in

If he asked any single

The Rev. Father Luke Rivington delivered the first of two lectures on the subject "Catholic and Protestin the Cleveland Road Board school, Ilford.

The Rev. Father Rivington, at the outset of his lecture, said that he proposed that evening to go to what seemed to him to be the root of the matter, and to leave matters of special detail, in the way of reply to some things which had been said in Ilford, for next Monday. Now, the Catholic Church appealed to them upon the nature which God gave to every one of them. That was a root truth, and everything sprang out of that.

Their position was that of creatures. It was the special function of the Cath olic Church to develop and illustrate the great truth, and all her truths and all her acts proceeded upon that great principle. She taught them to behave themselves as creatures before the Almighty God, their Creator. That the root principle. Now, what was the root truth of created life What were they to do as creatures? What was the title and fundamental act of the creature, simply, in the presence of the Creator? Why, it was this, that they were dependent. Dependence was the keynote of creature's life, dependence upon God. All the evil that came into God's creation came through the assertion of independence. There was one bright and glorious creature to whom according to the Catholic Church, it was revealed that there was something higher in store for him, something be-yond his own nature, for which he must entirely depend upon his Creator. But he refused that which was his Theology told destiny and he fell. them that this fall had to do probably with something else, viz, a revelation -that it was in some way revealed to those creatures of God that they were to be happy and bright in heaven, that there was this future destiny be fore them, that this would come through what we with all our knowledge would call the Incarnation. But if the creation of God was to be blessed through the medium of any creature of His hand, why should it not be made glorious in nature? Heaven was where God revealed Himself, and so there was war where He revealed Him One side said nay, and the other side said yea. One side had its negation, and the other side had its affirmation. One side had submission, and the other side hid its protest, and so there was division. One bright and glorious creature, Michael, who was like unto God, led in the path of submission. The lost angel was told that he had to depend, and that he had to refrain from touching something. He did not refrain. He thought he would have his own way. He took of the forbidden fruit, and so he fell too. Now the whole idea of restoration was tha the creature was restored to perfect dependence upon God. Dependence was the keynote of the creature's life And so whatever God provided, that must be the food of the creature. He must not say gold is a very fine thing prayed." He spoke of Simon Peter, God had provided bread He had provided one or wheat. thing, and the creature must faith fail not," that thou should be in-be contented with what God has made. fallible in that faith, and when thou And so wherever they found the note of independence struck, let them be Of course they would say, and say rightly, that there was a right and a wrong dependence. Quite so; but there was a right and wrong independ-ence, and so when Our Blessed Lord selected a metaphor to describe the creature as restored in his highest dignity, what was it? Why, sheep In England the word sheep had not quite a good meaning. It looked as if taught them. The religion came from Christ. It was given to the Apostles, English thought had gone a little bit astray from Catholic truth, because, after all, sheep was the term which There was nothing more glorious in the kingdom than to have the spirit and the tone of the sheep. The sheep was docile and took what was given him. Dependence marked the sheep, and so in religious matters they were to be like sheep, they were to be dependent. He was quite aware that, having struck that key note, he went against the grain of English thought for a few centuries He knew perfectly well that the tendency would be to give play to the word sheepish. They were not sheepish, yet they were to be as a sheep. They were to glory in dependence, docility, and submission. Those feat-tures must be found in their lives in religious matters if things were to be really right with them. They were on the path of restoration to their highest dignity. What had God made for man to depend upon? Perhaps one would say, "I should like to depend upon no one," but such a one could not live. He was dependent upon some one. And so they were to be dependent in the dependent in the dependent in the dependent. be dependent in religious matters. Christ came to build a Church. He told them that it was to be a society, it was to be a kingdom. They could not get on in a kingdom without dependence and submission. How could they get on in society if they were not dependent one upon another? It was only a matter of taking care that their dependence was in accordance with the laws of society. Who was to lay down the laws of the society which Christ came to build? was Christ Himself. He was They were to depend upon tem in which the teachers contradicted Him. If they looked at that kingdom with the eye of sense or of nature, they seemed to him to be against commonlooked as it with the eye of faith, sense and good reason. He had rewould say that it was not human, ceived some of his greatest consolations

they looked as it with the eye of faith,

but Divine.

