

THREE TWILIGHTS.

(By John Kevin Magner.)

Almost the last words written by Mrs. Craigie, whom so many Catholic readers knew as "John Over Hobbes," spoke of the joy she felt on passing through London very late one evening, when she found the doors of the Brompton Oratory still open, with some of the lights yet burning.

Indeed this "twilight of God"—so infinitely more lovely than its vague foreshadowing in the "gloaming of the Gods," the Götterdämmerung of German myth—has ever exercised salutary fascination on minds poetically cast, alike within and without the Church. To cite passages from the poets were to compile an anthology of Catholic chiaroscuro through the centuries, from Milton's "dim religious light" to Longfellow's over-familiar but melodious and fluent lines in "King Robert of Sicily." J. K. Huysmans, in La Cathédrale, gives a whole chapter to the description of a night he spent in Chartres Cathedral, from twilight to dawn. Balzac, the Spanish theologian, when the routine of his day's work forbade him to seek the sacred gloom of some sombre church near his study, was wont to simulate it by flinging his voluminous Spanish cloak over his head, and remaining thus, "musing upon the things of God" till his next deep chapter was complete in his mind, and naught remained but to transcribe it. St. Ignatius—leader of men and of minds—laid much stress on what, for want of apter words, I have called the "Catholic chiaroscuro." One of the questions which the Jesuit novice puts to himself nightly in his examen is: "Have I rightly used the dispositions of light and shade, as recommended by St. Ignatius?" Students from English-speaking countries making a retreat for the first time in Rome are apt to be surprised on the third or fourth day of the exercises by being informed that now they may open the shutters of their windows "a little."

But the subject is so alluring and inexhaustible that it would lead me far from the three episodes in darkened churches that Mrs. Craigie's words have brought to my mind. Suffice it that the First Mass was said at nightfall, and the blazing blue of a Syrian afternoon was darkened at the Crucifixion.

Not very far from Brompton Oratory stands another Church, large for Catholic London, which I shall leave unnamed, lest these memories assume the gossipy tone of mere amiable personalities. One of my friends was intimate with a young priest attached to this church. One evening he was aiding him in the decoration of a side-altar, and it so befell that the two were kept late at their labor of love. Ten o'clock approached, and the sacristan extinguished all the gas jets but the one giving light to the priest and his helper. Save for the glimmer of the sanctuary and other small-wicked lamps, the rest of the church was in darkness. But aisle and chancel were familiar ground to priest and layman alike, and when their task was done, they turned out the gas and walked swiftly along the aisle to the sacristy. Midway they tripped and nearly fell over the bowed form of a man kneeling in earnest prayer before a great mission crucifix attached to the wall. My friend regained himself, and was about to turn and beg the worshipper's pardon, when he felt himself plucked by the sleeve and has-

tered by his priest-companion into the well-lit sacristy behind the curtains.

The priest was strangely agitated. He had not been in good health for some time, but, even so, my friend was at a loss to understand how so trivial—in Catholic life so familiar and humdrum an incident, could thus have shaken his nerves.

"What is the matter, Father?" he whispered.

"Go and look at him for yourself through the curtains," was the strange reply, spoken with trembling lips.

Thus bidden, my friend drew the heavy baize hanging aside and peered down the darkling aisle. The dull roseate glow of the lamp that burned near the carved Feet shone feebly on an old, stern face, moving in earnest and solemn supplication. Above, divined rather than seen, the woeful Face of Our Lord looked down upon him who thus kept vigil.

"I always tremble when he comes here at night to pray for guidance," whispered the young priest. "I wonder what poor wretch's fate will be decided to-morrow—the rope, or freedom. 'Tis—" he added, and he gave the honored name of an English judge not long since dead, a name dreaded among bolder British criminals as a synonym for the gallows and the scourge.

