THE REQUEST O

air war

LASCINE.

BY AN OXFORD MAN. CHAPTER IX.

A DEATH CALL. And anguish long suppressed.

And anguish long suppressed.

The swelling heart heaves, meaning, like the Thackers of the state of the second o

Herbert Crowner was dead at Treven In the bright full morning the last call had come, that was to lead him through the "iron portal we call Death." Where? Would I could say! I only hope to one of those " many man of which He has told us. And

hope is not forbidden.

Young, beloved, happy, and wealthy, with a beautiful wife, yet obliged to leave all and hasten on —whitner?

Whither the Master called. I would point up to the blue summer sky, through which the breath of God has passed.

The term before Edward Lascine became a Catholic, Herbert Crowner and he were longing through the grounds of Manor reading the beautiful of "Ion." Herbert Crowner beautiful drama of

was speaking.
"Well Eddy, the instinct of immortalito, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, must find a deep response in every thoughtful soul."

Even in yours, Herbert? I thought you did't go in for anything of the sort? You certainly left a name up at Oxford of being an atheist!'

"Because I never opened my mouth on a religious subject during my whole college career, and went in for devil-try, sowing my wild-oats right and left; but I didn't deserve it.

I am so glad, Herby. That was the only reason I objected to your marriage, although I loved you very much.

"You did! eh, you young rascal? I'll pay you out for it. But for our 'Ion'" (and the translation continued): "When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to Fate, his beloved Clemanthe asks if they should not meet again, to which he

'I have asked that dreadful question of the

hills
That look eterns!; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow forever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath walked in glory; all were dumb; b

Mhile I thus gaze upon thy living face, I feel the love that Kindles through its beauty Can never wholly perish—we shall meet Again, Clemanthe.

"Let's close our books now, and I'll tell you about this passage. My father was immensely fond of this drama, and he made me translate for him one day, and afterward proved immortality to me from the Bible. It was years ago. me from the Bible. It was years ago, but, now the old man is dead, the ideas he gave me rise up, and make me call myself a Christian and a member of the Church of England. I am guiltless of catechism, theologies, and all that absurdity, but I believe in a Divine nd a revealed religion, also in a Church, which I take to be Church of England, but some day shall inquire into the subject-when am an old man.'

The "some day" and the "old age never came, but the intention was there -God is merciful and hope is not forbidden. They were firm, steadfast friends, Edward Lascine and Herbert Crowner, and Herbert groaned much over Edward's conversion to Popery. Two years had rolled away, and they had not seen each other; no letters even, had passed, and now-now all was

The news had reached St. Osmund's that morning — Edward Lascine had heard it. No violent outery followed the news—he had gone to the chapel, and, marble white, had knelt motion less two long hours before the Adorable Sacrament. Quietly then he had passed to his room, had seen the rector, and had walked through the hot, glaring summer morning to the station. In the evening, the carraige was once more driving up the fair green slopes to Treor, the occupant Edward Las-So pale his face as he leant out of the window, and gazed on each familiar spot. The carriage stopped at the door. The cool evening breeze drew out the breath of the sweet-scented flowers, but he heeded them not. His eyes saw the closed blinds, which spoke of death. The servants lined the hall to see "Mr. Edward" once more. A fow kind words he scattered among In a moment more his mother was in his arms.

"My darling boy! O my darling!" a volume of love spoke in those What The quiet, musical voice of the son

'He doeth all things well,' mother. 'The Lord has given,

Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord! Edward gently led his mother into

the morning-room, opening off the hall. How the proud mother's tace glistened with her love, as she gazed on her boy—the face spiritualized by the sorrow of the last two years!—the clear white complexion through which the blue veins shone, the hair close cut, and the shaven tonsure in honor of his Master's crown of thorns. The long cassock-like coat made him appear taller-different, indeed, from the fashionable Oxford student, but with a stronger fascination now in that Protestant house. The mother's eye had taken in the difference in a moment. "Eddy, my darling, ence in a moment. "Eddy, my darling, your heart has not altered so much as your dress. Have I still my place

" Mother, how can you ask? I love you now with a stronger love. I try to love you as our dear Lord loved His Mother. But, mother, poor May—how does she bear this heavy trial?" She is broken, poor child-broken

'Let us go to her, my mother."

