

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CREDO.

"And how dost thou pretend to seek another way than the royal way, which is the way of the holy cross?" THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

As I do not intend to make this story a series of controversial arguments, I shall not seek to follow out step by step the path by which Mabel finally satisfied her intellectual difficulties respecting the Catholic Church.

Jesuit's proposed return to Bivanee was unavoidably postponed, on account of the breaking out of measles in her nursery, so that Mabel, furnished by the children's illness, with a good excuse for retirement, kept aloof almost entirely from her friends, and spent much of her time in careful study of the books lent to her by Monsieur le Cure. Each day she would bring him a multitude of penciled notes, containing the resume of her various objections, to which the good cure would patiently give his attention, answering almost invariably to her complete satisfaction.

One afternoon, about seventeen days from the date of her first visit, Mabel made her appearance as usual in the cure's salon. The moment she entered the cure knew she had come to tell him that her decision was irrevocably taken, for her manner was completely changed. Instead of accosting him in her usual business-like way, and plunging at once into the subject under discussion, she came in slowly, scarcely raising her eyes, and taking no notice of the cure's courteous salutation, as she sat down in her accustomed place upon her hands, remained silent.

"And the notes, my child," said the cure, encouragingly—"what new difficulties, oh?"

Mabel lifted her head and looked at him steadily, but the sight of her sad countenance, colored only by the purple rings under her eyes, caused the good Abbe to exclaim:

"Mon Dieu! chere enfant, what, then is the matter? You are ill! Ceil! these English—they have so much of feeling! Allons, chere enfant, un peu de courage, the good God will give you light."

Then Mabel found voice to say, very decidedly, "Father, the light has come. I believe in the one Holy Catholic Church; and I now know positively that she exists only in that community which I have been taught to call the Roman Church."

The cure raised his eyes to heaven. "Merci, mon Dieu!" he ejaculated, simply. "Your doubts, my child, are they all satisfied?"

"All," she answered solemnly. "When I say that I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, I believe also all she teaches."

"Are you then prepared, my child, to enter the fold of the true Church?" "God help me, Father! But I cannot, I dare not!"

The cure exclaimed with dismay; but Mabel did not seem to heed him—her eyes were fixed with a look of hopelessness on the gloomy November sky without.

"Ah, what means this, my poor child? You believe, yet you cannot be a Catholic?" pursued the cure, sadly.

"It means this, Father—I am unable to make the sacrifice which, if I become a Catholic, I should have to make. I have tried to do so, but it is too much." And Mabel's voice died away in tears, which touched the cure to the heart.

"Ah! my poor child, my poor dear child!" he began, with a faltering voice, "I pity you with all my heart!—indeed, indeed I do; but remember what said our Lord, 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.' What, then, is this sacrifice of which you speak, and which you must refuse to the good God? Tell me about it; trust me."

A wintry smile passed over Mabel's face. She shook her head doubtfully. "You would not understand. You do not know, here in France, what it is to love!"

"Mais comment! What mean you, dear child?" replied the cure amazed. "Do you think that because I am a priest I do not understand human feelings? Ah! then you are greatly mistaken."

"But—your marriages here in France are not like ours. You will never understand why this sacrifice should cost me so much," objected Mabel.

"Poor child, poor dear child!" repeated the cure, with intense feeling. Do you not, then, know that the heart of a priest is the heart of a father? If it were not able to sympathize with every sort of sorrow, it would not be like the heart of his Divine Master. Allez, allez, chere enfant!—tell me only all. I shall know how to understand."

The gentle voice and manner of the cure triumphed over Mabel's reserve, and she found herself pouring into his attentive ear, with the most complete confidence, the story of her love, and her consequent difficulties with regard to joining the Catholic Church.

His reply for ever undeceived Mabel as to his want of capacity for sympathizing with her troubles; she was astonished to find how readily he entered into them all.

