

URIEL:

Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

By Sister Mary Raphael (Miss Drane).

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

It is needless to say with what eager eyes and beating hearts those who were gathered on the shore stood watching the gallant efforts of the little crew to reach the scene of disaster. Twenty times they approached the reef, to be whirled away again by the billows before they could come near enough to cast a rope to the sufferers, some of whom had already been washed away by the hungry waves, which broke over the vessel, Geoffrey stood watching it all through his glass, and thought he could make out the forms of women as well as men. "Poor souls!" he said; "what a fate! It is a life in such a sea! But just then through the roaring of the wind and waves came the sound of distant cheering. Yes, the life-boat had certainly come within distance and a rope had been shot over the wreck. The response was terrible. Amid the blinding storm and the increasing darkness of the evening it was difficult to make out what was going on at the wreck. Some thought they could see dark figures dropping from the vessel as though jumping into the lifeboat; then came a cry—a tremendous sea had broken over all—and once more the lifeboat had burst from its holding and was carried far among the breakers. "What are they doing—returning? It can't be," said Aurelia. "Yes, all right!" replied Geoffrey; "they are bringing back those they have saved—but, alas! how few!" Seven individuals, passengers as it would seem, had in fact been rescued, and among them was one lady, whose speech bespoke her of foreign extraction, and who, in terms of frantic grief, made known to those who stood around her that her daughter was still upon the deck of the ill-fated vessel. Her words were incoherent; but Aurelia, who had at once taken charge of the poor stranger, could just make out that her daughter had insisted on her being the first to make use of the means of escape; that the danger was imminent, and that "brave monsieur," moved by her agony, had leapt from the lifeboat to the deck of the steamer and was in the very act of lifting her daughter into the arms of those below, when the great sea had come and swept them far away—and her daughter, together with her brave deliverer, had been left behind. "It must have been Julian," said Aurelia, as she looked at the crew of the lifeboat, and discerned too surely that her surmise was correct. Only nine men stood to their oars; the tenth was wanting!

They would return again; there were more lives to save. They would rescue the brave young gentleman who had risked his life so nobly—another fifty pounds if he were brought back alive! Aurelia's words and the magic of her presence put new life and courage into the hearts of those she addressed, and with a ringing cheer they prepared for a second advance. But, alas! the struggle with those awful waves had strained the old boat, only half sea-worthy; and though the men did their best it had become unmanageable and their utmost efforts threatened to be unavailing. Some dreadful moments passed. "The wreck is breaking up," said Geoffrey. "Merch! heaven, what will become of Julian!" Aurelia hid her face in her hands and could only pray; she had no courage to look on the last consummation of the disaster. But at that moment another cheer, and yet another, broke from the fishermen on the shore. "She is coming!" they cried; "it is the lifeboat from Penmore; the brave young gentleman's own boat, the gallant 'Speranza'!" Aurelia looked up, and there it was; the great powerful lifeboat, manned by a sturdy and numerous crew, was doubling the headland, and flying through the breakers to the scene of danger. They succeeded at last, after many efforts in getting within the required distance; the men and women were being saved, that was clearly discernable; then came a peal of thunder and a flash of blue forked lightning, which seemed to strike the very spot where all eyes were fixed; something dark leapt up amid the lurid light; then came a crash, and when they looked again the wreck was no longer visible; its last fragments had broken away, but the lifeboat with its precious freight, was coming homeward.

Was Julian safe? was the poor stranger's daughter rescued? The minutes seemed hours till those questions could be answered. At last the boat had reached the shore, and those of the crew and passengers who had been saved from the wreck were being landed. Some were much injured by blows from broken spar, and one young girl was lifted into insensibility. The mother's cry of joy mingled with anguish told who she was; and Aurelia at once took possession of her as her own charge. "And Julian?" she said, waiting to behold Geoffrey run into the surf and support his friend's exhausted form as he helped him to reach the place of landing. He was safe, and the asked no more; and without another moment of delay she gave her whole attention to the service of the sufferers.

CHAPTER XI.

ST. URIEL.

