

sharp zigzags, startling the two into silence.

"That was't bad," the doctor said when she ended.

The younger gentleman applauded with such enthusiasm that Annette blushed with pleasure.

"Yes, as I was telling you some time ago," the doctor resumed, "we are a liberal and hospitable people in Crichton.

"We are aesthetic, too. We admire the picturesque. We wouldn't object to seeing an interesting family of children shot with arrows, provided they would fall with a grace, and their mother would assume the true Niobe attitude.

"In literature, too, how we shine! We have reached the sublime of the superficial. There's your Miss Carthusen, now, with her original poetry.

"How nicely she dished up that conceit of Montaigne's, that somebody is peculiar because he has no peculiarities. I've forgotten it, it is so long since I read him. I haven't looked over the new edition that this poetess of ours has peeped into and fished a fancy out of.

"But yesterday I was charmed to see it scintillating in rhymed lines, in the Olympian corner of *The Aurora*, over the well-known signature of *Fleur-de-lis*.

"The young man looked mortified. He had never read Montaigne, and had announced this production as original and remarkable, firmly believing the writer to be a genius.

"What would you?" he asked raising his eyebrows and his voice in a philosophical manner.

"I must fill the paper; and it is better to put in good thought at second hand than flat originals. How many know the difference?"

Here Annette's voice stopped them again.

"Strange that girl sings so well to-night," said the doctor, adjusting his glasses for a clearer glance.

"She looks well, too. Must be the inspiration of her lover's presence. That's the kind of fellow, sir, that a woman takes a fancy to—a pale, beautiful young man with a slouched hat and a secret sorrow, the sorrow usually having reference to the pocket."

Lawrence Gerald sat near his lady, and seemed to be absorbed in his occupation of cutting a rosebud across in thin slices with his pocket-knife, a proceeding his mother viewed with gentle distress.

But when the song was ended, he looked up at Annette and smiled, seeming to be rather proud of her.

And, looking so, his eyes lingered a little, expressing interest and a slight surprise, as if he beheld there something worth looking at which he had not noticed before.

Had he cared to observe, he might have known already that Miss Ferrier had moments of being beautiful. This was one of them.

There is a pain that looks like delight, when the heart bleeds into the cheeks, the lips part with a smile that does not touch the eyes, and the eyes shiae with a dazzling brilliancy that may well be mistaken for joyousness.

With such feverish beauty Annette was radiant this evening, and the excitement of singing and of applause had added the last touch of brightness.

The programme for the concert was chiefly of popular music, or a kind of old-fashioned music they were making popular, part-songs and glees.

They had attained great finish and delicacy in executing those, and the effect was charming, and far preferable to operas and operatic airs as we usually hear them.

It would have been a bold woman who would have asked Mr. Schoningher's permission to sing a difficult *aria*. Annette had once made such a request, but with indifferent success.

"Mademoiselle," the teacher replied, "you have a better voice than either of the Patis; but a voice is only a beginning. You must learn the alphabet of music before you can read its poems. When you are ready to be a Norma, I will resign you to some teacher who knows more than I do."

TO BE CONTINUED.

One of the most delicate bits of satire in literature so delicate that the cursory reader nearly always misses the point of it is that six-line episode in J. M. Barrie's "Little Minister," where the boy Gavin, having joined his comrades in stoning a street musician, asks: "Did you take stock of him, mother?" He's a Papist! A sore sight, mother, a sore sight. We stoned him for persecuting the noble Martyrs."

There is the whole law and gospel of religious intolerance in the last eight words.—*Pilot*.

A movement is being made for the purchase of the ground in Jerusalem which has been identified as the site of the sepulchre of our Lord. The proposition has resulted in offers of money covering the whole sum required, \$30,000, which will buy the freehold of the ground and protect the tomb from sacrilege and decay.

Gives Good Appetite.

GENTLEMEN.—I think your valuable medicine cannot be equalled, because of the benefit I derived from it. After suffering from headache and loss of appetite for nearly three years I tried B. B. B. with great success. It gave me relief at once, and I now enjoy good health.

MRS. MATTHEW SPROLL, Duncannon, Ont.

THE WILD CHERRY combined with Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion makes it delicious in taste and perfect in curative power.

MILBURN'S BEEF, IRON AND WINE restores strength and vitality, and makes rich red blood.

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25-cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

Milnard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

PRAYERS TO THE VIRGIN AND THE SAINTS.

Beautiful Tribute to the Mother of God From a Recent Convert.

