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A Plover on Guard. Oh, little plover still circling over Your nest in clover, your house of love. Sure some dare harm it and none alarm it. While you are keeping your watch above. 'Tis she doth love you and well approve you. Your little love bird so gray and sweet; If hawk and falcon swoop down above you, 'Tis she would trust you the twin to meet. Now let me pass, sir, a harmless lass, sir. With no designs on your eggs of blue. I wish your family both health and wealth, sir, And to be as faithful and kind as you. But not a shadow steals o'er the meadow That he will swoop not to drive away; The hose in clover and Wind the rover He fears mean ill to his love in gray. The showers so sunny and sweet as honey Have power to trouble his anxious breast. Now might one purchase for love or money, That watchful heart and that pleasant nest! - Katharine Tynan Hinckson.

A WOMAN OF FORTUNE BY CHRISTIAN REID. Author of "Armine," "Phillip's Restitution," "The Child of Mary," "Heart of Steel," "The Land of the Sun," etc., etc., etc. CHAPTER VIII.—CON. So the bright spring days—nowhere so bright as in Paris—passed. But none of the new friends surrounding Cecil banished from her memory the recollection of the man with whom she had crossed the ocean, and whose character had impressed her more deeply than she had imagined. Again and again she found herself wondering what life lay before him; what difficult task, at which he had hinted, he went to meet with his resolute face and eyes. Grace Marriott, who had gone to Dresden with her brother, alluded to him frequently in her letters. "Do not fail to tell me if you ever meet or hear of Mr. Tyrconnel," she wrote. "I cannot believe that we have seen the last of him; he interested me so much. I think that he even interested you, hard as it is to waken your interest for any member of the sterner sex." Cecil smiled a little over this. Yes, she knew that it was hard to waken her interest, yet Tyrconnel had done so without doubt; and she began to think that there was a fair prospect that the young Comte de Vêrac would do so likewise. He pleased her in many ways. His culture and polish were delightful, his talents were undeniable, and the charm of his character was very great. Frenchmen are usually admirable in their domestic relations, especially are they the best of sons; and it was almost the relation of son which this young man bore to Madame de Vêrac. His manners to her were always charming—a happy blending of affection, admiration, and deference, which Cecil decided was thoroughly sincere. On her own part she made, as she discovered later, one mistake: A young Frenchman is not accustomed to this, and is very likely to misunderstand it. M. de Vêrac did not misunderstand it. He was not vulgar—did not fancy, as some of his countrymen would have done, that Miss Lorimer had lost her heart to him; but he soon felt that it was quite within the limit of possible things that he might lose his own heart to the beautiful girl who treated him with such frank and gracious kindness. He intimated as much one day to Craven, who treated the avowal rather cynically. "What is the good of talking in that manner?" he said. "You know that you could not marry an angel if she were not of suitable rank or had not a suitable dot. Miss Lorimer is all that you say, but she can be nothing to you." "Nothing to me when I find her fascinating—adorable!" said the young Comte, with a smile. "How like your prosaic nation that is, my friend! Because I cannot marry this beautiful creature I am not to find her charming! How practical and how absurd!" "It is much more absurd to pay her a sentimental homage that means nothing," said Craven; "and that might—mind, I don't say it would—but that might lead her to imagine what can never be. For no Frenchman, that I am aware of, ever makes a sentimental marriage; and you certainly are not in a position to prove an exception to the rule."

De Vêrac shook his head a little sadly. "No," he said frankly, "I am not. If I were, I would not answer for the result." "Well," said Craven, a little irritably, "what I beg is that, considering this to be the case, you will not make your admiration quite so manifest to Miss Lorimer. Remember that she comes from a country where men do marry for love." "And where divorce flourishes, I am told," returned the young Comte, a little maliciously. "Our French system has its disadvantages, but from what I have heard, the average of unhappiness is not greater with us than in other countries." "Your system is sensible enough and works well enough among your selves," said Craven; "but that has nothing to do with the fact that it is difficult for a foreigner to understand how entirely you are governed in such matters by prudential considerations. Therefore I repeat that your admiration is likely to be misunderstood by the person to whom it is freely shown." "I should certainly not wish to be misunderstood by that person of all others," said De Vêrac gravely. "Believe me I shall be careful to avoid the possibility of such misunderstanding." "And I shall take care," said Craven to himself, "that there is no such possibility."

