

said, "and he almost reproved me. He said that there was more need of golden altar-vessels. I told him that gold endures, but bread is soon eaten; and he answered that, if the eating of bread saved from theft or starvation, and put hope into a breaking heart, it was making finer gold than could be wrought into a chalice. A good deal of grace may be found in a loaf of bread, said F. White."

"That's true," answered the priest cheerfully. "F. White has sense, though he grudges me a gold chalice. I'll remember that when he comes here begging for his organ. F. White, says I, it's sheer vanity to talk of organs when there are suffering poor in the world. A tobacco-pipe is better than an organ-pipe, when it stops an oath in the mouth of a poor hod-carrier who has no other comfort but his smoke. Much grace may be found in a clay pipe, F. White, my darling." A merry, foolish talk, but innocent and restful.

"And, by the way," resumed the priest, "that same F. White has gone away, and I must go and attend a sick call for him. I got the telegram as I came along."

"Not to-night!" the mother exclaimed.

"Yes, to-night. I sent word that I would come. The man is in danger. Besides, I could not spare time to-morrow forenoon. I can drive the five miles before ten o'clock, stay the rest of the night there, and come home in the morning in time to say Mass at six o'clock. That is the best plan. I don't care to be out very late."

"It is the better way," she said, but looked disappointed. "I don't like to have you out late at night, it gives you such headaches."

"Headache is easier to bear than heartache, mother," said the priest brightly, and went to the window to give Andrew his order for the carriage.

"Have it ready in front of the church at a quarter before nine o'clock," he said. "And, Andrew, light the gas in the sacristy."

Mother Chevreux anxiously served her son, urged him to take a muffler, lest the night air should prove chilly, poured a second cup of tea for him, and when he was ready to start, stood looking earnestly at him, half in pride of his stalwart manliness, half in tender, motherly anxiety lest some accident should befall him on the long, lonely drive.

"Hadn't you better take Andrew with you?" she suggested.

"And why should I take Andrew with me?" the priest asked, putting a stole in his pocket.

"Why..." she hesitated, ashamed of her womanish fears.

"An excellent reason!" he laughed. "No, madame; I shall take no one with me but my good angel. My buggy holds but two. Good-night. Sleep soundly, and God bless you!"

She stood with her lips slightly parted, watching him earnestly, as if fearful of losing some slight word or glance; but his cheerful talk woke no smile in her face.

He would not appear to notice anything unusual in her manner, and was going out, when she stopped him.

"Give me your blessing, dear, before you go," she whispered, and fell on her knees before him; and when he had given it, she rose and tried to smile.

The priest was disturbed. "Don't you feel well to-night, mother?" he asked.

"Yes, quite well," she replied gently. "Perhaps I am foolish to be so nervous about your going. It seems a lonely drive. Go now, or you will be late."

She followed him to the door, and stood there till she saw him come out of the church, step into his buggy, and drive away.

"Good-night! good-night!" she said, listening till the last sound of his carriage-wheels died into stillness; then, breathing a prayer for his safety, she went back to her own room.

Jane had cleared away the table, drawn the curtains, and lighted a lamp, and had gone down to her company in the kitchen.

"What does make me so lonely and fearful?" exclaimed the lady, wringing her cold hands.

She busied herself in little things, trying to drive the trouble away; re-folded the paper her son had not found time to read, pushed his arm-chair nearer the table for herself, and, discovering a flake of smooth-pressed clay which his boot had left on the carpet, took it up, and threw it into the fireplace. That homely little service brought a faint smile to her face.

"The careless boy!" she said fondly. "He never could remember to wipe his boots on coming in, even when he was a mere lad. I can see his bright face now as it looked when he would argue me out of scolding him. His mind was occupied with lofty matters, he said; he could not bring it down to boots and mud. It sounded like a jest; but who knows if he might not even then have been about his Father's business!"