It is not the purpose of this article to enter into the question of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, nor even to touch the dogma of the miraculous and supernatural conception of Christ; nor, indeed, to dwell in any official sense upon the dogma of Catholic teaching regarding prayers to the Virgin, or "the worship of Mary or Mariolatry," as Protestants and infidels in their ignorance, speak of the beautiful custom of the Catholic Church.

I have a far humbler task in view, *viz.*, to show, out of the common experience of the human heart, that what Catholics have woven into the beautiful and regular symbolism of the Church, all human souls in stress and trouble are liable to do as of their own natural volition; hence, that the Catholic habit of praying to the Virgin, as indeed its various method of worship, is but a supernatural and well-ordered and directed use and education of a deep, latent, God-imprinted instinct and force of the human soul.

In the early autumn of 1872, as I was returning from Liverpool to New York, in the steamship "Greece" of the National Line, after what then seemed to me three months of the deepest, indignant sorrow that a human being could be called to bear, and when we were about one thousand miles west of mid-ocean we were caught in the worst storm I have ever experienced in my five trips across the Atlantic—a storm compared with which all other storms by land or sea seem to me as little bird quarrels or the patter of the rain-drops on the roof during an ordinary thunder-shower—a storm, during which for three mortal hours the heavens seemed to be doing their utmost to lash the sea into fury, and the sea in its madness seemed to be doing its utmost to drag the wild, vexed and troubled heavens into its own raving bosom.

The ship was very crowded with passengers—some six hundred in all, if I remember correctly—so that hammocks had to be swung in portions of the ship. I was a late comer and fortunately had a hammock instead of a berth or stateroom; and I advise the general use of hammocks for all steamship companies. The hammock swings to the motion of the ship keeps its level and keeps the sleeper in more perfect comfort than can be otherwise attained on a ship in motion, especially on a ship in a wild and mad commotion.

I had retired early, as was my habit, and had fallen sound asleep before any special signs of very rough weather had developed themselves; but between 11:30 o'clock and midnight I was awakened by repeated sensations of great thuds, and when sufficiently awakened to be intelligently conscious, I felt the ship was striking against a rock in mid-ocean. On opening my eyes and ears this impression was confirmed by the general consternation prevailing among the passengers. On inquiring what was the matter, my fellow-passengers said we were wrecked; a terrible storm was raging; the ship was given up for lost, etc.

I felt strong from my sleep and said I would go on deck and see the storm. My fellow-travellers begged me not to venture, but I felt no fear and was eager to see the sea at its worst. So I climbed to the hatchways and cautiously crept out on deck. It was a fearful night. The storm was just then reaching its height. The wheelman had abandoned the wheel and the wheel-house; the engines had been stopped as useless in such a sea; every moment the hurricane was tearing the sails to ribbons, amid noises compared with which the worst thunderstorms of earth are martial music; the spars were being swept from the masts and for a moment I shrank back in partial fear. But I clung to the iron grating above, the skylights and along by the smoke-stack and made my way to a favorite spot under the lookout bridge, and between the ladder leading to this bridge and the doorway leading to the room of one of the officers of the ship. I had no sooner reached this spot and gotten a firm hold on the ladder with one hand and a heavy brass ring in the door with the other hand, than the first officer—Spencer, I think, was his name—as he was making his way to the hatchway, turned his dark lantern in my face and shouted "Go below!" I was muffled up so that he did not know me at first, and instead of obeying I shouted back—for though our faces almost touched, shouting was the only way of being heard—I shouted, "It is Mr. Thorne, Mr. Spencer; I have just come up from my hammock on purpose to see this storm; I want to write about it." He replied, "Mr. Thorne, we are caught in a regular cyclone; never saw it worse in my life; but it will be worse inside of an hour. I advise you to go below, but I will not force you."

"Very well," I said, "I will risk it." He then left me, soon reached the hatchway and disappeared; and then for two or more hours I was alone on the deck of that steamship—the ship herself seeming hardly more than a helpless log, drifted and beaten hither and thither by the mad and seething mountainous waves.

My theology at the time was intensely Unitarian, and I fear I had to some extent fallen into the speculative and formal method of praying usual to people of that faith. But the storm soon converted me.

For a long time, perhaps for half an hour, I maintained my hold on the ladder with one hand and the ring with the other. I was on the lee, or lower side of the ship; for having fallen a prey to the wind and waves she seemed to be driving before the storm with

her deck most of the while at an angle of forty-five degrees. Occasionally she would right a little; but when the great waves and winds beat against her windward side the deck of the lee side, at the bulwarks, was often under the waves. At such moments great waves came over the windward side, deluging the decks with what seemed like burning water, for the conflict and agitation of the sea were so great that phosphoric beads of fire floated thick on the deck and made it look like a ship on fire. At these times I was covered, washed and lost for a moment in the great waves and as I would crouch toward a sitting position as the lee decks neared the sea, and as the sea seemed about to engulf me, and the ship also I was so beaten by the winds and waves as to be almost senseless, and my eyes, ears and mouth seemed full of the warm, salt, pitchy and angry water.

