ON THE SPIRITUAL WEDDING GARMENT,

Friend, how camest thou in hither no Who is the unfortunate guest found at the banquet without the wedding-garment? It is, as you are aware, the sinner who by grievous sin has lost the robe of sanctifying grace with which our H-avenly Father clothed his soul in the sacrament of baptism. If he die in this state he departs from this life in enmity with God, and woe to him, for then also the Eternal Judge will "Friend, how camest thou in say: "Friend, now camest thou in hither, not having on a wedding gar-ment?" Alas, what will the sinner say in justification? In the knowl-edge of his guilt, he must remain edge of his guilt, he must remain silent, for every word of excuse would be but a lie. Why did he live in enemity with God? Why, walk the wide road to perdition? Why, ungratefully refuse the hand of forgiveness which even on his death-had was ness which even on his death-bed was held out to him? Terribly, but justly, the sentence of the infinitely equitable Judge will overcome him when he hears the dread words: "Depart from Me, you cursed, depart into the eter-nal fire of hell which has been prepared for the devil and his angels

Oh fearful lot, to dwell in the eter-nal flames, to burn in the unextin-guishable fire! Who can understand the effects of this fire! Who can describe the tortures of the flames! It is painful, indeed, to suffer from material fire! Who would for gold, hold his hands in the fire? And, yet, this fire has been created by God for man's benefit. How excruciatingly painful then must not be the fire en-kindled by the wrath of God, for the sole purpose of punishing His enemies What is our material fire in comparison with the torments of hell where "their worm shall not die, and their fire shall not be extinguished." (leaias 66, 24) In these torments the damned must dwell forever. "Depart from Me. you cursed into ever-lasting fire." (Matt. 25, 41) says our Lord, "and these (the wicked) shall go into everlasting punishment."
(Matt. 24, 46) S: John the Baptist,
speaking of the Messiah says that He
"will gather the wheat into His barn, but the chaff-that is the wicked-He will burn with unquenchable fire."
(Luke 3, 17) St. John in the Apocalypse speaking of the damned says:
"He also shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is mingled with pure wine in the cup of His wrath and shall be tormented with fire and brimstone . . . and the smoke of their torments shall ascend up forever and ever, neither have they rest day or night." (Apoc. 14, 10) There, the damned will be tortured by the devils with all imaginable pain as long as God shall live, that is, forever. No tear, no sigh, no sorrow ascends from that abyss to the throne of Divine Mercy, even the drop of water from the tip of the finger which for a second cool the tongue will be denied. (Luke 16, 24)

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SONS.

Tais, impenitent sinner, is the abode with which your Saviour, your Eternal Judge, threatens you in the gospel if you continue the life you now lead. Should you not fear and tremble? Have you the temerity to advance one step on the road to eternal destruction? What, O sinner, preserves you from hell to which you be long on account of your wickedness? Is it not alone the frail thread of life which the Almighty holds in His hands and which He can, by death, sever at any moment? Have you the assurance of another hour? Alas! no, but of this you are aware that if at this moment, you would appear before God, deprived as you are of sauctifying grace, you would be cast into the eternal flames of hell.

O sinner, have compassion upon your own immortal soul. Save that soul as long as salvation is possible. Humbly return to your compassionate ingly He calls you in the gospel? Do you not see how compassionately He offers you the wedding-garment of grace in the sacrament of penance? Why do you reject it. why not accent grace in the sacrament of penance? Why do you reject it, why not accept it? Rise your mind to Heaven, behold the banquet is prepared, so many places are filled, yours is vacant. Shall it ever remain thus? Oh, no, hesitate no longer; hasten to cast yourself at the feet of your Divine Saviour. He will embrace you lovingly and imprint on your brow the kiss of peace and forgiveness. The angels will exult when your Saviour introduces you saying: "Rejoice, my dear angels, for this soul which was lost, has been found; this soul which

I have so long sought, is again Mine."
My dear brethren, let the word of
God be spoken not to the sinner alone, let us open our ears to it and according to the admonition of St. Paul, work out our salvation in fear and trem-bling. For "Man knoweth not," says Holy Scripture "whether he be worthy of love or hatred." (Eccles. 9, 1.) The greatest saints have trembled at the thought of hell—should we then be so careless and indifferent—rest in such confident security—we, who are no saints, but miserable sinners? Behold, in the dark recesses of a cave, you see St. Jerome lying on the ground, covered with blood and striking his breast with a stone. Why does; he act thus? Tremblingly he answers: From the fear of hell, I have thus secluded myself, and I chastise my body on account of my sins. There, in the depth of the forest, you There, in the depth of the forest, you see St. Bernard in tears scourging his body. Why? "I fear," he answers, in the centre of the great arena. For in the eternal flames of hell, and hence I punish myself now, that hereafter I may not be punished by God."

Obje, when St. Chrysostom was a man of including a shadow crouched in the control of the great arena. For any sign of fear he showed he might have borne a charmed life, as many of the great arena. For any sign of fear he showed he might have borne a charmed life, as many onto be punished by God."

