

ENGLAND AND LOURDES.

An occasional correspondent writing in the London Tablet says that in these days when there is a movement towards Christian Unity, warmly encouraged by the Vicar of Christ himself, when many of our separated brethren are growing weary of false doctrines and endless schisms, some of the best and noblest spirits among them even looking to the Holy See for sympathy and help, it may interest your readers to hear of a ceremony that took place on Sunday last in this sanctuary, noted as it is for so many spiritual graces and temporal benefits.

It was the feast of St. Augustine in England and the feast of St. Augustine of Canterbury, and the idea occurred to an English Catholic lady, now visiting Lourdes, to get special prayers for the conversion of England; it was cordially taken up by other English visitors among whom were two priests from the diocese of Shrewsbury, the Rev. John Barry, and the Rev. Jas. O'Gray, who gladly offered their services for so good a work.

Mass was said in the morning in one of the chapels of the Church of the Rosary, followed by the recital of the Rosary itself; it was, however, in the evening that the most striking ceremony occurred in the Basilica, where the High Altar and its surroundings were brilliantly illuminated, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, the two English priests before mentioned officiating, assisted also by one of the priests of the religious congregation attached to the Basilica. English hymns were sung and English prayers said. It was expected by some people that few would be present besides the English visitors, but the church was simply crowded, the solemn function having proved to be most attractive. It was, perhaps, difficult to repress a smile when the Benediction was over, the native choir, desirous presumably of paying a compliment to English music, sang some pious canticle to the tune of "The Conquering Hero." But, I think, England got many a prayer on that evening from the devout multitude there assembled.

It is not now the principal season for pilgrimages; and yet there were some well worthy of notice on the day following the ceremony I have just described. Early in the morning, about 5 o'clock, there arrived the pupils educated by the Jesuit Fathers at Bordeaux, marching from the station with brass bands, and disturbing the repose of at least one tepid and unworthy Christian. After they had performed their devotions and listened to some stirring sermons they took their departure in the afternoon. Other pilgrims, however, from different French parishes had arrived; a procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place, and late in the evening a torchlight procession from the Grotto: this last was singularly beautiful—the multitude of pilgrims and other devout persons carrying their candles, and singing hymns or litanies as they passed round the garden in front of the church, and finally gathering round the statue of the Blessed Virgin to chant the "Magnificat"—it requires to be seen in order to be fully appreciated.

I may be allowed to add that a remarkable cure has occurred here quite recently, in the early part of the present month. A girl nineteen years old named Jeanne Dumet, from the Jura, was brought, with difficulty and some risk, to bathe in that water which has incontestably (however you may explain it) been the means of restoring so many broken hearted and prostrate pilgrims. She was carried in a box resembling a coffin, which gained her at Lourdes the name of "La jeune fille au cercueil."

Her whole body was paralysed, with the exception of her head, shoulders, and arms, the result evidently of some disease of the spinal marrow: she could take no solid food, and was nourished chiefly upon milk.

Great was the astonishment of the young woman who had assisted to put her in the bath, when she raised herself suddenly and unexpectedly, and came out with the restored use of her limbs. Moreover she at once took solid food, which the doctors required her to do in their presence.

The English lady, mentioned above, knew the case, and can testify to the girl's state before she took the bath, but had no opportunity of examining her afterwards. There appears, however, to be no reasonable doubt of the fact of her cure. "Facts," the proverb says, "are stubborn things." You may explain them as you will, but you cannot get rid of them. Hysteria is a common medical explanation of many of the cures at Lourdes, and, in some instances, doubtless a true one. But there are some not so easily to be disposed of; and, at any rate, it is a most remarkable coincidence that such a number of recoveries from illness and grave maladies, whether hysteria or not, should arise from simply bathing in a tank of common cold water, to which no one for a moment supposes to have any medical properties, naturally speaking, but which is like any other cold pure water. I commend this to the consideration of the learned and the wise.