I thought, however, that it was only a question of grit and of time; that I would hold on and if the ship went down I should be no worse off than hundreds of frightened souls below. But in a moment, and no doubt when I was most confident of my own strength, I was just barely conscious that my hands had lost their hold, with a millionth part of the resistance ordinarily felt when a child loses its baby hold on a man's strong hand. A moment later—perhaps several moments, I never knew—I found myself floating on the deck in the angry waters; found that my head was bleeding; that one of my legs was bruised and lame; but I crawled back to my old place and considered how to make a stronger hold. I had not then the strength or courage to go below; but my senses seemed clearer than ever and I was now thoroughly aroused to my danger.

What did I do? I wound or twined my feet and legs about that strong ladder; wound my arms about it also; fastened to me; and then locked up through the storm and darkness and prayed to God Almighty, to Jesus Christ regardless of creeds, to the Holy Spirit, to the Virgin Mary, to such of the saints as I then knew, even to the spirits of my own father and mother, and prayed and prayed and hung on as if by supernatural power; and about 2:30 a. m., when the fearful storm had somewhat abated, I crept toward the hatchway, pounded on it with my feet till it was opened, when I slid down into the cabin, where the floors were flooded, cabin doors standing open, men and women wandering about half clad and half crazy, many of them injured nearly as badly as myself, and I saw that the whole ship's crew and passengers were a cowed and conquered, helpless company of human beings, powerless and prayerful, all dependent on the mercy of heaven and the waves. Heaven showed us mercy, and we were saved.

Why relate this horrible story? Simply to show that a Protestant of the Protestants, when pressed by the fates or the furies, will come at once to Catholic ground and pray to the Virgin or the saints like the humblest worshipper of all.

How do we know that the Virgin and the saints to whom we pray hear our prayers? I might answer in the same spirit that prompts this inquiry and ask: How do we know that God Himself hears our prayers. What do we know of the relation of matter to spirit, or how a purely spiritual being can hear the words of our natural lips, or feel the longings of our silent but yearning and praying hearts? So I might go on and ask more questions on these points than all the philosophers that have ever lived could answer wisely; or I might myself presume to answer all these questionings according to the natural and supernatural light that has come to me during the last generation of almost perpetual questioning the heart and tongue of nature on these and kindred themes.

And all that, though seeming wise, would defeat the object of this article and prolong it beyond the reader's patience and mine. Let me then keep to the simple theme of the text.

A venerable priest, who has been most patient with me in the transition questions of the past three or four months, assures me that all Catholics, in praying to the Virgin or to the saints, firmly believe that God Himself in His omnipotent love, conveys our messages to the Virgin and the saints, so showing that Catholics do not assume the omniscience or divine power of the Virgin or the saints at all. And if some critical person should still persist that if God has to convey our prayers to the Virgin and to the saints in order that they may convey them back again to God or pray in other and, mayhap, more effective strains for us mortals here, is there not a needless circumscription? The answer is already partly given in the purely rational supposition of a higher and purer faith on the part of the Virgin and the saints, and still further answered in the fact that it is the faithful, trusting attitude of prayer that brings and keeps the soul nearer and nearer to God; and that if there is a bond of human sympathy leading our souls upward, through the blessed Virgin, through the saints and martyrs, through the memories of the heroic dead of our own blood shall we not use this beautiful human sympathy in the sacred, holiest and sweetest of all human attitudes, that of humble, trusting, believing, pleading, earnest prayer for those we love on earth and for the sanctifying of our own souls? In a word, the nearness and beauty of human sympathy between the world's best who have died, yet conquered death by their love and virtue; the nearness of human sympathy between these and our own praying hearts is of itself sufficient argument for our clinging to them and praying to them in our richest moments here; and it would be next to blasphemy of heaven and its eternal laws to hint that the sympathy and intercession of such souls for us would be unavailing before the throne of God. In truth, it would be denying one of the sublimest and deepest and most beautiful laws of the natural and spiritual universe to assume that the spiritual influence of the best, redeemed and glorified souls otherwise had lost their power with God, or that they had not more power in heaven than those of us who are still struggling with adversity and darkness and temptation, and our bodily needs here on this cross of Christ-crowned and beautiful world.

