were scattered on the yoked chairs that

were always on hand at these spasmodic services. Old Judge Pounder, in the

front row of chairs, whose austere dig-

nity and grizzled over-hanging brows filled Carl's small soul with such abject

terror, held his fine head with such

a sternly judicial erectness that it was

hard to imagine even the most eloquent of parsons persuading him to the hu-

mility of genuflexion, more especially

upon the very spot where he was wont to fulminate the thunder of his own

wrath over the heads of admiring coun-

Mrs. Kofin was there in the alpaca-clad body, but her spirit was in the kitchen she had deserted for this soul

refreshment, and it was only half-

thinking of the wrath to come if the boarders' dinner should suffer for her

church going; Mrs. Paine, the tailor-ess, with her sandy-haired boy by her side, her one hope and pride—who knew but that some of these days he

might not blossom out into a parson himself? She meant to give him every

chance for it, anyhow. The Tievina crowd filled one lot of chairs respect-ably, and Lawyer Harris's family filled another with equal dignity and

rows came Stirling Denny and Manton Craycraft, one on either end of a bench,

as if they were trying to impose a fic-tion of fullness upon the casual ob-server. A smattering of lads and chil-

dren supplemented this sparse show

ing for a congregation. There was no one else to come. The rest of the white settlers were either too

far away or were hardened into indif-

ference which the most eloquent divine could not pierce. The flies buzzed audibly on the opaque window-

cottonwood trees in the court-house

yard suggested a coolness not felt

The sound of oars from the ferry skiff

smote upon the stillness, where the

few worshipers sat mute, expectant,

and uncomfortable. Two heads, or

rather two sections of two heads, had

been long visible to the first comers from behind the cushioned ledge of the judge's stand. Carl inquired of 'Sula, in a hissing whisper, "who them heads belonged to," at which a decorous smile stole its languid way from face to face. The heads were

from face to face. The heads were respectively a light red and a dark

brown. Presently, without other signs of animation than a preparatory

tween the red and the brown heads.

there arose from the invisible throats

of the invisible preachers the first

lines of "All my doubts I give to

Jesus," and so it went floating in

nasal melody over the heads of the

congregation; then uprose from the

seat behind the judge's stand, like two

sober - minded Jacks - in - the - box, the

The song ended, prayer followed, and while every head was bent, there

stole into the room and noiselessly

seated herself a lonely figure—the squire's wife, unattended. A slight air of surprise pervaded more than

one pair of eyes when this addition was discovered. No one from Thron-

dale had ever been seen at "church.

Serene dignity sat enthroned on the

placid brow of the woman, who was unconscious of her own isolation.

She had come there to day in hope

of gathering some crumbs from the Master's table. One glance at these

self-constituted stewards of His, satis-

fied her that they had no comfort to

in all the monotony of universa

sandiness from the crown of his close

cropped head to the pointed tip of his thin goatee. The other offered an equally exhaustive exhibit of dull browns. If genius burned in either

one of those narrow-browed heads, the

flames did not escape through either pair of lack-luster eyes. But as there

s one glory of the moon and another

glory of the stars, so is there one gift

of the mind and another of the lip, and

still another of the muscles. As soon

as he of the sandy hue delivered his

text with a fierce energy of eye, tongue, and fist, pounding the dust out

of the judge's reading-desk cushion

with a regular house-cleaning frenzy

Agnes discovered how vain her pil-grimage in search of comfort was des

ined to prove, and sat through the

long, meaningless harangue listless and self-absorbed. It was with an act-

ual start that she discovered the con-

She stood irresolute a moment. Her

inclination was to advance toward the

Tievina people and give them cordial greeting. She had seen none of

greeting. She had seen none of them since that morning when Sula had rushed in upon her and sunk hysterically upon her neck.

Such lapses of intercourse were the

special meaning. But Mrs. Harris, the lawyer's wife, had rushed up to in-

sist that the Tievina people must not think of going home in that hot sun.

They were all to go home to dinner with her. An instinct of shyness kept

Mrs. Thorn aloof from the little group. Surely 'Sula would come to her. Mrs.

with some curiosity, then gave her a little stab: "They say she is very fond

of gentlemen's society. I hear that Mr. Craycraft lives at Thorndale,

The three women moved toward the

one. Mrs. Harris's eyeglass was raised

I hear that

men belonging to the heads.

The restless rustling of the

gentility. After a skip of three

earted devotion she could render for

sel and quaking criminals.

