

in an instant and half a word was enough to start the whole party on the return track with him.

"Father Arthur! God save yer Reverence! I hope yer not hurried," cried the first to arrive in the spot, where the priest was slowly but steadily climbing the hill, still dragging the bride and Shanrock.

"Is your wife yet alive, John?" was the answer.

"She is, Father. But—but—" The bride in his voice told all.

"Take me quickly, my man! I must be in time," urged Father Martin.

They had brought a rude sled, and had already lifted him on to it. Poinselt climbed beside him, and began again his efforts to restore circulation to the benumbed and stiffened limbs energetically directing the proffered assistance of others.

Every door and window of the house was blazing with light and heat when they reached it, and the women came out, all eager pity and warm sympathy. Jim was carried in first, and the massive form of the priest was more slowly borne after him.

Through an open doorway, the inner room where the sick woman lay was seen as they entered, and her faint groans mingled with all other sounds.

"Take me to her at once," said the priest, "and leave me there until she needs me no more. Until then let not a hand be laid on me, nor a word said to me."

They carried him in—he was now unable to stand—and placed him as well as they could on the floor by the bed side, and withdrew. In the intervals of working hard with Jim, who soon began to come out of it none the worse, Poinselt could not help glancing curiously toward the room within.

A murmur of voices, faint, low, and often broken, came from it. Presently a window opened, and a gleam of light, and a visible lifting of the cloud of sorrow which threatened the house, they all went forward, and Poinselt was called to assist. Father Martin was unconscious.

Poinselt was all alive and glowing with energy and interest. He worked as he had never worked before, and his directions the others worked rapidly, sensibly, helpfully. They laid Father Martin on blankets and coverlets drawn toward the open fire on the wide hearth; they rubbed him, they poured hot stimulants into him or over him, through his rigid lips and over his cold breast.

When the day was fully come, and the bright sun of a winter's morning streamed at the uncurtained window upon the glowing interior, Father Martin was sleeping like a rosy child, and Poinselt, in the high chair near him was dreaming over the night's work. Poinselt was a great dreamer. The nervous, eager American brain is the same in mountain and lowland, knowing no rest.

When John Darcy's wife, fully recovered from her illness, was about her usual duties, with a smile in her blue Irish eye and an Irish song on her ready red lips, Father Martin had another call from Poinselt. It was a long one, and through it all the good Father's warm heart beat high with grateful joy.

Poinselt had been "tarning things over" ever since the night of the priest's ride.

"I said to myself then," he explained, "That's the religion for me! I didn't think so much of them wanting you—a good man like you to have their minister around when they seem like dyin'—and, though it was a hard ride for me, still it was daylight when I started, and they'd been good neighbors to me when I was in your chair, and had it all over in a few days, and you'd come to see me, and you'd say over and over again, 'The Lord called him.' When I woke up I still heard it, and I couldn't rest until I found you. I didn't catch up any too soon, did I? Well, ever since I've been thinking things over. We have talked a good bit about it up yonder. Your religion seems better than some others, and I'd like to have it."

He did not wait long for it. He knows now that Father Martin did indeed take his life in his hand and go forth at the bidding of the Lord—that the life of the priest is so near the Hidden Life Divine that to do, to suffer, to die draws for him with the morning and deepens his sleep at night.

Father Martin's devotedness won for him the hearts of the Protestants. So brave a deed, so courageous a fight for what was evidently the conviction of his very life, drew attention to him as a man, and to his religion as a faith. The blessing of God rests on him and on his flock, scattered indeed, but dwelling upon "the everlasting hills."

The great popularity of Ayer's Pills as a cathartic is due no less to their promptness and efficacy to their coating of sugar and freedom from any injurious effects. Children take them readily. See Ayer's Almanac for this year, just out.

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Contains the great seal of the American Republic, and Bordeux Blood Bitters contains the virtues of roots, barks and herbs from our field and forests, making it a wonderful remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, bad blood, scrofula and all skin diseases.

A Business Report.

Mr. James McCarthy, of Rounds & McCarthy's Collecting Bureau, Drumbo, Ont., states:—"I have used several bottles of Bordeux Blood Bitters for kidney disorder and find it a wonderful remedy. Previously I had been taking pills, thinking I had liver complaint, but now I am quite well and will always praise B. B.'s."

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I can recommend Hagar's Yellow Oil as a sure cure for toothache. I suffered for several days, but I healed my cheek and rubbed the Yellow Oil on it and was immediately relieved.

Mrs. David G. Annett, Russel, Man.

