

Some wealthy Protestants of Crichton made up for F. Chevreuse the money he had lost, and thus soothed their regret for the loss which they could not repair to him. Even those who were most grieved felt their lives closing over the wound. Duties and plans that had been interrupted were resumed, among them that for a concert in aid of the new convent. Miss Ferrier's rehearsal had been a last preparation for this concert, which had been postponed on account of the death of Mother Chevreuse, and it was necessary to have another.

Annette threw herself into these preparations with spirit. Her affairs were prospering as well as she could expect. F. Chevreuse had talked with Mrs. Ferrier, and brought her to reason, and Lawrence had been induced to yield a little. It was settled that the marriage should take place on the first of September, and the young couple spend one year with the mother. After that they were to be free to go where they liked, Annette with an ample allowance assured her, and a promise that the property should be equally divided in case of her mother's death.

"The young man is behaving very well," F. Chevreuse said, "and he ought to be trusted and encouraged. He goes regularly to Mass, and attends closely to his business. I shall not soon forget how much he did for me when I was away that night. The shock seem to have awakened him. He sees what intolerance and unkind principles may lead to, and that a man who rocks like a boat on the tide of his own passions may drift anywhere. We must be good to him."

"If you would only give him a plain talking to, Father," Mrs. Ferrier said. She had an immense faith in the power of talk. "If you would tell him what he ought to do, and what he ought not to do. Just warn him."

The priest shook his head.

"I believe in sometimes leaving God to warn in his own way," he said. "It is a mistake for even the wisest man to be perpetually thrusting his clumsy fingers into the delicate workings of the human soul. We are priests, but we are not Gods; and men and women are not fools. They should be left to themselves sometimes. God has occasional messages for his children which do not need our intervention. Too much direction is degrading to an intelligent soul."

F. Chevreuse had been involuntarily expressing the thought that started up in his own mind rather than addressing his companion; and, seeing at a glance that she had not understood a word of what he had been saying, he smilingly adapted his talk to her comprehension.

"I heard a story once," he said, "of a careful mother who was going away from home to spend the day. Before starting, she called her children about her, and, after telling them of certain things which they were not to do, she concluded in this wise: 'And don't you go up into the back attic, to the dark corner behind the big chimney, and take up a loose board in the floor, and pull out a bag of dry beans there is there, and get beans in your noses.' Then she went away, having forbidden every evil which she could imagine might happen to them. When she came home at night, every child had a bean up its nose. Don't you see she had better not have said anything about those beans? The children didn't know where they were. No; if you want to keep any one from evil, talk to him of what is good. The more you look at evil, even to abuse it, the less shocking it is to you. The more you talk about it, the more people will do it. Sometimes it must be spoken of; but beware of saying too much. Do you know when darkness appears darkest? When you have been looking at light. Therefore, my lady, say all that is pleasant to this young man, and try to forget that there was anything unpleasant."

Mrs. Ferrier was not one to oppose the earnestly expressed wish of a clergyman, and, at this time, all F. Chevreuse's people felt an unusual desire to show him their love and obedience. Besides, she was rather proud of having been considered so implacable that no one but a priest could influence her, and of being able to say, in defence of her change of plan: "I did it for the sake of F. Chevreuse." She even boasted a little of this intercession, and took care it should be known that the church had begged her to be lenient and had for a moment anxiously awaited her decision.

"Besides," she would add, "he takes a good deal more pains to be pleasant now."

Lawrence, indeed, took no such pains, and, perhaps, liked Annette's mother less than ever. The only change was in herself. She had, by being civil to him, rendered it possible for him to be agreeable. When he was spoken of slightly, she had insulted him; when he was praised to her, she conciliated. It was not necessary that there should be any change in him.

Annette, too, had taken his cause up with a high hand. The passion of love, which had sometimes made her timid in speaking of him, was unconsciously giving place to a passion of pity, which made her fearless. "Woe to the servant who is lacking in any sign of respect for him." He was consulted about everything. Not a curtain, nor chair, nor spoon, could be bought till he had approved. A cool "I will see what Lawrence thinks of it," was enough to postpone a decision on any subject. "He has taste, and we have nothing but money." If the phrase is not a contradiction, it might be said that she abased herself haughtily in order to exalt him. If they had company to

dinner, Lawrence must glance over the list of dishes; if a new plant arrived, he must advise where it should be set; if a stranger came to town, it was for Lawrence to decide whether the Ferriers should show him hospitality.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHY WE ARE MISUNDERSTOOD.