"Would you like to see dear Herbert for the last time? I had the coffin kept open until this train. The change has already set in. The lead collin be soldered down to-night.

"Which room, my mother?"
"The Crimson Chamber."

the satin couch, deep in thought.

Gently he unclosed the door of the chamber. The stately crape and satin hangings swept to the floor, and in the of the room was the unclosed coffin. The dim light poured in softly over the covered face of the dead.

What could this stately grandeur avail him now? Man, indeed, when he is dead, and stripped of his possessions, and eaten of worms—where, I a,k, is he?

Edward Lascine was kneeling there by the dead, gazing on the paie face which was already changing in that cold embrace of Death. The tears cold embrace of Death. dropped thick and fast, as the whispered prayer for the repose of that soul ip to God's throne.

"By thy Cross and Passion— Good Lord, deliver him. Eternal rest give unto him. O Lord; and may the perpetual light of glory shine upon him."

A knock sounded at the door. It was

the old house-keeper.
"O Mr. Edward, that I should see on thus! Don't, that's a dear, dear boy, stay here. It's no place for the young—don't 'ee, now! Look your last at Mr. Herbert, because the undertaker's waiting with the solder."

"Leave me for 10 minutes, Parkins.

In 10 minutes the men can core.' ' and the good woman's Well, sir,' ensitive heart bled as she closed the door, and spoke in the servants' hall of Mr. Edward's sorrow. Let us draw a veil over that 10

minutes. Real sorrow is too deep, too sacred for the world's gaze. Even in the agony of Christ the veil of darkness was drawn between earth and heaven No human eye could gaze on that terrible anguish. So, in our sorrow, to be brave we must be alone. Alone, in darkness, at the foot of the cross, strength comes.

The first dinner-bell sounded. The door of a room that had been closed for a long while, except to a proud, sad woman, opened, and Edward Lascine passed down the broad staircase to the drawing room. Lying on a sofa by the blazing fire was the fair young widow, The black-crape dress fell around the pale, sorrow-stricken form. It seemed as if a few days must see her life close,

too. "Dear May, I wish I could bear this pain for you! My darling sister, how my heart bleeds for you!" "Dear Eddy, I shall grow strong,

now you are here. "Hush, May, my little sister!" and he drew the poor tired head on to his breast, and rested his hand on her 'hush, May!" foreheadsobs burst forth, "as we journey through life, whatever love we win, we win but in an imperfect manner, and it must leave our hearts bleeding, aching, sorrowing, as yours now. Shortly it is over, gone, over forever. This is the history of human love. Do you remember, May, what we read in Pere Lacordaire's 'Conferences' years ago-a passage that struck both and myself? It is on Christ's Passion, I forget the exact words; I remember the sense though: 'There is a man being whose steps are continually tracked, and who, withdrawn as He is from our bodily eyes, is still discerned by those who unweariedly haunt the spots where once He sojourned, and who seek Him on his mother's knees by the borders of the lakes, on the moun tain-tops, in the secret paths among the valleys, under the shadow of the olivetrees, or in the silence of the desert. These is a Man Who has died and been buried, but Whose sleeping and waking is still watched by us; Whose very is still watched by us; words still vibrate in our hearts, pro ducing there something more than love, for it gives life to those virtues of which love is the mother. There is a Man who, long ages ago, was fastened to a gibbet, and that Man is every day taken down from the throne of His pas sion by thousands of adorers, who pros trate before Him and kiss His bleeding unspeakable amotion.' us seek Him, May, in the shadow of the olive-trees in the garden of Gethsemane, the ruby drops of blood burst ing from Him in His great sorrow. There my little May, you and I can learn to bear our sorrow."

