## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

## The Blue, Blue Smoke. BY ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES

2

O Many and many a time In the dim old days, Whon the chapel's distant chime Pealed the hour of evening praise, the bowed my head in prayer; Then shouldered sevice or bill, traveled free of care my home across the hill; Whilst the blue, blue smoke To my home across the hill; Whilst the blue, blue smok Of my cottage in the coom, Softly wreathing, Sweetly breathing, Waved my thousand welco

For oft and oft I've stood, Delighted, in the dew, Delighted, in the dew, Looking down across the wood, Where it stole into my view,-Sweet spirit of the sod, Of our own Irish earth, Come gently up to God Of our own irish carth, Geing gentiv up to God From the poor man's hearth. O the bine, biue smoke Of my coltage in the coom, Softly wreathing, Sweetly breathing, Waved my thousand welco Sweetly breath

But I hurried simply on, When herself from the door Came swimming like a swan Beside the Shannon shore; And after her in haste, On prosty, pattering feet, Onr rosy cherubs raced Their daddy dear to meet; While the blue, blue smoke Of my cottage in the coom, Softly wreathing, Sweetly breathing, Waved my thousand welcom Aud after her in hast

But the times are sorely changed, Since those dim old days; And far, far I've ranged From those dear old ways.

And my colleen's golden has To sliver all has grown, And our little cherub pair And the black, black smoke, Like a heavy funeral plume, Darkly wreathing, Fearful breathing, Crowns the city with its gloom

But it is our comfort sweet, But it is our comfort sweet, Through the long toil of fife, That we'll turn with tired feet. From the noise and the strife. And wander slowly back In the soit western glow, Hand in hand in the track That we trod long ago; Till the blue, blue smoke Of our cottage in the coom, Softly wreathing. athing. Sweetly breathing, Waves our thousand welcomes home,

From the Catholic World A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST FALL.

The most fortunate of plotters seemed to be Dr. Killany. The lingering, scornful doubts which Nano had entertained as to the truth of his information were pat to fight by the accidental illness of her father. was no time to debate on his motives or his veracity. If what he had told her and the sky of his prospects seemed rosy in the prospect of a golden dawning. He handed Nano to the carriage in sil-