A Plain Talk with Non-Catholics on Differences which Separate Us.

We often form an adverse opinion of persons whom we pass on the street, who, when known, we learn to admire. For instance, a stranger moves into our neighborhood; of necessity he comes under our notice. Our first impressions of him are unfavorable. We begin to be prejudiced in his regard. The novelist comes to our help, and we pick out from the numberless fancies stored away in our own mind a character for him. He becomes a "Blue Beard," a "Captain Kydd," a "Black Donald," or a "Captain Cuttle." We whistle away at him, noticing this, or that peculiarity every time we meet him, or see him, until we fill every nook of the novelist's fancy. Then we begin to ridicule or hate him, although we do not know him. We expect to see his name in the papers for some misdemeanor. Nothing is wanting to complete the picture of evil we have conjured up in our own mind concerning him. Some accident happens. He appears in a better light. He lends a helping hand. He is ready to do us any service in our hour of trial. We begin to realize that we were mistaken. He proves himself one of our best and most self-sacrificing neighbors. We become fast friends. Has not such been the experience of most of us? And when we enjoy such friendship, has it not often happened, that as we look back and realize how near we were towards losing or not discovering such a friend, we say to ourselves, how foolish we were to have such notions, when we had nothing better than our imaginations as a ground-work for our prejudice.

Now, this is the case with a majority of non-Catholics and the Catholic Church. Our imagination conjures up a horrid monster which we fairly hate and loath to look on, and we call that fancy the Catholic Church.

It has been my fortune to have spent a good share of my early life among non-Catholics. Some of the best friends I ever had were Protestants. Hence I feel that I know something of their prejudices concerning us. I realize too, that many, who, casting aside their prejudices, and looking on the Catholic Church as it is, have not found it such a dreadful spectre after all. There is no reason why we should not all be friends. I admit that a great deal of prejudice exists on both sides. Yet, I honestly believe that the amount is far greater in proportion among non-Catholics than among Catholics. I speak honestly when I say that whatever bitter feeling there may exist among Catholics it is not the teaching of the Church, or the effects of her teachings. The real doctrines of the Church ought to be known. The Church is certainly a subject worthy of consideration. It is the largest and best organized body in Christendom. Whether right or wrong it is a wonderful power. Being such it cannot be slighted, or passed by unnoticed, by honest men. Nor should we depend on the testimony of an enemy for our information concerning it. Does not this fact stare us in the face, that by far the greater portion of non-Catholics seek their information in regard to the Church from such writers as delight to paint the Church with a brush doubly dyed in the gall of bitterness? Do not a great many depend for their information, of this important matter, on their kitchen or stable employees? They witness something, which to them is foolishness in the extreme. In place of posting themselves upon it, they quibble with the servants about it, and it forms the butt of ridicule for their Catholic friends. Few, very few, have ever opened a Catholic book. The catechism, which explains the entire Catholic doctrine, can be had at retail for three cents, or less. Yet such reliable information, was never worth to them even that pittance.

THE HONEST PROTESTANT

should know what the Church teaches, for it is his wonderful ally against agnosticism and infidelity, and as a matter of policy, if not of charity, her aid should be sought in fighting a common enemy. Bishop Gilmore has more said that nothing pleased him more than on approaching a city to see the steeples of the various churches pointing like fingers heavenward, "for," said he, "no matter what creed they may be, each one of them, as it points upward, bespeaks faith in God, and is an additional proof that we are a God-fearing people, and dwell in a God-fearing country." "Each church," said he, "is a standing reproof to unbelief and immorality." The infidel, as well as the skeptic and rationalist, would find the Church a subject of interest. To battle against it properly they ought to post themselves in regard to its fortifications in order to attack it at its weakest point. The earnest student should glean its glory from its own histories and authors, in order that he might form for himself a fair and unbiased conclusion. All classes, then, who desire to act honestly and fairly, must not be satisfied with one side of the story, but give the Church an honest and fair hearing, and then form their judgment after listening to both sides.

