

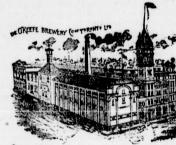
"How to Cure Every Skin Disease," free.



WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY The Catholic Record for One Year FOR \$4.00.

By special atrangement with the publish ers, we are able to obtain a number of the above books, and propose to furnish a copy to each the state of t

the purchase it may be present the person of Address, THE CATHOLIC RECORD



The O'Keefe Brewery CO. of Toronto, Ltd. SPECIALTIES:

High-class English and Bayarian Hopped Ales. XXX Porter and Stout. Pilsener:Lager of world-wide reputation. E. 'OKEEFE, W. HAWKE, J. G. GIBSON, Vice-Pres. Sec-Trea

EDUCATIONAL.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN, ONT.

Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses, And Shorthand and Typewriting. For further particulars apply to REV. THEO. SPETZ, President

THE PINES URSULINE ACADEMY CHATHAM, ONT.

acational Course comprises every itable for young ladies, a advantages afforded for the culti-MESIC, PAINTING, DRAW, the CERAMIC ARTS. SPE IAL COURSE for puols preparing for Matriculation, Commercial Diplomas, Stenography and Type writing.

For particulars address,

THE LADY SUPERIOR.

A SSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, and Commercial courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum. For full particulars apply to REV. D. CUSHING. S. B.



PLUMBING WORK in operation, can be seen at our wareroom Opp. Masonic Temple.

SMITH BROS

Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers London, Ont. Telephone 538. Sole Agents for Paerless Water Heaters. CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY OF 180 KING STREET.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, The leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open night and day. Telephone-House, 373 Factory, 543.

ARMINE.

CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER XXXVII. In this manner that first meeting with Armine, which Egerton had secretly dreaded, being over, he found himself following her into the nave, where she knelt on a chair next to hose already occupied by Mlle. d'Antig-

nac and Miss Bertram.

He sat down quietly beside her; and whether it was that the effect of her last words or some other influence rendered him peculiarly susceptible, it s at least certain that the spirit of the great church seemed to lay hold of and take possession of him. He had felt it before—that spirit of immovable serenity and triumphant faith which the massive pillars and the soaring arches express and embody— but never so strongly as now. Looking at the columns that rose around him and were lost in the obscurity of the vast roof, which springs heavenward like an ardent soul, he was moved again with a yearning of envy of the souls that had thus written in stone their imperishable Credo. "Whatever other trials life Credo. held for them, they knew nothing of the doubt which has wrenched the very foundations of existence from under the feet of this generation," he said to " If one had such faith, all himself. things else would surely be easy; but

filled with the spirit of an age like this? The thought made him glance at Sibyl Bertram. Her face looked pale and grave as she sat gazing at the distant aitar, the myriad tapers of which formed a mass of radiance to the eye at the end of a long vista, while the mighty roll of the organ and the sound of the cantors' voices filled the space overhead. Did some yearning for faith come to her also? An instinct of sympathy seemed to tell Egerton so, to make him understand the expression of that face turned towards the faroff sanctuary where light and color, the gleam of jewels and the white smoke of incense, were framed by the dim, aspiring arches of the immense encircling obscurity, like a vision of heaven vouchsafed to cheer the dark ness of life.

But presently organ and voices ceased, a hush fell, and in the great carved pulpit stood the preacher. He was a striking figure-his intellectual head, with its dark, shorn crown and his strong, clear-cut face, rising above the white habit of St. Dominic and thrown into relief by the shadows around him—as he paused for a moment before beginning to speak. Egerton saw Sibyl look up with parted lips. Was she wondering what message he would have for her? This was its substance:

"Every age," began the clear voice, has its distinctive character imressed upon it by God, its divinely ppointed work to do, and its inevitole conflict with evil to wage. But at he present time there are many earnest souls who despair of the age in which our lot is cast, who think that all things are hastening toward evil, and who look with darkest forebodings upon the prospects of a society which seems daily divorcing itself more and more from the light of truth and the source of unity. Then, in strong con-trast to these fearful souls are those who, full of exulting hope, believe that a new light is dawning for humanity. that greater possibilities of freedom and happiness are broadening before it, and that a religion of infinite value face of the world-is to be founded on the devotion of man to his fellow-man There are few who do not include in their acquaintance types of both of these classes, and there are few also who do not sometimes ask themselves what they must think of this age, so clamorous in its demands, so loud in assertion of its own excellence, so full of promise to one set of thinkers and so full of evil to another.

