

LASCINE.

BY AN OXFORD MAN.

CHAPTER XV.

In the choir, at the Grand Opera in Paris, stood the Marquis of Blois and Lord Cecil de Grey. As they strolled into the foyer during the entr'acte, Marle asked: "By-the-way, Cecil, you go to the wedding to-morrow?"

"Of course," said Cecil, "I am going to see you follow like Trev does for?" "Yes, I cannot make it out at all, though I always understood Amelie de Blois was in love with Lascine; but now he has gone to St. Sulpice—awfully strict place—and now Trev is to be married to the girl I had always laid out for Eddy Lascine."

"And Edward Lascine, instead of assisting at the ceremony as bridegroom, assists in the very ordinary position of sub-deacon." "How his poor mother takes it to heart!"

"Yes, indeed; more than that, this was the day fixed by the Comtesse de Blois and Mrs. Lascine for his wedding." "Poor boy, poor boy! even after his first wife."

"And they say this match is made up on Trev's part because Amelie likes Lascine, and on Amelie's part because Lascine likes Trev."

"Anyway, they are sure to be happy. They are good Catholics, and will have the prayers of Eddy Lascine all his life long."

"That's sure." "Well, an plaisir, old man, until to-morrow, and the wedding ceremony." Gayly the sun broke on the morrow—the wedding-morn of Amelie de Blois.

The organ pealed through the aisles of Notre-Dame in floods of sound. As the bridal party entered the church, from string-and-brass-bands and organ the "Wedding March" rang out clearly and triumphantly.

The church was crammed with the "fashionables" of many countries to whom the young couple were known. A hushed throng of admiration passed round as the beautiful bride entered the church. The long satin robe, looped up with white violets and orange-blossoms, white the costly Brussels-lace and on the veil worked for the occasion, one saw only the passion-flower.

The long train of beautiful bridesmaids, clad in pure white muslin, looped up with passion-flowers and white violets. Very beautiful indeed was the scene—the handsome bridegroom, the "splendidly pale" bride. The Mass was sung by the papal Nuncio; the sub-deacon was Edward Lascine.

The ceremony was over, and the Nuncio, with Edward Lascine, drove to the mansion of the Comte de Blois. The gardens appeared a very fair-land, and the magnificent house itself, with nothing but white flowers lining its corridors and rooms, seemed a fairy palace.

As His Eminence and Edward Lascine entered the reception-rooms, and went forward to speak to the bride and bridegroom, every eye was fixed on Edward Lascine to see how he would act. His casack fitted to his splendid form, and his graceful bow to his many friends, took of their looks from his face, which was pale as death. The Nuncio bent over him one moment; he saw clearly what the world thought.

"Esque ad mortem, mon ami." "Esque ad mortem," was the low, firm-breathed reply. Trev grasped Edward's hand. "Endless happiness to you, Trevvy!" and the tears glistened in his eyes.

"Little sister, will you accept my wedding-gift?" "Yes, my brother." It was the first time she had used those words. He took from the bosom of his casack a rosary of snowy pearls, bound together by a golden chain-work—very costly, very beautiful.

She took the beads and fastened them in her girle. "Thank you, my brother, my more than brother. You have taught me calm recollection; these passion-flowers are interwoven with those words, and Ernest wished it because of your taste."

The bride and the bridegroom had departed, and as the evening came on, carriage-load after carriage-load of guests alighted at a mansion of the Comte de Blois. The merry laughter, the inspiring music, the gay wit, everything which the world defines as happiness, was present.

echoed through those still aisles, broken only by the sound of the mourners' sobs. The great trumpet solo in the "Dies Iree" rang out, and eyes of worldlings, that had not shed tears for years, wept the bitter tears of the "sorrow which worketh repentance."

And so the fair death was laid in the stately vault of her ancestors in the cemetery of Pire-la-Chaise, the coffin covered with the beautiful flowers she had loved so well.

May God's bright rest have fallen over thee! Mayst thou have joined that choir which wandereth among the lilies, and followeth the Lamb whithersoever He goeth!

In the mansion of the Comte de Blois the blinds are closed, the family have been absent for many a long day. When one asks, "Where are they?" the response comes, "They are traveling with their son-in-law in distant lands, and with them is a pale, sad woman, who weeps often with the bereaved countess"—it is Mrs. Lascine.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHERE IS HE?

