

in an ecstasy, "how quickly you have found it out!" Elizabeth blushed immensely, for she was not used to being kissed. "Found out what?" she asked. "Why, that nothing in the world is very desirable except what you can't get." "Oh!" The girl tossed her head back, and laughed ringingly. "I found that out as long ago as I used to cry for mince-pie to eat, and then cry with stomachache after I had eaten it. Grandfather used to tell me then that if there is anything in the world that we want so much we cry to get it, it will be sure to make us cry still more after we have it. I never forgot that. Grandfather knows a great deal about everything," she concluded, with an air of conviction.

"Did you ever see a creature learn so easily?" Annette said to Honora. "She begins life with all the wisdom of experience." Honora sighed as she answered, "She reminds me of something dear Mother Chevreuse said the last time she came to see me: 'Nothing is worth working for but bread and heaven.'" They had reached Mr. Grey's floral treasure-house by this time, and the flowers absorbed their attention. "Bunches of asters!" exclaimed Annette, pausing outside the door, and glancing along the long garden-bed. "And they are almost as handsome as roses. Those will do for the balconies and out-of-the-way places. And, Elizabeth, I want you to cherish every pansy as if it were a jewel. I don't care about the piebald ones, but the pure purple or pure gold are quite the thing. And now, Honora, step in here, and own that you never before saw such bunches. You remember Elgar Poe's hill of tulips sloping to the water, like a cataract of gems flowing down from the sky? That poetical creature! Well, here's Niagara of lady's ear-drops."

When at length they had started, and were driving down to their alder-bath again, Honora leaned out of the carriage, and looked back. "What a lovely place this would be to spend a honeymoon in!" she said softly, as if to herself. "Which yours or mine?" asked Annette. Honora blushed. "I was thinking of honeymoons in the abstract," she replied.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"CHRISTIAN UNITY" AS UNDERSTOOD BY PROTESTANTS.

N. Y. Catholic Review. The New York Sun is a paper of acute intellect. For many years now under the direction of its able chief editor it has maintained an astonishingly high grade in this respect, so that even those who differ from it in opinion are always eager to read it and to enjoy its lucid thought and expression. The other day it gave another example of its clearness of vision in a brief article entitled "Christian Unity," in which it pointed out the weaknesses of the Protestant position as related to the familiar sentimental demand for a union of the Protestant sects.

The Sun has probably been the first to call attention to the fact that this desire for unity among the Protestant sects does not, after all, proceed from a wish to bring together into one fold and under one shepherd all the believers in Christ, but that the ulterior motive is a desire to combine against the Catholic Church. Consciously, or unconsciously, the motive is one of malice, of hatred or distrust of the Church which Christ founded on the rock Peter and which with an unbroken apostolic succession has continued to our day the visible Church of the universal people of God, knowing no distinctions of race, language, class or condition.

This attempted union, then, of these sects—Presbyterians, Baptists, Anglicans, Methodists, and all the other hundred or more subdivisions of Protestant pride and error—would be really, if it succeeded, an un-Christian union. Of course the product is absolutely futile, for it is self-destructive. The very essence of Protestantism is individual belief, as opposed to the authoritative utterance of a divinely-established teaching Church.

Protestantism will continue to exist in some form to the end, as it has existed, in some form or other of revolt against the Church, from the very beginning, from the time when it set itself up to disturb the Apostles themselves, through the Middle Ages in a hundred different forms—Gnosticism, Nestorianism, Arianism, Albigenses, Waldenses, Hussites, Wycliffites—until the great revolt of the sixteenth century gave still another form to this stiff-necked self-assertion against the eternal truth of God. But though the spirit of Protestantism will remain the present organizations are fast going to pieces and are fated to disappear. It is for Catholics in America to do their part to show these separated brethren their error. The Protestants in the United States are in the main honest and well intentioned. All they need is instruction suited to their circumstances, and the grace of God is quite well able to do the rest.

Heat and Cold.

The use of the hands, as in washing in hot water, then exposing them to extreme cold, is prolific of a very common misery. Mrs. Robert Simpson, 71 Berkeley St., Toronto, Ont., writes, Oct. 2, 1891, as follows:—"St. Jacob's Oil cured me of rheumatic cramps of the hands after all other treatment failed me. My hands were much swollen and painful, and for a time I was nearly helpless; however, thanks to the magic touch of St. Jacob's Oil, shortly after its use I was relieved, and ultimately entirely cured. I now always have a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil in the house."