cold and distant. In the light that flashed for an instant from the carriage-lamp on her face he saw that it was very white, troubled, and despairing in its every white, him." They went to the library. Two medical gentlemen stood at the table discussing. A third was just entering from the bedroom beyond. All came forward at sight of the troubled, and despairing in its expression, and he knew that the inward agony must be very severe which could force her to be very severe which could force her to such a display of feeling. Nano was in-deed suffering a torture of mind such as held never before known, so keen and and tendered her a dozen of assurances-and tendered her a dozen of assurances-tend so composed, and tendered her a dozen of assurances-tend so composed. non-committal, of course-as to her father's condition. Doctor Killany put them aside coolly and led her to the chamfeed, and all care of personal appearance with it. Misfortune had never yet half should appear now in so deadly a garb was doubly mournful. She was had one "Is he conscious?" he asked at the three-bul. "Is he conscious?" he asked at the three-bul. "Duite, but much le oppear on the sheat of the conscious?" he asked at the three-bul. "Quite, but unable to speak or move phantasics around her, not knowing but that if she touched any they would vanish on the instant. The lights of the theatre Paralysis; not a severe stroke." paralysis: not a severe stroke."
but to mutter over and over three words that in the status of any they would vanish is master's bedside, solemn and awe-sticke. A lamp burned behind a screen dimly, and in its feeble light the form status of the music, were loud as the dimly, and in its feeble light the form sticken. A lamp burned behind a screen dimly, and in its feeble light the form status of the music, were loud as the sight of the smilling faces turaed to fee a status of anguish were dangerously near falling, and she refrained. To be seen
but to mutter over and over three words that had burned themselves into her brain awe-sticke. A lamp burned behind a screen dimly, and in its feeble light the form status of the music, were loud as the sight of the smilling faces turaed to feel a status of anguish were dangerously near falling, and she refrained. To be scent
but to mutter over and over three words that had burned themselves into her brain awe-sticke.
contractive of the stroke of demons in her ears. She would have raised her eyes to dispel the illusion be develowed one senseles hand with her tears. The coder checks.
coder checks. and on that occasion an unbearable hum-Ristion. Others might put a favorable method at sight of his helplessness. He opened his eyes and looked on her "O my father!" she sobbed. Nature construction on such evidence of grief, He opened his eyes and looked on her but to him, who knew the chillines of her with evident surprise. Then the anguished relations with her father, it was a confes-sion of weakness on her part, and on his stricken members, told its agony in a low, wild moan of feerful intensity of feeling, Therefore she remained eilent with ever and his eyes dilated with unnatural force cart down as they rode homeward through appealing, alas! how vainly, to the love and help of those around him. All the the streets. He was silent, too, determined not to forget himself so outrage usly as he had done once before that evening. into his eyes. They wanted to speak, to He had done once before that evening. He wisely left her to her own thoughts, which were then in the fiercest confusion, impress upon his attendants his need, and they could not. He tried to form the words with his lips, and seither muscles confident that he had planted in her mind the seeds of many a weary hour of meditation and mental suffering. A strange terror had taken hold of her. It shrouded her senses like a mist, leaving liberty of He could hear and understand. He struggled a very little, less than the infant motion and thought only to render pain and mystery of her situation the more terrible. In vain she tried to free born, and looked wildly around. No help for him. She smoothed his brow, and herself and to reason calmly. It was still a mist, impalpable and unconquerable, and clung round her and shut out the avenues kissed him and fondled him. He could of help of a escape, alast but out the avenues of help or escape, alast too effectually. Her father had stolen from others, and was now, with the risk of poverty to him-self and his daughter, to restore his ill-got-ten goods. This was the substance of the Doctor Killany looked in after a little. He had heard her sobs and ager. By aggravating circumstances ager. By aggravating circumstances bis sudden illness. It brought her bis sudden illness. tones of her voice with some anxiety, for such affection was unexpected and might the bis sudden illness. It brought her into the presence of her destiny with be-wild ered faculties. She was helpless from arprise and grief, and desired only a lit- ground out a curse or a blasphemy through ne to escape from the mist which He came forward and touched binded and suffocated her. After all, her gently. what was there in the doctor's informawhat was there in the doctor's information and the gently. "You are exposing him to greater dan-"Wos a possibility of its untruth. Accept will recover, the physicians tell me, as the attack, and what train of consequences attack is not accept will recover, the physicians tell me, as the and what train of consequence it asa i attack is not so severe as might have been. would follow? Her father had wronged But he must be kept free from exciterighted. He had share one must be ment." had sinned, and he must She unwound her arms and stood up, suffer for his sin, even if she, his innocent but his moans brought her to her knees daughter, must suffer with him. That again. was all. All? Ah! no. A sudden pang "I s shot through her head and bosom, and saw th "I shall remain here," she said; and he left her quivering in physical agony. It was not al. Poverty was staring at her again, wan and hollowed eyed, unkempt, saw that her determination was not to be "When he sleeps," whispered Killany, "come into the librory. There is some-thing you should know." apcultured, transcendentalism's devil. leering, threatening, humbling; and beside bigrace, biding his dishonored bigrace, biding his dishonored chamber. The head resting in her arms moved uncasily. As she stood up at Kilhead, cringing even to poverty for con-ceelment and protection. These, perhaps, cealment and protection. These, perhaps, were to be her companions in the future. And there was no escape. The tempter

stood beside her with his suggestions, and took a bleathing personality in the form of the silent doctor. She shook him off with increasing fear and agony, and leaned out of the corriage to catch a breath of the air of heaven, all tremulous with the sheen of the stars. She was so harrassed by conflicting emo She was so harrased by connering emo-tion that the view of the great profound in its unfathomable repose smote upon her brain with something of mortal suf-fering. The great city had settled down into the quiet of n idnight, and the crushinto the quiet of n idnight, and the crush-ing of the runners upon the frozen snow, and the stamp of the horses, and the music of the bells struck sharply, and seemed to leave behind them a track of sound, as a ship, in cleaving the ocean, leaves in her wake a pathway of whirlpools and foam. Why should all things be so calm and she so tossed and maddened? Did the stranger who, in passing, looked carelessly at the flying equipage think for an instant of the destinies it was whirling out of his sight

destinies it was whirling out of his sight and his recollection? Did the echo of her and his reconcertion? Did the echo of her going strike upon the sleep-closed ears of those who went to rest that night unbur-dened with care, and give a sadder hue to their dreams in tender pity for the sorrows their dreams in tender pity for the sorrows of which they had no exact knowledgef She fastened her eyes upon the sky. The "starred map" had always been for her a source of wonderful interest. She knew the constellations and their mythological history, and could weep melancholy tears over the misfortunes of the filthy heroes and heroines who now trod the sky