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The New Man at Rossmere. CHAPTER XVIII.

GOING TO CHURCH.

One Saturday evening just about this time, Mr. Southmead created a flutter at the Tievina tea-table by informing the family there would "be church" in the village the following morning.

The village was the county-seat, sit-uated on the other side of the lake from Tievina, at a distance of three or four miles. As there was no other assem-ble of houses, large or small, within a circumference of twenty miles on its own side of the water, it needed no more accurate designation than "the During court term it teemed with the life and activity incident upon such occasions, but its normal condition was that of semi-stagnation.

The flutter of pleasurable excitement which Mr. Southmead's news threw the family into is not easily explainable to those to whom divine service is an in-tegral part of the Lord's day. "Can we all go?" Carl asked in

childish eagerness, turning a pair of anxious eyes from his father's readily consenting smile to where his mother sat behind the tea things.

"What say, mother?"
Mr. Southmead was never known to issue a mandate or utter a denial at first-hand. His universal tendency was toward doing what every body, from Carl up, would best like to have him do, but, doubting the wisdom of this wholesale acquiescence, he shirked responsibility by leaving all momentous decisions to his wife. Mrs. Southmead proved propitious on this occa-

'I should think it could be managed by taking the blue wagon and a pair good stout mules," she answered. "The child is growing up in such heathenish ignorance that he absolutely mistook tho picture of a church steeple the other day for a pigeon

"Shocking!"

Mr. Southmead rolled his eyes solemn ly in the direction of the curly-headed little heathen. Ignoring her husband's levity, Mrs. Southmead continued: "I suppose, Sula, you are not above going to church in a plantation wagon. It is not very stylish, but I have long since ceased to hope for any thing beyond the bare necessities of life. Yes, we will all go. Nine o'clock on the following morn

ing, therefore, a morning that was soon to scorch its way into the noonday heat of a July Sabbath, found the Tievina family seated on splint-bottomed chairs in a springless wagon, bumping their way over the dusty highway to a point opposite the village, where they would embark in the ferry skiff for their final

The rusty-coated, harness-scarred mules shuffled lazily along, sending up clouds of dust in placid indifference to their destination or the comfort of their palpitating cargo. An irritated flap-ping of their long ears, accompanied by a defiant switching of their stumpy tails, was the only response vouchsafed by them to Mr. Southmead's decidedly amateurish "Git up, mules!"

Even when invested with the charm of novelty, the road from Tievina to the village possessed nothing to arrest the eye, and to those who knew every foot of the dusty roadway, every rod of the grass grown levee, every clump of dust-laden Jamestown weed and rankly intrusive wild indigo, there was nothing to beguile the absolute tedium of the ride but an occasional demand for friendly greetings by a group of colored. riendly greetings by a group of colored ladies and gentlemen," gorgeous in "ladies and gentlemen," gorgeous in Sunday apparel and redolent of musk, mounted, generally, two on one horse,

trotting by to "meetin'."

Viewed from the opposite side of the lake on a bright morning, with the sun shining full upon it with kindly effect, with the sparkling waters of the lake lapping its shores close to the garden fences, the village was a pretty enough object, but a closer approach dispelled every pleasing illusion.

Approaching from the north, the village was a failure. A row of straggling negro cabins, belonging to the plantation out of which the little hamlet was scooped, offered thriftlessness and slovenliness as first impressions. As a matter of

course, these cabins were tumbledown, windowless, stepless, and dirty, with the usual environment of old shoes, empty and battered tin cans, neckless whisky flasks, coon-skins stretched against the outer walls in token of the shot gam within a course of course of the shot gam within a course of course of the shot gam within a course of course of the shot gam within a course of course of the shot gam within a course of course of the shot gam within a course of course of the shot gam within a course of course of the shot gam and against the outer walls in token of the shot-gun within; rows of empty pickle pork barrels, with slanting planks for gutters, studding the rickety galleries as makeshift cisterns, and other such "properties." A small, unpainted wooden edifice, with a canvas sign, flapping loose at one corner, pointed out the essential groggery; but as the loosened corner concealed the letter S that proclaimed the "Saloon," the patent reading was a-loon, which sounded very much like grim sarcasm sounded very much like grim sarcasm on its frequenters. The inevitable blacksmith-shop occupied a prominent position on the lake front. Its big black doors were closed this bright Sunday, and the horse-rack was tenant less. There was the one public "stop ping place" a few steps beyond, pre-tentiously called the tavern. It was kept by a meek little widow who walked through life burdened with the funeral appellation of Koffin, and with