Julian was brought home to Laventor in a state of such extreme exhaustion that Geoffrey felt serious alarm as to his condition. He feared at first that his friend must have sustained some fatal injuries; but though this happily proved not to be the case, the next day found him so little advanced towards recovery that, greatly to his own disgust, a messenger was dispatched to Chelston to summon a doctor. The doctor came and had the air of being puzzled. "There is no bones broken," he said. "No internal injury that I can discover; fatigue, no doubt, and exhaustion; but you tell me Mr. Vyvern is used to this sort of exertion? otherwise I should be disposed to say his nervous system has sustained a shock, and that all he wants is absolute quiet."

"Very mysterious," said Geoffrey, in reply to the questions with which his mother and sister overwhelmed him, "of course, Julian is as sensitive as a what d'ye call it; and I have seen him shake and tremble before now, when anything, as you may say, touched him on the nerve. But not in danger, and still less this sort of danger, which he is used to, and I believe delight in. I have heard him say more than once that the thrill of ecstasy which some men feel in a cavalry charge he has felt when battling with a tempest."

"Yes," said Mary, "but what comes after those thrills? Ecstasies are rather prostrating sort of things, I fancy."

And it really seemed as though Julian had such an ecstasy; for though after a day or two he was able to reappear in the family circle, he was still silent and abstracted. The first was he made of his restored strength, such as it was, was to insist on making the journey to Penmore that he might see and reward the brave crew of the "Speranza."

"Would he not wait a day or two?" Geoffrey urged, with every show of prudence; "No, not an hour," was Julian's abrupt re-

ply; "besides, I have other business." Geoffrey could only shrug his shoulders, and explain his friend's peculiarity by reminding himself that he was a genius, and that the ecstasies of such rare luminaries are not to be calculated.

The same day brought them the pleasure of a call from Rodolph Barendson, who, as a matter of course, had heard "all about everything," and was already well informed as to every circumstance in the late events, including many which had not yet reached the less curious ears of the Laventor household.

"So the Vyvern romance has ended in a wreck and a rescue?" he began. "What wonderful people you are who live under the shadow of the Meryllin towers! I never come this way without expecting to meet a giant or a fiery dragon."

"I do hope now," said Mary, "that the Chelston people will see the necessity of a proper life-boat. But for the coming of the 'Speranza,' neither Mr. Vyvern, nor the eighteen persons saved with him would ever have been seen again."

"Eighteen," were there?" said Rodolph, carelessly. "And twenty-eight, I believe, drowned? Yes, I dare say something will be done now. You know it was Sydney Smith who said we should never get Southfield market to rights till there had been an alderman or two tossed over an infuriated bullock."

"We shall not wait for the tender mercies of your friends at Chelston," said Geoffrey, rather gruffly. "I have seen Miss Pendragon this morning, and she intends supplying Tremadoc with a proper boat at her own expense."

"Bravo, Aurelia!" said Rodolph, in a tone of patronizing eulogium; "the little lady is open-handed with her money—perhaps just a trifle lavish. Fifty guineas to the life-boat men, you know, was coming in rather strong. And now a new life-boat? The ancestral acres won't bear many such pulls. But I'm told there was a romance going on; and heroines of course don't stick at a trifle, when the hero is in danger of being swallowed up alive." Geoffrey felt in a rage, but did not just then know how to express it.

"What romances are you speaking of?" said Gertrude. "It was an awful night, and I believe Mr. Vyvern really did distinguish himself in the rescue. But don't be surprised if you find out there was something more."

"Only," said Rodolph, "if I hear it true, that the hero of olivary flow to the rescue of one fair lady, while another was making wild oaths to the fishermen of Tremadoc to induce them to save him from destruction. It would make a first-rate tale in three volumes, and end, I suppose, as all tales do, in a marriage."

Geoffrey's state of helpless rage continued. He happened to know that in the dreadful moments he had passed by Aurelia's side, she had promised to make this offering of the new lifeboat out of her own private means, if Julian's life were preserved. Aurelia herself had given him this confidence, and he gathered from it that her own interest in his friend Vyvern was of a warmer character than that of ordinary acquaintanceship. But he would sooner have made his general confession at the market cross of Chelston than have breathed this fact into the ears of Rodolph Barendson.