A foolish Protestant woman said to me, three or four years ago, in her vulgar hatred of Catholicism: "The idea of praying to the Virgin Mary! The idea! As if she had more influence with God than I have!" And yet, my friends, if I think for a moment that this same Virgin Mary was the mother of the Lord Jesus Christ, who, even by orthodox Protestants is worshipped as God, can we imagine for a moment that such a mother of such a God—the loveliest incarnation of the Supreme Love or God of Love of the universe—can we imagine that such a mother of such a God would or could in the economies of a spiritual universe—vital and rule of the fittest and greatest—can we imagine that such a mother of such a God would simply have a common woman's influence in the star-spaces of the heavenly kingdoms of the human soul? The thought is preposterous and too absurd and too contrary to all the laws of the relative forces of the universe and too contrary to the common sense of mankind to be entertained for an hour, that is, by any human being to whom the truth of the person and power and place and glory of the Blessed Virgin had once been revealed.

I might appeal to the tender sympathy of worship that this habit of prayer to and adoration of the Virgin has brought into the devotions of Christendom; but I am not in the habit of appealing to the esthetics of religion for my arguments or in my dealings with mankind. I recognize that in some sense the love of God, the heart of God, the sacred heart of Christ, as pure and tender, incarnate love, is at the center of and that it rules the universe in sweetest mercy; and so from this might show that the adoration of the Virgin as the mother of this spotless love on earth, had not only a place in reason, but in the glowing heart of mankind. But I love to dwell on the arguments that neither men nor devils can gain say, *viz.*, the arguments based upon eternal laws and the common sense of mankind, and by these laws prayers to the Virgin and adoration of the Virgin are as reasonable as the clearest laws of mathematics or the love of children for their parents here in this world.

But do prayers to the Virgin and worship of the Virgin and of the saints constitute veneration of the Virgin and of the saints? And are Catholics idolaters, as Protestants constantly aver—not only worshipping the Virgin and the saints, but the images of these? Perhaps I had better not touch the subject of images in this article, though every Catholic child knows that they are used only as we all use photographs of our loved ones, to bring us nearer and quicker to the faces of our loves. But to the question. Here, again, the best answer is that all Catholics are taught in their childhood the difference between the veneration paid to the saints and the devotion paid to the Virgin—the plain and simple difference between them in emotion and utterance, and that higher and more exalted and exclusive and supreme worship and adoration paid to God alone.

A reference to Article VI. of Cosmotheism, in the *Globe*, No. 8, will prove to any reasonable being that I, at all events, ought not to object to the veneration of the Virgin or the saints. Of course I do not refer to Cosmotheism here to defend it. I wrote it when I had no more thought of becoming a Catholic than I had of becoming God Himself, and whatever there is in it contrary to the true Catholicism of the Church I here and now voluntarily renounce, without even having been asked to do so. But in said article the reader will find, among other notions, that "while worship of superior by inferior beings is lawful and elevating, the true worship is that of the eternal spirit of God alone." Hence, as the Virgin was, must have been, one of the superior souls of the race, queen of the hearts of the race—the supreme mother of the Supreme God of the race—surely veneration and, mayhap, worship, tender as the worship of God Himself, may be, must be, will be, forever given to this Queen—mother of earth and of heaven.

Again, all readers of modern critical history and philosophy know that the habit of the human race for countless ages has been to worship its ancestors; and that the best of modern philosophic scholars, alike with Cosmotheism, trace the origin of all natural religions to parental and ancestral worship, growing by degrees into hero-worship, or the worship of the bravest and wisest and noblest of ancestors; so on to the highest natural worship of mankind. But if this be true—and its general truthfulness no intelligent scholar can deny—then, surely, in this great supernatural religion of Christianity, where God Himself deigned to be born of a woman into our human mould and meaning, surely the woman of whom this God was born should stand highest in the great pantheon of the natural and supernatural adorations of the world.

In a word, as I said in the *Globe* No. 7, it looks no any longer to me like

Rome or Reason, but Rome and Reason—in a word, that the Catholic Church is at one the New Jerusalem of the heart and mind of God and of mankind.

Yet I do not wonder that Protestants oppose and ridicule this veneration of the whole system of Protestant orthodox theology and worship is beautifully loyal to the apparent discrimination of the Scriptures in favor of worship to be paid to God alone; and as they do not know of the exact distinctions between veneration and worship herein referred to, and as much of their teaching and learning is in ignorant prejudice against the Catholic Church, they come naturally by the prejudice indicated. The distinctions I have made make this matter plain, and the philosophy of history, and the laws of nature and the universe, justify the Catholic habit and position.