THE PARISH OF ARTHUR.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record:

DEAR SIR—As the columns of your valuable Catholic journal are always open to the chronicler of transpiring events deemed interesting to your Catholic readers, I will take the liberty of availing myself of this much esteemed privilege by briefly narrating some of the incidents which tended to make the festive season of Christmas, now about being closed, more than usually a happy and a joyous one for the Catholics of the parish of Arthur. This parish, which was placed in charge of the present incumbent, Rev. Father Doherty, only a few years ago, has made such a marked progress through his weak energy and watchful care as to cause it to be noted approvingly and cited with admiration in many other Catholic circles throughout the Province. The parishioners, becoming as it were inoculated with his own zealous and progressive spirit, have always cordially, if not enthusiastically, joined with him in the promotion of every enterprise calculated to advance the interests of, and to foster respect for our holy religion, and thereby enhance the dignity which is ever due to the worship of Almighty God. During these years he has had several able and zealous assistants in the persons of newly-ordained priests. Such, however, has been the used of proffered to take charge of missions elsewhere that none of them was permitted to remain long. For some time past the duties of administering to the spiritual wants of this large parish, as well as also that of the twelfth concession of Peel, devolved on himself alone. To do this effectually for any length of time would be beyond the endurance of any man. You may judge then of our delight when we were informed a short time ago that it had pleased our dearly beloved Bishop, Right Rev. T. J. Dwyling, D. D., to send him an assistant in the person of the Rev. R. Malone, who was ordained at Montreal by His Grace Archbishop Fabre on the 21st December, and who so opportunely reached here before the festival of Christmas. This young, highly promising and very talented priest was born in a pious and exemplary Catholic family. He began his classical course under the tuition of some of the learned and pious Jesuit Fathers of Quebec, and completed it in Berlin College. He studied philosophy and theology with great success in the Grand Seminary at Montreal, where he remained up to the time of his ordination. On Christmas day he celebrated his first High Mass, assisted by the Rev. J. P. Doherty and P. Healy as deacon and sub-deacon. The offerings amounted to over \$300. On the following Friday, the feast of St. John the Evangelist, solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Feeny, of Pricewille, with Rev. Father Malone and P. Healy acting as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The Rev. Father J. Feeny, of Orangeville, preached a very eloquent and instructive sermon on the respect due to the Church as the House of God, which was listened to with the most profound attention, and which cannot fail to produce a lasting and most beneficial effect on the minds of those who had the happiness to be present. The choir, under the careful training and able leadership of Miss Appleton, added fresh lustre to these occasions of their already high reputation as trained vocalists. The musical services were, on Christmas day, Lambillotte's Mass in D, and in the evening, Grand Tantum in E, together with Magnificat and Nuncius, and on Friday Lambillotte's Grand Mass and Quid Radibamus, all of which were rendered in a manner seldom equalled, and never surpassed in Arthur before. Before concluding this imperfect sketch it would be an unwarrantable omission not to mention what the parish of Arthur has done, and is doing towards supplying a want that is becoming somewhat serious in the Province, viz., candidates for the order of priesthood. First in order was Rev. Angus McIntosh, whose early death cast a gloom over the whole community. So young! so promising! and so noble! it was the inscrutable decree of Divine Providence that his short, but brilliant, career should be cut short only a few months after his ordination. Next in order was Rev. Father Hinchey, now in Hamilton, who was ordained about a year ago; while soon in the role for ordination will be P. Healy, who has reached the order of sub-deacon; and J. Heffernan, son of Charles Heffernan, a very amiable and attractive youth, has been attending Berlin College during several terms with the view of entering the priesthood. All these, being natives of the soil and the sons of respectable and pious parents, are just the kind that is needed for our Canadian priesthood, and if other and more pretentious places were to do as well as Arthur in this respect we would soon have a priesthood "racy of the soil," as His Grace Archbishop Walsh so aptly describes it, and not long dependent on the supply from foreign countries, as to too great an extent we are at present. Wishing you the compliments of the season,

I am, yours truly,

A NATIVE OF ARTHUR.

Arthur, January 6, 1880.

CATHOLIC WORKS OF CHARITY.

In the organization of great charitable works the Catholic has the advantage of being able to utilize the devoted and unselfish labors of the numberless religious bodies and the clergy, which exist in religious organizations under the perfect discipline and control of the authority of the Church. As a layman he can aid immensely to the force and ability of the clergy and religious orders, by being ready at all times to co-operate with them and work with them, hand in hand, for the broadening out and increasing the facilities which they may possess. A layman, with good business ability, and with a fair amount of devotion to the cause of charity, may easily be of enormous service to the many orders of the Church which are engaged in the guardianship of orphans, in the care of the sick, in the reformation of the fallen, and in the protection of the old and helpless. The business experience and ability, which is the natural qualification of a good and able man of the world, cannot always be found in the heads of the convent or

the cloister. Hence the importance of being ready with a helping hand to solve the financial and business difficulties which often surround the best-conceived work of the Church; and this should be the aim of the well-educated Catholic layman.