and heroines who now trod the sky with a purity, a brilliancy, and a regular with a purity, a brilling, and a regular-ity their lives had never known. But in such knowledge there was no comfort. The Christian looks upward in his agony, and the meekest star that shines upon him is as the eve of a merciful God looking down upon his sufferings, encouraging and consoling with its mild beam. This was a part of her mythology. It was a glorious dream to picture a Being of infinite

dream to picture a Being of infinite majesty, intelligence, and power standing on the mountains of eternity and flinging on the mountains of eternity and flinging those gigantic worlds into space with the case of an Atlas or a Hercules. Even in

how circum-cribed, how belittling that all. A kennel was a pance to it for dimension and worth. And still she looked at the heavens. There was so much of confusion below that she found relief in looking at its calm, holy, beautiful fixedness. Her thoughts came to an end when the carriage drove up the avenue to her

home. Lights were gleaming in all the home. Lights were moving past the which you acted. Do not, I pray you, let which you acted. Do not, I pray you, let which you acted. Do not, I pray you, let any sudden attack of filial affection inter-fere with your father's interests or your elapsed since McDonell had first been elapsed since McDonell had first been which you acted. Do not, I pray you, let any sudden attack of filial affection inter-fere with your father's interests or your "Or with youre," she said, futions at "Or with youre, "What have I done were true, then she was standing face to elapsed since McDonell had first been face with death, poverty, and disgrace. since it was to be supposed that now, if there is a standing face to elapsed since McDonell had first been there is a standing face to elapsed since the standard state is the standard state of the the hall. A group of servants with frightenel faces were standing at the foot of the stairs. All fell back as she approached. "Where is my father?" she said gen

death seemed its speediest and surest relief. soul's expression and pain were thrown From one despair to another only could she go-from the grave with its repulsive, horrible noth-ingness and oblivion. Death was a dread; a greater dread met her to live. And so words with his hps, and sectors, you want nor voice would obey him. "Father," she said gently, "you want something. Oh! can you not tell me! I will get you anything, father-anything." will get you anything, and understand. He she thought on until from pure exhaustion she could think no more. Ideas became entangled, and sleep closed her gired eves where the lay. It was four in the morning when from her troubled but refreshing slumber she woke once more to consciousness of life and its misery. The lights were burning still in her toom make no answering sign. His eyes alone expressed his suffering and his need, but no one could interpret those glances. once more into the silence of the night. She slipped down to the library, where Killany slept adwin to the horary, where killany slept, and passed to the room fiter a little. beyond. He, too, was awake, and the the loving speaking eyes sought hers gratefully, and maxiety, for the low mean welcomed her coming. She and which hash the back been advected and the back brought her bin, kneeling with her arms around her loving tenderness, and gave him hope of knelt down as she had done before and father's neck and her cheek to his, and he ground out a curse or a blasphemy through to her lips to tell him that she knew his only want, and that it would soon be supplied. But there was the tempter again to whisper of what she so much dreaded. Killany's words had more deeply impressed her than she had thought possible. She was afraid even to run the slight risk of a priest's presence. Cowardice had seized suddenly on her bold, fearless nature, and in the very height of her affection for her sick father she was led into the first wilful, unfilial act of her life. It was a cruel and a useless one, she knew. Yet the dread o ensuing and unforscen evils to her held her back. Over his head she whispered coming into the chamber at the first dawn-ing, was not surprised to find her in the the propriety of retiring to her own room. The regards of father and daughter were not the most pleasaut that could be fixed even on a Bohemian. Nano paid no fur-

endeavoring to push his face close to the ewel with an eagerness all unseen and nisunderstood. She changed his position and her own. He moaned and still made futile effort to approach his lips to the sav-ing sign. He looked up to her eyes and down to the cross mournfully, and at last she comprehended. Taking it off her own neck, she put it on his, and never spoke eyes so eloquently their gratitude and joy. From that moment he rested peacefully, and in a short time slept. Killany was awaiting her pati ntly in the library. His face had grown as arxious as her own. Her appearance, so woe-be-gone, so still, so determined, did not reas-ure him, and he feared that he had not rightly estimated this woman. She came over to the mantel where he was standing, a curious expression in her eyes. Scarcely a week past he had stood in the same position in that room, and delivered his opinion on her character to the man

ho lay almost dying a few steps away. "Well?" she said, when he made no who offer to speak. "Well?" he he answered, raising his eyes languidly. "He sleeps?" "You wished to tell me something of

importance-to yourself, I suspect. Say it quickly, for I am going to my own

"Your father has suffered less from paralysis," said he, as indifferently as she had spoken, "than from some want which he could not express in words—a fortunhe could not express in words—a fortin-ate fact for you. I know what he wanted." "And allowed him to suffer as he did! You call that my good-fortune, sir?" Her eyes were full of anger, and hot words trembling on her lips. "It is not too late," said Kilkany quietly.

