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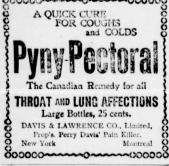


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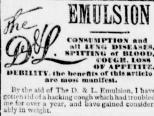
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KOSSUTH HAT AND SPANISH CLOAK.

Story of Knownothing Days.

her services since the days of th

tion of "Witch Burners

Charlestown, an event which, in

catalogue of historic crimes, ranks

side by side in its horritying infamy

with the Boston massacre of 75

in vain for a chance to make repara-

tion. The Bishop, no mercenary man, threw back their effers in scorp, de-

claring that the convent's ashes, dear

as a martyr's wounds, would remain a

nore fitting memorial than the finest

structure a builder's hand could up

1854, contains the account of the blow

ng up of a Dorchester chapel by

morning of the 4th. Authority con-

nived at these terrible misdeeds, and

upon occasions even encouraged the

wealth, from the sands of Hull to the

lawns of Williamstown, had sunk it

ingism. The Knowkothing ticket was tremendously sustained. They elect-

self in one dense erebus of Knownoth-

ed the Governor and his lieutenants:

they swept the entire State Senate.

from its first man to its last; and in

the House, every successful candidate,

It was at this epoch that George

McElherne, just ordained and back

oriest on what was called the Ridge

Mission, in the lower counties of

George McElherne had body and soul

and brains well fitting him for the

hardships of a pioneer apostolate. He

was blessed by those who welcomed his

coming, he was frowned on with dark

evil eyes by others, the latter only con-

sidering that he was the Catholic

Startling events were happening.

In New Hampshire, upon the 5th of

July, 1854, a mob of infuriated zealots,

parading the Orange banner of King

William, resented the claim of a Man-

chester priest to American citizenship.

In their madness they tore down the

Stars and Stripes from the threshold of

his dwelling, burst into his church,

and left the sanctuary strewn with

8.h, at Bath, in Maine, the little Cath-olic church was burnt to the ground by

the Knownothings. At Bangor vio

lence was feared and men with guns in

their hands waited in the church all

night long, ready to die resisting any sacrilegious onset. In Boston itself, the

New England Metropolis, a hundred

Catholic children were expelled in a

body for refusing to participate in Pro-

testant prayer. Some time later, too, there came up a strange case in the

Boston docket. The case was that of a young pupil, Thomas J. Whall. It

caused great excitement, and in the

wreckage. Three days later, on the

oledged and partisan Knownothing.

showed that that entire Common

erpetration.

The elections of 1854

The Boston Transcript of July 5

cite the Ten Commandments. He gave them according to the catechism of his ing about turning my back, so when I faith. She insisted on the arbortive formula of the King James bible. The young here absolutely refused to com"Very good!" exclaimed Dr. Holyoung hero absolutely refused to com-ply, and McLaurin Cooke, the princ-The pines of Maine were dark in the fiftles. pitch dark in places, with the ipal, summoned to interfere, publicly polar gloom of an abiding rancor. It logged the recalcitrant on both hands was the era of that fanatical fever for thirty minutes. Arrested on the charge of inhuman violence, the principal was discharged by Judge Maine; which under the name of knownoth ingism, spread with such havoc across the region of the Penobscot, poisoning the vitals of many a native landsman pity and indignation, did more than an opposite verdict would have done to The spirit of fairness, so genuinely our country's instinct, survived at tha foster fair play in the schools of Boston.

In the Pine Tree commonwealth persecution assumed a fiendish form. At Ellsworth a priest, Father Bapst, was actually taken out of his dwelling, was stripped of his raiment and then tarred and feathered. It was a crying ignominy, and its parallel is scarcely to be even in the annals of that tarnished period.

Often the rector of the Ridge Mission received threats and warnings. One night a rain of stones came pouring against the window panes of his cottage udy, and hardly had he repaired the shattered casement, when next evening another fusillade shattered it anew.