NOW, HOW DOES THE CASE STAND?

What kind of a thing is the Church to the vast majority of non-Catholics?

It is the wonderful beast of Revelations; it is the scarlet woman; it is an old man sitting on a golden throne with his great toe exposed for all good Catholics to kiss. This old fellow is called the Pope. The reigning Pope is always to be the last one. He is anti-Christ. He is the factotum of the Church, and prescribes what Catholics must say and do. They must obey him implicitly. He can't sin. He is infallible. He levies a tax on all Catholics. He rejoices in untold wealth. He directs how the people shall vote, and by an arrangement with Tammany, or some other political machine, directs the politics of this country. I have even seen it stated that he decides just how much of a Democratic majority there must be, and delivers it, for a consideration of course, before the election. He is pictured to the people of this country as lying in wait for a chance to come to America and put to death every one in it except Catholics. The New York papers would have this happen when Mayor Grace was elected. Yet, wonderful to be told, Mayor Grace held the office two terms, and the Pope did not leave Rome! Other friends separate the Pope from the Church, and think it a sneaking, sly thing, so vile that it is presidential to the touch. That it traffics in sin, selling permissions to commit sin in quantities to suit. That its members worship sticks and stones for Gods, even old bones, yea, old shin-bones of dead men—as it was stated by one of the daily papers. We are supposed to believe in idle and ridiculous inventions in favor of the saints, and attribute miracles to them. We are accused of making a goddess out of the Virgin Mother of Christ, and attributing to her more power than we do to God Himself. We are taught to lie and commit any other sort of sin whenever the end will justify the means. That priests are looked up to as Gods. They pretend that they can forgive sins, whereas, God alone can do such. We are told no Catholic can read the Bible. That as soon as a priest discovers a Bible in a Catholic house he is to burn it, and curse any one who hath touched such sacred or dare keep it. This is a very common story—always happening at some distant place, and still so palatable that even our dailies publish such absurd stories occasionally to show, I presume, that they still remain true blue. That, even when we are allowed to read the Bible, we must not believe only as much of it as the Pope orders. That no one knows where we are, for we are continually making and breaking laws. That Catholics are obliged to act doubly with non-Catholics. That they may cheat, kill, rob, etc., non-Catholics to their heart's content. That no matter what kind of a life a man would lead, that if the priest could only get to his bedside to "oil him" before he dies, he is all right. That traps are laid for non-Catholics, especially those with fortunes, in nunneries, hospitals and such like institutions. That young people are forced into convents and monasteries against their will, and to the detriment of their parents, to lead miserable lives. That we are bred in ignorance and iniquity. That the ceremonies, doctrines and practices of the Church are so vile, that whosoever admires them, admires vice the most barbarous and unparalleled. In a word, as far as his religion goes, a Catholic is considered a perverse, malicious sort of creature—superstitious, idolatrous, cruel, blood-thirsty and treacherous; so profane, and in every way inhuman, that one may well doubt if he be a man. While some of you will think this picture is overdrawn, the majority will find some phase of it, an exact picture of the Catholic Church as it has been presented to your mind—it has a fixed place there, from which it is difficult to displace it.

THE GROWTH OF CALUMNIES.