The fear that always comes upon the young when they are first confronted with the deep issues of life and of death, of justice here and of its sanction hereafter, took hold for a space of my friend's imagination, and he was glad to leave the church for the presbytery, while one remained, moulding austere old lips into a child-like prayer for help and light.

May I record here, albeit without relevance, the exquisite reply made to this same just judge by a brilliant and learned Irish Canon, on one occasion? The erudite churchman, who in Irish politics is a Nationalist, was introduced to the judge on circuit by the late Cardinal Vaughan—at the time Bishop of Salford. "He is an arrant rebel," said the future Cardinal. "Then, Canon," said the judge, "when you come into my court, I shall see that you have all justice." "And when you come into mine," said the Canon, with a bow, "I can promise your Lordship all mercy!"

This unforced allusion to the clement tribunal of penance pleased the severe old man, and he often spoke of it afterwards.

It is to the cathedral of that diocese of Salford which Bishop Vaughan ruled so well that memory throws back for a second "twilight" adventure—though, by the clock, it befell at dead of night. A priest was removing the Blessed Sacrament from the tabernacle in order to administer the Viaticum to a dying parishioner. No clerical reader need be reminded that the rubric strictly commands two candles to be lit for this purpose. In his great haste the priest lit but one, and, as he genuflected before the open tabernacle, was terrified to hear a strong voice call out from the black body of the chancel, "Light two candles, please!"

The commission of a fault against obedience and its instantaneous rebuke so frightened the good man that he was relieved rather than concerned when he found that the speaker was Bishop Vaughan, who was spending a night of sleeplessness and pain before the Blessed Sacrament.

And here is the third picture which the words of Mrs. Craigie bring to mind—a picture which haunts me more persistently than any of the foregoing, and with a pathos that is denied to them.

"It is a dark autumn evening, and a student for the priesthood is kneeling in an alcove at the side of the sanctuary in an Irish church. From where he kneels he can see into the body of the dimly-lit, poor little building, himself remaining unseen. An old, old woman, whose life of sorrow and poverty he knows, is alone before the Blessed Sacrament—or so deems herself to be. She is making her adieux for the night to the sole friend whom death and the emigrant ships have left her. A slow and painful genuflection—a slow and reluctant turning of the bowed back upon Him she loved—and then she turns again smiling and holds out withered hands to the Tabernacle. "Good-night," she says aloud. "Good-night—May ourness!"

This little paper has been its

course. Yet the writer cannot help reverting for a moment to the thought suggested in its opening, that God's light and darkness are far more subtly associated than by metaphor—however apt—with the noons and gloamings of the soul. "For all things in two lines of glory run. Darkness and light, ebon and gold inlaid."

Father Faber's lines will appear trite to only the very young, whose trials and truer joys are still before them. But of a greater than Father we are told that before joining the Catholic Church he was perplexed with so many difficulties that his health gave way, and he was obliged to go upon a sea-voyage to recruit it. And one night when the ship was off the coast of Sicily, and Newman—for it was he—being unable to sleep, went up on deck, he looked out across the ocean; but, look whither he would, he was confronted with intense darkness. So he went to the prow of the vessel, and then, far ahead, he espied a tiny bead of light. Upon that light, he mused, the mariner depended for the guidance of his ship; and he realized that his own soul, voyaging in the gloom of doubt, stood also in need of a guiding light.

And he went to his cabin and wrote the most wonder-working hymn of modern times—"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom." Surely it is not fanciful to say that God, in His all-seeing providence, then deigned to use a lowly lamp of oil and wick to conduct men into the City of Peace, as of old He chose fire and cloud to lead them into the Promised Land?

A Message for Pile Sufferers

From Two Ladies Who Have Been Cured of Extremely Torturing Cases of Piles By Dr. Chase's Ointment

Mrs. Geo. H. Simser, Grant, Russell county, Ont., writes: "Eleven years ago I began to suffer from piles, and as they caused great distress, and became worse, I doctored for them. But with little or no avail. They were bleeding, itching and protruding, and oh! the torture I suffered at times can never be described. It was with suffering that the bowels moved, and, as nothing brought relief, I could only endure the misery with an aching heart and without hope of cure."