"Lead me by the hand to Him,

Eddy."
"Not by my hand, May; by the cross or hearing now by the cross you are bearing now.
At the foot of the cross, we can pray for Herbert's soul.' "Herbert asked for you before he

died—for 'Eddy to pray tor him.'''
"So I shall, May, to the day of my death; and, later on, standing at God's altar, the second Calvary, I will offer the Immaculate Victim, Jesus Christ Himself, for Herby's everlasting re

In a deep embrasure, hidden by the heavy curtains, Mrs. Lascine sat, lis

tened to her children, and wept. As the second bell sounded, Mr. Treven came into the room. A glad light danced in his eyes as he saw Edward. The old man's "Welcome showed the depth of his joy. my boy Good old Dr. Pinton, too, showed something of a childish delight as he turned to dash off a tear with the back of his

John Lascine came in, and shook

Eddy warmly by the hand. "How glad I am to see you, Eddy; but what a 'pope's kitten' you look! Haven't you got a dress suit, or shall I

lend you one? "My days for dress-suits are over

John gave a low, long whistle.

"Poor boy, I pity you?"
The whistle was interrupted by the guests staying in the house entering the room, and the procession forming for dinner. 'Uncle, Eddy takes me to dinner to-

I make that concession to you

Mande ' Why, Dr. Pinton, what is the mat-

ter with you?"
"Nothing, Mr. Treven, only our young friend's presence has worked wonders for Mrs. Crowner." Mr. Treven motioned the stately butler to his side.

filled. We must bring some color to

hose pale cheeks."

"As if I hadn't done it already,"

"As if I hadn't done it already," I love Mr. Edward with any on 'em!" Bowing low, he said: "Yes, sir; the order shall be attended to."

And Edward Lascine had left this wealth of love. Why love had called him. Why? A stronger him. The world thought him a fool, but the world did not see the eternal beauty that had seduced him.

Early the next morning, the Parkins, rapped at the house-keeper, Parkins, rapped at the door of Mrs. Lascine's room, and, in a confidential whisper, asked to speak to the occupant.
"Has Mr. Lascine arrived, Par-

kins? No, madam; but can you come with me to the Crimson Chamber? Lor, my lady, Mr. Edward was there this morning, and the flowers do look beautiful; but lor, mum, will Mr. Treven like it, and Mrs. Crowner? Come and see, my

lady."
"Let me see, Parkins; the lying in state will be to-day.'

"Yes, my lady."
"Mr. Edward, I am sure, has done nothing we can cavil at; let everything be as he has left it."
"As you would wish, my lady, only I thought I would speak to you, to be

ble to tell the servants my lady wished Two hours later, Mrs. Lascine and her daughter passed into the chambe

of death. ' Eddy has been here, maman.'

"Yes, May." The crimson-velvet pall was looped up with the deathless amaranth. On the coffin rested a cross of hot-house flowers, above a crown, while at the feet was a banner made of the petals of brilliant flowers-a bordering of crim on, blue, yellow, and white, while on a raised surface in the centre one read the word "Hope."

maman! that banner was Herbert's dream, with those words on it. I told Eddy last night. How good he

The huge silver candelabra stood by the coffin, encased in crape; for it had always been the custom, even during those three hundred years of the Re formation, for the dead of the Trevens to lie in state for one day. The counry gentry round called, were shown the reception-rooms, eards on the table card-tray, and, passing on to the chamber of death, walked round the coffin and left the house. A neaningless custom, indeed! Like the passing bell" in dear old England, it had lost its use, but externally was carried out, a beautiful though scent-

less flower. In a corner of the room Edward Lascine was kneeling. The dark hangings had befriended him until now, but the turning of a leaf in the book he was reading discovered him.

Mrs. Lascine spoke. "Eddy, why are you kneeling there?