a crushing sense of responsibility touching other people's digestive organs. One languishing Gentile store devoted to "general merchandise," and two prosperous Jew shops of like miscellaneous tendencies, comprised the commercial circle of the village. A few residences, laying no claim to distinction of any sort, were scattered about the confines of the little town, affording shelter and a modicum of comfort to such citizens as an over ruling Providence or unexplainable individual choice had doomed to spend their lives in social ostracism and men tal stagnation. The one redeeming feature of the village was the brick court-house toward which all eyes were turned this Sunday morning. The village boasted of no church proper It is hard to conceive of a thing for which it had greater need or less desire. How to have a church without putting the entire community under bonds to keep the peace was a problem yet un-solved. So few were the creedsmen and so many the creeds that no two or three could possibly be gathered to-gether in the spirit of unity on this Hence, on such rare occasions as the present, when any ex-

"They do say," said Mr. Southmead, pausing on top of the bank, after landng his cargo of would-be worshippers, to give a pull down to the vest his corpulency rendered rather refractory "that one of these parsons is uncom-monly eloquent. Something clear out of the ordinary run-sort of Cotton Matherish and Spurgeonistic, you

pounder of the law and the prophets

spiritual sustenance to these starve

ings, the court-house furnished ample

found it convenient to throw crumbs of

Two of them !" Mrs. Southmead repeats, dismayed.
"I am afraid, Mrs. S., you don't

hunger and thirst after righteousness," said her husband, gallantly offering his arm to assist her up the steep steps to the court-house. "I was just thinking of those horrid

chairs in the court-house yoked to-gether, to deprive one of the poor satisfaction of hitching up a little! Stiffbacked horrors! I suspect we will all hunger, and thirst too, before both of those men get through."
"Likely! They get a chance at us

ay : do you hear, sir?'

"Cozzy's learnt me already," says Carl, in ungrammatical boastfulness, clinging to Sula's hand and leaping ir an ecstasy of enjoyment at seeing something which was not Tievina. "The mutability of all things here

below receives practical refutation within these musty precincts," says Mr. Southmead, comfortably locating his crowd on the yoked chairs. "To my certain knowledge that is the same rust on that old stove, the same cigar stumps and ancient pindar-hulls orna ment its sand-box that were there be fore the war. The very flies walking on those opaque window-sashes have a reminiscent look about them."

Most undoubtedly the same people

Mrs. Southmead's scrutinizingly. greeting was simply polite. 'Sula stood still, to offer her the only woman's

hand she had clasped in a month.

"I wish you were not going home in that hot sun," she said, softly, but meaning Mrs. Harris to catch the words and act upon them. "I am afraid you have hardly been compensated for coming."

Agnes held the little gloved hand

with hysterical tenacity. She felt the tears must come if she spoke or moved. "Well, Mrs. Ralston!" Mrs. Harris looked back over her shoulder to call. Sula gave one more little squeeze, and

moved on to join her crowd.

Mrs. Thorn walked forward alone, past the little group of men collected on the gallery, who stood with hats held respectfully aloft in the presence of the woman, down the long stairs un-attended, then with quickening steps across the short intervening space to where Jim Doakes lay sleeping the waiting hours away in the skiff that had brought her from Thorndale.

"I am going to beg a lift across to Thorndale, Mrs. Thorn, and will try to make my presence acceptable by using this big umbrella."

The voice was so like Manton's that

she turned with withering intent; instead, Stirling Denny's fine, frank eyes

were smiling down upon her.

She felt effusively grateful to him for being himself rather than the other one. She would have been more so if she had known this sudden move on the major's part was the only device he could hit upon to thwart Manton's declared intention of doing the same thing.

placed her hand in his, to be as sisted into the rocking skiff. He followed, and Jim, taking the oars, soon put the water between them and the It was but a short walk from the

court-house to the Harrises. Southmeads and the Harrises were very dear friends whenever chance threw them together. Mrs. Southmead and her hostess had "oceans to tell each Sula laid off her bonnet, and walked out on the ivy-covered gallery, to see the master of the house, who had She found him standing, with his

field-glasses pointed toward the lake, gazing through them so intently he did not notice her approach. "What is the object of interest?" she asked, at "Ah! you there, bright eyes! I was trying to make out the parties in that skiff yonder. One looks like a lady. Surely wife would never have

allowed a lady to go home in this hot sun across that water. It looks as if it might be old Thorn's handsome wife." 'Sula took the glasses, but returned hem quickly. "It is Mrs. Thorn. them quickly. "It is Mrs. Thorn. The other one," she said, "is Major Denny. He is protecting her from the sun with his umbrella. Her ride home

will not be so very uncomfortable. Then she hoped she hadn't sounded unamiable. She wished she could say to herself that she didn't feel so either.