"Well, but suppose," continued Rodolph, "just suppose that the gallant knight should lose his heart to the wrong lady? If Julian the Brave should happen to be won by the superior charms of the Fair Imogen?"

"Of whom are you talking?" asked Gertrude.

"Of the Fair Imogen, of course," said Rodolph. "Don't you know, have you not heard, that the lady he rescued turns out to be Madlle. Imogen De St. Brieno, or some such intensely Breton name, that she and her mother, the Countess De St. Brieno, are guests at the castle, and I believe have discovered that they are thirty-second cousins to the Pendragons? The Fair Imogen is reported to be fabulously rich, and amazingly beautiful, only instead of being 'Fair' she is dark, and has jet black eyes and raven locks. I thought you would certainly have seen her."

No; they had not seen her. The simple fact was that both they and Aurelia had been too much taken up since the shipwreck with the task of nursing their respective invalids to do more than send messengers of inquiry to one another. That the unknown lady and her daughter were still guests at the castle had indeed reached the ears of the Laventor party, but they had heard nothing as to their name or nationality.

A thought flashed through Geoffrey's brain, which the next moment he rejected as preposterous, and then again it returned with redoubled earnestness. Could there really be a grain of foundation in Rodolph's surmises? Was it possible that Julian's highly wrought and over-sensitive imagination had fairly carried him away into the land of romance, and that his unaccountable abstraction since the evening of the wreck was somehow connected with his romantic delirium of Imogen De St. Brieno from a watery grave? He hesitated, however, gave no answer to this fancy, even to Mary; and the latter, on the departure of Rodolph, bethought her that it was high time for her to make her own inquiries how matters were faring with all at Meryllin. So to Meryllin she took her way, where she received hearty welcome from Aurelia, on whose countenance she discerned an unusual animation. It had been a new interest to the motherless and lonely girl to find herself the hostess of two guests, who had been thrown on her hospitality under such romantic circumstances; and Mary soon discovered that Madame De St. Brieno and her daughter were the chief objects of consideration at Meryllin. When she herself was introduced into the apartment which Imogen still occupied as only partially convalescent, she was forced to own that Rodolph's praise of her beauty was not exaggerated, nor was it very surprising that Aurelia should appear considerably taken up with the interesting stranger. Mary caught up with the interesting stranger. Mary caught up with the interesting stranger. Mary caught up with the interesting stranger.

"What a beautiful creature!" said Mary, "but how did it really happen?" asked Mary; "Monsieur Jules, as you call him, has told us nothing whatever about it, and I can get little out of my brother except that there was a tremendous flash of lightning, and that then everything came right."

Imogen covered her eyes with her hand at the mention of the lightning. She could scarcely say what had happened; except, indeed, that there had been a fearful flash; that it had seemed to light up a face and a gigantic form, and that "un grand homme bleu, grand, mais mon Dieu, grand comme les jours de St. Denis," had risen, as it were, out of the waves, and had seized her in his arms, and after that she knew no more till she woke to consciousness lying on her bed in the tapestried chamber of the castle. Mary could not suppress her laughter. The "grand homme bleu" was so manifestly one of the Penmore fishermen, whose proportions, increased by his life-belt and other accoutrements, might well appear gigantic at such a moment in poor Imogen's eyes. So, after courteous exchanges, and pressing messages which she promised to deliver faithfully to

"Monsieur Jules" on the part of the ladies he had so gallantly rescued. Mary took leave, a little depressed, and even a little saddened by her visit, though why she could hardly say. In point of fact, she was feeling, what Geoffrey had felt before her, that new acquaintance and interests would inevitably alter in some degree the mutual relations between Meryllin and Laventor. Hitherto she had been Sir Michael's only adviser. Now new elements had been thrown into the scale; and while poor Mary tried to rejoice at the thought that an Aurelia's life some gleams of sunshine were beginning to fall, she could not but give a sigh as she thought of the dear old days when they had been all in all to one another.

With something of this weight on her spirits she sought her brother's room, and proceeded to give him a report of her visit, and her impressions of the two strangers. "Very distinguished, both of them, I suppose," she said; "but somehow the whole house seemed in a flutter."