CATHOLIC SOCIAL LIFE.

A Burning Question.

This question is often asked.—Why is it that Catholic young men are, as a rule, inferior to their sisters in cultivation and in those acquirements which, in our country, tend to the betterment of social position?

Nobody asserts that the young man is inferior in natural qualities, that he has less capacity for taking polish or less innate taste; but the fact is indisputable that the question is a reasonable one.

The truth on which it is based has been and is the cause of many mixed marriages. We can no longer pass over with a sneer the reply of the young woman who is asked why she does not marry a gentleman of her own faith.—"I don't know any,"—which means, of course, that in her special Catholic set, she is not acquainted with a man who is her equal in attainments, manners or taste. If one inquires, one will find that her brothers, whether they have had her advantages or not, seem hardly of the same day. The drawing-room is her natural place,—though it would be a calumny to say that she is not at home in the kitchen. They are not comfortable in the society which she prefers. They do not read; they are without social ambition; they are, in many cases, good-hearted creatures who prefer to be rough and ready, and who tolerate in a contemptuous way their sister's pretensions to manners and taste. If they are forced into all subjects beyond the level of ward politics or the latest fashions, what they do not know strikes them as not only ridiculous, but as not worth knowing. They exchange glances of amusement and yawn when any subject above their level is introduced. Their manners are fifty years behind the times. The little graces which were formerly supposed to belong only to the aristocracy, and which are the flowers of civilization are,—thank heaven!—now the property of any American woman of taste,—but the average brother of the average young lady does not think it necessary to adorn himself with these little graces. I once had the pleasure of hearing a dialogue between a very admirable Bishop and a French nun. The nun's manners were charming, and the Bishop's—nobody that knows Bishops will believe this,—were intolerably bad. When he had done something that offended the taste of the aged nun even more than usual, she said, with a smile,—"Monsieur, it is so good a Christian, that he will not burn even a grain of incense to the graces."

"Ah," said the Bishop, penitently, "I was brought up in a family of boys, and at the seminary we were all good Christians, as you say."

But would the Bishop have less offended the fastidious nun, if he had been brought up in a family of girls? So the girls of a family have much to do with the raising of the standard of taste and manners among their brothers. The good Bishop's humility was very touching, but was the implied compliment to the girls of a family deserved?

Every day of our lives we see the girls of a family, refined, eager for mental improvement, desirous to cultivate themselves to the utmost, and the sons in the same family boorish, of low aims, unintellectual, and seeming to do socially of a lower caste than their sisters. It follows, then, that because there are girls in a family, the boys are not necessarily refined.

There, you meet a young woman, whose father and mother have been glad, under propitious circumstances, to educate her much better than they themselves were educated; then you meet her brother, who has had apparently as much done for him. Mark the contrast! She is disdainful to her brother's companions; he and they, though better "school'd," have not one-tenth of the business of their parents who had scarcely any schooling at all. We all know that

"True hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood."

But a girl who prefers to remain a spinster rather than marry a man who likes to sit at tables in his shirt sleeves and who has no sympathy with her love for books, is to be commended. It is better not to marry than to be dragged down or to lead a life of reluctant duty. After all, marriage is not the best thing in life, though it is one of the best, if all the conditions are propitious. If the Judge had married Maude Muller, Whitier might have made a ballad of despair rather than of mock pathos.

Still, the first question has not been answered. Why is the young woman's excuse for making a mixed marriage unrefutable as to the matter of fact. Are non-Catholic young men superior in acquirements and tastes to Catholic young men of the same social class? Not at all; but the sisters by their fine-arts and by their social sense above their brothers, and they meet young non-Catholic men equal in tastes to themselves.

One cause of the superiority of our girls is that the Sisters look after their manners—and the teachers of the boys do not. Anything is good enough for a boy. Another is that parents do not make intelligent efforts to keep their boys at home. The girls have a piano; the boys nothing. And still another is that the boy's education stops short after he leaves school. But the girl's after he leaves the books she has learned on through the books she has gone to love. There is no use in talking against mixed marriages, or wondering why there are so many unmarried Catholic girls, so long as we

make no attempt to elevate the boys.—Maurice Francis Egan in Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.

AN UNREFORMED CHURCH.