In pursuance of this resolution, the first time that he found an opportunity to speak to Cecil alone he led the conversation to the young Comte, and mentioned incidentally the matrimonial arrangement into which it was likely he would soon enter. Having ventured upon the subject with some hesitation, he was very much reassured by Miss Lorimer's smile. "For a conscientious guardian, you are late with your warning, Mr. Craven," she said. "But, fortunately for my peace of mind, Madame de Vêrac anticipated you. Immediately after my first meeting with her nephew she told me that negotiations were on foot for his marriage to the daughter of the Duc de Mirécourt. This was to let me know that I must not set my heart or hopes on him. Then she added that she had pledged her fortune to secure the alliance, which was to warn me not to build any expectations on that. So you see I was fully informed of the situation."

"The warnings must have seemed very absurd to you," said Craven, struck by a sense of the folly of his own fears; "but Madame de Vêrac's motives were good. She thought you might be like—others." "Oh! I never blamed her," answered Cecil, with a laugh. "I did full justice to her motives. But that the warnings seemed very absurd to me, I admit. No doubt I have always had an exaggerated idea of my own importance. It was well to come abroad in order to find out that I am, after all, like—others." Craven shook his head. "You could never find that out," he said. "One has only to know you to discover how very much you are unlike others. But until one knows you mistakes are possible." "Mistakes are always possible," she replied. "So Madame de Vêrac's clear statement of the situation relieved even while it amused me. Understanding how things are, I can act more freely than if I feared misapprehension." "Are you quite sure that even now there is no danger of that?" asked Craven significantly. She looked at him with surprise. "What danger could there possibly be?" she asked. Then, as he hesitated, "Speak frankly," she said. "What is the good of the role you have undertaken if you do not fulfil it?" "Frankly, then, you like the Comte de Vêrac, do you not?" "Very much. He pleases and interests me. What then?" "Only this, that I fear he may misunderstand your interest; and I am sure that you do not wish to inspire a hopeless grande passion."

"There is nothing I desire less," she said, with the calmness of one to whom such a thing was by no means new; "but I do not think that there exists the remotest danger of it. M. de Vêrac is no more likely to conceive a grande passion for me than I am to find him dangerously fascinating, or to dream of becoming Madame la Comtesse. So pray set your mind at rest." "It is at rest so far as you are concerned," continued Craven, smiling; "but I am by no means sure of De Vêrac. He is of inflammable material, although, like all his countrymen, when it comes to marriage he will be guided by considerations of convenience alone."

"Then," said Cecil, with delicate scorn, "there is no need to fear for inflammable material which can be held in such admirable control. But this is a matter which concerns himself alone. In all that concerns me I find him exceedingly agreeable and interesting. He is anxious for Madame de Vêrac to take me on a visit to his chateau, and I am sure that I shall like it very much."

"I am sure that you will," said Craven. "He has spoken of the plan to me, and kindly asked me to be of the party. Country life in France is charming, and will be new to you."

"All French life seems to me charming," she said. "I have never been more agreeably surprised than by what I have found it to be." "You have been rarely fortunate in the aspect of it which you have seen," Craven observed. "Very few Americans, no matter what may be the degree of their wealth or social pretensions, are ever admitted to the circle into which Madame de Vêrac has introduced you. Paris is very different from London in this respect. There is no circle in the latter place too exclusive for wealth to buy a way into it; but wealth may knock in vain at those doors which you have entered. It was not her money which carried Madame de Vêrac across their thresholds, but her marriage and her personal qualities."

"She would not have been received if she had not become a Catholic, I suppose?" said Cecil meditatively. "Received—oh! yes, in a degree. But there could not have been the same sympathy of feeling; for no doubt you have discovered that the religious question underlies the whole fabric of life." "I have only discovered it since I have been here," she said. "Do not think me very dull not to have discovered it earlier. It has always seemed to me something altogether external, and independent of things which I now see that it enters into largely." Craven shrugged his shoulders. "Narrow forms of religion," he said, "enter narrowly into life, and either make it as contracted in sentiment and motive as themselves by controlling it—witness the various forms of Puritanism—or become wholly external to it, without the power of influence even, far less of control. But Catholicity deserves its name, inasmuch as it is truly universal in all things. It is not

only as wide as the world, but it is as wide as human nature. Nothing is foreign to it, and it enters into everything; for even those who oppose it pay tribute to its importance by the vehemence of their opposition." Cecil regarded him with surprise. "Are you a Catholic?" she asked. He shook his head, smiling. "No," he answered; "I am only a man of the world, who recognizes the greatest moral power in it."