"A priest, a Roman Catholic priest, can be had at any moment, and that was all he

"Then a priest he shall have," said she. Thomas, here! Killany put one hand impressively on

her arm "Until he can speak a priest would be eless and add only to his agony. More this there was still no case for suffering. She never thought of looking there or anywhere outside of herself for such a thing. Self was all, and oh! how wretched, thing. Self was all, and oh! how wretched, thing. be a sufference of the succeeding poverty, of the certain of the succeeding poverty, of the certain

"Restitution!" she gasped. "Oh! I had forgotten that." "It will be well for you to keep it con-

tantly before your mind. You do your father no injustice in keeping the priest from him now. When he has recovered

herself there and grew immediately calm "I am forgetting myself," she said, with a sighand a weary smile. "When one is

a sigh and a weary smile. "When one is tired, excited, triffes"—and she looked at him from head to foot peculiarly—"are more apt to effect the nerves. Good-night."

"Good-right," he responded. "I shall remain here, and call you if anything un-usual occurs."

It was one o'clock. The bells were ringing the hour as she entered her apartments, where everything lay in stillness, the statuary visible in its outlines, the m rors re-flecting her white face and gleaming jewels so weirdly that the room seemed full of whispering spectres. She drew the curtain from the windows, for the calm sky with its twinkling lights was mocking the tu-mult that raged in her bosom. She lit the gasjets in the parlor and bedroom, as if to drive away haunting images er mind, and then sat down, not to rest.

life with its humiliations to

The house had settl

'I dare not.'

The night wore away quickly. Killany,

Ideas became

ther attention to him, and the patient made manifest his disapproval of such officiousness by an empathic atterance of the only sound he could just then command. The doctor retired meekly and vented his rage on the other side of the or. Miss McDonell was not at home to visi-

to:s during that week, and did not once stir abroad. Many friends called, and among them was Olivia, full of eager desire to comfort her suffering friend. Doctor Killany, who had cooly established himself as a member of the family, received them with much empresement, and sent them away again with the assurance that Mr. McDonell was expected to recover, regretting that his fair relative, the hortess, was not prepared to give or receive calls during the illness of her father. Olivia was puzzled and grieved that no ex-ception had been made in her favor. Had another than Killany attended to prevent her entrance she would have promptly and directly appealed to Nano herself; but the doctor was her aversion, and she went away quickly, glad to rid herself of his smiling, baleful presence. The truth was that Nano did not care

to meet with Olivia during those days of trial. Her dalliance with temptation had rendered even the image of the high-prin-cipled and pure-minded girl a kind of reproach. She had so sincere an admira-tion for her virtues that much of her own manner was modelied on Olivia's tastes or predilections, and to have done anything which could merit her reproaches made Nano hateful to herself. How could she now endure her presence when her soul was black with the sin of a child's ingratitude? Sharper than a serpent's tooth would it have been to her father to have suspected her guiltiness. He had gone on during those long, sorrowful days making feeble attempts to reach the comprehensions of those round him, raising his hands aimlessly and moving his hips horribly-for muscular power was slowly returning-to form one little word of six letters, which comprised all that he asked of the world. and for which he was ready to give all his wealth in return. She could look at him, knowing his want, and, trembling, agonized, conscience-stricken, could pretend to efforts at understanding him-efforts that efforts at understanding him—efforts that ended in apparent disappointment. She could look into the eyes so full of dumb agony and earnest pleading, and in her own express anxiety and wondering inno-

cence as to his need. She despised herself. almost cursed herself, for this weakness, and the more because Killany was fully aware of the struggle she was undergoing. Yet fear and doubt held her back. She