"I am saying the office for the dead, mother. I am praying for Herbert's soul.

"It is useless, my boy. 'Where the tree falls, there it shall lie.'" "We will discuss that question, but not here, mother. I could not give up the sweet hope of being able to help e I love after death.—Do not weep

May O Eddy! I love you so much. No

one but you would have thought of put-ting those flowers on Herby's coffin."
"Manam would, May; no one for-bids that simple office. Death leads bids that simple office. us to the beautiful, for it leads us to God, if we have lived as He wishes Surely the body, the tenantless temple of the Holy Ghost, shall be surrounded with the beautiful, those few days that pass between God's call and the com-

nittal to the last resting-place."

The day of the funeral dawned calm clear, and still. The July sun glinted in wavelets of light over the beautiful The tolling grounds of Treven Manor. of the bells at St. Winefride's came softened by the distance, to the mansion where the coffin was bore out to the stately hearse, with its waving plumes, which was to convey it to the family vault. The long line of funereal carriages followed, and the ten ants, in their black scarves and bands,

headed the hearse Sadly, solemnly, slowly, to the music of the muffled peal, with sweet flowers kissing his coffinlid, Herbert Crowner was borne to his long rest in the vault of the peaceful churchyard at Holynton. Those who loved him stood over him, and sighed their last farewell.

Mr. Lascine and Edward are standng in the conservatory at Treven.
"I cannot, my father; I cannot do

"I tell you, Edward, it must be; this nonsense must be given up. Rather than see my son a Catholic, I would see

you lying where poor Herbert lies. "Father, in every thing reasonable will obey you. Were you poor I would I will obey you. Were you poor I would work for you. I cannot do more. Where Almighty God is concerned, I am inex Between my soul and orable. Creator, no creature can dare step in

cannot, I dare not deny God! Will you re-examine every step o ground you went over in your career to Catholicism?"

"If you wish it; but I tell you be-forehand it is useless."

"Mr. De Vere lunches here to-day; he is skilled in argument. Will yo

"If you wish it. Father, hear me! A religious vocation is the work of God, and not of man. God is stronger than man. Do what you will, my voca tion remains firm and sure. I have but one thing to do in this would—to save my soul. This is the end for which am here. Everything around me I must simply use as a means to that end. A mechanic will choose the tool that will

instrument in his workshop. in like manner, embrace that life which will most surely lead me to my end. I

not find one place to rest my foot upon There is no Church but the Church of Rome, to whom only those divine words were spoken: 'When I go away, I will end to you the Holy Ghost, the Com forter, who shall guide you into truth, and remain with you all days.

even until the end of the world."
"Foolish boy! unless you obey me you know your fate."
"Deliberately I choose. The Church
of Rome is my choice. I throw on one side your wealth, position, and pleasure, for God is dearer to me than all."

Edward Lascine was alone, Good old Mr. Treven strolled into the conservatory. Eddy was deep in

"Eddy, reach me those white cam-ellia-buds for your mother's hair tonight."
"Willingly, dear uncle."

"Thank you, my brave boy; now a frond of fern for May's bouquet. I love to have you here, Eddy, even as a pope's kitten'-that's John's name for 'I don't mind his fun; he is a dear

old fellow. Mr. Treven looked up. "Why that

"Papa and I have been talking. You know, uncle, I cannot conscientiously do what he wishes.'

"Then I wouldn't do it, my boy. God is very dear to you"—the old man turned away to wipe his eyes. "How your mother has wept over you! Your own heart has bled, too, to give her sorrow—I saw it. I see deeper than most people. Kiss me, boy, kiss me, and pray for your old uncle when he is

Passing into the drawing-room, the Rev. Mr. De Vere and the gentlem guests were arguing on truth Th ailed for Mr. Treven's opinion. I send a delegate, Mr. Edward Las-

The Rev. Mr. De Vere pulled down his white cuffs, pursed his lips, adjusted his white tie, played with his watchchain, and then

'Now, Mr. Delegate."