What England Does With Her Stolen Property.

Mr. Walter Besant holds Protestant and Catholic in very nearly equal dislike, but there is a decidedly Catholic ring about this, one of his recent pieces of writing: When the Reformers, in the course of their Reformation, reformed the painted windows, reformed the carved saints, and reformed the painted walls, there was one church in Norfolk which they were forced to leave with a great quantity of the old images still remaining. The reason was that the village in the roof, and high ladders in the village were high enough to reach. The Reformers went away, therefore, leaving their work unfinished. This they minded the less as it was a church in a very remote and small and insignificant parish. And there the thing stands to this day, just as it was left. I suppose there is no church in England that possesses such a roof so ornamented. It is an open roof, lofty, supported by rafters meeting in the usual manner. There are twelve couples of beams in the nave. On every rafter, one above the other, are figures, carved in wood and painted red, of winged angels, their wings five or six feet across. Where the rafters meet there is a pair of winged angel looking east and west. There are in all ninety-six of these angels in the roof. Between the beams are painted saints and angels' heads. The effect of the whole is most remarkable. Remember that four hundred years ago the people who came to church were every day reminded in this way, by pictures and carved work, of the things which should give them hope and the things which should make them fear; if the light of the church, by reason of the painted glass, was dim there were candles burning at all the altars. They could see over their heads these angels and saints with outstretched wings—red and gold—seeming to fly—nay, actually flying—below the blue sky and the glittering stars depicted in the roof; the windows showed the saints and their actions; the paintings on the walls illustrated and taught the doctrines of the Faith; no need of a catechism with these things to show the truth. There were, visible, the devils dragging down the poor lost souls; there were the angels helping the redeemed to soar; in what were the souls in purgatory. What room was there left for doubt when these things were portrayed—actually painted and visible—as large as life, for all to behold? Can a limner lie? Can a painting invent such great and terrible things? Besides, if one talked of miracles, they were continually being performed. Our Lady of Walsingham—exactly the same as Our Lady of the Gass Sancta—the Holy Cross of Beaulieu, the Head of St. John the Baptist at Trimmingham, never ceased to work miracles for all the world to see; while, if there were any other aid to faith, the devil himself could be seen every night of the year running about in a lane at Overstrand in the shape of a headless dog.

The village contains over three hundred people. When last I saw this wonderful roof it was at the morning service. There were present in the old church (1) the vicar, (2) the clerk, (3) four or five ladies from the only big house in the village, (4) one gentleman, presumably from the same place, (5) one farmer, (6) four village girls, (7) about ten children. The whole population of the village, male and female, old and young, stayed away. In the afternoon, we learned, there was sometimes a larger congregation. There was no singing at all. There was a harmonium, but as the clerk explained, they could get no singers. Is there any reason for this general consent in absence? Is, for example, the vicar unpopular? Is dissent universal in the parish? Not at all. The vicar is most highly respected; no one could possibly be more respected. There is, it is true, a little chapel in the village, but it is not crowded. Where, then, were the remaining three hundred? They were at home. The men, young and old, were talking in the blissful idleness of the Sunday morning; the women were making dainties; the children were playing; the girls—I suppose they were talking under the carved angels the echoes of the clerk's responses ring backwards and forwards, and the swifds fly from rafter to rafter. This village does not go to church. That is all. There is no reason. The people do not concern themselves about religion at all. That seems, somehow, unnatural in a village among fields and orchards and hedges, and with birds that sing and cattle that low. One expects it in a crowded and sordid London slum, but in a village—no.

"It Cured Mother."

GENTLEMEN.—My mother was suffering from dyspepsia and had no appetite. Everything failed to cure her until one day, while visiting a friend's house, I saw a bottle of B. K. on the table; on enquiring what they used it for, I soon found out what it cured, and when I went home told mother that she should try it; she said she had no faith in anything, and objected to try it, notwithstanding her objection I went in the evening and brought home a bottle, but it was in the house for a week before we could induce her to take it. At last, as she was getting worse all the time she consented to try it, and on taking half the bottle found it was curing her. Another bottle cured her, and, we believe, saved her life. We are never without B. K. now. It is such a good remedy for headache as well.

E. WESTON, 15 Dalhousie street, Montreal.

INCOMPARABLE ST. PETER'S.

Once Seen, All Other Churches and Cathedrals are Disappointing.