"Amen." We must not say "and of the Holy Ghost" on the left shoulder and "Amen" on the right. "Amen" is said after we have finished the act of blessing ourselves. Immediately after this act, we write our sums to the alter. There we ssertion that such is the case is clean In the second place the term "imperfect

raise our eyes to the altar. There we BEHOLD THE REPRESENTATIVE OF CALVARY. The steps going up the platform on which the priest stands while saying Mass repre-sent the ascent to Calvary. The Altar, which, was during the first persecutions of the Christians, a four-cornered woolen which, was during the first persecutions of the Christians, a four-cornered woolen table, is now a stone slab, consecrated for this especial purpose. It denotes the place where Jesus Christ was crucified. The erucits placed over the Tabernacle repre-sents Him hanging, bloeding and dying. The candles that are lighted during Mass are symbolical of the faith and devotion with which we should assist at the Holy Sacrifice. The other holy pictures and ornaments that are about the altar serve to keep our minds recollected and for the prokeep our minds recollected and for the pro-per adornment due to the celebration of the Awful Sacrifice. We must come into the church at least a few minutes before the

per adornment due to the celebration of the Awful Sacrifice. We must come into the church at least a few minutes before the hour appointed for Mass, so that we may banish worldly thoughts, fix our hearts on God, and await the entrance of the pricet elothed with the vestments of the Sacrifice. We greet his entrance to the Sacrifice. We here a profound inclination, but you kneel and await the commencement of Mass. You MANDS HIM TO WARS during the elebration of shese mysteries. Every article that he puts on and wears during the Sacrifice tends to make nin more to the likeness of Him when he per sonates –Jeaus Christ the Chief High Friet and Vicitim. The Anice, which the soci-dires overed the head of and blindfolded Jeaus Christ when they treated Him an an mock hing, and also of Him welling Hi drivinity unier His humility. The prices when pathing to acsyst. It should Jeaus Christ when they treated Him an an mock hing, and also of Him welling Hi drivinity unier His humility. The prices when pathing to acsyst. Of Lord, place en my head the head of and blindfolded Jeaus Christ when they treated Him an an mock hing, and also of Him welling Hi drivinity unier His humility. The prices when pathing it on say, "O Lord, place en my head the head of and blindfolded of the during tho say, "O Lord, place en my head the head of and blindfolded of the during tho say, "O Lord, place en my head the head of and blindfolded of the during tho say, "O Lord, place en my head the head of and blindfolded of the faithful whon St. John in his sision the visco the folls greet when say the base and hou conditions, if he under-the waits the temptations of the devit." The long white robe. Alb, reminds us of the addo of the Lawbard recive eternat happines." This white

JANUARY 27, 1882.

In the second place the term "imperfect contrition" as used in the Catholic theology is of the nature of a technical term, for the sorrow that is implied by it is perfect so far as it goes, in as much as it is a true, sincere, hearty grief for sin, with a purpose of sin ning no more; and this grief is supreme or sovereign because it regards sin as the greatest of evils; it is supernatural because it is produced by the grace of God and is founded upon motives of faith; and it is universal because it extends to all mortal size without exception that the sinner has sics without exception that the sinner has committed. It is imperfect relative to that really perfect contrition which is the out-

really perfect contrition which is the out-come of pure charity and is based on tho highest motive-the love of God for Him-self because of His infinite goodness, with-out regard to the consequences of obeying or disobeying Him, and is "so intrase, so ardent, so vehement as to bear a proportion to the magnitude of the crimes which it effaces." It is imperfect, also, in its effica-ciousness for the remission of sin, because it much be sumplemented by confession.

becoming poor. How could she, who had queened it so long over the multitude, tbroat,'

"And my father's?" she said, consenting endure to put aside her greatness and be to argue the point. "And your father's. Nor will be thank you for it afterwards." come even meaner than those she had ruled and scorned? Was not any fate pre-

ferable to one so humiliating? The abys She was coqueting with temptation, towards which she was hur ying herself and he saw it rejoicing. A few minutes of conversation and she would be won st by her morbid fear of suffering and her of conversation and ane would be won at least to delay, but at that moment foot-steps came up the avenue. One glance out the window decided her. "I shall take the risk," she said with dangerous indulgence of this fear was not yet perceived. She only felt that a great blackness had fallen upon her, and that

uiet determination, yet in wardly uncom-

fortable from her own hypocrisy. "The priest shall come, happen what may, and I shall depend on myself to meet resulting difficulties.

He would have reasoned and pleaded, but a servant entered and announced: "Father Leonard."

MASS.

What it is and how we Should Assist at it.