'In order that we may know what to think-inclining neither to despain at its many evils nor to a delusive hope born of its specious promises—we must remember that which I began by stating, that God impresses a distinctive character on every age, and we must look for this character not only in the good but in the evil aspect of the ige; for as evil is nothing of itself, but only the perversion and travesty of good, so we shall find underlying the fallacies of the age the same funda mental idea which is the inspiration of its good. For every epoch has a two-fold spirit—the spirit with which God fills those who strive to accomplish His divine purposes and to hasten the reign of His kingdom on earth, and the spirit with which His enemy and the of souls animates those who enemy oppose these purposes and retard that reign. What, then, is the idea which ve find underlying both the truth and the error of the present age? What is the divine inspiration which gives force and movement to our time? s unquestionably an idea of the necessity for a greater love of mankind, an inspiration toward a keener sense of universal brotherhood, toward a deeper charity and a wider compassion for the poor, suffering humanity that lies around us, steeped in misery and cursed with sin. This inspiration is inciting all souls that love God to great deeds and greater sacrifices; in the

burning heart of the Church it is forming new saints whose chief charactering new saints whose chief characteristic is this spirit, and it is bringing forth new orders for the special purpose of serving Christ in His poor. It is this inspiration also which evil has seized and perverted into the false religion of humanity — that religion which, not content with denying God, usurps His dignity and declares in the face of Heaven that humanity is God! To this, the lowest depth of degradation into which the human intellect has ever fallen, pride has betrayed man, as pride hurled the fallen angels to hell. He who refuses to believe that the omnipotent God could uniteour humanity to His own divinity and so elevate the former to unspeakable dignity, descends to the depth of finding God in man alone-man, whos looking into himself, sees only concupiscence and weakness, who knows absolutely nothing of the nature of his own existence, and who passes like a vapor, unable to tell from whence he comes or whither he goes! But though man as an individual passes in into nothingness, humanity remains, But though these thinkers tell us. And is human ity-that is, man collectively-higher or nobler than man individually? are units, so is the mass. As we find in the individual ignorance, weakness, selfishness, and crime, so we find these things marking every page of the history of mankind. Has even this age, with its prosperity and its inventions and its intellectual arrogance, improved upon the record of past age how is one to gain it who has been in these respects? Does crime exist no longer? Do we hear no more of robbery and murder and assassin of treachery between men ation, and war between nations? lift up your eyes and see the whole earth groaning with misery and darkened with the shadow of wrong. See the rulers of the earth persecuting God's Church with one hand while the other is held upon the throat of advanc ing revolution : see the rich forgetting that they are the stewards of God's gifts, and the maddened poor rising up to by force what is not their own, and then hear the voice of the age pro

> "You smile at the satire. But in false doctrine there is a soul of truth, perverted and misapplied, yet powerful to move the hearts of Such a soul is in these doc Do you need for me to tel trines. you where the age has learned them They are like the broken memorie which come to a wandering, sin-stained man of the holy traditions that his mother taught his youth. So, ledifar astray by false teachers and vain dreams, lost in misery and yearning for higher and better things, this poor humanity of our age looks wistfully back to its happier youth, remembers the great truths which its mighty mother taught, and, filled with their heavenly beauty, wrests them from her theology to form the false Utopias of our day. Is the brotherhood of man-kind a new doctrine? You know that it is as old as the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Is the assertion of man's right liberty and happiness new? Faith has always taught that he is free to choose his immortal destiny and to win an eternal happiness. Does the voice of the age proclaim that men are equal? The Church has always declared that serf and king stand on the same plane before God. Has it a zeal to aid the wretched and relieve the What is this zeal to the ardor which has animated her generations of saints, her countless army of religiouses and her missionaries, who to day, as of ld, go forth to shed their blood for the

salvation of souls?

claiming the brotherhood of man and

his inalienable rights of liberty and

happiness!

"No, the age has nothing us which is new. It only distorts us which is new. It only distorts. We may "No, the age has nothing to teach go through article after article of the reed which is shaking the world to its centre, and find each article but a paredy of the Catholic faith. Only, in lace of the worship of God, we have is its centre the worship of humanity and in place of the humility taught by the Son of God, the pride that wil neither believe nor obey. And in this act-the fact that under every modern idea lies a great but perverted truths an explanation of the powerful hold which these doctrines have upon a generation without knowledge of the cience of God, a generation left in darkness by the rebellion of their forefathers against the light of divine revelation. Is it wonderful that, after wandering in countless mazes of error, humanity should longingly think of the hopes it has lost and strive to evoke out of its finite imagination a vision of the infinite and celestial promise of God? Is it strange that the divine idea contained in the second great commandment of the law should exert so strong a fascination even over those who deny the first commandment, on which it rests, that they are filled with something akin to the spirit of martyrs, with a passionate devotion and an ardent zeal for the ideal of human happiness which they seek in vain to realize, and which they refuse o believe is like the mirage that berays the traveller of the desert into