"O uncle, excuse me!"
"No, sir; go on. Let's hear Rome on the subject. The Rev. De Vere frowned.

What is your question, gentlemen "What principles evolve truth?" the reverend gentleman rolled forth, sonorously. "Let's hear your teach-If you wish it, gentlemen."

The musical voice of Edward Lascine swept through the room. The ladies dropped their light employments and Even hard philosophy seemed

"Three principles concur to evolve truth and beget certitude—to wit, principlum aquo, or the subject of certitude, which is the intellect. Secondly. principium per quod, or the instrument, which is multiplex for notions come to us through many channels. Thirdly, principium quod, by which truth is dis tinguished from falsity, or the motives

begetting certitude—all which motives are reduced to head of evidence." sniffed The Rev. Mr. De Vere sniffed haughtily as he asked for a definition of

"principlum per quod."
"We are coming to that, sir. Principlum per quod, or fount of truth—they are: 1. Sensus intimus; 2. Sensus externi; 3. Ideas. The mind reflects on these last and grasps relations of things; (1), by immediate comparison, wherebit connects universal principles; (2) by mediate, or ratiocination. 4. By

testimony of men." "Bravo for my delegate!" old Mr.

Treven said. Mr. De Vere reddened.

"Ah, De Vere," said John Lascine,
"an English Parson beaten by a 'pope's kitten! A roar of laughter followed this remark, and the first luncheon-bell stop

ped the conversation. Sternly Mr. Lascine bade his son

Lovingly was he folded to his mother's bosom, and the tears rained down over him. Gentle May wept for the double loss she would feel now. John looked sad. And poor old Mr. Treven was not seen for hours. A blank seemed to have fallen over the House. Though no one spoke openly, the thoughts of all went that night to the College of St. Osmund. Mrs. Lascine paid a visit to her son's room, where the flowers still sent up their perfume at the foot of the crucifix. With that perfume her prayers ascended to the altar in heaver

TO BE CONTINUED.

A QUESTION OF SIMPLE JUSTICE. NOT ALMSGIVING.

Financial support of religion implied in the first and greatest commandment. God is to be adored by sacrificial worship as well as by faith and prayer. The discharge of this fundamental duty naturally involves everything essential to the appropriate expression of becoming sacrifice. This Divine injunction, therefore, carries with it the imperative necessity of sup plying suitable places of worship and of maintaining a divinely appointed priesthood. To keep holy God's day and name, to respect the rights of parents and others, are Divine commands. There is no less sanction for providing the material agencies necessary for carrying out the true intent of God's first law. There is here no question of charity or generosity, but of duty and justice. In issuing a special precept on the support of pastors (meaning everything pertaining to external wor-ship) the Church merely emphasizes a Commandment as old as religion itself.

God is pleased with the gifts that denote sacrifice — the poor man's penny, the widow's mite. They who promise to give only of their abundance exhibit a wrong spirit. It is well to remember that the claims of the Church are as positive and as pressing as other obliga tions; that these claims are to be paid choose the tool that will best help him | not merely from the ample means of the to do his work, not the most beautiful rich, but also from the slender incomes of the struggling. God should not always be the deferred Creditor — in fact, He ought to be the preferred "Which room, my mother?"

butler to his side.

"John, bring up some of the oldest
He was gone. The mother sank on port. See Mr. Edward's glass is well main in the Church of England. I could Mirror.

THE BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD.