"Yes, I know," said Geoffrey, "I was there yesterday. Plenty of French flummery. Now, look here, Mary, because I've been thinking it over very seriously, and I have something to say. You know I can't be helped, and we ought not to wish it. I've seen it ever since Julian first came to us. One feels it a bit, you know, and all that; but it can't be helped, and we ought not to wish it otherwise."

"With what, you dearest and best of Giff?" asked Mary; "I don't think I am wishing anything."

"Yes, you are, Mary, or, rather, you are regretting something which must not be regretted. I was fool enough a month or two ago to do the same: it was that night when you told me I was in the dumps; and you were right, for I was. I felt as though Julian were taking the wind out of my sails, just as you are feeling now about these Frenchified people. Now, Mary, now mind me, I've gone through it, so to speak, and come out on the other side. Don't you concern yourself about it. I love Sir Michael and his daughter, and I'll do my best to serve them, and I'll do it till so long as they want a friend; and you, too, strike to Aurelia and be what you ever have been to her. But don't be surprised if you find in the end that they cannot find in us. You know the old proverb, 'Sparrows must not make with eagles.' The Vyverns and the Pendragons, the Juliens and the Pendragons, the Juliens and the Imogens, to understand one another and to make a match of it, if they like; what have Geoffrey and Mary Houghton to say nay to, if they do? Believe me, Mary, they are the eagles and we are the sparrows; and I'm glad of it, he cautioned, taking the poker in both hands, and administering some energetic blows to the coals; "I'm heartily glad of it."

Mary sighed. "You are right, Giff; you always are," she said, "yet one hates changes."

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied Geoffrey. "I beg your pardon, my dear, I don't mean to be rude, but if you hate changes you must belong to some other world than ours. You were a child once, and now you're a woman; and it's winter now, and by-and-by it will be summer—everything is changed, and we must just make the best of it."

"What a wise old Giff you are growing!" said Mary. "Do you know, I think sometimes that you are changed from what you were. Perhaps it is all this that has done it."

And indeed a great change had been coming over Geoffrey during the last three months. He had suffered, and he had overcome himself. His struggles with himself had brought him both light and strength; light to comprehend his own heart, and strength to master his own selfishness. Such struggles are the true spiritual education, by which the soul expands and frees itself; and so it has been in Geoffrey's case. He had suffered much, and the suffering had refined, elevated and ennobled him. Perhaps he had learned some secrets of his inner heart of which he would have been contented to have remained in ignorance; and had discovered that his fierce but momentary jealousy of Julian had more to do with the favor with which he was looked upon by the friend who was regarded by Aurelia than he had chosen to imagine. It was a bitter humiliation to him to become aware that Aurelia Pendragon was anything more to him than a friend whom he served because he pitied her. That he, the ignoble, ungrateful simpleton that he was, should have suffered such a folly to steal into his heart, was a shame only to remember. But the fact remained that there it had found its way, and the only remedy was his favorite one of "flying in the face" of his weakness. Julian Vyvern was the one man worthy to aspire to such an alliance; and if his help was needed to smooth the way to such a consummation, why, it should be given. And so Geoffrey had come to persuade himself that the thing on which his heart was most set in this world was to see these two beings, so dear to him, each in their own way, and so far above him in every respect, happily united.

Penmore, and looked weary and disappointed.

"Julian, old fellow, what's wrong?" said Geoffrey, as they sat together after the ladies had retired.

Julian looked at him for a moment steadily, and then he said: "Tell me the truth, Geoffrey, do you think me a fool?"

"What a question, Julian! you know I think you just about the cleverest fellow going."

"And not mad or bewitched?" continued Julian, "because I have my own doubts on the subject."

Geoffrey looked serious. "I say, Julian," he began, "this is what some of knocking about the country when old Barker wanted you to keep quiet. You know you had an awful near go the other evening, and it's told on you."

"You know nothing about it," said Julian; "but if I were sure you would not chaff me, I would tell you what has shaken me to my centre."

"No," said Geoffrey, "I leave chaff to Rodolph; it's not my way. Tell me what is on your mind, Julian—it will be better, believe me."