"If any man hear not the Church, let boy he had a very nice vicar. He was a thorough gentleman, and he and his wife were good and devout people. him be to you as a heathen and a publican." Such a man was not in the He remembered that when nearly ready to go to Oxford that the vicar died, and the steeple of the church fell on the same day. He did not know what might be argued path of restoration to his true dignity, which proceeded upon the principle of dependence and docility. And there was the great law whereby the creature was to be restored from this fall to his dignity. He could not understand, from that. But there came in the place of that vicar an equally good he could not imagine, any man who man, and, as far as he knew, an ex-cellent man, who taught them as boys believed in Christ as God, and heard Him say that if they did not hear the the very opposite of what they were taught up to that time. What was he to do? He tried to make out that there be as heathens Church they should and publicans, could also believe that the Church would lead him astray was some underlying unity beneath the differences, and that it was not for Was it likely that Christ would tell him to follow after a thing which would him to go any further. But the time lead him off things concerning the salvation of his soul. Had they ever must come when a person would use his reason and when one looked fairly into the matter what did he find? noticed when it was that our Blesse a matter of fact, he had worked in Lord used the word Church? It was a very interesting fact. It came in the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel: "I will build My Church." Europe, in Asia, in Africa and in America and he found that he had to suit his teaching to some extent to the Bishop of the He said. To those who were gathered where he went. He did that as far as around Him He said, alluding to St. Peter, "Unto thee will I give the keys he was obliged to. He always tried to teach the Bishop, and he very often of the kingdom of Heaven. This was succeeded. He once induced a Bishop a gift to St. Peter from his Divine Master. If one person had the keys they must know that they to go to confession. But there was thing he could never get over. were very dependent upon him. If they wished to go in they must apply to him. Christ never used dependent upon him. He did not say that it struck immediately, but it was forcing itself upon his attention that, wherever he went such words to any other mortal man in the course of His ministry. It was unto in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, there was one enormous religious body about which he knew exact-Peter that He gave the keys and so it looked like the establishment of authorly what views every exponent of it had with regard to particular ity. People seemed to like to appeal away from the authority of God. things. They saw there that their Lord ap Catholic priest any question with repeared certainly to place men under gard to the sacraments of the Church particular authority. He found the answer would always be found to further that the men whom Christ be the same. He had always tried to Peter were told by Him, "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound get people to be at one, but do what he would he could not get them to be at one. He felt that that could not be a in Heaven." He said this to the eleven other apostles, but He did not say to them "I give you the keys." Thus, system that Our Lord instituted, and he remembered the text in which the Lord expressly stated that the king-dom could not be divided. He was they were bound to go to the chief part of Our Lord's life, to the great feature very anxious that they should not of His ministry. It consisted of His education of these few men. They leave that room under any misapprehension, whilst he spoke of Peter as the chief pastor of the were to be the germ of the future, they were to receive the Holy Ghost and Universal Church. There was, after all, one Shepherd, one Priest, one Father, one Lord. Just as there was Christ's teachings, and these teachings were to be brought to light by the power of the Holy Ghost and handed one Father and one Lord it did not down, so that from age to age Cathoprevent him looking upon an earthly lics would always say that they fellow-being as his father and his lord. in One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic The fact that there were priests and Church. Now, having bound these shepherds did not prevent him looking men together like this, Our Biessed to Christ, and the fact that Christ was Lord, on the last night of His precious the one Shepherd of the Church did not life-a night specially touching to all prevent representatives of Him, or Christian readers of Scripture-on that governors. night there was a dispute amongst them as to which of them would be the greatest. There were a number of things they did not understand, about the Passion, about the about the Resurrection. Evidently there was something in Our Lord's teaching which implied that there would be one who would be the leader, the greatest Christ said, "He that is the elder amongst you, let him be as the younger." Christ cast His eye over the future of His whole Church. He spoke of the trials and tribulations into

what did He say? He said, "I have

and said, "I have prayed that thy

fallible in that faith, and when thou

are converted that thou strengthen

they saw that the brethren were to be

secured to him in these matters that his faith should not fail. And so they

saw that it was all through the idea of

teachers of the world, that they were to

and they would be certain not to go astray, because Christ said "I am with

you all days, unto the consummation of

tian life by prayers, by persuasions, by life, by will, to bring others into the Faith. As Saint Augustine said,

the commission to another, "Feed my sheep." If they were to be as the

It was a law of the Chris

Christ's prayer

were to be the

and confirm thy brethren."

Christ prayed, and

dependence that the

the world.'

IN THE HOUR OF PERIL.