The Orange Drum.

A "Member of Parliament," writing to the Boston Pilot, says: approach of the general election, whose distance now appears to be measurable by weeks, is bringing out each day more plainly the desperation of the Tory position. Nothing indicates this state of things more strikingly than the frantic efforts which the Tory give her. Of similar height and like the frantic efforts which the Tory meager build, the one stood revealed politicians and newspapers are making to work up an Orange boom in Ulster before the election. This is now their last and greatest hope of defeat-Orangemen to risk and threaten sufficiently on the eve of the election, they think the English elector will be frightened. But the English elector has been carefully prepared in advance for such a manœuvre as this. The pic ture of the Orangemen threatening to kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne if the Protestant Church was disestab lished in Ireland, and settling down as tame as a household cat, has been familiarized to the English voter by the Home Rule propagandists during the past six years. But perhaps the most effective bit of ridicule to which Orangeism has been subjected is the publication of a verse of its own great war-song which a Liberal association has had the happy idea to issue as a

No Wonder.

No Wonder.

Why should it be so often repeated that it is the surest, promptest, best remedy, when doctors are surprised at its effects.— Lawrence, Kans., U. S. A., "George Patterson fell from a second story window, striking a fence. I found him using St. Jacobs Oil. He used it freely all over his hurts, and I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots finally disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling.. C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

Mr. Thes. Bell. of Messrs. Scott. Bell &

M. D.

Mr. Thos. Bell, of Messrs. Scott, Bell & Co., proprietors of the Wingham Furniture Factory, Writes: "For over one year I was not free one day from headache. I tried every medicine I thought would give merelief, but did not derive any benefit. I then procured a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and began taking it according to directions, when I soon found the headache leaving me, and I am now completely cured. Harris had never called upon the squire's wife. She lifted her eyes to Mrs. Thorn's pale, passionless face

A Voice From Scotland. DEAR SIRS.— I can highly recommend Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It cured my daughter of a cough she had been troubled with since childhood. She is now twelve than by what we profess. They have published, too, a great number of leaflets of spiritual reading, nourishing to faith and piety; and these are sold to the spiritual reading, two shillings

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TRUTH SOCIETY. CATHOLIC OTTAWA.

ESSAY READ BY MR. J. A. J. M'KENNA, That no good work is foreign to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is one of its axioms. Its founder never contem plated its becoming a mere doler out of alms-an institution for the relief of only corporal necessities. At the very first meeting of the eight young men whom Ozanam gathered together to begin the work of our society, Mr. Bailly, their mentor, who acted as Bailly, their mentor, who acted as President, declared that if the work was to be really efficacious it would have to be made "a medium of moral assistance." And the circulars of the Presidents-General, which embody the spirit of our institute, teem with references to the desirability, nay the necessity, of distributing sound literature among the poor. "Do we do enough," asked President General Baudon in 1849, "do we do enough for the religious instruction of the poor." poor," said he, "are much more in need of truth, of the words that come from God's mouth, than of bread and clothing." The men who sowed and clothing." The men who sowed and watered the seed from which has sprung the great tree of which we are necessity of putting in the way of the people, sound, cheap reading matter, that they undertook the publication of a series of Illustrated Short Readings on instructive and amusing secular, as well as religious subjects, which were sold at a very low figure to those who could buy, and, no doubt, were given gratis to those who could not spare even a penny. Libraries too were established, and the Brothers were urged to purvey for the minds and the nearts, as well as the stomachs, of those whom they visited.