"Well then, listen," said Julian, "and think what you will, provided you believe that what I am going to tell you is the plain simple truth. The other evening when our boat reached the wreck the first time, we had got about seven of the people safe down, and among them was an old lady. I had observed her on the deck of the vessel, together with another younger than herself, who I presumed was her daughter. The daughter obliged the men to take her mother first, and before she could follow there was a cry that the rope was parting. You know how it is at such times, one gets pretty much on the spur of the moment; I felt happen what might, the poor mother should not see her child down before her eyes; and before I well knew what I was doing, I caught hold of a rope and swung myself up to the deck beside her. I meant to have lifted her down to the others, but it was too late, and in another moment the boat had been carried far out among the breakers. Well now, Geoffrey, I tell you honestly I thought at that moment it was all over with me. I was sure they would take back those

they had saved, and that old ramshackle concern would never stand another trial. And so it proved. You know what happened next? I saw 'Speranza' here in sight, and I was rescued. But you do not see how it was. It was a hard struggle for her among those terrible breakers, and again and again she thought she would never accomplish it; at last we saw her close below us, and looked, as it were, into the faces of the men, and our own length from us; then came that tremendous sea, and a flash of vivid lightning that seemed to set the ocean in a blaze."

(To be Continued.)

FIVE HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

The Burlington Route, C. & Q. R. R., will sell, on Tuesday, August 6th and 30th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th, Harvest Excursion Tickets at Half Rates to points in the Farming Regions of the West, North and Northwest. Limit thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of trains, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your ticket agent, or address P. S. Curtis, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

J17,24,31-A7,29-S11,25

The Perfume of Flowers.

Boxes of heliotrope, mignonette, and pansies, placed in windows, will sweeten the air of all dwellings.

The seamstress and all of the laboring classes should have sweet-scented plants blooming in their windows to keep the atmosphere fresh and pure, and act as a disinfectant. We can also use the petals of roses, violets, pinks, tuberoses, etc., to produce a sweet perfume for the parlor or boudoir; and by the aid of modern science it can be very easily done.

Fill a small, wide-mouthed jar with ether, and use a glass wad, dipped in glycerine, to thoroughly exclude the air. Fill the jar with the fresh petals of any fragrant plant, cut after the dew is dry; and only the petals should be used; but clusters of heliotrope can be cut off close to the stems. Either possesses the property of taking up the fragrant particles from flowers, and every day the old petals must be taken out and fresh ones added. Quantities of flowers are required, but when the ether has evaporated, it will leave an essential oil of the flower, and three or four drops of it, added to deodorized alcohol, will give a delicious extract.

All delicious odors can be imprisoned in deodorized alcohol, which is made by filtering pure spirits through animal charcoal or bone black in powder. It can be used over many times, as a thick, heavy body, and when around the top, will make a good filter. Fill it with the bone black, and pour in the alcohol, hanging the bag over a bowl, so that the liquid will drop into it. Take jars as described above and fill half full with the alcohol, and then fill up with peach leaves, lemon peel, slices of pineapple, raspberry cherries, strawberries, etc., or anything from which you may desire to extract essence, and you will have as fine an assortment of essences as the manufacturer can furnish you.—Household.

THE TURTLE MOUNTAIN REGION.

Thousands of acres of choice free government land, now open for settlers, in the Turtle Mountain region of Dakota. Here was released the land which took first premium at New Orleans Exposition. Rich soil, timber in mountains, good schools, churches, congenial society. For further information, maps, rates, etc., apply to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. P. M. & M. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

A Very Strange Story.

Boston Mass., July 25.—A story which rivets the attention of every reader who reads its strangeness is going the rounds of the newspapers here, and as it bears a semblance of probability it finds many believers. In 1836 Pierre Magnin, according to the story, died on his farm near Brompton Falls, county of Richmond, Que., leaving two sons and three daughters, and an unencumbered farm and £3,000 in cash. Leo, one of the sons, went to Boston to Boston to invest. There he became acquainted, almost immediately, with two young men and together they went to one of a group of rocky islands called the Brewsters, in Boston harbor, on a fishing excursion. While there Leo excited the curiosity of his companions by his gold and bank notes, and they assailed him in his head and about taking the money when a passing sloop scared them and they pitched the body, money and all into a hole, filling it with earth. They returned to Boston, but remorse overcame them and instead of returning for the money they left for one week, where they wandered together until one was killed. Deputy, one of the sons, went to work in the Pennsylvania coal mines, where in 1855, he was seized with consumption. Then he went to Brompton, where on his death bed he told the story of the murder.