It happened one morning that as he was passing out he found a dagger ended by a cord from the upper sill of his doorway ; and impaled on its blade was a message written on white notepaper in letters of human blood. This was the wording :

Mr. MacPriest-You are going to catch it to-night. A committee of four will wait on you, and give you a dose Over neighboring States, too, Knowlike your brother got at Ellsworth. Dan't refuse your medicine."

sendlary. Massachusetts, glorious by The young man did not greatly heed the warning. It was an annoyance minute men, retraced her steps at this but it was an anonymous notice and period to the darkened traditions of therefore was best answered by being ner colonial cruelties, -a new generaignored. It did not frighten him; and in the afternoon when a sick call came sprung up, ready with the torch saying that two poor wood choppers willing even, too, with the were deadly sick in the cabins of stroke of murder. In the height of tant log settlement, he had something this free zied outlawry occurred the sad more worthy to engress him. barning of the Ursuline Nunnery at

At the door of the rude wood cabin he met old Doctor Holcomb, who waved him back. 'Young man, you cannot come in

Knownothingism, itself, for once in Father McElherne's muscular fists its career, grew ashamed, and pleaded clinched involuntarily. " Doctor,

he said, with intense determination, 'I shall see these men, or I'll know the reason why.' The reason why! Why, they've

got the deadliest of small pox. I would be suicide for you to come in. "Oh, I guess not," said the new omer, with a pleasant tone in his words, and a smile on his lips. The doctor made no further efforts to re press him but even extended a friendly

hand of greeting, as George stepped in:
'You are the first parson I've shaken hands with in twenty years,' the doctor added as they turned in together to the stricken men.

The moments were on. Before that priests and that physician left the palets, one of the men had already died and the other's case gave no promise of prosperous issue. It was only a question of a few more hours, the doc or said, and the man would be dead. It was in the dark of the evening hat they walked villageward home,

priest and physician side by side. Somehow in the sort lapse of that meeting, an intimacy had sprung up be ween them. The doctor was a well from Innsbruck, began his career as a to-do man, and, among practitioners, one of the ablest at that time in th State. In his earlier days he had had quarrel with a minister; and the outcome of the difficulty was that for twenty-five years thereafter, the only

He was originally a Delaware boy, and had made his first long studies at Georgetown. There were many worldly reasons, yes, and spiritual reasons, for him to remain and entered a church was upon the day of his wife's funeral. Current report set serve among the clergy of his native him down as an infidel, a man of no diocese. Going outside, too, it was strange that he should go "down religious belief; he swore great oaths at times; he studied a great deal in the early morning and late again at east :" nine tenths of the men who os tracize themselves to the labor of the night, and church going folks said mission priesthood turn instinctively that he was alreadys reading infidel westward. George, however, was wedded to anomaly from his very works. With a faded Kossuth shading his temples, and a cloak of Castillian youth : -he was always doing things that no one expected of him; he would cut up his shirt, like St. Martin, to give half to a beggarman.
With a figure stalwart as an athelete's, and a heart kindly as a woman's. he came to the work. Never since the days of old Cartier, two centuries back, had a priest ministered to the population of the Ridge Mission; and

felt slung over his back, he would wander out over the hills and seemed to take a great deal of comfort in his walks. One thing was conceded by all-that in the time of trouble no one could have a better friend than Doctor Holcomb. His only son, Henry, was a promising young man ; the latter had ust taken his degree at Bowdoin, and the doctor was proud of him. "Are they giving you much

trouble?" inquired the doctor, as he strode along home with his companion. " Who? "The people who might be expected

to annoy you?" You mean the Knownothings?"

"Well, if you give them that name

"Oh, sometimes they let me know that they're alive.'

nat they're alive.
"It's strange," said the physician,
fter a pause. "Folk who are always after a pause. yelling and howling for liberty don't want to see others draw a free breath. Do they ever actually molest you?"
"Well, slightly. I was in Bangor

"Well, slightly. I was in Bangor the other day, and I met a fellow bold enough to step up and slap me public. ly in the face. 'You don't tell me!"

"Indeed I do. He called me, too, by a name that wasn't very sweet to an ordinary Christian. "Did you shoot him, or knock him down? I know I would.

"Well, I thought I'd carry the Scriptural advice for once in a case like that; so I turned him my other cheek.'

"That settled him, I suppose." " No ; he struck me again. "And how in the world did you stand it ?"

But, mind you, the Scripture said noth-

comb, halting in the road to laugh. "Very good!" I see you have pretty espectable biceps, tco. I wish to the Lord that my son Henry only had the half of your physique. You walk like a soldier.