Now let me ask, in the words of Mr. Baudon, "Do we do enough for the religious instruction of the poor?" Looking backward, have we not lapsed in this regard? For, remember that our charter brethren, in addition to making the religious instruction of their proteges a leading feature of their work, devised and successfully carried out a scheme for putting within the reach of the masses, an tive, edifying and low priced literature. Of a surety, the need of liberally supplying wholesome mental food has not vanished with the march of time. Every day the number who can read increases; every day the taste for reading becomes more general The products of the press enter the homes of the poorest among us. All sorts and conditions of men read, and the printed page has become, especially in our own time and country, the most potent of human agencies for good or evil. Yet our conferences expend their energies almost wholly in catering to the material require ment of the very poor, seemingly for getting that "man liveth not by bread and oblivious of the example alone," and oblivious of the example set by Ozanam and his associates. "But what can we do?" you will

ask. Undertake, I would suggest, the work of disseminating the publications of the Catholic Truth Society.

Like our own institute, the Catholic Truth Society, which was organized some years ago, was brought into being by a few men, "who," one of its honorary Secretaries tells us, "were almost entirely unknown outside of their own necessity of bringing within the reach of the masses popular expositions of Catholic faith and other works perneated with a true Catholic tone, determined to make an effort to supply the want, and they have met marvellous success. They have brought out a host of penny publica They have tions - biographies of the saints and others whose lives are a light to the fee of their fellows; articles on matters of faith which enable those who read to give a reason for their belief to Protestants and skeptics; short stories for the young; compilations of selected poetry; short treatises on devotional subjects, and brochures on topics which show forth the fallacies of some who set themselves up as teachers. They offer for sale, at prices ranging from a half-penny to a shilling, a series of books and booklets on a variety of subjects. An excellent little life of our patron is sold for a penny; and Cardinal Newman's classical lec tures on "The Present Position of Catholics in England " have been re produced separately and offered to the public at two-pence a piece. In a penny pamphlet of twenty-eight octavo pages is published Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe's presentment of the teaching of the "Church truly Catholic, to whom," as he says, "nothing of humanity is alien" and "the universal brotherhood has not been an empty name but a world-reforming fact and law." Mr. Costelloe is in touch with the times; and the wide circulation of this little work, and of his treatise on "the Mass," which also sells for a penny, could not but be productive of much good. A six-penny edition in limp cloth of the New Testament—an edition intended rather for use than for ornanent-has been issued by the Society. Would not the spreading abroad of so handy an edition of the New Testament be a most forcible reply to the charge that the Church forbids her children to read the inspired writing? shall be judged rather by what we do than by what we profess. They have

It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsapurilla does, that makes it sell, and wins the confidence of the people.

and three shillings a hundred. might go on talking to you of the ad-

at six pence, a shilling, two shillings

mirable publications of the Catholic

I venture to say, the apa ally disappear. The fit been removed by the Society. The second, mains, as far as we a and some local effort sho remove it. We hear regard to the need of a Bishops and priests have laity to help in the error wages against to ample of the early Chri recalled, and we have bear a more valiant pa opportunity of respond good will can more effe ate in the work of Ho by disseminating whole Speaking on this subjet Salford said: "We as the Apostolate of the penetrate where no Cat It can do its work as s for the devil. It is an our hands. All shou this apostolate; here work for every one under the patronage archy and richly indu

MAY 28, 1892.

Truth Society which it

good fortune to have maming to you others whi yet seen, but I have sai

give you a general idea of the work which that socie

and is still doing.

There have been two g

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Catholic literature. have not the sale they magazines like the Co

Holy See, the Catholi founded by priests and laymen dready doing good wo work ought to be mu every town and miss land only, but through It instruct Empire. It instruction amuses; it educates become an engine of in the service of God omen have in them and will to become ap Very good," you

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for that purpose, and ate and distinct from establishment in our lic Truth Society—eit or as a branch of the sincerely trust that society of men and object of which will tion of Catholic truth even if such an orga dispensed from the the work. Conferen in an article entitled Catholic Truth Soci that for the distribu tions "the Society Paul has exception the various branch among boys. Some been done already Ottawa : but the mov of permanency in ed after the fir taken. A system, I devised for making wholesome mental and permanent feat it certainly should pastoral on "The L Christ in His Poor,

> "Encourage re young, spead the cl the Catholic Truth in and lend them o change those lent cheap pictures of a for the decoration of

ford wrote:

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If you are troubled with hawking and spitting, dull headaches, losing sense of taste or smell, you are afflicted with catarrh, and to prevent it developing into consumption, Nasal Balm should be used promptly, There is case of catarrh which it will not cure, and for cold in the head it gives immediate relief, Try it. All dealers.

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If there should be as many as one hundrad persons sending correct solutions to this rebus, each will be revarded with a valuable Prize. Names of those receiving leading rewards will be published in prominent newspapers throughout Canada.

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