Do yos think of the preparation neces sary on your part, so that you may assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass with pro-per devotion? Consider what it is. Preat the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass with pro-per devotion? Consider what it is. Pre-sent to yoar minds and hearts the thirty-three years' preparation made by cur Lord and Master for the consummation of this Sacrifice. It belongs to Heaven. The Throre of the Victim is there. In it Heaven gives itself to earth, so that earth may offer and sacrifice the Victim that is acceptable to the Eternal Father.

to the Eternal Father. ALL OUR HOPES ARE CENTERED in This One Holy and Adorable Sacrifice; therefore should we understand it and its peremonies, so that the greatest fruit possible may be reaped from our presence at it. We have houses dedicated and consecrated to the worship of Almighty God, and the chief act of our worship as the "Holy Sacri-fice of the Mass." We build them so that the instant and a second secon th ir external appearance indicates the our pose of their construction. When we enter them, the holy water fount first meets our view. From this we take holy water and feet thing as good as perfect, and by which them, the holy water faint first meets our view. From this we take holy water and sprinkle on selves with it, saying at the same time while we kneel on one knee to the floor, in adoration of the Biessed Sacra-ment reposing in the Tabernacle, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."-Thus: "In the name of the Father," we place our right shoulder, we say "and of the Holy Ghost." After we thus sign ourselves, we say,

Holy Mass, and of the Crown of Thores which the executioners pressed on the secretly • and that of us, as a mini-sacred head of Jesus Christ.

we see how the priest, vested according to the commands of the Church, represents so closely Jesus Christ going to the Sacra-fice of Civary. You see how careful the Church is to so form for him the above prayers that they should be an immediate



The Richmond Southern Churchman having declared that the sacrament of penance is "destructive of the gospel of Christ," we asked it to make good that declaration by proof. Our request, which appeared in the Catholie Mirror for November 28, was

formulated in these words : Will the Southern Churchman answer a few questions ? It ories out that the macra-Tew quicknows? It ories out that the cacra-ment of penance is "destructive of the gospel of Christ." Now, in the twentieth chapter of St. John it is related that the Son of God breathed on His disciples and said to them: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins yon shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins yon shall retain, they are retained." The questions are, Did the Lord grant to the apostles the power to forgive sins? Did he bestow that

power for nothing-that is, intending it should not be exercised? If it was given and to be used, how could the apostles use it unless sinners went to them to confess their transgressions and to be absolved?

Instead of answering these questions, the Southern Churchman props up its declaration with two arguments, which m easily refuted. The first of these argu which may be is as follows :

Your "sacrament of penance" is destruc-tive of the cospel of Christ, in that it makes an imperfect contrition so perfect that it can get pardon. Perfect contrition. according to the Trent Catechism, is well nigh impossible, and so God in mercy has Catechism, is well

The latter should be moved to make a proparation for the celebration, so that you may offer with him this clean oblation that is about to be sacrificed in the Holy Mass. --{5. S. M. in the Catholic Columbian. CONFESSION. The latter should be moved to make a special confession of his sina, if he feels his conscience troubled with any weighty mat-tor; after which confession, the priest shall absolve him, if he humbly and heartily de-cire it, after this sort: "Our Lord Jeeus Constitution of the size of the second state of the second stat

to absolve all signers who truly repent and to absolve all signers who truly repeat and believe in Him, of H:s great mercy, forgive thee thine offenses; and by His authority committed to me, I absolve theo from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. After these citations from Protestant sources, the Churchman's argument is like Casabianca after the explosion of the famous ship.

But to make assurance doubly sure of the onviction of the Churchman, we printed on our inside pages a conclusive thesis on penance, with arguments drawn from the Scriptures, the Doctors of the rom the Scriptures, the Doctors of the

So, we must again respectfully request ft to answer-yes, or no-the questions which we propounded in November last, and which we here repeat:

Did the Lord grant to the Apostles the Did the Lord grant to the Aposter who power to rogive sins? Did He bestow that power for nething, that is, intending is should not be exercised? If it was given and to be used, how could the Aposters use it unless sinners went to them to confens their transgressions and to be absolved ?

## ARSWET This.

Did you ever know any person to be ill without inaction of the Stomach, Liver or Kidney, or did you ever know one who was well when either was obstructed or inactive; and did you ever know or hear of any case of the kind that Hop Bitter would not cure ? Ask your nethbor the same question .-- Times.

## A Good Filter.

To have pure water in the house every family should have a good filter, the health and comfort depends largely upon the use of properly filt red water. The liver is e filter for the blood, and Burdock Blood Bitters keep the liver and all the secretary organs in a healthy condition, It is the grand blood purifying, liver regulating tonic.