The midday sun of an August day was pouring its hot beams down upon the pine-clad slopes of the Rocky Mountains and upon a gang of laborers who were resting from the toil of pick and shovel during the hour devoted to the noonday meal. Near by sat the "gang boss" or foreman, a stalwart Irish man in a blue flannel shirt and a pair of tweed trousers rather the worse for wear. A red bandana handkerchief was tied around his neck, and from under the broad rim of his straw hat his eyes looked discontentedly forth. which they would be plunged, and when He had spoken those troubles

Save the gang of chattering Italian laborers, there was nothing to indicate that the foctsteps of man had ever disturbed the maj-estic loneliness of the scene. Upon every side rose the eternal hills, their snow crowned for isteps of man had ever disturbed the majestic loneliness of the scene. Upon every side rose the eternal hills, their snow crowned summits mingling with the fleecy clouds that drifted slowly across the brilliant sky, and their fir-clothed bases lost in the depths of gloomy canons and fathomless gorges. A short distance from the spot where Dan Conway sat, the side of the mountain had been torn by blasting powder and dynamite, and the first faint outlines of the roadbed of a railway were hecoming visible. dependent upon the person for whom

way were becoming visible.

The expression of the foreman's face would The expression of the foreman's face would have interested an observer had there been one. It was a mingling of discontent, ill-humor and disgust. His hands were thrust deep into his pockets, and every now and again he kicked out impatiently with his feet, sending showers of small stones flying in

go forth and deliver what Christ had and they were to teach throughout the world what Christ had taught them,

again he kicked out impatiently with his feet, sending showers of small stones flying in every direction.

"Pack of chattering monkeys," he muttered to himself, ill-humoredly, eyeing the gang of men with deep disfavor. "Give them enough to eat and drink and they're all right. Bah!"

Having thus partially relieved his mind, he pushed his hat back, wiped his heated forehead and returned to the contemplation of his men, all of whom, with one exception, were talking and laughing at the top of their voices, and bolting masses of bread and fat pork with much evident relish. The solitary exception, like the proof of a rule, sat apart from the rest of the men. He was a swarthy, sullen-browed fellow with restless eyes, and a ragged, black beard which he stroked nervously while listening to the chatter that went on close by, but in which he took no part. Upon him presently the foreman's eyes fell, and the glance was followed by a frown.

"Confound that fellow" "said Conwer to "You must be with Peter if you are to get to the eternal shore." Christ gave

the commission to another, "Feed my sheep." If they were to be as the sheep of Christ, they must be fed by some one in the name of Christ, and they must be to him submissive and docile. That was root principle of religion, and Catholics glorified in dependence. God had His institutions and His way of acting. He did not promise that in every conceivable case the machinery would go without a flaw; but He would take care that the various flaws will not affect the vital and essential working of the machine. That was the principle on which go worked. This he did know, that God tould not contradict Himself. He (Father Rivington) left the Church of England on that principle, and he felt that it was the true principle on which to act. He had nothing harsh to say about the Church of England : neither, indeed, had he about the D.ssenters. He had a pious father and a most devout mother, and he believed that they would go to Heaven, if they were not there now. But for all that, when God Almighty showed him a principle, and would go to Heaven, if they were not there now. But for all that, when God Almighty showed him a principle, in must use his judgment, and not be dependent upon a most pious mother of a contradict on the convertable of the contradict of the contr

On this particular day he was suffering from one of those periodical fits of remorse, and was feeling irritated and disgusted with the world in general and himself in particular. Besides telling them to be in his religious life outside the Catho-

like sheep He told them that they were lic Church. He was brought up in a to hear something. He told them, country parish in Eagland, where as a While he was sitting watching the men,

had remarked sitting apart during the dinner hour was missing.

"Where is Guiseppe Bonani?" he asked, in very good Italian, stepping into the midst of the gang and looking about him angrily. No one knew what had become of him and the irate foreman went away to hunt him up.

"Just as I thought," he said to himself a few moments later, when he came upon the delinquent Bonani in the act of taking a siest in a sheltered nook among the rocks.

"Here, you lazy vagabond, get up and get to work," he called out, stirring the man with the toe of his boot.

lo work, he caned out, the toe of his boot. Bonani did not move, and Conway stooped down and shook him with no gentle hand, for

down and shook him with no gentle hand, for his anger was rising.

The man raised his eyelids slowly after a moment and looked at the foreman, then instead of getting up he grunted sullenly and rolled over as though to go to sleep again.

Thoroughly exasperated, Conway stooped over him, grasped him by the red and yellow handkerchief that adorned his neck, and with a jerk of his muscular arm brought him to his feet as he would have done a rebellious child, at the same time pouring out a volley of abusive epithets in Italian.

For a moment Bonani looked about him stupidly, then, turning an evil glance upon the foreman, his hand wandered to the handle of his dinner knife, which was protruding

stupidly, then, turning an evil glance upon the foreman, his hand wandered to the handle of his dinner knife, which was protruding from his belt, and he made as it to draw it. Conway did not give him time, but planted a well directed blow between his eyes that knocked him over backwards, and then walked coolly away, without taking the trouble to see whether he had hurt him seriously or not work to the control of the contro

ously or not.