ourning sands and trackless wastes "Such a mirage is the dream of human progress, the Utopia of human perfection, which intoxicates and deudes multitudes in the present time. But among this multitude are many sincere souls who, after weary days of wandering, may pause and look around for the true city of God, whose wan derous battlements, whose domes and pinnacles, they have seen reflected on Where shall they find ny need to ask? In all her? Does any need to ask? the earth there is nothing like unto She is that city builded upon a mountain which cannot be hid. She take from mankind the hope of any-

alone, who stood by the cradle of thing beyond this miserable life, and AS SPARKS FLY UPWARDS. civilization, is here to-day in all the beauty of her perpetual youth. Do you persecute her? O blind and foolish generation! combat is her life. She draws fresh vigor from it, and in a thousand battles she has triumphed, leaving her enemies dead upon the field. Come, then, and learn from her the true meaning and purpose of life. She alone can solve your perplexities, for she alone possesses truth in its entirety. She alone can teach you the true dignity of human nature, which this age proclaims without under-standing, and the true brotherhood of mankind, which it denies in asserting: for she alone has an exact and perfect knowledge of both. She alone can satisfy every aspiration of the human soul and realize every ideal of human progress, for only by her aid can the world attain to that 'deliverance of the nations,' and that 'increase of liberty, love, and peace among men, of which it dreams. Let us, then, ield ourselves to the spirit with which God inspires the age; let us labor to hasten the reign of His kingdom; let us burn with more active love for our brethren, and let us pray that this ge-in which men, grown weary of denial, are seeking for truths to affirm —may rise from faith in humanity to faith in the Man-God whose Sacred Heart, at once human and divine, is the centre of the new creation, and in union with whom our fallen nature

finds its sole dignity and its only hope."

Dusk had fallen before the preacher finished, and, making the sign of the cross over the silent multitude before nim, turned and disappeared, his white habit seeming to catch the last ray of ight among the dim arches. that moment until she found herself in the great square before the cathedral. with a soft evening sky overheadprimrose-tinted in the west, where the roofs of the tall houses were outlined against it-Sibyl Bertram felt like one Then she looked up a this sky, and, turning to Mile. d'Antignac, who was beside her, said:

' Have you ever seen a mirage?"
' No," the other answered. " Have

you?"
"Yes, I have seen it in the Camargue. After I read Mireio I gave mamma no peace until she consented to travel there. You know it is like a bit of Africa in Europe, and as we drove one day toward Les Saintes Maries I saw the mirage. It was wonderful-the exact reproduction of a battlemented city, with glorious Gothic towers and spires. Anyone might have fancied it reality. I thought, while the preacher spoke, how well he had chosen his image.'

"I thought it a very true image,' said Mile. d'Antignac.

"It was certainly forcible, to one who has seen the mirage," said Sibyl.
She said nothing more. Indeed,
they were all rather silent as they
walked in the direction of the Quai Voltaire. There was something in the expression of Armine's face which deterred Egerton from conversation; and he was himself still under the influence of the feeling which had laid hold of him in the cathedral and had been deepened and intensified by the words of which only a pale shadow has been here transcribed. Presently he found himself—he did not know how joined by Mile. d'Antignac, while Armine and Sibyl dropped behind them.

It was a pleasant hour for such a side the river flowed, bearing the sunset light on its breast; on the other were glimpses of narrow, picturesque the Seine. Usually Sibyl would have been keenly alive to every aspect of the scene; but now she hardly heeded Her mind - that ardent mind so quick to seize whatever was attractive -was occupied by the thoughts which had just been presented to it, and when at length she addressed Armine it was to say almost abruptly :

"Those were striking ideas. Were

they new to you?"
"Not entirely," Armine answered. 'I have often heard M. d'Antignac speak of the close resemblance between he teaching of the Catholic Church and the religion of humanity. But i is a new idea to me that the evil spirit of the age is only its good inspiration perverted. Yet it explains many things," she added thoughtfully.

"As, for example—?" said Sibyl, who had a strong inclination to draw her out on a subject which she had reason to know so well, and which had always exercised a great fascination over herself.