A strange heading for a chapter, is it not, dear reader? Mr. Trevon sits under the huge cedar-tree on the lawn at Treven Manor; May Crowner and John Lascine are with him. By him, on a small rustic table, is a decanter of port and two glasses. The perfume from John Lascine's cigar curls up in the pleasant evening air. John's face is troubled, more so than usual, as he gulps down a mouthful of port, and holding the glass up to the light, admires the rich color.

"So, Eddy wrote you, uncle?" remarked Mrs. Crowner. "Yes, my darling; he wrote me" (and the old man's voice quavered), "telling me his final resolve frankly and candidly. I admire that boy—I admire him!"

"Who can help loving darling Eddy, uncle? There must indeed be a strange, fantastic power in the Church of Rome to make Eddy endure all he has endured." "It is the Church, the Church in which I must die," he says. "So, in my old age, I must study the question while my boy is far away."

"Read us his last letter, uncle," said John. The old man took from his pocket, and slowly unfolded, the soft, foreign paper: "St. Sulpice, Paris, Feast of the Precious Blood of Our Lord.

"My beloved Uncle: Thanks for the closely-written pages of yesterday, which have carried me in spirit to Treven Manor, and to the midst of you all; but now, after my long travels, and my exile from the Sanctuary of God, it is time, indeed, dear uncle, I am about my Father's business."

"You are surprised I did not succumb to the many temptations in the world. Did you really think, dear uncle, I could fall—De excelsis cogitationibus et actibus heroicis florum Dei? My fair Bride I have chosen, God's Holy Church, gives me strength, the Comfiter, the Holy Ghost, Whom our sweet Master at His ascension promised should remain always with her. In his strength I do and dare. Looking straight to God, I am perfectly indifferent as to whether I go to Him by health or sickness, by riches or poverty, by honor or ignomy, by a long life or a short life, so long only as His blessed grace. He has given me."

"A mechanic will choose the tool that will best help him to do his work. I should, in like manner, embrace that life which will lead me most securely to my end, which is God."

"What life will I choose? Where will I do my work?" "I shall join the Order of Jesus. I shall go wherever I am sent. I shall ask to be sent to some far missionary country—Japan, China, Western America. Look back, dear uncle, three hundred and thirty-four years ago! See a man, dressed in military garb, kneeling at the feet of Mary the Immaculate, Mother of God, praying in language that burst from his very heart. He rises a new man. St. Ignatius Loyola is there, and there, at Mary's feet, he renounced all the fame of his military exploits, wealth, rank, worldly position, the pomp and fascination of the world, the pride of life, the stern cravings for the Caesar and Napoleon like ambition for glory which was so strong in his nature—all was extirpated.

In its place, there burned a love for the crucified Master, Whose name the society which he founded bears—the Order of Jesus. "Read, in the life of this great saint, which you will find in my study at Treven Manor, of the career and heroic deaths of his first disciples. See them crossing the Atlantic, penetrating the wilds of North and South America, defying the storms of the wide Pacific Ocean, reaching the shores of Asia, penetrating the far interior of Japan and China, and then planting the cross of my sweet Jesus, before they suffer martyrdom. All this, dear uncle, before the Church of England and the many sects—tributaries—were conceived in the womb of Time."

"What strikes me most in this society, is— "Firstly, The self-renunciation of its members, which present a marvel to the world. "Secondly, The unparalleled intellectual abilities exercised for the elevation of the whole human race. "Thirdly, For strong moral heroism. No persecutions, not even the most cruel martyrdom, can intimidate, or make them abandon a love of their Divine Redeemer."

"Fourthly, I am going to seek my sanctification in the Society of Jesus. It has no corporal penance like the Order of St. Dominic. It has no long fast and vigil like the Order of St. Francis, but it has something far harder—the renunciation of the will at every moment; the continual death of all that has most life within us."

"Do not think I shall bid you all farewell without a pang. My heart is wound around the occupants of Tre-

ven Manor and Treven itself. Holy-ven and Watherton also fall in for a large share of my love.

"I heard from my darling mother two days ago. She speaks of a speedy return from Egypt. Madame la Comtesse de Blois (she says) is crushed with sorrow at the death of Amelie (my little sister). Tell May she must not be jealous. Poor Trev is broken-hearted at his loss. He will become a religious, too, and give in young years to God."