The Magnins had meanwhile become poor, but in possession of a map which the dying man had given him, Leo, one of the sons, went to the surviving son to Boston this spring, when he arrived on the island and started to hunt for the grave. The chief landmark at the time of the crime was a cedar tree, but this was now gone and it made the work difficult. He, however, proceeded to dig up the whole of the grass plateau, when he was interrupted by the sea when he got to the bottom, and when he was doing. He was afraid to confess his valuable secret, fearing that some one might rob him of his own, so only gave a lame excuse. This roused suspicion, and he was ordered off the island. Dispirited he returned to Boston, and finally his funds giving out he returned to his native land, where he was written to the authorities here asking them to prosecute the search, as he and his two sisters are in sore distress. The municipal authorities here explained that they had no right to go prospecting for dead men and buried treasures on other people's property, but they have appealed to the one who is highly interested, and steps are being taken to make a careful search of the entire rock.

480 ACRES FREE.

Dakota offers a free claim, a pre-emption and a homestead—in all, 480 acres—free to each settler. The St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Ry. reaches the Devil's Lake, the Turtle Mountain and Mouse River land districts. For further information, maps, rates, etc., apply to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

A Plain Question in Arithmetic.

There is evidently an organized scheme on the part of fanatical anti-Catholic agitators to endeavor to bring about legislation in some of the States that would practically close Catholic schools. Apart from all other consequences of such anti-Christian, anti-Republican, crazy legislation, could it be brought about, it is worth while to inquire what would be its results as regards taxation for the support of Public Schools.

Reference to the existing condition of things in the Public Schools of New York and Philadelphia will best answer the question. The complaint in both cities is that the Public Schools are overburdened to such extent that the health of the children attending them is seriously endangered. In every part of those cities there is a demand for more and larger school-houses. The demand is unheeded, because it is felt that the Public School taxes are already so heavy that a further increase of them would make them unbearable. Yet, at the same time, there are, according to statements of Public School officials, upwards of twenty thousand children in each of these cities who do not attend any school, and for whom, if they wished to attend, no room could be furnished.

Moreover, there are, both in New York

and in Philadelphia, upwards of twenty-five thousand children attending Catholic schools. Suppose these fanatical, anti-Catholic, "non-sectarian" agitators and demagogues could have their way and close up these Catholic schools, what would they do with the children attending them? Would they have them grown up without any education whatever? If not, what would they do? Provide school houses and school-teachers for them? Have they ever computed how many millions of dollars it would cost to build or buy these additional school buildings, and how much more money it would annually require to maintain these additional public schools?

Let them compute this. It is not a difficult question to answer. They will then discover how large an amount of taxation the Catholics of New York and Philadelphia relieve the public by educating their own children; and how heavy an additional burden of taxation this crazy anti-Catholic scheme would impose upon the public.—Catholic Standard.

PARTICULAR PATRONS.

Saints whose Protection is Invoked Against Blasters.

St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, is the Patron of the Universal Church. St. Francis is the Patron of Childhood. St. Agnes is the Patron of Youth, Purity and Students. St. Agnes is the Patron of Maidens. St. Monica is the Patron of Mothers. St. Maximine is the Patron of Virgins and Wives. St. Vincent de Paul is the Patron of Charity. St. Camillus de Lellis is the Patron of Hospitals. St. Sabina is invoked against gout and rheumatism. St. Apollonia is invoked against toothache. St. Benedict Joseph Labre is invoked against lightning. St. Roch is invoked against contagious diseases. St. Barbara is invoked for the last Sacraments. St. Blasius prevents and cures sore throats. St. Sebastian is the Patron of Soldiers. St. Hubert is the Patron of Hunters. St. Thomas Aquinas is the Patron of Schools.