"I often imagine I am one." " How so?"

"I don't know ; the thought of duty, the idea of devotion, and all that, suppose 'I saw that you were not afraid to die.

"You saw? And so blind to fear yourself !

"Blind, you say? Oh, no, my young friend, I am not blind exactly but it takes me a long time to open my eyes. I am beginning to see more clearly every day. It's strange that my sight should improve so with age. I have lived a long time. I suppose

could tell you a great many things. "And perhaps I could tell you good many more," replied the priest very quickly.

"I have no doubt, you could. We'l meet again. I'll hunt up your rectory, and remember that if you care to cal over at my office or my home, there's hour of the day or night that wil find you otherwise than heartily wel

They parted at the cross-roads, and Father McEtherne made his way on to his little cottage-dwelling. He turned the bolts and entered an apartment which served both as his dining-room and study. Hardly had he lit his lamp when he was startled by the abrupt en trance of a dark form behind him at his door. Three others followed at once, all bounding together toward the priest to grapple him. He remember pered now the words on the blood stained paper.

"Gentlemen, keep back!" he ex claimed, and he dodged behind the

"Keep back! Oh, no; we've got you. You may as well give in," cried one, and he clutched the priest's coat-sleeve. Father McElherne shook him off as if he were shaking an insect. "You are endangering your lives, I

tell you," cried the priest. back It was too late to add more, for they had tightened their hands on his per

"You can't do much, now," said on of the men tauntingly. The priest still struggling to fr

himself. "Let me go !" he pleaded. "If you love your wives and children, let me

One of his assailants struck him say agely on the forehead. How dare you, you Roman shavel

ing, mention our wives and our chil-But I have just come from the bed-

side of two poor men," the priest spoke out in loud protest. What is that to us?"

"They were dying with small pox The party who made up of four indi viduals : Clarke, Harris, James, Tillinghast and Dwight Harrington. They fropped their victim as if he were so much hot tron, and they fell back in haste through the open door. One of them, Dwight Harrington, the eldest of the group, lingered a moment at the threshold.

"I believe you are lying," he exclaimed, looking back. "If you are -" he did not finish the sentence but shook his clinched hand meaningly toward the priest.

The latter shrugged his shoulders in foreign way, but said nothing. "I tell you that I think you are lying," repeated Harrington, speaking

out very deliberately.

The priest looked at him as if he pitied the contemptible man.
"Go and ask Doctor Holcomb," he

answered. "He is of your own blood

and race; perhaps you may find it easir to take his word. The second of the patients at the wood lots died during the night, and

both bodies were cast away quickly into abandoned graves, and proper measures were taken to do the work of disinfection. At the end of the week, however, there was consternation right in the village centre itself :- the two children of James Tillinghast, the one a fine young fellow of fifteen summers. the other a bright girl, two years younger, were taken down with the terrible malady.

Dr. Holcomb attended them. "It's

not the fault of the poor children," he was heard to say-and no devotion that he ever showed was more marked than his care of the two Tillinghasts. The boy died after a few days; the sister came through successfully, but hideously disfigured for life with the marks

of the white sores Suddenly another house, the finest on the street, was put under the quarantine bans. Dwight Harrington himself was stricken with the dreaded symptoms, and the groom and the two domestics fled in arrant horror from the quarantine limits. He had long been the select man of the place, twice he had sat in the Legislature, but now he was left alone in the great house, abandoned by all but one faithful at-

tendant, his daughter Bertha. When Doctor Holcomb heard that Harrington was sick the physician became With a mighty thump he pitiless. pounded his desk-top. "I swear by this and by that," he exclaimed, "that Dwight Harrington will beg that Catholic priest's pardon before ever in the private devotion of our own John Holcomb goes in to his bedside to lives, there may be strenuous effort attend him."

Stheeperstre, the latest wringers, Mangles, Cutlery, etc.

Cutlery

and the doctor's proudest hopes were bound up in the happiness of the two. He called them alike his children; he had a tender heart-he was dearly proud of Henry, and Bertha, too, he had known ever since she was but a clear-browed child with flaxen curls on the bench of the primary school.

son, Henry, labored. but all in vain, to move his determined parent. "Father, you must go!" he cried, piteously; "you cannot be so, so cruel; you cannot mean what you

"When he asks forgiveness like a man-I shall go," answered the father, calmly, but with a definite tone. And not before.