"And John is still at Treven. Why hasn't he visited me? Tell him St. Sulpice and his brother will welcome him. And May, dear May, kiss her, and make much of her for me."

"Inquire into the truth of the Church, dear uncle, before you die. It is the Church, the Church in which you must die."

"Ever, dear uncle, Yours fondly in Christ, EDWARD LASCINE."

The old master of Treven bowed his head on his hands as he folded the letter placed in his pocket, and welcomed the silent, slow, slowly the blue clouds of smoke curled round the head of John Lascine. May's head was turned away, and thus the news of the final resolve reached Treven Manor.

The talk now in the circle of the Trevens and Lascines was of the bright young life that had hidden itself in the shade of the Church. The Duchess of Graham was often written to by Oxford men. To know what had become of Edward Lascine; but by degrees the curtain of fashion closed over him, and it was as though he had never existed, except now and again that Mrs. Lascine and the Comtesse de Blois had re-entered society, his name would be mentioned, and they would be asked what had become of him.

In many loving hearts his remembrance was burnt, and that world looked forward to the time when he should emerge as God's anointed priest from the shade of the cloister.

CHAPTER XVII.

ARKANSAS PRAIRIES.

Five horsemen are galloping over the Western prairies of Arkansas, trying to make for Davall's Bluffs before sunset. The great crimson sun is gradually sinking below the horizon as a familiar voice—the voice of the Marquis of Blois—breaks the silence.

"These are the Texan horses which will oblige us to give in; this merciless 'lope' is killing me. What wouldn't I give for my English hunter just now!" "Yes, Marle, I'm awfully hungry, and I can see one of those hideous ranches ahead where we must sleep huddled together like so many pigs in a sty."

"In a more of your jolly American-prairie tours for me—found me, no! I'm starved, jolted to death on this apology for horse-flesh. The first station for me is a depot, as our American friends say I come to, I get on the train and join my companions in Texas. Trust Maurice Ashley for that!"

"Hullo, Vincent how are you, eh?" "I'm speechless with disgust. I shall certainly follow Ashley's example."

"That settles our ranching it another night. It's a pity we have left the team so far behind to-day, or we might have reached it charmingly in our own tent, in this gorgeous moonlight—only I am afraid Ashley wouldn't cook again."

A roar of laughter went round, in which Ashley joined. "In a few minutes they drew rein at the ranch they had been making for. A pleasant Irishwoman stood in the doorway, surprised at the unusual occurrence of five horsemen coming up."

"Can you accommodate us with lodging, my good woman for the night?" "A man's head emerged in sight. "Are you from the old countree?" "Yes, my good man."

"Ye're welcome thin, my honies," and the man came out to "bitch" the horses to the fence, and give them the best accommodation he could. They were sitting now round the hearth, and the brands of woods blazed up fitfully. The washing had commenced in the one tin basin which had passed in turn through the hands of all that came to his share.

An hour later they were sitting at supper—pig, corn-bread and dried peaches, washed down with milk. The good woman was waiting on them to the best of her ability. "Be ye Catholics?" "Yes, of course," said Ashley, very gravely, winking at Marle. "Thin you go to the Holy Mass to-morrow at the Church on the Prairies, only six miles from here. We go in the waggin—ye can cum with us."

"By Jove! yes, my good woman. But is to-morrow Sunday?" "Yes, sur."

forgoten voice was falling on his ear. He was listening intently now. "Kyrie eleison; Christo, eleison; Kyrie eleison." "Yes, Edward Lascine was the priest at the altar."

As he turned to the people, and uttered the "Dominus vobiscum," Marle was pale indeed. In the long eyelashes veiling the modestly cast-down eyes, in the clear, emaciated face, he saw his friend, and, as he recognized the depth of that sacrifice, the beauty of the Catholic faith entered his soul, never more to leave it.

The others were equally grave and silent. A group of Indians knelt by De Grey, praying with heart and soul. The time for the sermon approached rapidly. He was facing them now, his eyes seemed to flash as though he were alone with the Christ.

The quiet voice broke the stillness of the little church. "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me" (words from the twelfth chapter of St. John.) "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me." From Mine infancy buried in poverty—from Mine early childhood shrouded in obedience—from My manhood darkened with sorrow, and the agonies of a living death—through Mine whole life of purest chastity; this, dear brethren, the Christ requires of you, if you would see Him when your existence here is over, and you are forgotten by those around you.