CHAPTER IX. ACCORDING TO THE FASHION OF ROMANCE?

Craven's warning, slight as it was, had an effect upon Miss Lorimer which that of the Vicomtesse had not exercised. The latter had only amused her, as it seemed to hint at danger for herself; but Craven had spoken of possible danger for another—and that other one whom she liked sincerely. Though she had laughed at such a possibility, she knew in her heart that it was a possibility—that, notwithstanding the witty classification of human nature and French nature, and that the prospect or intention of making a marriage de convenance in the future would not absolutely prevent a man from falling in love in the present.

Now, there was not a single impulse of coquetry in Cecil's nature. She not only had no desire that men should fall in love with her, but, on the contrary, she had a very strong desire that they should not do so, and she generally contrived to nip such an inclination in the bud. It only annoyed her and gave her pain when persisted in; and she had no wish either to give pain to the young Comte de Vêrac or to be pained by feeling that she was the cause of suffering to him. After Craven's words, consequently, she observed Armand closely, and came to the decision that it would be a measure of prudence to be less frank and friendly in her manner. As a result of this precaution, M. de Vêrac soon perceived a change in her. It was delicate, it was almost perceptible, but it was sufficient to mark the fact that the privilege of intimacy which he had found so delightful was, in a degree at least, withdrawn.

It was natural that he did not like this, and indeed it Cecil had subtly studied a means of animating his interest, she could not have been more successful in doing so. He began to say to himself more frequently, "If she had but a great American fortune!" and to reflect, in that case, what an altogether charming comtesse she would make. Meanwhile he did not suffer Madame de Vêrac to forget her promise to go to his chateau for a visit. "We must show Miss Lorimer something of French country life," he would say. "I think the provinces will interest her."

Cecil was very sure that the provinces would interest her, for she felt as if she were already living in a romance. It was not modern Paris, with its glare and its glitter, its boulevards and avenues and foreign colonies, which pleased her, but that stately old Paris across the Seine—the Paris of the Faubourg St. Germain, of the Quartier Latin, of the Ile de la Cité. Her heart thrilled within her when she stood in the Sainte Chapelle—that matchless gem of architectural beauty—and thought of the Saint and King who had builded it to receive the Sacred Thorns. The lilies of France took new meaning when they were thus brought to adorn the shrine of the emblems and instruments of supreme suffering. In this spot history and poetry meet. The Ages of Faith are kneeling at the foot of Calvary; mail-clad Crusaders, who crossed land and sea to fight for the Holy Sepulchre, have venerated the Thorns which crowned the sinless head of Christ, and devoutly heard the Mass which to day, as on that long past yesterday, renews the Sacrifice offered for the sins of men. Cecil could not indeed feel all this, but she felt enough to thrill her heart, as has been already said, and to make her exclaim, impulsively: "It is too beautiful not to be true."

"Beauty is not always an unfulfilling sign of truth," observed Craven, who chanced to be by her side at the moment. She looked at him with a smile. "I did not mean beauty of outward form," she said, "but beauty and harmony of idea and feeling. It all suits so perfectly. This exquisite shrine is the expression of a faith and an ardor which were in perfect accord with the belief that inspired them. I can understand how it prompted men to such deeds as those which we recall here. What I cannot understand is how it has lost its force with the lapse of time."

"What influence is there which does not lose its force with the lapse of time?" said Craven. "It is the history of humanity."

"Human influences—yes," she answered. "But this was divine; so it must be the fault of men if no longer animates them to the faith of St. Louis, and the deeds which proved that faith." "What do you think of this, De Vêrac?" asked Craven, turning to that young man. "Miss Lorimer wants to know why your faith does not animate you to the deeds of St. Louis." "Miss Lorimer must remember," said the Comte, smiling, "that St. Louis is rather a difficult standard by which to try men of any age, but especially men of the nineteenth century." "I meant St. Louis merely as a type," answered Miss Lorimer. "I was wondering why the influence which was so strong at one time of the world's history has lost so much of its force now."

pouring over her—that glorious, famous glass of the Sainte Chapelle, which modern art in vain endeavors to imitate—she stood looking up at the empty shrine like one who questions an oracle.

"The answer to that question would take us very far," said M. de Vêrac. "You must be aware of some of the causes which have changed the piety of the Middle Ages into the indifference of modern times. But the influence which inspired that piety has not lost its force. Instead of the Crusaders we have to-day missionaries."