BY REV. P. C. O'REILLY. "To the Christian heart touched by sweetest memories of the Nativity, and wounded deeply by said recollections of the Crncifixion, there is, perhaps, no month more fittingly dedic who is our mediatrix and helper than the month of May. Extolled by both Catholic and Protestant writers, and honored by all Christendom as the only type of perfect womanhood, a few words appertaining to her who participated in both the Crucifixion and glorious Resurrection of our Saviour indeed

apropos.
... Thou art of charity and love, and as the noonday torch, and art a living spring of nope to mortal man. mighty and great are thou, O Lady, that he who desires grace and comes not to thee for assistence fain would have the desire to fly without wings. These few words just prefaced and se pregnant with thought from the pen of the Divine Poet convey but an juate description of her 'whose foundations are in the holy mountains

"Formed by the power of God she wa by exultation and acquirement not un-worthy to be the mother of God; but the moment that event took place, when she gave to poor fallen and degraded man his Liberator and Redeemer, imagination loses itself in the endeavor to follow the greatness not only of he dignity, but even of the increased im of her merit. With the forma tion of the humanity of Christ within her, commenced her crucifixion, and a crucifixion so severe and continued, that it needed all her powers to bear

"Consider her suffering on the weary way to Bethlehem, where Christ was to be born. Consider the crushing blow that fell upon that purest heart when Simeon gave his prophecy. It was in truth a sword of sorrow and a dagger of poignant grief that would accompany her through life, and whose bitter cut would never heal until she closed her mortal eyes in death and the curtain of life drawn back forever. She had to taste the cup of woe reserved for the widow without means for her orphan. She had to bear the grief of a mother whose only child is consigned to a public death of shame and torment by pub lic authority. In fine, there is no want, no agony, no grief, no disgrace, in cidental to human misery, which this singularly holy and most elevated of all creatures had not to endure, and in manner so intense that it surpassed in an eminent degree the accumulation of all human woe. If, then, it surpasses our powers of calculation to reach the extent of merit obtained by Mary in a single year before she became the became Mother of God, when she was only the vessel of election,' destined for great a dignity, what can we say of a single day's merit after she became God's Mother? What can we even imagine of such a merit elevated by ntense human suffering and endured without a shadow of imperfection for the sake of God alone! Every moment extended that merit far beyond human conception. Every dignity sinks into insignificance in comparison with Mary's. Every created being must bow in humble recognition to her ele-vated supremity. And this daughter of fallen Eve, of the sinner David, of the sinner Ruth, of the sinner Thamar, of sinners in every generation rises before us, pure and immaculate, queen of all angels and archangels, superior to principalities and powers, above the cherubim and seraphim, our model of humility, our exemplar of charity, our

Mother of the great and living God. deep inr her Son, her "Her love fo terest in all that concerned Him, none can call into doubt. And since her Son so loved man that He laid down His life for him, can we hesitate for a ment to believe or suppose Mary indifferent to this work of salvation An ordinary good Christian or a saint, say, is never found without charity for his fellow man. The very word sain or holy implies charity, and it would be a contradiction to suppose a saint without this principal virtue. To be a saint, then, we must love our fellow man next to our God, and as that love for our Supreme Master increases so also increases our love for al mankind, until like a Vincent de Paul or a St. John of Matha, a St. Francis Xavier or a St. John of the Cross, we would kneel and lick the putrid sores of the ailing to lighten their passing sorrows, for in these countenances is seen the image of Him Who created us all to His own like

ness. "Jesus Christ, witness of her labori ous habits, sometimes alludes to them in His parables, and these simple oc-cupations of Mary are preserved in Gospel narrative 'like a seaweed in amber.' We see, in fact, the indus-trious woman putting leaven into three measures of meal, carefully sweeping the floor to recover something lost and economically mending an old garment And when Jesus seeks a comparison to recommend the purity of heart, He draws it from the remembrance of her who cleans 'both the inside and outside of the cup.' And we suspect that this thought is of Mary when He praises the offering of the widow gives not of her abundance, but of her

Picture her again ministering to the wants of St. Joseph, and behold that grave and simple man with his heavenly countenance upon which every passion was silent recognizing in her the woman, pures of all women, the queen whose was humility, whose sceptre was love, whose heart was charity, the lily with out a stain, the one woman that sin had never sullied and 'our own tainted nature's solitary boast.'