"But why should it be so hopeless?" he inquired presently. "Because you are a Catholic it is no reason that you should give up your betrothed. The Church makes conditions, it is true, but—"

"No, no," she interrupted instantly, "the conditions are such as a clergyman would never be able to accept. If he were in another profession it might be, but it is useless here, for he has as good as told me that if I became a Catholic I never could be his wife."

"Ah, mon Dieu! what then must I say?" asked the cure sadly. "Life is very short, and who can tell how soon it will be over? If you shut your eyes now to the light, God knows if it will ever shine for you again. Perhaps you will only see it when standing upon the brink of eternity. Ah, dear child, believe me, it is an awful thing to die, if the grace of God has been neglected."

The cure paused, and covered his face with his hands; he was praying silently.

"Go on," murmured Mabel, after awhile—"go on."

He looked at her with his eyes full of tears, then he resumed, solemnly. "You dear child, who love so much the Blessed Sacrament, you whom it is not possible to see before the altar without knowing that the Good God must have spoken to your heart, ah! tell me, what will you do, then, when you must go again to your cold Protestant temples? How will you live out your life without the Blessed Sacrament?"

"Only by believing in nothing," said Mabel, in a smothered whisper. "Can you do that, my child? Would you do it if you could? Ah! no, no, I do not think it. Take courage, say no more you cannot make this sacrifice if the Good God asks it of you. He will give you strength to make it, do not fear. Come, then, into the arms of your Mother, the Holy Church. Come at once, for delay is dangerous."

"Is there no other way, Father?" "Then the Cure answered with decision, yet with gentleness and feeling impossible to be misunderstood—

"There is no road to heaven but by the royal road of the Holy Cross. My poor child, if you no longer doubt the authority of the Holy Catholic Church, it is your duty to declare yourself her obedient child, and to come to her for instruction in the faith; and you must do so at all costs, if, indeed, you would accomplish the will of God."

"If it were only I who had to suffer," exclaimed Mabel, vehemently, "I would not hesitate one moment longer, but to break his heart! Oh, Father, Father, what shall I do? It will make me mad, and yet if I do not there is nothing but despair in the future."

"Bon Dieu! have pity!" implored the cure, and he began to pace the room, profoundly agitated by the sight of so much sorrow. Then standing for a few moments in front of a large crucifix, he earnestly besought that some words of inspiration might be vouchsafed to him, wherewith to comfort the poor human heart undergoing the fiercest conflict of its life under his eyes. After a while he opened his breviary, and brought out a little sacred emblem, to which he drew Mabel's attention. It was a double picture, containing two subjects, and was called "The Two Mountains."

One represented the lonely garden of Gethsemane. The prominent figure was that of the Saviour, kneeling in His agony at the foot of the hill, over which, surrounded by a halo of glory, stood out clear and luminous the chalice and the cross. Behind the Saviour knelt another figure, "the faithful soul," meditating in rapture upon the Divine example. This first sheet of the emblem bore the following inscription: "The Mountain of Prayer, where the soul prepares itself for all."

The other page, containing the second scene, was prefaced by the words, "The Mountain of Sacrifice, where the soul dies to all." A great cross stood out in the midst of a dreary plain, wild ocean waves beat upon its shores, and prostrate in the agony of abandoned sorrow, her arms twined around the cross, and her face pressed to the earth, lay the "soul" who in the first emblem knelt so bravely behind the Saviour, a mere eye-witness of His agony. Above, from between half-opened clouds in the gloomy sky, angels and the glorified Jesus gazed down with tenderness upon the forlorn child of earth.