TO HER LAST RESTING PLACE.

The many friends of Miss Elizabeth M. Doyle were stricken with grief when they learned of her death on Sunday, December 29th, 1879. Deceased, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Doyle, who reside on the townline in Harwich about three and a half miles from Chatham, was cut down in the bloom of life, in her twenty-fifth year, by that Great Reaper whose sickle we must all some day feel, and although she was ill for some time previous to her death, she was laid out for till, on Thursday last, she was laid out for her death-bed by a fit of paralysis after which, notwithstanding the greatest efforts of the family physician, her relatives and her friends to save her life, she never spoke again.

The funeral took place on New Year's Eve, proceeding from the residence of her father to St. Joseph's Church, Chatham, where a Requiem High Mass was offered for the repose of her soul, thence to St. Joseph's cemetery where the remains were interred while a copious flood of tears flowed from the eyes of her many relatives and friends. The funeral, notwithstanding the extreme badness of the roads, was largely attended, and the funeral sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father William in a very pathetic and eloquent manner, bringing tears to the eyes of many outsiders, and in which he touched on the numerous good and meritorious works and the many good qualities of the deceased, on the gap caused in her family and in the St. Joseph's congregation by her death, and after which the preacher and all the attendants joined in prayer for the repose of the soul of their departed sister. May she rest in peace.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

To meet a demand for a line of reliable remedies of unquestionable merit, the Hospital Remedy Company obtained the prescriptions of the celebrated hospitals of the Old World—London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. These hospitals are presided over by the most brilliant medical minds in the world, and to obtain the prescriptions, elaborate and placed on the most reliable piece of enterprise and work of the success which has attended it. Special remedies crowd the market, each claiming to cure every ill from one bottle; the public will turn with relief from such extravagant and costly claims, and will patronize a real remedy, but a list of remedies, each of which is specific for a single disease, and has the recommendation of having been originated (not by the old woman or the beastly Indian, as the quack advertisements would have you believe) by gentlemen, who are physicians and specialists of the highest standing in Europe, and whose names are known to all who command their services. This is the greatest departure from the ordinary medicine. The specifics, which are sold at one dollar each, are eight in number, and cover the following ailments: No. 1, Catarrh of the Lungs, Cough, Colds, Bronchitis and Consumption; No. 2, Rheumatism and Gout; No. 3, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney; No. 4, Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, Neuralgia; No. 5, Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea, Irregularities, No. 6, Systemic and Nervous Debility; No. 7, Systemic and Nervous Debility; No. 8, Systemic and Nervous Debility. We send a circular describing the above diseases and treatment, and a list of addresses of all our agents, on receipt of ten cents in stamps. The remedies can be had of any druggist. If your druggist does not keep them, remittances to us and we will ship direct. Address all letters to Hospital Remedy Company, 323 West King St., Toronto, Canada.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT which appeared in our column some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. KENDALL & Co., of Epsomburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of this valuable work FREE by enclosing their remittance to Dr. B. J. KENDALL & Co., (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage) for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work, and we are glad to see that this noble animal, the Horse, is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. The medicinal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it stand as a authority. Mention this paper when sending for remedy.

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BURDOCK'S BARK BARKER. A SURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK'S BARK BARKER IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

REVEREND SIR—Understand that you wish a history of my case before and while under your care, I give you it below as far as I can remember. I had my first attack of epilepsy twenty-nine years ago, when I was about twenty years of age, and from that time until I heard of your wonderful cures of such cases, I had it right along for twenty years. My parents brought me to physicians, but their treatment did not benefit me materially. I tried everything I heard of with no effect whatever. My disease was timing as bad as ever. I would have no idea when I was going to have an attack, but would fall over unconscious, no matter where I was, and after it was over I would sleep heavily.

I heard of your wonderful success in treating this disease in 1881, and I wrote to you at that time. I began taking your Nerve Tonic in that year, and the effect of it was immediately noticeable. I began to improve rapidly, the paroxysms became less and less in number, and finally they did not bother me at all. At present I am in excellent health, and am able to do my work without the least trouble. I assure you that I shall always be grateful to you for your kindness to me, for instead of being a burden and a care to others during my life, I have become strong and healthy once more.

Hope that God may spare you for many years, so that you may continue your good work. I remain yours truly, JOHN FLYNN, 57 Atlantic Ave.

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