"Finally, a lady friend told me about Dr. Chase's Ointment curing piles, and to my surprise I felt relief at once on using this ointment; the little tumors soon disappeared, the ulcers healed, and the bowels became regular. This was five years ago, and I have never been troubled with this terrible ailment since, a thousand thanks to Dr. Chase's Ointment."

Mrs. Capt. Clinansmith, Salvation Army, Essex, Ont., writes:—"It is with pleasure that I write to you in praise of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Two years ago I was taken with a severe attack of protruding piles, and became so bad that I had to keep my bed, and could lie in no position except on my stomach. Doctors could give me no help, and the various oils and ointments used proved of no avail."

"One Saturday night, when I was suffering untold agony, my husband went to the drug store for a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, which I had heard of as a cure for piles. Although I had almost given up hope, to the wonder of those around me, I was able to be up and on my feet by Monday, and have had no difficulty from piles since. As a treatment for all kinds of sores and burns, Dr. Chase's Ointment works like magic."

To persons who have given up looking for a cure of piles or hemorrhoids, this letter should bring new hope. There is, we believe, no more effective treatment for piles than Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

An Old Irish History.

Perhaps a most valuable, certainly a most curious souvenir is a copy of Keating's History of Ireland, a book of which one copy is known to be in Philadelphia, and which gives the genealogies of Irish families of eminence, as well as a historical narrative relating to the land and the people. The copy is of the third edition, and as the imprint states, was published in 1788. It is illustrated with about one hundred and sixty coats of arms of the ancient Irish.

Kidney Disease And Its Danger.

Kidney disease comes on quietly—may have been in the system for years, before you suspected the real cause of your trouble. There may have been backaches, neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism, etc. Perhaps you did not know these were symptoms of kidney disease, so the trouble kept on growing worse, until disturbances of the water appeared, or there was gravel or retention of urine, or some such sign of kidney trouble.

Doan's Kidney Pills should be taken at the first sign of anything wrong; they strengthen the kidneys and help them to filter the blood properly—help them to flush off, and carry away with the surplus water, all those impurities which the blood gathers up in its circuit of the body.

Mrs. Alfred LeBlanc, Black Cape, Que., writes: "I feel it my duty to say a word about DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. I suffered dreadful pains across my back—so bad I could not stoop or bend. After having used two boxes I now feel most completely cured. I highly recommend DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS."

with particular genealogies of many noble families engraved upon forty-two copper plates. Also," adds the fly-page, "a curious print of Bryon Boiroimhe, Monarch of Ireland in 1027."

The history appears to have been published in London and is stated to have been "printed for B. Crease and sold by Oliver Payne, at Horace's Head, in Round Court, in the Strand." And on the reverse of the title page is a rather warmly worded "recommendation" by John Warburton, Esq., Somerset Herald. The work appears, moreover, to have been translated by Dermot O'Connor from the Irish language.

In the beginning of the book appears a lengthy pedigree of William O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin, which is carried back to Macarty More, and from him to Noah. After sundry other prefatory articles, the history itself opens with a table of the Kings of Ireland, beginning with Heber and Hereemon, who ruled jointly "Anno Mundi 2737," and continuing down to Rodoric or Roger, the last King.

A map of travels of the Scythians until they arrived in Ireland, followed by a map of Ireland itself, is interesting. "The first name of Ireland which we meet with," says the historian, "was Inis na bhfidhbuidhe, which signifies a Woody Isle, and was so called by a messenger that was sent thither by Nion, the son of Pelus, to discover this isle; and finding it covered with wood, except the plains of Mayne-alta, gave it that name."