Dropping into his chair, she sat thinking over the old time and her boy's childhood. How happy and peaceful their life had been! Half chiding herself, as if she knew he would have called it folly, she went into her bedroom, and brought out a little trunk, in which were preserved souvenirs memorable in her life and his.

There was his christening-robe. She shook out the length, and pushed two of her fingers through the tiny embroidered sleeve.

"How little we dream what the future is to be!" she murmured. "I wonder how I would have felt if, when I was embroidering this, there had

risen before my eyes the vision of a chasuble hanging above it? But I couldn't have been prouder of him than I was. He was a fine healthy boy, and had a will of his own even then. When he was baptized, he got the priest's stole in his baby fist, and had to pull it away finger by finger, the little fellow clinging all the time."

There were boyish toys, school-books adorned with preposterous pencil-drawings, in which the human figure was represented by three spheres set one over the other, and supported to two sticks; there were letters written his mother while he was away from home, at school or college, and a collection of locks of hair cut on successive birthdays, till the boy had laughed her out of the custom. She placed these side by side now, ranging them according to their dates, and studied the gradual change from the head of the year-old babe, through deepening shades, to the thick brown tress cut on his twentieth birthday. Every little lock had its story to tell, and she went over each, ending with a kiss, in fancy kissing the child's face she seemed again to see. And as she sat there, coming the past, memory struck every chord of her heart, from the sweet, far-away vibration when her first-born was placed in her arms, and coming down through deepening tones to the present.

She lifted her face, that had been bent over these mementos. "Now he is Father Chevreux, and I am an old woman!" she said; and, sighing, rose and put the souvenirs all away. "We have had a glad and prosperous life; how little of sorrow, how little of adversity! I never before realized how much I have to be thankful for."

Presently she put a veil over her head, and went through the basement into the church to say her prayers. She always said her evening prayers before the altar; and now she had double cause to be scrupulous. She must atone for past unthankfulness, and pray for her son's safe return.

By 10 o'clock, the house was closed for the night, and the inmates had all gone to their quiet slumber. Mother Chevreux's uneasiness was all gone, and, after devotions of unusual fervor, she felt an unvoiced peace. "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit," she said, and sank to sleep as soon as her head touched the pillow.

About midnight, she started up, wide awake, and listened. There was a low, stealthy sound, as of a door being softly opened. Could her son have changed his mind, and come home again? Some one was certainly in his room. She stepped out of bed, and listened keenly. There was a faint noise like the rattle of a latch or lock, and then a soft step retreating.

"It is he come back!" she thought joyfully; and, even in thinking so, was smitten by a wild and sudden fear. She slipped on a dressing-gown and scolded, and hurried toward the door.

"My son!" she said breathlessly as she opened it.

Faintly seen in the dim light, a man's form was leaving the room by the entry. A shawl or cloak wrapped him from head to foot, and he held a little chest in his hand. In that chest F. Chevreux kept his money.

All personal fear deserted her mother's heart at that sight. She thought only that the fruit of her son's long labors was being carried away under her eyes, and that, after the brief joy of his success, he would come home to bitterness and disappointment.

She ran after the retreating figure, and caught it by the arm. "Shame! shame!" she cried. "It is the money of the poor. It belongs to God. Leave it, in God's name."

The man bent down, and wrapped his form still more closely from recognition, as he wrenched himself loose. But while forced to let go his arm, she caught at the basket he held, and clung with all her strength, calling for help.

"Let go!" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "Let go, or I shall do you harm!"

As she still clung and cried for help, they stood at the head of the stairs leading to the basement of the house. Steps were heard below, and screaming voices called Andrew, and screaming from the window.

The man made one more fierce effort to free himself. Drawing back from the stairs, he turned quickly, and threw himself forward again. There was a sharp cry, "My son!" and a fall. Then a fainter cry, "My God!" and then silence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

There is no secret or patent in the production of "Myrtle Navy" tobacco. It could be produced by any manufacturer, but no manufacturer could make it pay at that price, less he could purchase on a large scale and sell on a large scale. He could not sell below the present price without a loss even if he could purchase on the lowest market terms. To get a large market therefore, without which he would have no inducements to go on, would be the work of many years. So have the command of the market, and they are wise enough to know that they can retain it only by keeping the price down to hard pan figures.