Did You Ever Think

That you cannot be well unless you have pure, rich blood? If you are weak, tired, languid and all run down, it is because your blood is impoverished and lacks vitality. These troubles may be overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure, rich blood. It is, in truth, the great blood purifier.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

"Loving Father or Mother Merit Than Me."

A distressing impediment to entering the Catholic Church is frequently thrown in the way of children by their Protestant parents. The ballad of "Auld Robin Gray" describes the sorrow of a poor girl whose engagement to her lover is broken up by the tearful silence of her mother. A rich old widower comes wooing the girl, who finally marries him to help her mother in poverty.

Without meaning it, Protestant parents often stand in the way of their child's salvation. Sometimes it is the rigid father who kicks up his donkey heels at the slightest mention of Romanism. But it is more frequently the mother, who declares that her heart will break if John or Mary joins those dreadful Catholics. Who would willingly pain a loving mother, and all mothers are loving? A young man or a young woman becomes convinced of the truth of the Catholic faith. If mention is made of the matter, the household is thrown into an uproar or into a settled melancholy, compared with which the solitude of a prison is hilarity. The father, who passes Sunday either reading the papers or playing poker at the club, at once becomes adamant in his religious convictions. The mother appears at breakfast with red eyes, indicative of a night of weeping. Perhaps the minister is sent for, and he eats dinner slowly, with the seriousness of a converted murderer about to ascend the scaffold. He sighs heavily between the courses and instances sad cases of perverts who ended their unhappy days in the cells of convents, possibly by suicide.

We know only one efficacious antidote to those whose parents oppose their entrance to the Catholic Church. Enter and trust to Divine Providence. You will never learn to swim by standing shivering on the bank. Plunge. God will not desert you. We could cite a hundred instances in which Protestant children took a firm and decided stand in the matter, joined the Catholic faith and eventually brought both father and mother over. Their only trouble is that the good mother who once opposed their conversion now gives them no rest if they delay going to the sacraments.—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

WHICH IS THE ALIEN CHURCH?

Every now and then—especially now—the Episcopal sectarian newspapers entertain (they can scarcely alarm) their subscribers with vehemently couched editorial articles about the "alien Church." Of course the Catholic Church is referred to by these sputtering patriots. Jealous of the enormous growth of Holy Church, and day by day more conscious that her solid front, her changeless faith, and her effectual discipline present a glaring contrast to the individualistic chaos of Protestantism, the gentlemen whose business it is to explain matters weekly are put to it to find some sort of slanderous account for such uncomfortable facts. Of late they have founded away at the "alienism" of the Catholic Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury tossed off in a neat little speech his "Italian Mission," and when the Bishops of New York and Albany had given it currency in this country, the whole pack of editorial yelpers were off in a trice.

The result is amusing. From every utterance of the Holy Father down to every wink of the curate in the next parish—all that is said (or not said), done or left undone—all we are told, covers, hides, is secretly part of, a colossal conspiracy to bring America under the tyrannical dominion of the Pope, who is nothing more nor less than a puppet pulled by Jesuit wires!

Now, as a matter of fact, there are millions of Catholics who are ardent royalists, anti-republicans and aliens to our Government—but they are not in America!

If there were enough Episcopalians to go around, they, no doubt, would like to have some members in France, Spain, Italy and Germany but in such a case they could hardly expect their foreign co-religionists to be one with them in politics.

No! Evidently this is not what is objected to in the Catholic Church. The intention is, to insinuate that Catholics in America, being first of all Catholics, are necessarily disingenuous in their Americanism and ready, at a nod from the Vatican, to conspire for the overthrow of our cherished institutions.

The Episcopalians should be the last to harp on that string. This we propose to show in a few words.

We may overlook as mere gratuitous bombast their permanent charge of disloyalty and confine our inquiry to the critical times in our national career.

At the time of the war for independence, when a handful of colonists strove successfully to emancipate themselves from a foreign and insupportable yoke, what was the comparative attitude of Catholics and the predecessors of their present critics?

Numerically the Episcopalians were overwhelmingly greater, the Catholics being but a few scattered families. But what of their dangerous, alien, anti-Americanism?