She made a little gesture of impatience. "As if you did not have them always! Always there were men who separated themselves from the world to serve God; but where are the men of the world who do great things for their faith now as then?" "They exist, believe me, even here in France—although they do not now go to fight for the Holy Sepulchre."

She glanced significantly around at the empty chapel. "It seems to me that there are other sepulchres for which they might fight," she said. "You are a little *caustic* in your ideas, I fear, my dear Cecil," said Madame de Vêrac's soft tones. "We must take the world as we find it, and not look for the Ages of Faith in the nineteenth century. Shall we go now? It is a little chill, I think."

They left the beautiful chapel of St. Louis, and went out into the sunshine; but Cecil, who seemed still deep in meditation, rather startled her companions by presently saying abruptly, "Some day, if I ever build a church, I will duplicate, as far as modern art can do so, the Sainte Chapelle."

"Do you think that you are likely to build a church—yourself?" asked Madame de Vêrac, lifting her eyes briefly a little. "Why not?" said Cecil, still absently. "Could one do better, if one had the necessary faith?"

"Not possibly—if one had also the necessary money," said Craven, laughing. "Oh, money!"—she seemed to rouse, and laughed herself. "Yes, that would certainly be necessary," she assented; "but, after all, not so much so as faith."

She spoke carelessly, and her words had no significance for any one save Craven; but he suddenly remembered how, not many days before, an American acquaintance had said to him, "I saw you at the opera with two beautiful women last night. One was Miss Lorimer, the heiress, was it not?" "Miss Lorimer—yes," Craven had answered; "but she is not an heiress, that I am aware of."

"She is considered so by those who know best," was the careless reply. "I believe no one knows exactly the amount of her father's fortune—he was a man who had all kinds of speculative investments everywhere—but he is thought to have left a large estate. I have heard it estimated at several millions."

"Such things are often exaggerated," said Craven. "But to himself he thought that this might (if true) account for Jack Bernard's letter, his evident fears for his beautiful sister-in-law, and that idea of her importance which had so much amused the man of the world. He had laughed over the letter when he first received it—laughed with good-humored contempt at the provincial imagination which conceived that a pretty American girl because she had been admired at home could be in danger of snares, matrimonial or any kind whatsoever, in Paris. But if she were an heiress—perhaps a great heiress—that would put another face on the matter. It began to seem to him that this was very probable. And if it were so? He smiled to himself, thinking of M. de Vêrac. "If he had a suspicion of it, nothing could hold him in check," Craven reflected. "Is she going to test the disinterestedness of his passion, according to the fashion of romance? If so, I fear that she will be sadly disappointed. No Frenchman marries for love."

The question, however, had been left in so much doubt—his friend had spoken so carelessly and with so little exact knowledge—that he thought no more of it until Cecil's remark brought it again to his mind. Her princess-like way of announcing that if she had the necessary faith she would reproduce the Sainte Chapelle, and her reply to his suggestion about money, recalled what he had heard, and inclined him to believe that it might be true.

Up to this time he had left it in doubt whether he would accept De Vêrac's invitation to join the party about to assemble at his chateau, but after this he let it be understood that his going was quite certain. In fact, his imagination was pleased with the idea of the mystery which he thought he had discovered, of the story that was probably going on, of the romantic denouement which might be its end. "When she has sufficiently tested his devotion, she will let him know that there is no obstacle to his happiness," Craven thought. "That will be the end—if the millions exist."

an attraction to their piety; and when she found how unaffected and how deep the latter was, and especially when she was introduced to some of the great charities in which they were interested, her heart was filled with the desire to make a worthy use of the fortune which God had entrusted to her. She had thought of it often—her mind had never been engrossed with small things; she had realized the responsibility of wealth almost as soon as she had realized what wealth was to be hers; but her wishes and intentions had been as vague as possible. To do some great work, to help some great cause—this was what she had contemplated. But she knew not where to turn to look for the work or the cause. Nor could it be said that she had found either yet. But she saw works of charity such as had never entered into her experience or knowledge before, and she felt that into such channels she would like to pour the superfluity of her wealth. She was aflame with the desire to make a great and wide reaching use of what had been given to her so lavishly, but the exact opportunity for which she was looking had not yet presented itself.