"Look, dear child," said the cure, as he proceeded to explain the meaning of the pictures, "see yourself here praying behind the good Jesus. Remember how often you have, too, promised to go with Him to prison or to death. Think, now, of all the sorrow He was obliged to cause His Holy Mother, and unite yourself to that phase of His anguish, for that will help you to bear your own. Now look again at this poor soul—see how utterly powerless she lies, prostrate before the cross she so often asked to be allowed to carry. But she clings to it with desperation; she will perhaps die there—ah! what a blessed thing to die at the foot of the cross, while above in the heavens—see—angels are weaving her crown, and the good Jesus is looking upon her with love. My child—my poor dear little child," pursued the cure, with tender, simple earnestness, "there, too, is your cross. It is a very hard one—it is not, perhaps, what you once fancied it would be. Ah well! we often draw pictures of our crosses, and then the Good God will have none of them, and He gives us instead another, which He has made Himself. But courage, courage; He has chosen this one for you, and He will help you to bear it."

"The Cure," said Mabel, quietly, when the Cure had finished speaking, and had laid the picture down before her on the table—"Father, it is enough—you have conquered, I will take the

cross God gives me, and at all risks I will be a Catholic. "Is this, then, your final decision, my child?—have you no misgivings?—are you willing to submit yourself entirely to the teaching of the Holy Church?"

"I have no misgivings, Father. I do not know rightly what is the faith of the Catholic Church on many subjects—you must teach me. I only know beyond all doubt that the Church has divine authority, and therefore she cannot mislead me, and now I am resolved to be her child."

"God, dear child; this is the right sort of faith; but can you indeed cast yourself down before your cross, and embrace it with all its consequences? Remember, better that you should never become a child of Holy Church than to choose her for your mother, and afterwards forsake her."

Mabel shuddered, but replied resolutely, looking into the Cure's face with her truthful eyes—"I can, I will be faithful, so help me God! I am convinced of my duty, and I will not turn back, come what may of my decision." As soon as she had said the words, Mabel rose. "I am going now; to-morrow you will tell me what I have to do—I cannot bear any more to-day; but will you let me take the picture?"

"Certainly, dear child; it may comfort you, and I will pray much for you to the good God and His Holy Mother. May the Immaculate Virgin bless you!"

Mabel turned suddenly. "What do you mean by the Immaculate Conception?" she inquired. "I do not want to argue about it—I can believe all the Church teaches about that, as well as everything else. I only want to know what it means; you need not fear to tell me."

"My dear child," said the cure, looking amazed, "there is no mystery about it. It is so hard to believe that the Mother of Jesus is sinless by miracle as God is sinless of His own divine essence?"

"Is that the terrible doctrine of the Immaculate Conception?" asked Mabel slowly—"is that all? Then it does not make her equal with her Son, as I have always been told."

"Equal to the good God!—oh, never!" responded the cure, decidedly. "God is the Creator, and Mary is a creature. Do you not know that her Divine Son was also her Saviour, and that the sublime dignity of the Immaculate Conception was one of the fruits of Calvary?"

"Ah well! you must tell me more about it another time. I see I am misinformed upon this doctrine, as I have been upon all the rest," said Mabel. When she was gone, the cure sat musing gravely for some minutes.

"Strange!" he ejaculated at last—"these Protestants, not content with forsaking our holy faith, must also calumniate her teaching. How many falsehoods has that poor child been taught to believe about us! Mon Dieu! quelle misere!"

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Alone in her room after the foregoing interview, Mabel knelt before Hugh's own picture, counting the awful cost, reviewing in her mind's eye the overwhelming "all" which lay before her—the "all" which meant the crushing of two hearts. Mabel had opened Hugh's picture, so that by bringing the beloved face distinctly before her, she might be able to understand how bitter would be the sacrifice. Through the long hours and days and weeks that followed, it was the thought of Hugh's sorrow which filled her cup of suffering to the brim. It was Hugh's pain upon which she dwelt—it was the vision of his desolation that wrung her soul with indescribable agony—an agony over which it were useless to linger; souls only who have tasted such bitterness can possibly understand it. There are many such, and they need not that it should be reproduced for them. They need no reminder.