PERVERSION OF THE INTELLECT.

The Fruitful Source of Systematic Immorality in Men.

The characteristic mark of these latter days is the perversion of the intellect. The intellect of man is withdrawing itself from the light of faith and therefore from conformity with God. And this intellectual perversion is the source of a systematic immorality in men, in households and in States. The intellect of man is the image of God in us. It is the light of the soul; and if the light be darkened, how great is the darkness. If that light be clouded, how deep and deceitful is the twilight in which man walks! A few in the lens will distort all objects seen through it. The intellect perverted in any way distorts principles, judgements and laws. And twenty errors in practice are as nothing compared with one error in principle. The twenty errors in practice may be corrected, but one erroneous principle is like a damaged wheel in a machine. It can never correctly work afterwards. One speculative error will produce an indefinite series of practical errors. The series is inexhaustible until the machine is either amended or destroyed.

We see at this day the revival of Gnosticism. In the first age of Christianity the Oriental mind, imbued with a belief in its own knowledge, refused to learn of a Divine Teacher. It applied for its visions, superlatives, generalizations without respecting the nature of God and the nature of man. We have before us in this day in the Illuminism of those who refuse any light or teacher but their own judgment; who proclaim that the reason in man is self-sufficing for his own guidance. The first consequence of this is that they apply their reason to the test of everything they are to believe; next, as the measure of that which is credible; and finally, they make their reason the source of all their faith. And what is that faith? The credulity of unbelief; the rejection of the revelation of God. Such is rationalism. There has sprung up, in the midst of this rankness, a school of men who tell us that the Absolute is unknowable, and that therefore we can know nothing about God. They say that they do not deny the existence of God, but that they do not know anything about Him. But if we know nothing about God, we can know nothing about His law. If we reject the Lawgiver, at the same time we reject the law. And if we know nothing about the law of God, what can we know about right and wrong? What can we know about morality? And, therefore, if we know nothing of God, we know nothing of morality. God and the moral law come and go together. Such is the condition of a large number of highly-cultivated men in most countries of Europe at this day. Now what is the cause of this strange belief? The cause of it is simply the rejection of the principle of faith, that is submission to a Divine Teacher; and a rejection, therefore, of revelation which comes from a Divine Teacher. The intellect of man becomes thereby a God to himself. It is the primal lie: "Ye shall be as gods."

Farm Life in China.

A farmer may be hired by the year for from \$8 to \$14, with food, clothing, head shaving, and tobacco. Those who work by the day receive from 8 to 10 cents, with a noonday meal. As the planting and harvesting of rice wages are from 10 to 20 cents a day, with five meals, or 30 cents a day without food. Few land owners hire laborers except for a few days during the planting and harvesting of rice. Those who have more than they and their sons can till leave it to their neighbors. Much land is held on leases given by ancient proprietors to clansmen whose descendants now till it, paying from \$7 to \$14 of rice annually for its use. Food averages little more than \$1 a month for each member of a farmer's family. One who buys, cooks and eats his meals alone spends from \$1.50 to \$2 a month upon the raw material and fuel. Two pounds of rice, costing 5 1/2 cents, with relishes of salt fish, pickled cabbage, cheap vegetables and fruits, costing 1 1/2 cents, is the ordinary allowance to each laborer for each day. "Live on expence a day and earn it," is followed by nearly every Chinaman. One or two dependent relatives frequently share with him the expence.—Popular Science Monthly.

FITS All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first trial. Free. Marvellous cure. Treatise and \$3.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The best of all prayers is that in which we ask that God's holy will may be accomplished, both in ourselves and in others.—Ven. L. de Blois.

No flower of spring, no tint of the evening sky, can appear more beautiful to the eye than moral loveliness and purity do to the mind. It is recommended to speak little, provided such reserve be not discourteous to anyone.—St. Bernard.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

Classes will be resumed on Sept. 4th. Special attention will be given to young English-speaking boys, and to those who desire to learn both French and Latin at the same time.