Ex Senator Ingalls, describing in the New York Herald his observations and impressions of the most famous ecclesiastical edifices in Europe, pays the highest compliment to the genius of Michael Angelo and the other architects who designed the great basilica, St. Peter's at Rome:

After St. Peter's at Rome all other churches and cathedrals are disappointing. To be able to appreciate them properly it should be seen last. By its incomparable and unapproachable majesty and splendor it dwarfs all other ecclesiastical structures, as Mont Blanc diminishes the subordinate Alps, and Niagara renders the cataracts insignificant. Its exterior is not remarkable, except for mass and dimensions. It is approached through a filthy and squalid suburb of narrow streets, clamorous with the wild, discordant shrieks of vendors of matches, fruit and beverages and redolent with the odors of subterranean cook shops, the principal ingredients of whose menu appear to be onions that would bring tears to the eyes of an Egyptian mummy and goats' milk cheese that is louder and more robust than limburger.

It was a blazing, blinding noon in midsummer when I first approached the consecrated edifice and sat upon the base of the second column to the left of the entrance to the piazza. Small white clouds flecked the dazzling blue above the great lead colored dome. Two vast curving colonnades, with many hundred columns in pairs, apparently about fifty feet high, and crowned with a procession of rusty and discolored marble edifies of saints, enclosed a court yard of twenty acres, paved with small, square blocks of granite, sloping on all sides for drainage to the centre, where stood the obelisk of Caligula, flanked by two noble fountains, and from which paths of white stone radiated to the circumference. Greasy, ragged beggars were sleeping prone on the pavement of sandy calico sat knitting and gossiping with the drivers of the one horse carriages that were drawn up on the sun waiting for victims. The grayish yellow limestone of the columns and the portico was discolored, weathered and corroded by time. Pigeons fluttered cooing about the lofty cornices, and two high-bred, scholarly priests, with broad brimmed hats and long black coats, entered the portico. I followed them, anticipating a dark and dingy interior with a dim glory from stained glass oriel illuminating the dusky gloom. Crossing the vast portico behind the facade, with heroic statues of Constantine and Charlemagne at either end, and passing through the screen of the great portal, a spectacle greets the vision of the beholder which will not be surpassed till he witnesses the glory of the House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

WHERE GENIUS DID ITS BEST.

From the threshold to the brown statue of St. Peter enthroned beneath the golden glory of the dove, the distance is nearly as great as the entire length of the Capitol at Washington from north to south, and the width two thirds as much. Conceive that building enlarged to these proportions with all its interior partitions removed so as to form one apartment, its ceiling a hundred and fifty feet in height, supported by enormous columns of polished and many colored marbles; then intersecting arches pierced for domes, with brilliantly gilded vaults, grouped about the central dome that rises nearly as high as the Washington Monument, and a faint idea will be obtained of the dimensions of this stupendous work, upon which the supreme architects of the world exhausted the resources of their genius for nearly two hundred years and expended more than \$50,000,000.

It was completed 250 years ago, but it is as perfect and radiant as if Raphael and Michael Angelo had chiseled and pencil upon its incomparable statues and pillars and mosaics yesterday. A flood of light from many windows at the base of the domes fills the remotest recesses of the enormous sanctuary, revealing every detail of artistic decoration, from the level marble tessellated floor to the gorgeous cartoons in mosaic upon the walls, the splendor of thirty altars, and the tombs and chapels of a nameless multitude of buried Popes and kings. Beneath a canopy of gilded bronze in the midst an open crypt surrounded by many lamps, whose flame is never extinguished, encloses the tomb of St. Peter, to which a flight of marble steps descends, at whose foot is a kneeling statue of a sainted Pontiff.

In whatever creed he may have been taught, or whatever traditions he may have revered, no one can stand at the gate without reverence for the faith, whether false or true, that for so many centuries have given direction to the currents of history and inspired the devotion of so large a portion of the human race.

The Cause of Rheumatism.

An acid which exists in sour milk and cider, called lactic acid, is believed by physicians to be the cause of rheumatism. Accumulating in the blood, it attacks the fibrous tissues in the joints, and causes agonizing pains. What is needed is a remedy to neutralize the acid, and to so invigorate the kidneys and liver, that all waste will be carried off. Hood's Sarsaparilla is heartily recommended by many whom it has cured of rheumatism. It possesses just the desired qualities, and so thoroughly purifies the blood as to prevent occurrence of rheumatic attacks. We suggest a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla by all who suffer from rheumatism. There is nothing equal to Mether Graves' Worm Expeller for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

GOOD ADVICE.