DEARLY COMMENDED.

SIRS.—I had a very bad cold and was cured by two bottles of Hagar's Pectoral Balm. I cannot do without it.

MRS. W. C. H. PERRY, Sea Gull, Ont.

DEAR SIRS.—I can highly recommend Hagar's Pectoral Balm as the best remedy for coughs and colds I have ever used.

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INDIGESTION CURED.

GENTLEMEN.—I was thoroughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B. B. B., and truthfully recommend it to all suffering from the same malady.

MRS. DAVIDSON, Winnipeg, Man.

No other Sarsaparilla has effected such remarkable cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla, of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other blood diseases.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

The fear of death is excited by any severe attack of disease, especially colds or coughs. This syrup is kept on hand for family use. This unrivaled remedy cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis and all throat and lung diseases. Price 25c. and 50c. Sold by druggists.

HE QUIT THE DOCTOR.

GENTLEMEN.—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years and tried several remedies but found them of little use. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Purifier, so I quit the doctor and started to use B. B. B., and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case, and I can highly recommend this excellent remedy to all.

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No other Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength like Hood's. It is the only one of which can truly be said: "100 Doses \$1."

FATHER MATHEW.

Some of the Characteristics of the Great Temperance Apostle.

In Frank J. Mathew's life of Father Mathew is given an interesting account of some of the minor traits of the famous preacher's character. The book says:

"He had no wish for the world's praise, but had a weakness for the praise of children and of nuns, and liked being present at convent school feasts, and hearing high-flown and long-worded addresses read to him by the piping voices of small children. He treasured these addresses, and his relatives still have a great collection of them (written in flourishing penmanship, and full of the pomp and circumstance of convent rhetoric), yellow with age, now that the children who read them have grown to be elderly women. A story (probably untrue) tells that once, at a certain convent, he hinted that the nuns looked needlessly grave and sanctified; the abbess at once ordered increased gaiety, and for some time the poor nuns were to be seen going about their daily work replacing their usual bright quietness by forced hilarity, and smiling from ear to ear."

"He judged his temperance bands by his other worldly standard, and they were musical to him when to most they were horrible. He loved to hear his bandsmen, each working zealously at his instrument, with an entire disregard of harmony; or to watch some burly blacksmith furiously pummeling the big drum. It was not their music but their zeal that delighted him. Much in the same way, when on winter nights we hear the Salvation Army tramping past in the wind and rain, we can feel respect for the enthusiasm that fathers the murderous discord—provided the band is at a distance. There is a legend of certain monks who every night sang the 'Magnificat' with much zeal but little melody, as, unluckily, living in the Fens they were hoarser than frogs. Once a musical stranger sang the hymn for them, and they listened in delighted silence; but that night an angel appeared to the abbott and blamed him for the 'Magnificat' had not been sung—the stranger's singing was only mouth worship, while the monks' uncouth hymn of praise came from their hearts and was heard."

"Father Mathew usually had some pets to enliven the loneliness of the friary, that abode of lofty-minded bachelorhood, undisturbed by any 'tempestuous petticoat.' He owned a succession of dogs; the chief of them was a truculent brute named Sober, a grim puritan, most faithful to his master, most ferocious to everyone else. Sober was executed by the minions of the law for nearly killing a harmless stranger. His master vainly moved heaven and earth to save him, ascribing his crime to playfulness. The favored pet was a sparrow named Peter. Once upon a time sparrows were common pets, and were surely preferable to domesticated cats. Lovers of seventeenth century verse will remember Cartwright's quaint lines, 'Lesbia on Her Sparrow.'"

"Tell me not of joys; there's none. Now my little master's gone. He, just as you, would sigh and woe. He would chirp and chatter me. He would have the wine awhile, till at length he saw me smile. Peter: how silent he would be!"