"Well, for one thing, the spirit of self-devotion and self-sacrifice of which the preacher spoke," the girl replied a little sadly. "It would astonish you if you could know how sincere this is in many of those whom the world calls Positivists and Socialists. They are ready even to lay down their lives for

their brethren; and 'greater love than

this hath no man.' "It would not astonish me," said "I know-I have long known Sibvl. of the existence of this spirit, and it has made me desire to learn more of the ideal which inspired it.'

Armine looked at her gravely "If you learned more, "she said, "you would feel as others have felt the infinite pity of seeing such ardent faith and such passionate effort wasted in a cause so hopeless, and which, if gained, could only be so evil. You would feel as if your heart might almost break with sadness over the sight of an enthusiasm which counted life and all life's effort as nothing to give, in order that certain social and political dreams might be realized, which if realized would plunge the world into anarchy,

nothing — poured out like water on sand—when if it had been for God—'

The voice which had deepened in earnestness as the speaker went on suddenly paused; and Sibyl, under-

standing, said quickly:
"But what is generally known a work for God ' seems to be selfish in its end, whereas such effort as this for humanity is at least nobly unselfish. "It is likely," said Armine, "tha

ve may be as much mistaken about what is work for God as about the bes mode of serving humanity. And it is possible to serve Him for a selfish But the noblest souls do not motive. so serve Him. They rise higher and higher above self until at last they end by annihilating it. One need know but little of the saints to know that."

"I confess that I know very little of them," said Sibyl. "But from what I do know they seem to have been absorbed in thinking of their own souls and of what their prospects were for eternal salvation.

Armine smiled. "It is plain that you know little," she said, "for no such spiritual egotist could be a saint. The saints are souls that are on fire for God's glory, for the coming of His kingdom on earth, of which we have just heard, and for the relief of the poor, the sick and the suffering, whom the Son of God deigned to identity so completely with Himself as to say that whatever is done to the least of these is done to Him. The marvel is that there should be any poor left on earth after that had been said," the girl added, as if to herself. "The wonder is that every one does not rise and go forth to seek them !"

"And yet," said Sibyl, "we are told that the condition of the poor is nowhere so desperate as among Christian nations.

"I have heard that." Armine answered; for what idea connected with human progress could Sibyl Ber-tram suggest which this Socialist's daughter was not likely to have heard? 'And when I went to M. d'Antignac and asked him what I should think of it, he simply gave me a volume of history and said: 'Read that.' But if I told you what I found there, Miss Bertram, it is probable that I might wound

you."
"It is not at all probable," Sibyl answered. "I may safely say that if there is anything of which I am capable, it is of regarding abstract questions dispassionately and not as a partisan. The most astonishing thing connected with human nature to me is the manner in which people refuse to hear anything opposed to the set of opinions in which they chanced to be ducated. I have no such opinions. I long ago cast them aside, and I have found nothing as yet to take their

place. Armine's grave and gentle eyes regarded her again, this time with some thing of compassion.

"I am sorry for you, "she said simply "It it terrible not to know what believe of this mystery and riddle of life which is all around us. I am told that there is a school of thinkers-should one call them thinkers?-who declare that an attitude of doubt is the only one possible to man. Could anything be worse? Never to know any thing, never to possess any certainty of truth-why, faith in the worst of promenade along the quays. On one doctrines would, as a mental state, be

preferable to that. "Yet," said Sibyl, "such people look upon it as a kind of weakness to streets, lined with those tall old houses desire certainty. On! you do not which still exist on the left bank of the Seine. Usually Sibyl would have with the spirit of the day—" Then she stopped with a sudden recollection. 'I am very foolish," she said in a different tone. "You probably know much more than I do of that spirit. You have more reason to know.'

"Of a certain form of it I know a great deal," Armine answered; "but t is not the form of which you speak. There is no attitude of doubt about the men I have known. They are strong in belief and positive in teaching. They do not say, 'There may or there may not be a God—we cannot tell. They say, 'God is a fable. Let us worhip and serve humanity

It was that positiveness which always attracted me," said Sibyl, "as well as their ardor in the cause of numanity. The dream seemed so beautiful—of elevating mankind, of panishing inequality and poverty and pain, as far as might be, from the face of the earth. "Pain can never be banished while

sin and death remain," said the soft voice at her side.

'I suppose the hope is a mirage, said Sibyl, with a sigh—"a mirage which is indeed but a reflection of the old ideal of Christianity which the modern world has almost forgotten.