Can any one name a single Catholic priest who plotted and preached and prayed for his sacred majesty, George III? On the contrary, the Catholics of Maryland and elsewhere were in the front for freedom.

How about the Episcopalians? One does not like to be too hard on them, as they were solely hampered and embarrassed by their relations to the English Commonwealth—from which

the pay of their pastors, in great measure, was derived. But this fact, while exciting pity, can not excuse them from the present question of loyalty to America.

Well, then, the foremost clergyman among them was Doctor Samuel Seabury. After the war was over and he and his colleagues had been pardoned, he became the first Episcopalian bishop in America, and doubtless was a man of learning and sound piety. This Doctor Seabury was rector of Westchester when the war broke out, and so violent was his Toryism, and so outspoken his intention to both pray and work for the king, that he had to flee for his life, and remained on the black list to the end.

In April, 1775 (when neutrality was no longer entitled to so mild a name), a great Tory meeting was held at White Plains, N. Y., and Doctor Seabury was a moving spirit there. To the protest then drawn up his is the first signature. The critics do not mention this, but the signatories looked "with abhorrence at all unlawful Congresses," etc., etc., and that they were "determined at the hazard of our lives and properties to support the king!"

Image Cardinal Gibbons signing such a paper!

Or, fancy the Carroll of Carrollton, (typical Catholics of the Revolution), going to that Episcopalian king-kissing meeting! Nor was Doctor Seabury alone. The rectorship of Trinity Church, New York City—the foremost position then, as now—was occupied by Doctor Auchmutz, who lived and died, as did most of his congregation, fighting American independence. Writing to friends in the British camp, the rector of Trinity thus refers to Washington's forces: "We have lately been plagued with a rascally Whig mob." "Our magistrates have not the spirit of a louse." Another choice alien was the president of Columbia college (then called King's college). He was an Episcopalian minister, and his intrigues with the invading British forced him to flee his post. Thus the reverend king's men is a long onslaught easily explains the heat of editors when the sore point is touched.—Sacred Heart Review.

Catholic Points for Protestant Thought.

W. W. Clark, in Donahoe's Magazine. It is worthy of much comment, indeed it is a matter that should be emphasized instead of forgotten, that on all the great fundamental doctrines of Christianity there is a perfect harmony of belief between the orthodox Protestant churches and the Roman Catholic Church.

Their conception of God's nature is the same; they believe equally in the inspiration of the Bible, in the immortality of the soul, in the existence of heaven and hell, in the efficacy of prayer, in the sacraments of baptism and the Eucharist, in the Trinity of the Godhead, in that essential, distinguishing feature of Christianity—the Divinity of Christ and the potency of His death to work the salvation of sinners. The differences between them, while radical in a few points, are in the main matters of detail of ritual, ceremonies and rites. Yet so long and bitter has been the warfare over these minor matters and so completely have the disputants lost sight of the great mass of important items on which they agree, that they have come to look upon each other as enemies, and anything proceeding from the other's camp is an object for their violent attack. Very few Protestants have studied or even read a Catholic exposition of Catholic points of faith. They do not get, they cannot get, from Protestant critics either a fair statement of what is believed by members of the Catholic Church or a clear, unprejudiced presentation of their reasons for so believing. This is unfair, unjust, illogical. They set up a warped and garbled statement of a Catholic tenet, support it on weak and trembling legs of their own fashioning, and then proclaim the ease with which they overthrow it. It is an insult to the keenness of intellect which has ever characterized the leaders of that Church, and to the great minds that have found a congenial abode within its walls, to ascribe to them some of the senseless and wild notions which those who either wilfully misrepresent or ignorantly misunderstand Catholic points of faith are accustomed to charge upon the followers of the Pope.