"Peter was free of the house, and fluttered about at will; his favorite perch was on the priest's shoulder. He suited his master's love of old fashions. He came to a tragic end. One day while he was dozing on a chair, a frail, strange to the ways of the house, sat on him."

"The only pause Father Mathew allowed himself was an hour or so in the evening, seated cozily by the fire-side, with Peter on his shoulder and a dog on his knee, while one of his nephews or some young friend read aloud to him. He was companionable, and liked to have someone to dine with him. A stranger seeing him seated by the fireside would have seen in him only a chatty, easy-going, old-fashioned clergyman, not troubled by any tendency to asceticism or enthusiasm."

Words of St. Francis De Sales.

Those who spiritually digest Jesus Christ feel that Jesus Christ who is their food is diffused through every part of soul and body. They have Jesus in their mind, in their heart, in their breast, in their eyes, in their hands, in their tongue, in their ears, in their feet. But what does this Saviour do in all these parts? He redresses, purifies, prunes and vivifies all; the Heart loves through Him, the mind understands through Him, the breast breathes through Him, the eyes see through Him, the tongue speaks through Him. Then we can say, "We live now, not we, but Christ Jesus lives in us." I show you to what we must aspire though we must be content to attain it by degrees.—St. Francis de Sales.

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 15, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$1; 4th, 50c; 5th to 10th, a Handmade Book; and 11 to 12 pictures to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 45 Scott St., Toronto, not later than 25th of each month, and marked "Competition," also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

A HAPPY HINT.—We don't believe in keeping a good thing when we hear of it, and for this reason take special pleasure in recommending those suffering with Piles in any form, blind, bleeding, protruding, etc., to Brown's Pile Salve, the best and safest remedy in the world the use of which cuts short a vast deal of suffering and inconvenience. Send 50c. to the Winkelman & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order for you.

RUSKIN'S APPEAL FOR STREET WAIFS.

"Outside of your own rose covered wall there are flowers neglected and dying, flowers that could bless you by having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them—flowers that have eyes like yours and thoughts like yours and lives like yours—which once saved you save forever. Far among the moor lands and the rocks, far in the darkness of the terrible street, these fresh forelets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn and their stems broken. Will you never go down to them and set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them in their shuddering from the fierce wind?"

"Shall morning follow morning for you, but not for them; and the dawn rises, but no dawn rises to breathe upon these living banks of wild violet and woodbine and rose, nor call you through their casement as they did Dante's great Matilda, who stood wreathing flowers with flowers, and, as the English poet pictures the scene, saying: 'Come into the garden, Maud. For the black but night has flown; And the music of the roses has blown?'"

"Will you not go down among them? among these sweet living things? and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise; and still they turn to you, and for you the 'Larkspur listens—I hear, I hear!' and the lily whispers—I wait."

"Did you notice that I missed two lines when I read you that stanza, and think that I had forgotten them? Hear them now: 'Come into the garden, Maud. For the black but night has flown; Come into the garden, Maud. I am here at the gate alone.'"

"Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden, alone, waiting for you? 'Did you hear, not of a Maud, but a Madeline, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found one waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought Him often—sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set? He is never there, but at the gate of this garden He is waiting always—waiting to take your hand—ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished and the pomegranate budded.'"

"There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding; there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed. You shall see the troops of the angel keepers that with their wings wave away the hungry birds from the pastidies where He has sown and call to each other between the vineyard rows; 'Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.' Oh! you queens! you queens! Among the hills and greenwood of this land of yours shall the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests? And in your cities shall the stones cry out against you that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head?"

And now as winter comes on and you think of providing yourself with warm homes and comfortable clothing, will you not think of the little body with the scant frock which perhaps may be its only garment? Out of your bounty remember the orphans.

A Fatal Mistake.