"M. d'Antignac says that there wa nothing which the world so quickly forgot, when it ceased to be Catholic as the counsels of perfection," said Armine, "and that they embody all, and more than all, that the religion of humanity desires to accomplish

"I think I must ask M. d'Antignac to tell me something of the counsels of perfection," said Sibyl, smiling a little "You cannot do better," answered Armine, as they turned in under the familiar door of the house where D'Antignac dwelt.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelec's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

RY JESSIE TULLOCH.

The moon was shining over a wild, desolate strand on the southern coast of Ireland, where high cliffs frowned darkly and rugged rocks cast weird shadows on the sands. The ocean, vast and mysterious, upheaved its crested billows and chanted its everlasting song. A seabird now and then flew seaward or shoreward, flapping a wild wing and wailing as if appalled by the mystery and majesty of the scene; but on the shore no human scene was vis

ible Above the cliff arose an arched doorway and window, the ruin of a church where God was worshipped in days long gone by. Its vacant spaces, with the moonlight streaming through them, looked like sightless eyes staring across

the sea There was a path from the main road, and from the road another path leading to the ruin and to the resting-places poor dead women and dead men, which lay around it. Here the moonlight fell tenderly, softening rugged places, covering with a white radiance forgotten and neglected graves. One of the tombs was raised over the ground, walled around and covered with a flat stone, and leaning above this was a man, who seemed to peer into the very grave through an aper-ture between the stones.

Time had impaired the inscription, but by the clear light of the moon could still be seen the words, "Nora, aged nineteen years." For a long time the man remained motionless, then raising his head, he places his lips over the the name "Nora" and great tears flowed down on the letters.

He seemed heedless of time, but at last he knelt, and, stretching his clasped hands over the stone with a yearning gesture, he prayed silently. arose and went down to the shore With head leant back wearily on his hands clasped behind it, he paced the wild, wide strand, listening to the screaming of the sea birds and the dash of the waves as they rushed forward and cast themselves on the sands like tired creatures seeking rest. He saw the moon with set, white face sail slowly through the sky and traced as far as his eye could reach the "line light" she cast over the sea.

All these he heard and saw, but only as accompaniments to scenes which memory brought vividly before him. He was younger by a number of years, and not yet "acquainted with grief." He was pacing the sands, too, but by his side was a girl who wore a cloak which covered her head, as was the fashion then. But the cloak did not hide the waves of silky, black hair shading the broad brow, or the soft, dark eyes and arch-smiling mouth. He was reproaching her.

"You never spoke to me, and scarcely looked at me the other night at Thady Maher's wake."
"Much you cared," she retorted.

'With Peggy Brady sitting beside you the whole time.' "And was Peggy sitting beside me?"

he asked incredulously. "Faith, I don't rightly remember. "Ah, then, how innocent you areand she turning to speak to you every

minute and looking at you out of her big eyes!"
"I'm thinking 'twas yourself was taking the most stock of her, Nora, and

sure what do we want to brother ourselves about her at all?" "She'd be a grand match for you Roger, and I think she'd hop at the

offer."
"I don't think she would," said
Roger, smiling. "Anyway her father wouldn't, and what's more, I don't want

her, as you know quite well."
"But your father don't want me, Roger, for I have no money."
"Faith, I'm not anxious for anybody

to want you-I want you so badly my self. "Ah, Roger, you well know what I

mean."
"To be sure I do, and this is what I
"To be sure I do, and this is what I

have to tell you. My father, as you know, sets great store by my brother Ned, and maybe its natural, he being the eldest. Anyway I can see that, it I stay at home and work till I'm gray, 'twould come to the same thing in the When Ned gets married, he'll end. give Mary and me a small share out of the fortune he'll get, and that will be all. Now I'm thinking if I went to America and worked as hard as I do at home, I could save up my earnings and when I'd get my share out of the fortune I might have enough to buy a bit of land for you and me, Nora. What do you think of that?"

The black eyes looked scared, and the smiles faded from the rosy lips. To America!" she cried aghast, What in all the world will I do if you go to America?"

"But it would be for a few years at the most, Nora, and my little girl would be brave and bright, knowing 'twas for her sake I went.'

"But do you think how long the years would be without you, Roger? And tears that had been gathering be

gan to fall. She knew his plan was good and

wise, but her heart rose waywardly against it. 'What does Mary say?"

"Mary doesn't know. Do you think I'd tell anyone till I spoke to you?"

She looked at him earnestly for a moment, then turned her eves quickly away, while her hands clasped nerv ously beneath her cloak. "I'll be sat isfied, Roger, with whatever you think best to do. Sure! I shouldn't make it hard for you. But," she went on, with trembling lips, "you know how lone-some I'll be. Suddenly she raised her hands and hid her face in them, sob-