In "An Account of the First Inhabitants of Ireland after the Flood" the author states that "the first person who set foot upon the island after the Deluge was (according to some antiquaries) a messenger, whose name was Adhna, the son of Beatha, sent by Nion, the son of Pelus, to discover the soil of the country."

The history turns to the wars of the Irish princes. When these are concluded the historian tells of the "Principal Branches of the Noble and Chief Families of the Irish or Gaelic Race." In this its main interest lies for modern readers. Plates of the family trees, each dedicated to some noble or gentle patron, occupy whole pages of the appendix. The arms of these families are shown, and many of them bear names quite familiar. The Macartys, the O'Brians, the Carrills, Maginnesses, Berrys, O'Neales, O'Connors, O'Nellys, Maggooghaghans, O'Rourks, MacDaniels, O'Mearns, Brecanons, MacLoughlins, O'Hiddles, O'Dohertys, Gormanans, Grady's, Cahills, Farrills, and others quite recognizable despite the difference of spelling. Others are the Emerys, Pursells, Swynys, Cusakes, Whites, O'Flyns, Swynys, Cusakes, Magrath's, Fahys, Ryans, Hartagans, O'Sullivan's, Moriarty's, O'Malys, Clancas, Kenellys, Owens, Eustaces, Joys, Hanians, O'Kegans, O'Duanes, Foxes, Walls, FitzGerald's and Sextons, some of which will not be generally recognized as exclusively Irish names.

The book is at least interesting and in respect of its genealogies is taken to be reliable. So far as known, the copy is the only one in America.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

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A PURE HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

"Danger, ma'am? Yes, there is indeed, but God is good. He'll find a way." So, too, about the hay. The summer had been terribly wet, and for days the new-mown hay had lain on the ground. It was an anxious time.

"What will you do?" I said to Mike, "If this weather keeps up? Your hay will surely be ruined." "Oh, please God, it won't keep up," he answered. "He'll send us a bright day soon, just to see how well we'll use it."

"What a glorious night, Mikey!" I said to the boy, as he and I and the donkey drove home under the August moon.

"A fine night, indeed, ma'am. Thanks be to God for giving it to us!" They showed us, on the road to town, a gentleman's place, where, in a stretch of what not long since had evidently been thickly-wooded land, stood stump after stump of giant trees. Four or five years ago, when the winter was exceptionally long and cold, the peasants suffered from scarcity of peat. They begged this landed proprietor to sell them wood, offering not only to pay his price, but to fell the trees and carry them off. He refused.

Again and again they begged, for the suffering grew intense, but he would not let his land be marred. One night there came a wind so frightful that it seemed for a time as if the "big wind" were blowing again. In the morning the highway along this proprietor's domain was impassable. Huge trees, blown to the ground, lay across the road for a distance of two miles, and the forest beauty was a thing of the past. The town authorities ordered the obstruction cleared away, and the peasants got for nothing more than they had been refused for pay.

"'Twas the hand of God was in that, ma'am," I was told, "for, with all the wind, not a poor man's cot was harmed, nor another tree on the countryside only those. God always looks after His poor."

"I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps." The tramp replied: "You need not be so cranky and high-minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to whisky, and it will bring you to just the same place I am."

Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots misshapen, his clothing filthy. Then: "Was it drink that made you like this?"

"Yes, it was; and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it." Picking up his untouched glass, he poured its contents upon the floor; and said, "Then it's time to quit," and left the saloon never to enter it again.

Struggling Infant Mission.

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

Average weekly Collection...3s 6d.

No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened, I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great mission.

Best outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO LITTLE. Do that little which is your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL.

"May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton.

Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart.

This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

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Time He Quit.

A professional gentleman, who was accustomed to take his morning glass, stepped into a saloon, and going up to the bar called for whisky. A steady individual stepped up to him and said: "I say, squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?" He was annoyed by the man's be-

FACTORY.

AGENCY—Established 1856; Incorporated 1840. Meets in 92 St. Alexander Street, London, on Monday last Wednesday.

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