An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall had been much annoyed while he was preaching, by the way the members of his congregation had got into of looking around while he was preaching to take stock of the late comers. After enduring the annoyance for some time, he said on entering the pulpit one day: "Brethren, I regret to say that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes behind you. I propose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each person who may enter, and I hope that the service will then be allowed to proceed without interruption."

He then began, "Dearly beloved," but paused halfway to interpolate: "Farmer Stubbins with his wife and daughter, Mr. Farmer Stubbins looked rather surprised, but the preacher, with perfect gravity, resumed his exhorting. Presently he again paused—"Sam Curtis and William Diggle." The abashed congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their books. The sermon proceeded in the most orderly manner, the preacher interrupting himself every now and then to name some new arrival. At last he said, still with the same gravity: "Mrs. Simpson, of the Red Lion, in a new bonnet." In a moment the reverend gentleman was aware of his mistake, but it was too late. Every feminine head in the congregation had turned round.

Can Protestants be Saved? Catholics do not believe that Protestants who are baptized, who lead a good life, love God and their neighbor, and are blamelessly ignorant of the just claims of the Catholic religion to be the only true religion (which is called being in good faith), are excluded from heaven, provided they believe there is one God in three Divine Persons; that God will duly reward the good and punish the wicked; that Jesus Christ is the Son of God made man, who redeemed us, and in whom we must trust for our salvation; and provided they thoroughly repent of having ever, by their sins, offended God.

Catholics hold that Protestants who have these dispositions, and who have no suspicion of their religion being false and no means to discover, or fail in their honest endeavors to discover, the true religion, and who are so disposed in their heart that they would at any cost embrace the Roman Catholic religion if they knew it to be the true one, are Catholics in spirit and in some sense within the Catholic Church, with out themselves knowing it. She holds that these Christians belong to, and are united to the soul, as it is called, of the Catholic Church, although they are not united to the visible body of the Church by external communion with her, and by the outward profession of her faith.

Very different is the case of a person who, having the opportunity, neglects to learn from the genuine trustworthy sources what the Catholic religion is and really teaches, fearing, that were he to become convinced of the truth of Catholic Faith, he would be compelled by his conscience to forsake his own religion, and bear the worldly inconvenience and fear shows a want of good faith, and that he is not in that insurmountable ignorance which could excuse him in the sight of God, but that he is one of those whom it is said in Psalm xxxv. 4: "He would not understand that he might do well."

Fairness, no less than common sense, teaches that a man should study and examine the teaching of the Catholic Church from Catholic sources before condemning her. Surely no man ought to reject Catholic doctrines if he has not made himself well acquainted with them. Nor is it fair to form a judgment from misrepresentations made by ill informed, interested, or prejudiced persons; one should rather, by the study of authorized Catholic works judge of the truth with that calm and unprejudiced mind which the all-important subject of Religion deserves. Thus having heard both sides, you will be in a state to pass a right judgment and not in danger of being misled by prejudice.

Our Saviour gave no hope of salvation to the Samaritan woman unless she entered the one true Church of that time, saying to her who was destitute of a sure guide: "You adore that which you know not; we adore that which we know; for Salvation is of the Jews." (St. John iv. 22.) So likewise there is no salvation for any one who, having by God's grace come to the knowledge of the truth, obstinately refuses to join the true Church of God.

It is hard to understand how a Protestant can daily say in the Apostles' Creed, as many happily do still say, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," without at least a thought arising in his mind, that perhaps after all the Church which alone is truly Catholic or universal, both in name and fact, has more claim on his love and obedience than his own denomination, which really is not Catholic.—Very Rev. Joseph Faa di Bruno, D. D.

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Mr. L. B. Hamlen.

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I am 91 Years

2 months and 20 days old, and my health is perfectly good. I have no aches or pains about me.

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regulates my bowels, stimulates my appetite, and helps me to sleep well. I doubt if a preparation ever was made so well suited to the wants of old people. L. B. HAMLEN, Elm Street, Augusta, Me., Sept. 20, 1891.

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