Meanwhile the brilliant days, made enjoyable by varied pleasures and occupations, passed swiftly; and when the first burst of summer warmth came, the Vicomtesse declared that it was time to leave Paris. "I generally go to my own country-house," she said. "It is not far from Paris, and is altogether modern and comfortable. For comfort one likes modern things as much as for picturesqueness one likes ancient ones. But Armand is so anxious that we should go to his chateau, that I must defer showing you my pretty villa on the Seine until later in the season. Villemer is a delightful place, and will enchant you."

"I am sure of that," said Cecil. "Everything M. de Vêrac has told me of it sounds enchanting." "You will find that he has not told half of its charms. It has been a grand place, and will be so again, I hope. Only money is needed to restore it to all its former splendor." "Only money!" repeated Cecil, thoughtfully. "It is constantly a fresh surprise to me to realize what a factor money is in human life."

The Scandalous Father.

When a Catholic man becomes the father of children, he owes them, first of all, a rearing in the Faith, and, secondly, an example of the Christian life. If such a parent eats meat on Fridays, remains absent from Mass on Sundays, neglects his morning and night prayers, talks contemptuously of the priests, sneers at religion, refuses to perform his Easter duties, is deficient in charity, and yields to anger, drunkenness and profanity, his sons are likely to be criminals and his daughters wayward. He is apt to be the main cause of their destruction, and they are pretty certain to be his scourges. He will help to lose his own soul by contributing to the loss of theirs. He will sink further into hell because of his evil example to them, and of their viciousness of which he was the occasion.

He has scandalized the innocent. It were better for him to be chained to an anchor and to be cast into the depths of the sea than to be an instrument in the perdition of his own children. Even in the depths of the pit, if he and they meet there, he will be upbraided by them and feel his misery deeper because of them. Woe to the scandalous father—misery here and agony hereafter!

Coventry Patmore and Ruskin.

"Coventry Patmore is the only man who could make me a Catholic," was the confession which the venerable author, Mr. Ruskin, once made to a friend. Whatever we may think of Mr. Ruskin's idea of conversion, it is worth while hearing from one who knew him well that, in the case of numerous actual converts, the mere fact that Coventry Patmore was a Catholic first led them to discard their prejudices against the Church, and then brought them within its sanctuary. What nobler eulogy could be given on his tomb? It is to be regretted that there was no Boswell around to take down his incomparable table-talk, to which the *Athenaeum*, the literary oracle of England, thus refers: "Sometimes when he was dwelling on certain Roman Catholic doctrines and their application to life, his remarks upon the more recalcitrant aspects of art were singularly striking, practically unchallengeable, and, in fact, distinct recoveries of lost secrets. Failing records of them from his pen, they must needs be lost again."

The funeral of the beloved and religious poet was most simple and religious. "What am I that flowers should touch me?" was one of the final humilities of speech with which he passed away. Accordingly, no flowers were laid upon the coffin; but Mrs. Meynell, his poet friend—worthy representative of that noble womanhood which Mr. Patmore had glorified in song—dropped a simple laurel crown into the grave.—Ave Maria.

"Five years ago," says "Anga A. Lewis, Ricard, N. Y., "I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after using two bottles was completely cured." When all other cough preparations fail, try Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

JANUARY THE C Up Bols The Notwithstan Gaillieo myth, an obscure B and ten year great astron by scores of times out of regular in tarian" per Humpty Dum can theory trap, shouting The latest ap illustrated in like this: C wrote a book around the s the theory t centre of the heavenly bo condemned momeo him he was tortu sent to theory, wh years' impri geon. On passing the aloud," "I upon a min out Gaillieo In truth, of absurditi Copernicus, lived and d Church, pu revolution in 1542, t birth of Ga cated to th autograph of the archi Paris, wroa derful book More than work had day when Gaillieo wa 18, 1564. medical p cination oned his u and devo and physi ogy, no time he b in Pisa. clocks, th and the telescope, first teles moons, of great pla the earth miles fro urn, the made a cl sands of man. H tion of t courses 585,000, plishes i miles a travellin think ab Gaillieo far away them lon and trav of light, not reac after G telescope distance indebted Royal Hear that a earth to of New much m your fa I will t \$20 giv from fl But the neighb other s away t the mil since t into on and str stars, to rec is our larger lamp only t ing th upon t sky. earth th the lin day a take Why The debt c for th for w treat durin paid worth ter, s Celest nery t the citie astro time the the our s he p our late Sun the that plat mer that and cur