In this exile country, where all are best but pilgrims, journeying towards their home, many sacrifices are demanded of which God only knows many hearts are aching that only God can heal; but if to recover for our nation the treasure of faith, forfeited by our heretic ancestors, such sacrifices, such heart-achings are necessary, who among us will complain?—among us, I mean, who have known what it was to have dwelt in the darkness of heresy, and to have passed from thence into the glorious light of Catholic faith?

In every sacrifice God's own Son has borne His share, winning for every soul the grace needful in the time of trial. Is it exile that falls to your lot, poor convert to the Catholic faith? Is it exile with all its accompanying terrors?—exile, perhaps, from the home in which you hoped peacefully to have ended your days?—exile, not only for yourself, but for the beloved ones who cling to you for support?—exile, perhaps, in positive want, with nothing to fall back upon? If any or all of this be so, go back in spirit to the Christ man morning, eighteen hundred years ago, and picture, if you can, to yourself what must have been the exile of the Divine Infant, who had just left heaven to wander, a homeless outcast, upon this barren earth. Measure, if you are able, the desolation of His stable birth place, the poverty which surrounded Him, and learn from this contemplation the lesson which your new faith will teach you—of how there, in that exile, lies the secret of your strength.

A God was poor before you—a God who held under His control the treasures of eternal kingdoms—a God who chose poverty for His companion on earth. Naked, He came into the world;

and He died, stripped of all, upon the cross. Poverty, as well as exile, then, will smile upon you and your new faith—will teach you about it, also, mysteries hitherto concealed from your comprehension. Humiliation, so distasteful to the natural man; to be despised, forgotten—calumniated, perhaps. Your new faith may bring all these so-called evils in its train. Men of intellect will scornfully pass you by, looking upon you as a poor, grovelling, weak-minded, servile creature; they will, maybe, set you at a very low value, and refuse you the honor your talents merit.

Bitterly hard will such a trial appear to many, who could more easily endure exile, and who could laugh at poverty, but who shrink from humiliation; to such I would say, raise again the torch of your new faith, and read by its light the lesson she inculcates. Ponder well the helpless childhood, the thirty years of hidden life at Nazareth, the carpenter's shop, the noblest, highest intellect, divine as well as human, bent itself to the occupations of an artisan's apprentice. If this be not enough, look at the figure, clothed in the white garment of a fool, set at naught by the vile court of the impious Herod, look closely at it, and ask your God for grace to enable you to bear meekly the humiliation which your new faith may bring upon your head.

And you, who have nothing to offer in exchange for the priceless gift of faith, you from whom God asks neither exile, nor poverty, nor humiliation, you have often to make the hardest sacrifice of all. From you God often demands the sacrifice of the heart; and for you also there is in the treasury of His love grace for your season of need. Look back through the long vista of centuries—look to the cross, on which Jesus your Saviour is dying.

The slow martyrdom of thirty-three years is all but over now. Never for one little moment has His love in your regard flagged or grown cold. He has given to you all that love can give—even His holy, broken-hearted Mother, to be your Mother also. One gift alone remains, and that is speedily made yours. The spear pierces His side, and from it, flowing like a river of life, fall the last drops of the Precious Blood—the whole treasure of the Sacred Heart.

Now at length there is nothing more to give. The man-God's Heart has broken with excessive love, and at the same moment you, happy, yet perhaps suffering convert to the Catholic faith, have received the greatest of all God's graces—the grace to lay down your own heart with those other hearts so dear to you, upon the altar of sacrifice, there to be offered as a whole-burnt offering—a holocaust indeed, like to which there is none so welcome to God.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ARE THEY LOST?

Reply to the Question Regarding the Fate of Non-Catholics.