A half hour later Bertha had broken through the quarantine and burst with nervous hurrying into the Doc tor's rooms. "Oh come, Dr. Holcomb," she pleaded with pitcous appeals. "He is calling for you! He is crying out for you! Oh, doctor, how can you be so cruel? He is all alone, and he is suffering terribly. doctor, how can you refuse

Will you not come even for my sake?' "My child, Bertha, I love you," he answered. "But I cannot break my word for you. I wouldn't break my word," he added, with blasphemous emphasis, "for anyone—not even for God Almighty.

"How can you speak so—you who believe not in God?"

"My child, I do believe in God, and in more besides. I believe in life's duties, and sometimes humility is one. Go to your father and tell him that. Within an hour the dector's battle was won. Father McEiberne and him self were sitting together in the room of the sick man, allaying the latter's fears, and nursing him with remedies The day wore on, and though he grew worse there was nothing in his sick ness that boded other than an eventual recovery. The doctor was as caring as if the patient were his own brother and Bertha watched Lear him like a heroine, scarcely reposing by night or by day

At length a morning came, and Bertha was no longer near him. The doctor waited by and said that Bertha had grown exhausted but that on the next morning the nurses would be

" Is Bertha sick ?" the father asked faintly.

"You must not ask questions. She is tired out, as you known she must oe; but she is all right, and in a few days more you'll be ail right yourself. Harrington, however, grew greatly distressed. His condition became suddenly worse, and in the late hours of the night it became alarming. Henry and the priest were in the sick cham ber, and by turns they kept the patient night watch. In the afternoon suc eeding, two Ursulines arrived from Boston, but when they reached the house to nurse him, Dwight Harrington was dead. Upstairs, lay Bertha tossing in the height of her feverish

In the dead heart of the midnight, Harrington's body was carted away, and hurried by public officials to its tomb of quick lime in the old cemetery Days went by, and in the great hous the Ursulines kept their devoted vigil over the girl they had grown to love. The malady passed its term and disappeared. Bertha had been a woman of great beauty; and that beauty even the dire visitation was kindly enough to respect. When she rose from he bed of sickness, there was not a mark of the ravages. The face was yet a face of loveliness; it shone with a luminous sublimated beauty. Disease and sorrow had only brought her

light. Two years later there was a bright knelt at the open altar . gate, and the priest who stood there before them had happy gleam, and perhaps a tear of joy, in his round brown eyes. When it was all over, a bearded man, with a broad felt hat in his hand and a dark cloak over his shoulders, stepped into the main-aisle, genuflected very slowly and walked around to the vestry where Father McElherne was disrobing. Instinctively their hands met in a hearty clasping, and the doctor's voice with a strength which age had not lessened. rang out and uttered the words

"It is just as you said. There were many things you could tell me. Thanks be to God!"—Joseph Gordian Daley, in the Sacred Heart Union.

#### THE ATTRACTION OF THE EUCHARIST.

It is certain that there is no force or earth that attracts men to the true Church of God so powerfully as the Blessed Sacrament. No Catholic bur must rejoice when he sees in non-Cath No Catholic but olic bodies, interest, discussion, study and inquiry on this most precious por tion of the Christian inheritance. But it must never be forgotten that the Blessed Sacrament is in the hands of Its own faithful children. It has no earthly voice, no earthly servants, no earthly heralds, except so far as priest and people speak for It and proclaim It. Therefore It works Its wonders in

the world in proportion to the devotion of Catholics. What, then, ought not to be our earnestness, our devous frequentation of Mass and of Holy Communion, our love and our observance in all that relates to this most wonder ful of the gifts of our Redeemer ! us all enter into ourselves, and stir up our Catholic feeling, that so, both in the public worship of our churches and lives, there may be strenuous effort and sustained resolution to honor the

IMITATION OF CHRIST. Right Use of Our Faculties.