Half an hour later, Bonani joined the gang with a blood-stained bandage tied around his forehead, and the sullen fire of vengeance

with a blood-stained bandage tied around his forehead, and the sullen fire of vengeance smouldering in his eyes.

The day dragged wearily along, and when it was over the gang shouldered their tools and tramped back to the hut, glad to be released from their toilsome labors. They had scarcely disposed of their supper when the rattle of the hand-car was heard again, and it was soon heralded abroad that a missionary priest had arrived to pay the camp a visit and to say Mass on the following morning.

Whatever may be the faults of the poorer sons of Italy, want of faith is not one of them. With the exception of Guiseppe Bonani, who was nursing his sore head and his wrath, the men gathered around the missionary, who was of their own nationality, and in an incredibly short space of time had a spare tentrigged up for him, and within it had erected a portable altar, and a chair that was to answer the purpose of a confessional. In that wild gounter the visits of rejuster were like

a portable altar, and a chair that was to answer the purpose of a confessional. In that wild country the visits of priests were like those of angels, few and far between; some of the men had not seen one for two or three years, so it is not surprising that they should hail his coming with joy.

When everything was in readiness, the priest retired to the tent and the men went in to confession one after the other.

Outside, Dan Conway sat upon a stone in the moonlight and de lated upon the advis-ability of going to confession himself. It was nearly four years since he had re-

ability of going to confession himself.

It was nearly four years since he had received the sacraments, but during the greater part of that time he had been far away from priest and church, and it had not been possible for him to do so. Now to his surprise, he found himself very much disinclined to embrace the opportunity that Providence had placed in his way.

When the last of his men had come from the tent he was still undecided, and finally compromised with his conscience by telling himself that there would be time enough to go in the morning before Mass.

It might not, perhaps, be just to say that he had made up his mind to gratify his passion for liquor that night, and so could not approach the confessional with the proper disposition; but certain it is that the knowledge that he was in a position to gratify it had an indirect influence upon him, though he would not acknowledge, even to himself, that such was the case. However, he retired to the hut without having been to confession, and, sad to say, got heplessly intoxicated before he fell asleep.

Hard workers sleep well, and long before midnight the hut and little tent were wrapped in a silence that was broken only by the heavy breathings of the pines in the night breeze

Calm and serene in her silver splendor, the

ors and the low rustlings of the pines in the night breeze. Calm and serene in her silver splendor, the moon sauk toward the west, throwing a shaft of white light through the half open door of the hut where Conway's gang lay asleep, and lighting up the upper portion of the foreman's vigorous frame as he lay with one arm thrown across his chest, from which his shirt had slipped back, expessing all its brawny proportions save the place where his arm rested.

had slipped back, exposing all its brawny proportions save the place where his arm rested.

At the far side of the room, in the shadow, Guiseppe Banani crouched, biding his time and fingering the point of his knife. With the patience of a wild beast lying in wait for its prey, he lay in his corner until the deep and steady breathings of his companions assured him that they were too soundly asleep to be awakened easily: then with cat like movement he rose to his feet and crept softly across the room to the spot where his enemy lay at his mercy. As he raised his knife it glistened in the moonlight, but he forebore to strike, for Conway's arm was in the way, and he would not risk a doubtful blow. For nearly a full minute he stood there, his burning eyes fixed upon his intended victim, and his hand clasping the handle of his knife convulsively. At last the sleeping man, perhaps disturbed by the evil gaze, stirred restlessly and flung both arms above his head. The movement startled Bonani momentarily and he drew back a pace, then with a fierce flash in his dark eyes he stepped forward and raised the knife in the air, his eyes eseking the fatal spot in which to strike.

Suddenly he drew back shuddering, and the knife in the air, his eye seeking the fatal spot in which to strike.

Suddenly he drew back shuddering, and the knife in the air, his eyes on his hand to the earthen floor with a dull thud. He did not seem to hear it, but stood with distended eyeballs glaring at a patch of red and white that lay upon Conway's breast and rose and fell with his breathing. It was a scapular of the Sacred Heart, a poor little bit of cloth with

the distant whistle of a locomotive was borne to bis ears and he started to his feet with a look of relief.

"Thank heaven, the hand-car will soon behere," he said, half aloud," I'll go to meet it. I'm choking for a drink."

He walked along the roughly broken roadbed for nearly a quarter of a mile before he reached the place where the track was already laid. He hand hardly got to the spot when the hand car appeared around a curve some distance sheed and care rumbing.

"Dan is in a hurry for his jar," said one of the mea on the car to his companious with a lauch, as he caught sight of the foreman's waiting figure.