REV. A. D. TURGEON, S.J., Rector.
COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME DES NEIGES, MONTREAL. The re-opening of classes in this special institution for boys, from the age of five to twelve years, will take place on Tuesday, the 3rd of September next.
REV. L. GOSSELIN, C.S.C., Sup.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N.Y.

[Enjoys the Privileges of a University].

JESUIT FATHERS.

Situated 12 miles from City Hall, between Harlem River and Long Island Sound, Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Special training for Army, Navy and Civil Service. ST. JOHN'S HALL, for boys from 10 to 14, under same direction. Students received at any time. Apply to 50 10 REV. JOHN SOULLY, S.J., Pres.

DIGAUD CONVENT, UNDER THE DIRECTION of the Sisters of St. Ann. Foremost among the attractions of this new institution is the enchanting scenery of its surroundings. The course is given in French, vocal music, plain needlework, embroidery and fancy work of all descriptions, cutting and culture of flowers, and a variety of other charges. Piano and Drawing are optional subjects. Tuition, \$60 per year. Studies will be resumed on September 4th. Circulars issued on applying to the Rector, Sister Superior.

ENGLISH SCHOOLMASTER—PRIVATE TUTOR—Model School Trained. Certificate (England and Ireland) Master; prize-winning; experienced; excellent results; elementary, classes, Science, Drawing. Now open to re-appointments. Please apply "Alpha 37," Office of TRUTH WITNESS. 1-1

GENTLEMAN AND WIFE, Irish, (29 and 22 respectively) open for instruction in Catholic Schools. Classics, Mathematics, French, Music, Drawing, etc. Address, E. HARTY, St. John, N.B. 51-3

BOURGET COLLEGE, RIGAUD, P.Q. (Near the Quebec Fair). CLASSICAL and ENGLISH COMMERCIAL COURSES. Practical Business and Banking Departments. The best authors and most approved system of teaching and taught by competent Professors. Most careful attention is paid to the Sciences of Accounting and Arithmetic, Geography, Stenography and Typewriting. Optional: Board, Tuition, \$24, Washburn, etc. \$120 a year. Studies will be resumed on Wednesday, September 4th, 1899. For Prospectus apply to the Rector, address to the REV. O. JOLY, C.S.V., President. 47-85

WANTED,

Two R. C. Teachers, with Diplomas, for Elementary Schools; the one experienced equally good to teach and speak English and French, for a salary of \$180; the other to teach English and some French for a salary of about \$150. Ten months teaching. Duties to commence at once. Apply to C. BARSALOU. 51-4

WANTED,

For the St. Sophie (Co. Terrebonne) Catholic School, four Female Teachers, capable of teaching French and English. Address, JOHN JOSEPH GAREY, Secy. Treas. 53-8

FOR SALE—THE MANOR HOUSE, BEAUMARIS, P.Q. Elegant and commodious residence, built for the late Lord Ellis. Commands a panoramic view of the St. Lawrence. Improved grounds and gardens. Fruit and shade trees. For terms apply to the Sisters of the Holy Names, Hochelaga, Montreal. 1-6

SALESMEN WANTED!

to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.) Chase Brothers Co., Colborne, Ont. 1-13

"Best cure for colds, cough, consumption in the old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam." Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston. For a large bottle send one

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, Superior Court. No. 1784, DAME OPILIE ST. MICHEL, wife of PROSPER ST. MICHEL, of the City and County of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation de vis against her husband. CHOLETTE & GAUTHIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 50-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. DAME MARIE L. DEARBY, of the City and District of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation de vis against her husband, DANIEL PROVINCER, plaintiff, vs. the said DANIEL PROVINCER, defendant. An action in separation de vis has this day been instituted. Montreal, 17th July, 1899. ETHEL & PELLETIER, Att. a. p. for Plaintiff. 51-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No. 527, DAME ADELE MARIE BERGE, of the City and District of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation de vis against her husband, JEAN JULIEN GIBOUX, of the same place, plaintiff, vs. the said JEAN JULIEN GIBOUX, defendant. An action in separation de vis has this day been instituted. Montreal, 17th July, 1899. A. ROCHAUD, Attorney for Plaintiff. 51-5

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. Bells of