If we engage in the spiritual combat, with no other weapons than a diffidence of ourselves and a confidence in God, we shall not only be disap-pointed of the victory over our pasions, but must expect to con greater oversights very frequently. is therefore necessary to employ likewise a right use of the faculties both of body and soul, the third means we proposed as requisite for attaining

Let us begin with regulating the understanding and the will. The under. standing must be exempt from two great defects under which it frequentlabors. The one is ignorance. which prevents its attaining truth, the proper objects of its inquiries. By frequent use of it, the darkness surrounding it must be dispelled, that it may clearly discern how to cleanse the soul of all irregular affections, and adorn her with the necessary virtues. The means of executing this are as follows:

The first and principal is prayer, by which is asked the light of the Holy Ghost, who never rejects such as seek God in earnest, who delight in fulfilling His law and in all occurences submit their own judgment to that of their superiors

The second is a continual applica tion to examine seriously and diligently every object, in order to distinguish good from evil, and form a judgment not from outward appearances, the testimony of our senses, or the notions of a corrupt world, but suitable to the idea the Holy Ghost annexes to it.

Thus we shall clearly discern that what the world pursues with such eagerness and affection is mere vanity and illusion ; that ambition and pleas ure are dreams, which, when passed, are succeeded by vexation and regret : that ignominy is a subject of glory, and sufferings the source of joy; that nothing can be more noble, nor approach nearer to the divine nature than to pardon those that inure us, and return good for evil : that t is greater to despise the world than to have it at command; that it is in finitely preferable to submit to the meanest of mankind for Gcd's sake, than to give law to kings and princes; that a humble knowledge of ourselves surpasses the sublimest sciences; in fine, that greater praise is due to him who curbs his passions on the most trival occasions, than he who takes the strongest cities, defeats whole armies or even works miracles and raises the dead to life.

### WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

There are few who realize the neces sity of penitential work, although divine wisdom tells us that unless we do penance, we shall all likewise perish. We are saved by the redeeming Blood of Christ, it is true. He is our Mediator and Ransom, and yet the whole dealing of God with the world proves that while God forgives the guit of sin. He almost invariably requires some reparation on our part for our offenses. This reparation must be made. It is a debt that every man who has been guilty of sin mu Until it is satisfied, the gate of heaven remains closed. Penance must done on earth-or satisfaction made in purgatory. It is a merciful dispensation on the part of Almighty God to call our attention to this important truth by the mouth of His divine Very few would enter uninvited the Way of the Cross, and when the call comes at this Holy Season every one who is able to take up the wedding in Father McEiherne's little cross of penance should rejoice in bechurch. Henry Holcomb and Bertha ing one of those who are walking in the footsteps of his Divine Master.

In a selfish way men look upon Lent as something to be dreaded, and there are some so short-sighted and wanting in faith that they rejoice if some pretext of poor health or hard labor can be found to free them from its burden of fasting and self-denial. are able to keep Lent strictly should rejoice that no impediment stands in the way of reaching fountains filled with such rich treasures of grace. Those who on account of health or other sufficient cause cannot keep the law of fast, should remember that they are nevertheless bound by the law of penance and should substitute some other means of satisfying it, such as additional prayers, deeds of mercy and almsgiving, or attending the public Lenten services. It is folly for any Catholic to be responsible for the bless ing of a sea on of prayer and good works like this, and find himself at the end of it with his hands empty and nothing worthy to offer God. emn admonition of Ash Wednesday. Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return, should go with every earnest man into his daily calculations for keeping his

Cannot Recommend it Highly Enough.

Miss Ethel Hildman, of West Lake, Ont., says: "I am pleased to say that Catarrhozone has given me the best of satisfaction. No other remedy has been able to do as much for me as Catarrhozone has done. It has cured a hacking cough—the result of pneumonia—and I feel I cannot say too much in its praise. It is everything you guarantee it to be." Catarrhozone is warranted to cure Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitts and irritable throat. Sold everywhere. Trial outfit sent for 10c, in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors. Cannot Recommend it Highly Enough.

daily calculations for keeping Lent.

What is the reader going to do to con-

secrate these forty days to something

better than the world and sin? - Cath

olic Universe.

The Japs Did It.—They supplied us with the mentrol contained in that wonderful D. & L. Menthol Plaster, which relieves instantly backache, neuralgia, rheumatism and sciatica. Manufactured by the Davis & C. Lim Lawrence Co., Lim,

THE ETERNAL CITY.