In answer to the question "Are all who die outside the Church lost?" the *Catholic Universe* gives the following short, clear and theologically sound reply: "The Catholic Church teaches that all those who are outside her pale are not in the way of salvation, but she does not teach that all who do not profess Catholicity are lost. The matter cannot well be explained in a short space, but in substance the idea of the Church is this: All men, in order to attain salvation, must belong to the Church founded by Jesus Christ; the Catholic Church alone is the Church founded by Him, for it alone has the essential marks of the true Church; therefore all men, to obtain salvation, must belong to the Catholic Church. The Church, however, consists of the visible body and the invisible soul. All those who have received the sacrament of baptism, and who have not left the Church by their own free act, or been expelled from it for contumacious conduct, belong to the visible body of the faithful. Men who become formal heretics or schismatics leave the Church; men who are excommunicated are expelled from it. To the invisible Church, or as it is called the soul of the Church, belong all those who are in the state of grace, whether they have been formally admitted through baptism, or informally through the charity that in certain circumstances supplies its place, and is known as Baptism of Desire. All who belong to the soul of the Church are in the way of salvation, but have not all equal facilities of securing it. An example familiar to all readers of the New Testament is that of Cornelius, the Centurion, who is described as "a just man and one that feareth God." Before the visit of St. Peter he belonged to the soul of the Church, and as such was in the way of salvation. When baptized by St. Peter he became a member of the visible body of the Church. If he had declined to be united by baptism to the visible Church he would have ceased to belong to the soul of the Church and would as a consequence have placed himself outside the pale of salvation. To this two remarks may be added: First. Only involuntary ignorance or present impossibility excuses a man from the obligation of belonging to the visible body of the Church. Second. No man—in the Church or out of it can possibly be saved who dies in mortal sin. Professing Catholics have immeasurably better opportunities of freeing themselves from sin than non-Catholics, no matter how well disposed they may be, some of whom die in sin for want of sufficient know-

ledge to make an act of perfect contrition.

THE COMING CONTEST.

Boston Pilot. The Rev. Alfred Young, Paulist, contributes to the *Catholic World* for January its initial article, "The Coming Contest—With a Retrospect." The "Contest" is that thus predicted by the *Congregationalist*, in its issue of October 26, 1893:

"The battle between Protestantism and Romanism (*sic*) is yet to be fought; and, if we do not wrongly read the signs of the times, it is to be fought, on this continent sooner, perhaps, and with more terrible earnestness than we have thought of."

Father Young thus takes up the challenge, on behalf of Catholicity:—"Be it so; we are agreed; but, in the name of justice and of our enlightened civilization, let the duel be one between reason and reason, history and history, doctrine and doctrine, principle and principle—a fair, honest, open fight, and, if Protestantism dares to accept the condition, with no favor."

He protests against political secret-societism as an ally of Protestantism in the combat; and, reviewing the past warfare on the Catholic Church in the United States, shows up the discreditable methods of the Evangelical Alliance, and its successors, the falsely-called "National League for the Protection of American Institutions," and the "A. P. A." These societies have all had the same specious pretext for their persecution of Catholics—the hypocritical charge that the latter were trying to effect a union between the Church and the State in the interest of the former. While deluding timid Protestants with this charge, these un-American conspirators were doing their best to secure by federal enactment a union between Protestantism and the State by the establishment of the former as the Public school religion. Father Young proves this beyond cavil by giving the history of the Amendment to the Constitution under the head of "Religion and the Schools," which the Evangelical Alliance attempted in 1875 to drive through Congress under the leadership of a Methodist minister, the Rev. Dr. James M. King. The bill was presented by the late James G. Blaine, who, however, characteristically kept silence when the vote was taken; and, vigorously supported by the Rev. Philip S. Moxom, of Boston, whose congregation has recently, for sufficient reason, thought fit to dispense with his services; Senator Henry W. Blair, and other kindred spirits. It was defeated, largely by the efforts of fair-minded Protestants. Then the secret societies tried the dog-in-the-manger method, with which the reading public is latterly more familiar.