Now, why do such false notions get out, and gain ground when once started? The great French infidel said: "Keep on throwing mud, some of it will stick," and so it is, and has been in this respect. By a continued reproduction of such absurd stories, they are ground into us, and before we know it, we are dyed in them; they permeate our very nature. We have in our own mind a number of reasons for this state of affairs. Non-Catholics depend for a certain amount of their information, in regard to the Church, on reformed Catholics, or persons who have been dismissed from the Church. What does such amount to? Here is an example from real life. You dismiss a servant, man or maid. They leave you in a huff. How many stories have you not heard about yourself and family, which can be traced to such directly? How many more have they told to their friends, which will never come to your ears? How very unfair, and malicious, to the limit of the extreme have they been in many instances. While such lies told about yourself and family sting bitterly, as a rule you consider whence they come, and treat them with silent contempt, such as they deserve. Now, in this very way the Church act in regard to such as she declares to be unworthy members. Very often it is asked, "Why don't you contradict such stories?" The reason I have just given. By so doing, you give such persons notoriety, which is all they seek. Are such stories to be credited? The newspapers of our day are another source of prejudice. They seldom give us fair play. Not that I believe the great mass of them want to be mean, but they fail to understand us, and for want of better, insert what they imagine may be true, as truth, when it is a simple guess on their part. A story comes that a Catholic happens to do something

shocking, far away. In order not to be "scooped," as they term it, they insert the matter on "faith," taking for granted that it is all correct. When refutations are asked or contradictions offered, such are flatly refused, or conveniently forgotten, or crowded out. They want to be friends with all, and as the number of citizens who are Catholics are smaller than the patrons that love a little spice about Popery, to offend the former is considered of not much account. It has got to be such a habit to kick around Catholics and lie about them that they have got accustomed to that kind of a thing, and often have managers of such papers said: "Catholics don't mind insults; we'll give them a little taffy to-morrow and they'll be alright again." Then, again, there is a class of papers who steal in abuse of the Church as their stock in trade. They live on such lies as have been refuted a thousand times. Lies of this kind are relished with a gusto, which would almost make an ordinary individual shout for a war of extermination.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL MATERIAL.

has much to do with keeping up this bitter feeling. Anything that will blacken the Church seems to be welcomed. No matter about its truth or morality. Books like the "Priest and Nun" have been read by nearly every Sunday-school scholar in this city. Such cannot help but be suggestive to the youth, and must necessarily result disastrously to the morals of the young people of our day.

Books of this nature may be found in many private libraries of this city, where children of the household can have access to them at pleasure. For the sake of the morality of the nation, should not Sunday-school literature be a little better scrutinized than it is? If prejudice must exist let it not be at such a sacrifice of truth and the innocence of our youth.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

If non-Catholics will not admit the testimony of the Catholic historians surely only one side can be known. "You may just as well call a Calvinist minister and a Catholic priest to your bedside, to discuss the doctrine of transubstantiation," said an eminent physician of this city, "as to call an Allopathic and a Homeopathic physician to your bedside for consolation when you are very ill." Both are firmly convinced from their own standpoint, that they are right, and that the other is all wrong, and in place of doing any good to the dying person, they retire thinking less of one another. Just such prejudice exists in religious or semi-religious discussions where one or the other party refuses to see the question on all its sides, or when they study but one side of the question. Suppose I should tell some of my friends here to-night that I was not well posted on the tariff question, or desired information on free trade or protection. Suppose my friend was a free trader, would you imagine for a moment that he would procure for me the strongest arguments made by protectionists against free trade, or would he ridicule all such arguments, and simply bring the strongest papers in favor of his favorite party? This would be but a natural conclusion. Would you call me reasonable in my search, if I was satisfied with one side of the story, and became an active free-trader simply from the information he gave me? You would say immediately, to be prejudiced in your conclusions, you ought to have seen or heard both sides. If this would be the only reasonable way in the political world, why is it not considered the right way in the higher sphere of intellectual acquisitions. But you ask "where get such information?" Aye, there is the rub. You can only have it at your disposal when some of the prejudices are melted away. When Catholics will get fair play, and get a proper representation of their literature in the municipal and state libraries.

HOW WE ARE TO BE JUDGED.

Many years have passed since Macaulay said, "There is not, there never was, on earth, a work of human policy well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church." Few of us have heeded his advice. Yet, it is as worthy of scrutiny to-day as it was then. There are many who call themselves Catholics who are a shame and disgrace to any nation or Church. We must admit, but that the Church is responsible for their actions we most emphatically deny. Your answer is, by the fruits you shall know them. The stunted and worm-eaten windfalls are not the criterion of the worth of a tree; neither was it the tree's fault that they have become such. The ripe, mellow, hand-picked fruit determines to our satisfaction our estimation of the worth of the tree; that is the fruit to judge by. In like manner in judging of the Church, select its best members as criterions, and not its off-casts. That deeds have been done in the past by Catholics which would make one fairly shudder with horror, we must admit; there is no question of it; but we most emphatically deny that they were sanctioned by the Church, as it never has and never will encourage wrong.