To Young Men—Which They Should Ponder.

We regret we cannot remember from which of our exchanges we clipped the appended good advice to young men: There is perhaps no station in life in which a person can realize any decided measure of success without having the necessary qualifications for the same. Neither is there a station in life in which difficulties of some kind have not to be overcome. These difficulties are, however, our best instructors, as our mistakes often form our best experience.

It is no uncommon sight now-a-days, to see strong and vigorous young men endowed with a fair share of natural ability who hope to attain great ends; who are filled with ambition to excel in future contests and be placed at the head of the procession that marches on day by day to prosperity and greatness. Yet how many of these are making proper preparation for the great victories they expect to win? How many are using every effort to develop within themselves those qualities of mind, heart and soul which are the very life of all true success? Alas! the number might be greater. Living as we are in the light of popular intelligence; backed by the experience of centuries—the lessons of history—it is surprising that more young men do not enroll themselves under the banner of ceaseless exertion, and thus take the most favorable stand for the realization of the "day dreams" of youthful expectation. The golden hours of youth should not be spent with a hopeless heart and idle powers. The blossom time of life should not be cast in the desert of frivolous amusement.

In pursuing our desire there are certain elements which every right-minded man knows he must possess if he would be successful. Among these are labor, perseverance and economy. These are the magic keys by which the doors of life's castle are opened. Chamber after chamber of newer, broader and deeper intelligence makes us partakers of its treasures, and drifts us onward into still richer, more delightful abodes. We should not linger too long. We should not pause to lament at the doors closed behind us forever. The past is trodden ground. Why retrace its steps? Here we are in the light of an eternal day. So let us leave the foul and decaying weeds of the past to enrich the fields of to-day's wisdom and prepare for the harvests of the future.

An Old Story Repeated.

On a Sunday in July three Protestant ladies in Glengarriff, Ireland, took shelter from a sudden shower in the Catholic chapel, during the celebration of High Mass. The officiating priest, knowing who they were, and wishing to show them respect, stooped down to his attendant or clerk, who was on his knees, and whispered to him: "Three chairs for the Protestant ladies." The clerk, who was rather a dull man, mistook the words, stood up and shouted out to the congregation. "Three cheers for the Protestant ladies!" which the congregation immediately took up and gave three hearty cheers, while the clergyman stood actually dumfounded.

The College of the Propaganda at Rome announces the conversion of 40,000 persons to Christianity in the first six months of 1892. The greater portion of the converts were in Asia, West Africa, and a considerable number in the British provinces.

"I am convinced of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, after having taken but a few doses—this is what many people say."

MILNER'S COD LIVER OIL EMULSION is very highly recommended as a cure.

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN sometimes suffer from worms. Low's Worm Syrup is very highly recommended as a cure.

LITTLE JENNIE WAS CURED. DEAR SIRS, My little Jennie was very bad with La Grippe which left a bad cough, graceless hoarse and Hoarse and Hoarse and Hoarse cured her.

MRS. A. McLAUGHLIN, Colleton, Ont. DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP cures Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and Consumption if taken in time.



SPREADS ITS GOOD NAME. 5 St. Edwards College, Austin, Tex., April 27, 1892.

I can have no doubts as to the virtue of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For a lady recommended it to me where persons are afflicted with disease of the nervous system and in every case the result was such that my own confidence in the medicine was confirmed and its good name spread in the respective localities.

REV. P. J. HUNTER, N. ABERDEEN, O., February 28, 1891. For over 2 years I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla and I have not had an attack of the disease since I began to use it. (See Rev. J. Hunter's name.)

Rev. Father B. Gorman, of Mills Valley, Mich., has cured a case of the disease which was cured by two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Willie Tillbrook Son of Mayor Tillbrook

of McKeesport, Pa., had a Scrofula lumbago under one ear which the physician lanced and then it became a running sore, and was followed by erysipelas. Mrs. Tillbrook gave him

Hood's Sarsaparilla the sore healed up, he became perfectly well and is now a lively, robust boy. Other parents whose children suffer from impure blood should profit by this example.

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