"Let imagination again take us to the beautiful town of Nazareth, and as we watch the sun declining toward the lofty promontory of Carmel, soon to set in the horizon of the sea of Syria mark if in our hearts is not heard message that was to be our 'good tid-ings of great joy.' Yes, Gabriel has appeared to Mary while making her evening prayer to the God of Jacob, and that salutation which meant so much for us is pronounced by the celestial envoy: 'Hail, full of grace, the Lord

is with thee, blessed art thou among is with thee, blessed are thou among women. Mary no doubt felt an involuntary trembling at this marvelous apparition, her humility was disconcerted by the magnificent eulogy of the angel, but, being reconciled to this wonderful prediction by God's messen.

ger, she believed and left all to God. Do we realize the inheritance left us by a crucified God? The bounty that we have reaped from a Calvary and the eternal glory that awaits the faithful servant? These two thoughts se diametrically opposed and yet so characteristic of humanity, are subjects for our life's meditation. Adam sinned and by that sin lost heaven. Christ died, and by that death reopened the gates of Paradise. The loss of the human race was begun in Eve and consummated in Adam. In Mary com. nenced our deliverance, and in Jesus was it completed. There is also a new tree, which is the Cross, and the fruit of that tree is your crucified God. The first tree caused death, the last tree life eternal. All the evil was washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and al our hopes must be centered on that dear Saviour for salvation. The sorrows of Jesus were in truth the sorrows of Mary, and so heartrending was the scene at that terrible crucifixion that the daughters of Jerusalem compas-ionately called her 'poor mother.'

What lesson should we take from the life of this fair Queen—the King's daughter, clothed with the sun, the moon beneath her feet, and her stars 3 Love, charity, humility and obedience which were centralized in Mary beyond degree of comparison. Love for one another, that we may fulfill God's precept and that all may know we are His children. Charity to all, for 'tis the greatest of virtues. Humility, the opposite virtue to pride, that we may not become self-conscious, but may ways consider what we are and h much we owe our merciful Father. Obedience, ready, ever ready to follo God's commands and to see His authority in His lawful representatives, will ing, if necessary, to die for a true God and a true faith. Let us then hence forward pray to Mary, spotless lily of purity, that she may intercede for us with Christ, her Son, and that we may ever follow in the footsteps of our heavenly leader."

A CONVERT'S REASON.

LUTHERAN MINISTER TELLS HIS FORMER CONGREGATION WHY HE BECAME

A CATHOLIC. Announcement was made some time ago of the conversion of Rev. Mr. Melzar, a former Lutheran minister, born in Germany in 1867, whose father and grandfather were also Lutheran ministers. He was received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. J. Gribben, at Port Angeles, Wash asked to give his reasons for becoming Catholic, he made the following state ment for the benefit of his

flock Most of you, I believe, know me and know about the change I made Formerly a Lutheran minister, I am now a Catholic layman. I have left the Church of my parents and relatives to join that of my ancestors. I have returned to the Church from which the Lutheran Church has sprung, the Holy Catholic Church. Many will blame me for what I have done: some of my friends may turn their backs on me after this, though I can assure them that am having the same friendly feelings to-ward them now as before, and some might lay 'the blame' for my conversion on somebody else. My brethren, if there is one to be it is I alone. I knew perfectly well what I was doing when I asked to be received in the Catholic Church. My

entering the Church is the result of many years' study.
"But why did I not join long ago? The prejudice I had against the Catho lic Church is the only reason I can give. Those who were born and brought up in the Catholic Church are hardly a understand the difficulties Protestants, especially Protestant clergymen, enounter when taking into consideration the Catholic Church. The last root of such prejudice had to be removed by

