed. She never abdicated her power, never resigned her authority, never divested herself of her gifts, or refused to fulfill the mission entrusted to her by Christ. She never doubted her right or her She never doubted her right or her duty. She never resigned to any book the work of teaching, saving, regenerat-ing the world. She could no more divest herself of her endowments than Christ could put off His godhead. She is His Body, and the Holy Ghost. The Spirit of Truth abides in her as the soul in the body. When the great re-ligious revolution of the sixteenth cen-tury hoke out, and hereav succeeded How did He establish it? CHRIST BUILDS UP HIS CHURCH. He began by gathering the materials which He was to use in carrying out His divine work. He called about Him a body of men to whom He gave a dis-tientive name and a corporate existtried to cross the Burn, you know, and I, by God's mercy, was on the opposite bank in time to save you." "But—but you were dying, Jack—" "I, Dorothy? Not I, darling, but Uncle John—poor old Uncle John who. to all the old from college, and asked for a priest at last. Uncle John, who, to all the old people in the country, is still "Jack Dalton.' Father Marr has gone to him now. Uncle Jeb managed to throw a

Teres

see. and \$1.00 ; all druggists.



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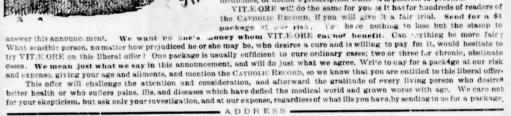
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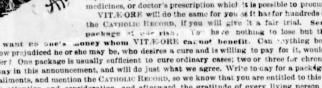
CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE,

LONDON, ONT.

Sand have been

MRS ANDREW MORPHY.

Oshawa, Ontario



"On, yes there yes, there is. Iountain House. yesterday." d Lord, don't a Jesuit, too,' don't

holy horror. said Dorothea. plain at Saint him there. Oh, Pamela, please, er's voice broke

Pamela, grimly. ff, I don't know end of it. I'll let alone Jack iping with his

now, you don't in a husky voice. vent, and do. It st from a dying r Marr myself," eaker, springing on to her feet. Il Miss Pamela situation, Doroand mounted on wildly over the heart, for the glad young life, ce fever-beat of guish, too, which nan hearts must

I Bold, brave k, who had loved han his own life, ith such simple, sty, who had st with a look in that had haunted ok dying ! God, bring him help ald, to atone for who

10, said bor way. There is no bridge only a ford—" " A ford !" gasped Father Marr, looking at the wild sweep of water. " God bless me, child ! It would be madness to cross here. We would be Swept to death on the rocks below. Come ! We must try to find another road. There must be a passable one somewhere near here." "We would have to go back, back all the way," said Dorothea, desperate-ly. "Oh, we must cross here—it can't be deep. Fanchon knows the ford—I

''Oh, we must cross here—it can be deep. Fanchon knows the ford—I will try it.''
'' Dorothy, child, Dorothy !'' Father Marr tried to catch the reckless rider's

rein, but it was too late. Urged in the familiar way by his mistress, Fanchon had plunged into the water. There was one wild moment of fright and struggle, and then with a ort of terror Fanchon took a mad leap short of terror Fanchon took a mad reap that flung her rider and struck out swimming for the shore. And in a blinding, choking fury of foaming waters, darkness closed around little

Dorothy-and she knew nothing more.

" Dorothea, Dorothea, darling !" It was Jack's voice calling her through the infinite space in which she seemed drifting. Jack, whose dear face met her gaze as her eyes slowly un-closed. Jack who held her in his strong, true arms at last. "Are—are we dead together, Jack?" she whispered, the wild roar of the waters that had engulfed her still in her

which all must be emprated which all must be emprated which all must be emprated which all for eternal life. He came to establish for eternal life. He came to establish is just now, "he added tremulously. "You tried to cross the Burn, you know, and the destablish it? CHRIST BUILDS UP HIS CHURCH.

no remnant of the ancient religion ex-cept some superstitions that linger among the most ignorant of the popula-tions. Paganism is overcome, and the Roman Empire makes peace with Christianity. A marvelous change has taken place in the hearts and intelli-remeas of man. What force has wrought taken place in the hears and interna-gences of men. What force has wrought this change? What is the full meaning of this change? Let us go back and see what the new Religion was and how it accomplished its work.

THE ONE TRUE WITNESS.

WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN.

Rev. E. A. Higgins, S. J.

THE ONE TRUE WITNESS.

CHRISTIANITY IS CHRIST. To understand the Religion of Christ, we must first understand the mission, we must first understand the mission, the office, the work of Christ. Christ came into the world to redeem it. It was a fallen world. His name denoted His office. He came to regenerate the human race, to give it a new life; a new life to the soul-the intellect, the heart, the will. He came to lift up a fallen race. He was to enlighten the intellect by the truths of Faith: to

intellect by the truths of Faith; to give new hopes, desires and aspirations; to impose a new commandment tions; to impose a new commandment, the law of brotherly love. He was the Way, the Truth and the Life. With all the authority of the Godhead, He demanded absolute faith in Himself, as the condition and beginning of the new

life. He came not to argue but to teach; not to theorize but to save; teach; not to theorize but to save; not to philosophize but to give ever-lasting life. He was the Vine, on which all must be engrafted who hoped for eternal life. He came to establish



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