The Same Old Errors. It is strange how an apparently well meaning editor of a secular paper keeps on repeating the same old errors about Catholic doctrine after attention has been more than once called to his error. Thus the man who answers questions in the New York Sun told an inquirer last Sunday that "the hyperdulia, or adoration of the Virgin Mary, dates from about the fifth century, immediately after the downfall of Nestorianism," and that "the title of Mother of God was conferred on Mary by the council of Ephesus in 431." Now, not only has a Council never made a new doctrine, it simply proclaiming as of faith what has all along been the belief of the Christian world, but the Church has ever repudiated the idea of adoration being paid to the Blessed Virgin Mother of God, hyperdulia simply meaning extraordinary veneration.—Catholic Standard.

To prevent pale and delicate children from lapsing into chronic invalids later in life, they should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, together with plenty of wholesome food and outdoor exercise. What they need to build up the system is good red blood.

An Eloquent Tribute.

Many eloquent eulogies have been written concerning the stability with which the Irish people cling to the Catholic faith and the zeal with which they transplant it in every soil whereon their lot is cast, but among them all we know none more beautiful or appropriate than the following, contributed by Colonel Butler to Merry England:

ST. PATRICK'S VISION.

This is a legend of olden time which tells of a vision seen by the Apostle of Ireland a short time before his death. In that vision he is shown the future of the island for whose good he had dared and done so much. The sight, full of sorrow, of trial, of suffering, of anguish, wrung the Apostle's heart, and he cried aloud in the darkness: "Will God thus cast off His people forever?" and then a voice answered through the night, bidding him to look out into the distant future; for beyond the gloom there was light, and beyond the sorrow there was hope.

Yes; there was light far away in the West—in the great ocean—far down below the sunset's furthest verge—from westmost hilltop the New World lay waiting for the light. It came borne by the hands of Ireland's starving children. The old man tottered with the precious burthen from the fever-stricken shore; the young girl carried the light in feeble hands to the shore; the maiden brought it into the homestead to be a future dowry to the husband and a legacy to the children; and lo! ere famine's night had passed from Ireland, the Church of Patrick arose o'er all that vast New World of America, from where the great St. Lawrence pours its crystal tide into the daybreak of the Atlantic, to where California flings wide her Golden Gate to the sunsets of the Pacific. Nearly 1,400 years have passed away since, on the 17th of March, 493, Patrick passed from earth to heaven. Empires have flourished and gone down, whole peoples have passed away, new faiths have arisen, new languages have sprung up, new worlds have been born to man, but those fourteen centuries have only fed the fire of that faith which he taught the men of Erin, and have spread into a wider horizon the light he kindled. And if there be in the great life beyond the grave a morning trumpet note to sound the reveille of the army of the dead, glorious indeed must be the muster answering from the tombs of fourteen centuries to the summons of the Apostle of the Gaels.

Nor scarce less glorious can be his triumph when the edge of sunrise, rolling around this living earth, reveals on all the ocean isles and distant continents the myriad scattered children of the Apostle, whose voices, answering that sunrise roll call, re-echo in endless accents along the vaults of heaven.

Sir Donald "Fooled 'Em" Sir Donald MacFarlane is the only Catholic who has ever sat for a Scotch constituency in the Imperial House of Parliament. There is a curious story told about his electioneering, which illustrates how the system of heckling can be sometimes turned to the advantage of the heekler. Sir Donald only won his seat in the last election by a majority of eighty, and his victory was attributed to his "pawkiness." Feeling ran high against him; no believer in the Kirk could vote for a Catholic, it was thought, however good a Liberal the candidate might be. And at a great meeting it was anticipated that Sir Donald would be heckled out of the country. But a heckler arose, whether by Sir Donald's connivance or not, who put a fresh complexion on the matter. Was it possible, he asked Sir Donald, in stentorian tones, for a Papist to be a patriotic Scotchman? With feigned hesitation and much meekness of manner, Sir Donald replied that he had always considered Robert Bruce and William Wallace to be patriotic Scotchmen, and that both of these worthies held the same religion as he did.

Catholicity in Mexico.