"Thus, then, must you follow Him in poverty, in chastity, in obedience, in sorrow. These four necessary ways of following Christ are the purple passion-flower that springs in Mount Calvary 'neath His cross. They are the crowns of light with which our brows shall be adorned in heaven. Each one of you must come forth to Calvary, and, in that great stillness and darkness which veils His Cross, on that lone hill in which the only sound audible is, ever and anon, the dropping of the Precious Blood—there, there, you must kneel and pick those heavenly flowers. God has placed in some of your hands the passion-flower of Poverty—rejoice! it is well with thee, thou art likened to Christ. Some of you must stoop to the cross and gather the flower of Chastity, for without this you cannot enter heaven. When thou hast gained thy prize, and art pure and Christ-like—rejoice! thou hast achieved it through blood and tears. In Obediencem, this passion-flower the Church places in our hands as children. If we keep it, and we keep it in faithfully obeying the commands of the Church, we must be saved. The passion-flower of Sorrow! ah, who has not worn that? The pale faces, the trembling hands, the white lips of humanity, the agonizing look to our Father in heaven hourly ascending from His chosen people, tell us how necessary is His sorrow-flower to us. 'If any man serve Me, let him follow Me.' Whither? Even to the death—the death of his passions, the death of his affections, the death of all that has most life within him. So shall he exclaim, with St. Paul, 'I die daily!'"

Then only is he safe—then only has he followed Christ, for he has served Him. Christ says, 'Let him follow Me.' Where? To the bedside of the sick and dying, to the cottage of the poor, to the sorrowing—noiseless, unknown to those around us. Carrying our passion-flower of sorrow, we know how to bear the sorrow of others. But never can we suffer as our dear Lord has suffered. There are depths in His sorrow which poor humanity cannot grasp, there are mountains and peaks hidden in the clouds which His sorrow has grasped—peaks so high which reaches even to the mountain of God. There we cannot go, there humanity cannot reach, there we are not expected to follow Him.

"But if any man love Him, he must serve Him." Grasp, then, with new nerve to-day, my brethren, the faith delivered to you. Serve Him in poverty, chastity, obedience, and in the sorrow which His sorrow has grasped—traveling through the valley of His passion, you shall lay aside these purple passion-flowers for the crowns of light, for which the cluster of passion-flowers encircling each life is exchanged."

In the death-chamber of his old life we leave him. "The outward, wayward life we see—The hidden—none but God can know."

THE END.

COWARDLY CATHOLICS.

Christ will deny before His Father those who have denied Him before men. There are many ways in which the short of the formal rejection of His Name and Law. "Believe what you will; we ask nothing of you but one little grain of incense on the fire that burns upon the altar of the gods," said the old Roman judges to the children of the early Church. But our ancestors in the faith were lion-hearted, and scorned to save laal or life even at the seemingly small sacrifice proposed.

Alas, with far less urgent temptation, how many Christians of to-day burn incense to the idols of human respect, of worldly or heretical prejudice! They implicitly repudiate the faith by their cowardly concealment of it, or their misrepresentation of its precepts. They enshroud it in mystery, as if it were some shameful thing, and not the only abiding glory. They are flattered, and who's to blame? Their acquaintances say, "I should never have taken you for a Catholic." They would not absolutely deny the faith, but they treat it as a useful and fashionable friend. Note their persistent evasion of religious topics, and their apologetic tone when matters of Catholic belief and practice are so brought before them in presence of non-Catholics that they cannot be evaded. They would smoothe, extenuate, explain away, as if there is anything in our creed or our obligations requiring apology; as if the Church's ruling from its earliest day, will not bear the full light that can be turned upon it!

These are the people who blush for the sign of the cross, and for whom Christ will blush in the Last Day, when that dread sign shall flash triumphant from the heavens. These are now the

people who court alliances with non-Catholics, jeopardizing their eternal interests for a certain social eminence; by and by openly disregarding them—for the claims of family and "society" must be considered!—while they assure dissatisfied friends or a clamorous conscience that "they practice their religion in private."

But perhaps we are severe. Some of these mysterious Catholics may be the victims of an exaggerated prudence. They may not realize that "the discipline of the secret" is for ages obsolete. Pagans there are in plenty, but not of the sort that had to be guarded against in the days of the infant Church.