earnest prayer. "For years my heart has been longing for the Church which holds th promise of infallible teaching—the Church to which Christ promised and sent the spirit of truth; the Church to which Christ promised that the gates of hell should not prevail against her the Church to the leaders of which He said, 'Behold I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world; the Church which enjoys a sound and solid organization ; Church which worships Almighty God in a proper stress on the most Sacrament of the altar : the Church which teaches regeneration by baptism and the necessity of infant baptism; the Church which insists upon private confessions and priestly absolution; the Church which upholds and teaches the communion of saints and honors

them. "To join this Church has been the desire of my heart for may years, and althiugh I, when a Lutheran minister, have faithfully discharged my duties toward my Church and my people, the desire was in me and grew from year to year, in spite of all changes of time, place and circumstance, till I, by the grace of God, found strength to come o Port Angeles and request my old friend, Father Gribben, to receive me nto the mother Church.

A Good Quarter Dollar's Worth A Good Quarter Dollar's Worth
Is contained in a battle of Polson's Nerviline,
which cares Rheamatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Toothache, Headache, Cramps, Sick Stomach
and Indigestion. Mothers find Nerviline is
first class limiment for children's sore throat,
hoars ness, cold in the chest, and taken in hot
water before retiring is a splendid remedy for
colds. Don't be without Nerviline; it is the
most economical, potent and reliable household.
limiment made, and costs only 255.

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE COSSITATION.

AS THE OIL RUBS IN, THE PAIN RUBS
OUT.—Applied to the soat of a pain in any
part of the body the skin absorbs the soothing
liniment, under brisk friction and the patient
obtains almost instant relief. The results of
the use of Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil have surprised many who were unacquainted with its
qualities, and once known it will not be rejected. Try it.

It was a beautiful m time. The brilliant the green world with changing sky of May

Flowers bloomed, bir fairly rioted in joy. of the gladness and in the cemetery at Mt. of persons stood about watching a white cash gently lowered to res Many eyes were t was one whose grief Many eyes were dwas one whose grief for tears. It was Mi mother of the your mains, lying in the case, were about to he eyes forever.

Less than a year be woman had buried he

Marian, her only ch to rest beside him. Standing with whi tightly hands, with around her, she loo incarnation of sori pale-faced little Ru and's orphan niece regarding the stric pitying eyes.
A bird, sitting on a fir tree, burst i How shrill and unm What a mockery second

sunshine! 'Ashes to ashes Mrs. Somerville sta broke from her lip ell with a muffled dream the lines of a r childhood, echo

her brain-"A handful of earth A coffin under the The beautiful, bear The snowy, snowy She bent forward her child's grave.

and bright golder

forever. She tried

sound escaped he limbs refused to su shudderingly upon strong arms lifted Mrs. Somerville Edgemere, was one ences in Mt. Aub brick with trimmin air of substantial by the pleasant g gently Majestic trees,

branches, cast gr luxuriant shrubs there on the smoot The interior, has ally furnished, ha light of its mistr was gone; the br ness had gone out When she reg after the sad home a wish to be alon Jane, more frien

dismissed. She w weep, but someho come. She wond entment in her h dry and burning. the chastening resignation, "F self repeatedly: to me? What ! should punish me

Of what use asked herself. upon anyone else my darling's inhe Suddenly she Moore. How pr girl was despite pendence! The assuming the ca brother, Felix on the subject sure, none of his be burdened wi But why should

in two dingy roo life depended or Only a few Somerville had declined the offe for any qualms
Ruth's face, wheeves, and Felix if in answer to the door opened before her. M guiltily, then re coldly: "What all days? I to

anyone."
"I know it wanted, I thou Ruth hesitate age, she said: account of a pr What was

grief was fresh to comfort yegladly. Then as a daughter Mrs. Somer with a repelle "That can

"I know it worthy to wal But she knew and she thoug to comfort you "We?" Why, Fe Alice. It was The lady r

very pale and "Ruth Mo do not believ up story to w dead darling Felix. If M she would ha but such a subetween us.'
Ruth's pal son at her a I will ad

it sounds ra