Some time since Mr. F. R. Guernsey, a Protestant gentleman, writing from the city of Mexico to the Boston Herald, thus refers to Mexican Catholic women: "What is the effect of the religion of these people on their lives and conduct is a question frequently asked me by my compatriots. Regarding its work in the formation of the character of women, in rendering them both happy and useful, the Catholic faith needs no tribute. Nowhere in the wide world can women of more lovely lives, of sweeter character, be found than in this pleasant land of Mexico. True in all relations of life—good wives, excellent mothers and faithful guardians of their households—they are unexcelled. A calm content rests upon them; they are not distracted by ambition, and the feverishness of the lives of 'emancipated women' troubles them not. In sickness they are true friends and the best of neighbors, and their faith renders them indifferent to the religious belief of whoever may be in distress. One must needs be a very bitter Protestant to deny these palpable facts. And I, who am not a Catholic, but merely record what I see all about me, am glad to pay this merited tribute to the choicest example of what the faith of the Catholics does for that portion of our race which bears the heaviest burden in life."

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merits and success. Remember Hood's cure.

Drinking Husbands Not Wanted.

A Danbury, Conn., temperance society is composed of young women who have pledged themselves not to marry a man who drinks intoxicants. It numbers four hundred and the young women of Bethel, about three miles from Danbury, will join the society. The society has just perfected an organization and elected the following officers: President, Miss Maggie Drum; Vice-President, Miss Annie Higgins; Secretary, Miss Annie Fox; Treasurer, Miss Josie McNamara. The name of the organization will be the St. Peter's Ladies' Temperance Society. Father Lynch was present at the meeting and spoke for an hour encouraging the young women in the step they have taken. Each member subscribes to the platform of the society, one of the clauses of which is against marrying men who drink. Each young woman declares that she would rather live an old maid than to put herself in the position of being the wife of such a man. The members of the society expect to enroll one thousand names.

A Mean Tempter.

"There are some mighty mean men in this world," said an old oak, confidentially, as he leaned over the bar, "but I think the meanest is the fellow who tries to force you to drink when he knows you are trying not to. I met such a one the other day. I was not tipping at the time, but, meeting a party of friends in a saloon, I took a glass of ginger ale out of sociability. I took one drink from the glass, and, being engaged in conversation, did not notice the mean man when he secretly filled up my glass from the whiskey bottle. I was very thirsty that day, and had nearly drained my glass before I noticed the dirty trick. Now, it is the first drink which means destruction with me. I felt the fire stealing through my veins, and rushed from the saloon in an agony of terror. I hurried to one of the theatres where there was a matinee, and then went home, took a bath, ate some supper and went to bed. I slept heavily and dreamlessly, and when I awoke next morning I found to my relief that I was free from the craving. It was the first time in many a year that the first drink was not followed by a regular hurrah."

Foreign Churches.

There are now so many foreign churches among us that the curious and earnest student has an opportunity to "travel at his own fireside." To read a brief notice of the dedication of a church of the United Greeks, a Polish church, a Lithuanian church—all Catholic and orthodox, of course—does not convey one half the meaning of what we have in the midst of us. The wonderful freedom and unity, power and tenderness of our holy Faith is thus exemplified within walking limits, and we may see and hear the diverse of races and nations one in the same God.—The Standard.

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

The Horse nobles of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

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The Best Food For Children? is worthy every parent's study; not only what they can eat, but what gives the most nourishment. No children are better, and most are worse, for eating lard-cooked food. If, however, their food is prepared with vegetable shortening, instead of lard, they can eat freely of the best food without danger to the digestive organs. You can easily verify this by a fair trial of Cottolene. Made only by The N.K. Fairbank Company, Wellington and Anaconda, MONTREAL.



James E. Nicholson.

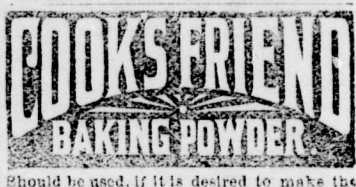
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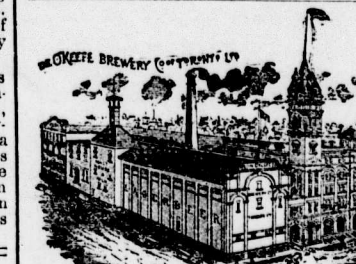
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