THE CHURCH IS NOT A MONSTER.

There is not a Catholic in the land but what can say with truth, I labor, from my very heart, every species of persecution of which the Spanish Inquisition may have been guilty. Cardinal Gibbons, a typical American Catholic, in speaking of the story of St. Bartholomew's day says: "I have no words strong enough to express my detestation of that inhuman slaughter." This same has been said over and over again by hundreds of noble Catholics; and yet we are told that it was the Catholic Church that did it all! When

we glance through history and see the persecutions of Huss, Servetus, Wyckliff, the Baptists, and others, such as was inflicted on the Quakers and Catholics in our own country, by Protestants, should we be not be unjust if we blamed the Protestant Church for the acts of its individual members? I full well know these acts of cruelty form no part of the creed of the Protestant Church, and I desire my non-Catholic friends to realize that the acts of individual Catholics ought not to be attributed to the Church. The Church is not a cruel monster. It could not exist in this day if it was. It is not a failure. Look around you and see its millions of members bound together in unity, her Bishops and priests, self-sacrificing and earnest, leading the van in all good work. It is not a dead thing; it is a great power for good in this country.

THINGS WE DO NOT BELIEVE.

Now, let me tell you some things which the Catholics do not believe. What I am to tell you, any Catholic could say to you. I will speak honestly and openly, without any mental reservation, endeavoring to be plain, in as few words as possible. By pleading before you what we do not believe you can honestly infer what we do believe. In regard to the Pope: We do not believe he cannot sin; we know that the honored Pope of to-day acknowledges himself a sinner, for he goes to confession to one of the poor friar priests every week, and by this very fact proves that he acknowledges himself a sinner. We do not believe he is infallible, except in matters of faith and morals. We believe that, as it is necessary for the well-being of this country that we should have a final court of appeal in the Supreme Court, God did not allow His Church to be without a similar safeguard, and that when the Pope delivers his decision on a point of doubt, his decision is final, and then, and then only, while pronouncing this final sentence in matters of faith or morals, is he infallible. We do not make a god of him. There is no such thing as kissing his great toe. It is a fanciful myth of some Sunday-school writer. We do not believe that the Church is vile or can lead men to villainy by its doctrines, but we hold it is holy in its Founder, and holy in the great number of good men and women who are and have been numbered among its members. We do not believe that all Catholics are holy. We do not believe that the fact of being a Catholic will keep us from hell.

We do not believe that the Church is cruel, in taking from their parents, children to serve it in a special manner, in caring for the sick and neglected, as is done by monks and nuns. For we know the Church will not allow any one to enter the portals of its convents without the consent of its parents. We do not believe that indulgences were ever sold, as it is incompatible with their nature to dispose of them in such a way. We do not believe that an indulgence is a license to commit sin. We do not believe that permission to do wrong can be granted by any one, even God Himself. We do not believe that a lie can be made justifiable. We know the Church condemns even the smallest lie; that no end however great can justify the

CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.

Catarah, Not Local, But Constitutional.

Dr. D. Lewis, the eminent Boston physician, in a magazine article says: "A radical error underlies nearly all medical treatment of catarah. It is not a disease of the man's eye; it is a disease of the man, and it is itself in the nose—a local exhibition of a Constitutional trouble." Therefore, he argues, the use of snuff and other local applications is wrong, and while they seem to give temporary relief, they really do more harm than good. Other leading authorities agree with Dr. Lewis. Hence, the only proper method of cure for catarah seems to give temporary relief, they really do more harm than good. Other leading authorities agree with Dr. Lewis. Hence, the only proper method of cure for catarah seems to give temporary relief, they really do more harm than good. Other leading authorities agree with Dr. Lewis. Hence, the only proper method of cure for catarah seems to give temporary relief, they really do more harm than good.

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