Again, I should be the last man, and I will be the last man on earth to treat this Protestant prejudice with anything but the kindest of charity.

For more than a dozen years I had frequently attended Catholic services, as elsewhere indicated. I had been inspired, almost glorified, by its devotional music; had been brought back to renewed and trusting faith by its altar services; had felt time and again that, logically, I ought to be in its membership, as it was to me the dearest and most perfect Church of God in Christ on this earth; and yet up to within two or three months the prayers and responses to the Virgin always offended me, as a sort of slight to the Saviour and to Almighty God. And it was not until during the month of May of this year, while worshipping in the beautiful chapel of the Dominican Sisters at Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, that the words of the priest and the responses of the audience—"Hail, Mary, full of grace! the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb"—came to my ears as the words of the angel announcing to Mary the first great mystery of the world's redemption. Then, however, immediately, I said to my soul, "If those words were addressed to Mary by an angel of God, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, even before she had become the mother of our Lord, and before all the blessed, worldwide, notable victories that have attended her God-son's life on this earth, surely I, a believer in all worship of superior by inferior beings, surely I can use these words," and I have used them daily from that hour to this.

Again, Cosmoism, or Positivism, so-called, which, under the unspiritual clap-net reign of Mr. Harrison, in London, claims to be a sort of an advanced religion of advanced minds, has from the first exalted our common womanhood to the position of an object—in fact the object to be worshipped in this world—and I was one of the first to point out the absurdity of this position, after reading Comte, some twenty-five years ago; but if this is the last resort of the modern exalted understanding, surely Catholics may be excused for fostering a tender veneration toward the supremest woman and the supremest mother of the human race. If we may worship common womanhood with all its frailties, surely we may adore the best of it in the Mother of the Redeemer of our redeemed souls.

There is still another thought, that should appeal to our reason in justification of the beautiful veneration and devotion offered by the Catholic Church to the Virgin Mother of redemption, the thought, *viz.*, that this adoration seems to have been the groundwork of what in modern parlance is called the elevation of woman in modern society. I am not an enthusiastic advocate of this latter position, that women are finding an exceptional elevation in modern society. As I read the history of Egypt, Asia, Israel, Greece, Rome and the modern nations of Europe, it seems to me that good and wise and gifted women were as numerous in proportion to population in the old nations as they are in our own nations of modern times; and good women and wise women were alone ever worthy of being honored or elevated. We are honoring and elevating many that are neither good nor wise in our day. But apart from this there seems to be some ground of verity in the suggestion that few women figured as heroines in the literature of the old times. Homer sang only of men and the deeds of men, it is true in defence of a beautiful woman; and the wife of Ulysses is something of a heroine; and I doubt not the wives and mothers of the heroes of Thermopylae were noble women. Indeed, my own view is that in all nations the women were always relatively and in their way and sphere as gifted as the men and duly honored. And the Scriptures are full of touches that reveal true and faithful and gifted women from the days of Ruth to Esther, to Mary the Mother of God; but in secular literature we hardly have a loveable heroine, till Virgil, the esthetic poet of Rome, gives us his Dido.

In truth, the genius of the whole earth was changing in Virgil's day. The visions of the old prophets were breaking through the clouded skies of human perception and were soon to dawn upon the darkened face of mankind. Soon a Virgin was to be with child—a child whose sweetness, inherited as well from the mother as held by right of eternal divinity, was slowly but surely, as a supreme vision of God, to brighten and lighten and glorify the face of the world.

Still our world literature waited for its fairest heroines, and it was not until after the Middle Ages—so often and so foolishly called "the Dark Ages"—it was not until after the days of feudalism and gallantry, out of which the veneration of the Virgin and the

explanation of it were fully developed, that our Dantes, our Shakespeares, our Goethes, our Raphaels and the rest, painted and sang for us the heroines whose loves and beauties and fidelities have captured the admiration of the world.

I hold that without the previous exaltation of Mary—the mother of redemption, mother of saints and all that is most angelic in modern womanhood—this beautiful exaltation of woman in modern literature and modern life never had been. In a word, by the law of God, by the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, His Virgin mother is rightful queen of our modern exaltation of womanhood, hence worthy the loving veneration of the world.—*W. H. Thorne (Editor) in the Globe, Chicago.*

"Clear Havana Cigars" "La Cadena" and "La Flora" Insist upon having these brands.

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, etc., yield at once to Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, the successful Throat and Lung Specific.

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Of Frederick, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Everything which could be thought of was done without good result, until he began taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Hauser is now in the best of health. Full particulars of his case will be sent to all who address W. T. STURGEON, Manufacturing Chemist, 181 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

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