Here, especially, there is naught to be gained by mystery. What Cardinal Manning says of his compatriots, in this connection, applies with still greater reason to the Americans. He says: "There is an honesty in the people of this country. They like openness and they hate concealment of conviction. They trust those who will speak in the light of the noonday. If there is anything in religion which peculiarly commends itself to the American mind, it is courage and earnestness. It is intolerant—and justly so—of him who can give no reason for the faith that is in him; but it despises the poltroon who is ashamed of that which he fears to openly abandon."

We would have no one obtrude his faith on others, nor be ostentatious in his practices of devotion. But all who bear the name of Catholic should love the faith so truly and know it so well as to be always prepared to explain it, defend it, and live for it, which last is in these days a far more practical proof of loyalty than the most heroic expressions of willingness to die for it.—Catholic Union and Times.

NOT MADE BY HANDS.

IN THE MIDST OF RUIN AND DECAY THE CHURCH STANDS FOR ALL TIME.

By Bishop Donahue. A building constructed as in modern times—a state house, a mansion, a temple of justice, has a great strength and stability. But time will rust the steel; the rains will eat into the stone; the very atmosphere by subtle alchemy will transform them into a new substance. It may take a century, ten centuries, twenty centuries, but the innumerable series of the years and the crumble and topple at the last. Nay, even the levitation rocks, the earthly soil, all succumb to the action of the waves, which thus burst into hitherto unaccustomed channels. The great deep itself recedes in one region to advance on another. Seaports once flourishing are now high and dry—towns once in the sea are now on the shore. In all these there is decay, deterioration, decomposition, change with extinction threatening in the end! There is only one structure—one institution, an exception to this otherwise universal rule—the Catholic Church, the Rock of Peter, itself founded in and resting upon Jesus Christ, "in Whom all the building being framed together groweth up into a holy temple in the Lord."

No other institution has been so fiercely assailed. Against that rock the waves of heresy, schism, persecution have for nineteen centuries beaten, and beaten in vain! In the midst of her miraculous continuity Europe has three times changed its aspect. Antiquity has been blotted out, the Middle Ages are now produced in the stagnant institutions of the Orient, but in progress—Napoleon, have risen and disappeared. Whole nations have come forth and perished in oblivion. All have had their day, ideas, philosophies, peoples, empires. Rome alone still fronts the ages, the Church alone remains. She remains with the same doctrine, the same discipline, the same constitution, the one faith in the vast field of the story of nothing in human destinies approaches.

To measure her real stability we must not consider her merely during the past nineteen centuries, we must look upon her in the present, in which she waxes mighty, we must consider her in the future which opens before her: to follow her fortunes down the illimitable vistas of the centuries. Neither is this faith produced in the stagnant institutions of the Orient, but in progress—Europe, the theatres of revolutions, where men and events, ideas and policies, act and react in shock and counter shock without rest or ceasing, a surging, turbulent ocean in the midst of which Peter's rock heaves its immovable bulk serenely to the skies! Still more—the Church has not alone lived in the midst of this devouring activity; she has always played the principal part in the thick of the fight, in the forefront of the battle she will ever be found. No form of attack upon her has been left untried—force, fraud, flattery, schism, heresy, philosophies, the scaffold. Formidable attacks which would have been crushed at one onset all other powers have recoiled, beaten, broken, annihilated. She is the anvil upon which all hammers have been shattered. And stronger yet this wonder: these attacks which have been successive during seventeen centuries were all united and simultaneous in the eighteenth only to recoil broken and dispirited, and to leave her stronger and more beautiful in her immortal youth.

Unity and Truth. The Catholic Church shows its heavenly truth by expounding the gospel over all portions of the globe. Its great opponent, the Protestant Church, is crumbling into fragments, each year becoming more disintegrated; so much so that it is now hard to find two members of any denomination that agree on what the Church teaches and their most earnest members are groping for the light of truth. May the light shine upon their darkness and show them the one way that leads to eternal life!

That life is long which answers life's great end.—Young.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

Liberal Christianity is a vague and intangible term, but since it is used by many intelligent persons as a characteristic designation of their religious views, it seems quite proper that we should endeavor to ascertain its real significance and value.

We remark, then, that Liberal Christianity is really not Christianity at all. The very term "liberal" is an indication that it is a protest against Christianity, which is a religion of dogma, Christianity is a revelation of divine truth, and therefore imposes an obligation of belief. It is a system of divine law, and demands obedience. But the man of liberal views claims the right to think for himself, and to receive or reject any dogma that may be presented to him as of divine authority.