The others echoed the laugh, and one of them stooped down and drew a yellow jar out of the mist of a load of supplies and held it up conspicuously as the car drew up at the end of the track.

"Confound you, Cameron, you needn't parade it that way; I'm not blind," exclaimed Conway, flishing red as he took the jar. Fallen as he was, the rude pleasantries of his rough associates jarred on him pain fully.

"Don't get mad, Dan," answersed the man good naturedly. "I knew you were thirsty, and wanny to let you see I had not forgotion to his weakness, and muttering a hoarse, "Thank you, Jim, much obliged," he turned away with the jar in his hand and disappeared into the interior of a log hut that stood close to the track and which was, for the present, the home of himself and his jang after working hours. When he emerged again nearly an hour afterwards, his face was flushed, his eyes were moist and heavy, and his stop was not quite so firm as it had been.

When he got back to the place where he had left his gang, he found that they had resumed work, and he was about to throw himself adonn, he had become of himself and he was about to the house of the gang and looking about him angrily. No one knew what had become of him and the irate foreman went away to hunt him up. "Just as I Hought," he saif to himself a few moments later, when he came upon the elimination had the leading that the rest that he was still al

lengthy coglitation. "No wonder I had the nightmare."
Then the incident presented itself to him in another light. Where would his soul have been now had the Italian accomplished his purpose? He shivered involuntarily at the thought, and bowed his face in his hands. It was easy to stifle the voice of conscience in the daylight; but in the stillness of midnight, with the shadow of an unprepared death hanging over his head, he could not escape from its reproaches so easily. In that moment all the sins, the errors and the omissions of his life rose up before him in grim array, and he saw them, for the first time, perhaps, in their true light. From carelessness to despair is but a step, and his soul was soon plunged in a very slough of hopelessness. "God help me. I'm too late now," he said to himself, despairingly, after an hour spent in mental agony. "On, if I might only begin again; but it's too late, too late," Agitated and miserable, he began to dress himself with the intention of moving out into the open air, and as he raised his bandt of fasten his snirt his eyes fell upon the scapular he wore and he raised it from his breast and looked at it.

t it.

How slight a thing will recall long forgotter scenes and faces! The hut and its environ scenes and faces? Canway's vision, and "How slight a thing will recall long forgotten scenes and faces! The hut and its environment vanished from Dan Conway's vision, and in its place he saw his childhood's home and his mother sitting in her room, himself a child playing at her feet. How well he remembered the day that she had put that scapular around his neck and urged him never to remove it. Ir will comfort you in trouble, my child." she had said gently. " and will give you courage when you most need it, in the hour of tempta tion and darkness." He almost thought he could hear her voice again, and overcome by a rush of emotion, he feil on his knees and howed his head upon the scapular, praying incoherently. ently.

Gently and lovingly the Heart of Jesus drevers at mining soul back to Itself, dis

ently.

Gently and lovingly the Heart of Jesus drew that poor, stumbling soul back to Itself, dis sipating the clouds of unreasoning error, and smoothing the thorny path of repentance.

Through the silent watches of the night until the gray dawn, he knelt there; then, as the darkness gave way to the first flush of day break, he rose, dressed hunself, and went away, to wak up and down outside the missionary's tent until the could hear him stirring within. He had not been waiting long when he heard a sound inside the canvass walls, and approaching the entrance, he was about to beg permission to enter, when the door was thrown aside from within, and he stood face to face wit Guiseppe Bonani.

Both men halted and eyed each other with a look that was as intelligent as comprehensive. Then Dan Conway averted his head, made sesture of dismissal with his hand, and disappeared into the tent, leaving the Italian to shamble away with lowered head into the opposite direction.

Sudden as was Conway's reformation, it proved lasting. He had to endure a good deal of good natured "chaffing" from his associates upon the subject, but he took it so good humoredly that they soon tired of their own rough wittielsms and left him alone.

All this happened many years ago. The one-time "gang boss" is now a prosperous physician in a large town in the United States.

His intimates sometimes smile at his outspoken and enthusiastic devotion to the Sacred Heart, and wonder curiously why he treasures

spoken and enthusiastic devotion to the Sacred Heart, and wonder curiously why he treasures a certain solid little scapular with such care. Even he himself does not know, and perhaps in this world will never knew, all that he owes to that tiny frayed emblem of an ever-guard-ing love. - The Father Mathew Herald.

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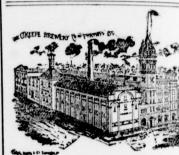
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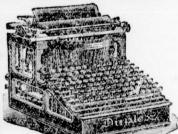


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