Father Yorke's Brilliant Paper on

Rev. Father Yorke of San Francisco spent several months in Rome during his recent trip abroad. He has contributed a brilliant paper

on Rome to the San Francisco Examiner, which is in part as follows : Byron was inspired by the spell of Rome when he sang, "O Rome! My Country! City of the soul!" With the poet's insight, he penetrated the mystery of her power. She is the city of the soul. Other cities, it is true, are also cities of the soul-nay, in some sense, every city is a city of the soul. We recognize in objects and places that which we bring to them. The charm comes not in at our eyes. Like all good things, even the kingdom of heaven it is within us. Everywhere we see only such meaning as we know

Herein is the pre emmence of Rome. There is no city with such a history and such associations. There is no city whose name is so widely known, city whose influence has been so deeply felt. There is not any system of education that can ignore her, and there are few of us who, from youth, have not heard or read of her grand eur. Within her walls every street, every square, teems with memoriesmemories not of one sort, nor of a sin gle interest-but memories as varied and complex as are the classes and

conditions of men. She has been a stage on which the world has played its part. For ove two thousand six hundred years th flood tide of life has roared through he ways. The baser passions, lust an hate, greed and evil, ambition, hav built their monuments thick on he seven hills. But the higher things the soul are there to balance and over balance the bad-patriotism and self sacrifice, justice and courage, temper ance and great-mindedness, with re ligion high and secure above them al Athens, Carthage, Florence, Jeru alem, they are harps of a single string Reme is the great organ that respond to every mood of the player's soul, ar never proves unequal, no matter ho nigh the theme, no matter how skilft the master's touch. When the empire was at the heig

of its power there came a poor Je fisherman to the Eternal City and too up his abode with his own people acro the Tiber. He taught a strange do trine that he had learned in a fa eastern land-a doctrine that struc at everything the Romans reverence or held dear. Blessed are the poo blessed are the meek, blessed are th that mourn, blessed are the mercifi went among the Romans-ay even amongst the nobility-and authority that was in him drew m after him and his teaching. It was not long until he was accused of d turbing the peace, and they arrest him and cast him into the Tullianu Helev in the lowest dungeon, a c cular cave, to which there was no e trance but a manhole in the re There he was bound in chains, a without air, without light, he endu the weary hours in a chamber of st loathsomeness and filth that even i pagan and cruel age voices w raised to condemn its horrors. one day he saw the sun at last. dragged him out of the noisome and hauled him through the city, side the walls of Nero's circus, bey the Tiber, where they crucified head downward between the goal

With all their cruelty the Rom respected the dead. No matter great the crime, no matter how he the death inflicted, the fri could ransom and safely inter the mains. Oace interred, it was a sa

lege to disturb their dead. So Peter's body was taken down the cross and borne by his friendlittle way outside the circus, who few tombs by the roadside mark cemetery on the slopes of the Val. Hill. There they laid him.

Year by year, on June 29, the s versary of what in their strange sion they called his triumph, the ciples came to visit his grave. humble monument erected over i known as his confession, for was: by his confession of Christ that he his crown? Some years, indeed disciples came not, for the hand o Emperor was heavy upon them an by one his successors' martyre mains were laid close to his. Poo humble that little cemetery wa nettles grew rank before it an thorn bushes circled it round abo

But at last there came a day pagan Rome gave up the battle the Milvian bridge Constantine p champion to flight and entere gates, the first Christian Em The days of concesiment were end. The Christians might now to the tombs of the martyrs to do honor, and above all to his tomb they called their Moses, the lea

the people God. The Emperor himself decree fitting honor should be paid grave of the Prince of the Ar The Christians inherited the Romans' respect for the dead, ar considered it a sacrilege to distu sacred bones.

Therefore, out beyond the w the side of the Vatican Hill, a church arose, built after the m the law courts and called by the name-Basilica. The tomb Apostle was untouched, the E contenting himself with laying en cross upon the sarcophagus it an altar was erected, on wh sacred mysteries were celebrat the tomb and altar bore the older the confession of St. Peter.

For 1,200 years the Basilica