"So much," says Father Young, in conclusion, "for the 'National League for the Protection of American Institutions,' its parent, the Evangelical Alliance, and its secret ally, the A. P. A.' worthy co-laborers in the meanest piece of work that any American citizens ever undertook. Our brother, the *Congregationalist*, will please take notice that in the honorable and fair-coming contest for intellectual and moral superiority that is to be waged between Protestantism and what it, with maliciously false pretence, styles 'Romanism'—thus persistently reiterating the unfounded charge that Catholics are politically subject to the domination of a foreign potentate—all such un-American and un-Christian leagues, alliances and hired bravos must be first drummed off the field. We need no such help. Why should Protestantism? To be forced to call in such vile, discreditable aid, or to tolerate their presence, looks very much like showing the white feather at the start. Off with them, or your honor is lost!"

Father Young's article should be carefully read and preserved for reference.

Statue of Father Drumgoole.

A statue of a priest has been set up in the streets of this city. At the corner of Lafayette Place and Great Jones street a bronze effigy of that philanthropic man of God, the Reverend John C. Drumgoole, founder of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin for Homeless Boys, now stands opposite the handsome building that he planned for his great charity. It can be seen from Broadway. There have been greater heroes than he, but few who did more good and none who better loved their fellow-men. He was worthy of honor, but his best monument is in the walls whom he rescued from viciousness, ignorance and want, and made virtuous, instructed and industrious citizens. May perpetual light shine upon his gentle soul!—N. Y. Catholic Review.

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MARCO POLO

Thrilling Experiences of a Priest in the Tracklands of South America.

A man whose journeys perhaps even surpass, Marco Polo, says the *Baltimore Sun* of a recent date, is this city, a guest of Cardinal He is Father Kenelm Catholic priest of Eng brother of Cardinal Vaughan traveled over nearly of earth in his missionary spent nearly fifteen years America alone, propagating the Scriptures, subscriptions for a Spanish Bible, many thousands which he has distributed to the natives of the South countries, without money price.

Four great journeys of Father Vaughan during the South American campaign, the greatest, most wonderful, most filled with marvelous being one from Panama Ayres, a distance of several miles, through tracklands, over wild mountains, dark valleys, among wild beasts, and even wild savage men. The journey nearly three years.

Father Vaughan is a modest, and not inclined about his journeys, and the Americans had some inducing him to speak publication. "I have often been asked by my adventures as a book so very strange and that they might seem to true. Truth, indeed, than fiction."

The long and perilous American journey was railroad or steamboat, but by a large escort, but covered on foot, on back and on the backs of native in hammocks, and the way alone. The journey not made in a straight line. Vaughan, in his mission, traversed double the territory before he reached the enemy.

THROUGH THE TRACKLANDS. Only a few of his adventures given—a full account fill a large book. It that he had to traverse less forest in Bolivia, to be infested with robbers and bloodthirsty days before the murdered mail-carrier had been forest, and the people endeavored to keep Father from continuing his journey, persisted, and, although guide except his companions entered the roadless forest for some time, he was confronted by those who leveled their bows at him and compelled him immediately proclaim himself a priest, but they would not believe him, and he thought murder him. Finally then that he was unacquainted them of what he ordered the captain of who was one of the tribes with his men. The priest was present even deriders, and he was to proceed with life and he possessed, but he getting a subscription from the robbers.

At another time Father determined to continue through a forest, but his savages had ever promised him to penetrate himself. The perilous priest was in can hardly continued as he him, until he came to after several days of tiring along this, he understood them, nor not provisionally happened was one of the tribe dealings with the who could talk Spanish.

CURED THE KING. Father Vaughan was the cacique, or chief, very ill. All about naked Indians were brought in, and the native medicine-man or beware of his life the medicine-man told young man by incantation it was in vain. The chief the Christian priest his son on pain of Vaughan, who is somewhat, at once undertook to have, and a good soon had him restored chief was overjoyed, to grant any desire. Vaughan only asked men be given him to nearest village, there been a pathless forest was granted, and the only traversed the track had a road cut through it.

Still another time, Intion, when many spies were travelling priests, he had forged passport, and was sent into prison as a spy to a deaf ear being turned. It was not until