It is a curious fact worth noting, that the liberal Christians have no settled, fixed system of belief. Even our Unitarian friends, who still declare themselves to be Christians, are wide apart from one another as well as from the so-called orthodox. But in one point they all agree—in effect they absolutely deny and reject the supernatural in religion. They are simply naturalists, and worship reason. They have no faith in a divine revelation. To them the Bible is a mere human production, to be judged of as any other book. Its statements must be subjected to the decision of man's reason.

We do not forget, now, that there is a class of Unitarians who are sometimes called orthodox Unitarians. That is an indication that they do not sympathize with the more extreme and radical wing of the denomination. They are persons of a conservative, religious nature, and partake very much of the orthodox spirit. They are good and charitable and full of the altruistic spirit.

But all this, it must be confessed, is in spite of the general tendency of the religion which they profess. The radicalism which they do not like is but the legitimate development of the system. From Channing, the father of Unitarianism in this country, and the patron saint, so to speak, of the order, through Theodore Parker, the great preacher of transcendentalism, on to Ralph Waldo Emerson, the originator of the "Free Religion Society," which claimed "the right of the intellect to act untrammelled on any and all subjects, the right of thought to disregard all authority save that of its own natural laws, the right of the human mind to investigate fearlessly and freely even the momentous, tabooed questions of God, immortality and duty"—the process is perfectly logical.

Of course, in the exercise of this supreme authority of the human reason, revelation, rejecting dogma, rejecting all authority in religion, these advocates of unlimited liberalism do not hesitate to draw largely upon the resources of revelation for their moral principles; and it is a somewhat curious fact worthy of observation that their tone of authority in advocating their views is nothing short of infallible. They discard the great lights of history. They reject with a sort of contempt the profound philosophers and theologians—the great Fathers of the Church who illustrated the ages in which they lived. They ignore that grand traditional system of presumptions which, embodying the combined wisdom of the ages; which has been the guide, the consolation and the comfort of millions upon millions of weary, heavy-laden pilgrims through this unfriendly world; and which now commands the homage of three hundred millions of human beings, among whom are some of the greatest intellects and the most exalted characters in the world to-day. All this they ignore and reject, and each man in his single, solitary, intellectual speculation assumes an infallible substitution for the Divine Guide of mankind through the labyrinth of mystery, which without a divine revelation involve the human race in an impenetrable night of darkness and despair.

Emerson is said to have returned at last to his first beliefs, craving the consolation and hope of his early orthodox faith. That certainly was infinitely preferable to free religion and liberal Christianity, for, defective as it was, it gave him the consoling belief of a divine Saviour, without which man is a wretched, hopeless pilgrim in a world of sin, of sorrow, and of suffering, with no hope for the future.—Sacred Heart Review.

The Deadly Sunday Supplement. "When the destruction of the American home becomes an accomplished fact," says the Catholic Union and Times, "no small part of the blame may be laid at the door of the illustrated supplement of the Sunday paper. Each after week these crimes in color hold parental authority up to the ridicule which the cartoonist can crowd into his work." The American boy, who is the most eager devourer of the Sunday supplement, must be pretty well imbued with the notion that the chief purpose of fathers and mothers is to afford opportunity for giving vent to the innate rascality of bad little boys. The subject may appear to the unthinking to be trivial, but there is nothing more certain than that these publications, scattered broadcast over the land, are all doing deadly work."

Malice and hatred are very fretting, and apt to make our minds sore and uneasy.—Tillotson.

Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It is made in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption may be cured. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles of several powerful herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Dr. J. D. Kallong's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and other morbid complaints. It has been successfully used by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

TEACHER, TEACHER WORKER. Rev. P. P. O'Hare. - God is wonderful in His works!

The glory of God and His works are everywhere in laws of nature proclaimed by the voice of His creatures. The glory of God at the dawn of day, the glory of His works in the night, the glory of His works in the sun, the glory of His works in the moon, the glory of His works in the stars, the glory of His works in the flowers, the glory of His works in the trees, the glory of His works in the animals, the glory of His works in the human race.

But in the human race, the glory of God is most clearly manifested in the life of the saints. The life of St. Anthony of Padua is a life of heroic virtue, a life of heroic sacrifice, a life of heroic love. He is a man who has lived for God, a man who has died for God, a man who has risen again for God.

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