Object, when St. Chrysostom was they were then. Form as good now as they were then. Form as good now as they were then. Form any sign of fear he showed he might have borne a charmed life, as many have borne as the bottom and have borne as the showed he might have been as the showed himself

preaching in Constantinople, before preaching in Constantinopie, before an immense audience, he stopped suddenly and burst into tears: "My heart seems to break," he exclaimed, "at the thought of the thousands here present, perhaps only a few hundred will be saved, and I myself more than these must trample in feat for the will be saved, and I myself more than others, must tremble in fear for the salvation of my soul." At these words all kneit down uniting their tears and prayers with those of their Bishop, re olving by true penance to secure

Let us likewise in spirit cast ourselves before the throne of mercy and beg for the grace of perseverance.
And you, O sinner, who by grievous
sin have deprived yourself of the garment of sanctifying grace, let the
tears of contrition flow and resolve, at the first opportunity, to regain this robe in the sacrament of penance. Speak to your Lord present in the tabernacle: Heaven is not yet closed for me, nor has hell received me. can still save my soul by penance, hence, O Lord, chastise me in this world as long and as severely as thou wilt, but spare me in eternity.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE STORY OF VIKING.

Now and again the world rings with the story of a man who has "laid down his life for a friend," and we cry, "What love! What self sacrifice!" But I think it touches the heart as much to find the same heroism in the heart of a poor dumb creature, who by such an act alone can express the pathos and power of its love.

There lives a great lion-tamer who owes his life to his dog's devotion. He had two great Danes whom he had reared from puppyhood and who were always companions. Whether the same brave heart beat in each I know set it is no one only I have to tall not; it is of one only I have to tell.

Balder and Viking were their names. They were magnificent animals, so strong and grand in build that they attracted as much attention and admiration as any of the wild creatures of the menagerie which they, with their master, accompanied.

These two did their share in the

trained acts of the performances. When these were over, the huge beasts whom he had tamed into subjection were let loose in the caged arena and he put them through all sorts of astounding feats, so reckless in daring that the audience plainly trembled as it marveled and cheered. But the liontamer always kept one of his great Danes in the arena with him, sure his dog would help him in case of accident. You will see that his trust was well placed.

It gave him a feeling of rest, the presence of this friend, when surrounded by the half tamed savage beasts, inwardly raging all the time against the obedience he enforced on them. There was always a word and a pat for his dog ere the performance com-menced, and the dog's eyes would follow him, watching each movement and ready to spring to him at a look.

So far the slightest accident had never occurred. To presence of mind and dauntless courage the lion-tamer owed much, and he never vexed the animals by unnecessary threatenings and diplay of power. With all his firmness, he had a kind, even, tender heart, and by some means they knew and therefore obeyed him the more readily: nay, there was a faint suspicion of liking at times in the amber eyes of all shades which turned on him as he gathered his wild band together

The lion-tamer's wife was very proud of him and pretended not to be the least afraid of the nightly risks he ran. To prove this, she went constantly to the performances. No one could thought so; but perhaps her husband guessed, he was always so gentle when it was over and he and his dogs wend ed their way homeward with her. He

The menagerie had traveled in many lands, the fame of the lion-tamer growing greater and greater till it arrived at last on American soil. There it met with an enthusiastic reception, due greatly to the performance of the lion tamer, which took the fancy of the public at once. He was carried away himself by the enthusiasm; a fever of daring took possession of him; he seemed only to live in the of him; he seemed only to live in the excitement of the arena, with his strange companions around him, their hot breath fanning his cheek, their fiery eyes regarding him grimly. In vain his wife pleaded with him to be more careful; he had abandoned himself antiraly to the joy of his triumph. self entirely to the joy of his triumph over the beasts of the desert—creatures which could rend him to atoms if for one moment he lost control over them. But so far his perfect command over

them was marvelous. He liked the lions best, with all their stength and ferocity; there were not the same suggestions of treachery that lurked in the graceful, yielding gestures of others of the cat tribe, who seemed docine enough. The tiger's eye would dilate sometimes, as though the impulse to turn and rend him were strong; the panther would bound from its cage into the arena as though seeking whom it might devour; there was, hatred in the low, savage growl of the hyena; yet all would sink subdued and circle submissively around the tall and circle submissively around the tall

orner—one or other of the great Danes

kept watch and ward.

There came a hot evening in July; the air seemed charged with thunder. But the spectators might have been counted by thousands; the seats were packed, a sea of faces was directed to the arena.

At first the animals seemed languid, but gradually they warmed to their performance and went through it without giving any trouble. The velvet head of the leopard crouched for her master's approval and the fierce Ben-

gal tiger obeyed his voice. But there was a sullen air about one of the lions, named Pasha, a big tawny beast, the largest and strongest of them The lion-tamer's wife held her breath with fear more than once, but but still the power of the man con-quered and there was no open act of

The last, the crowning scene, proached—one devised by the lion-tamer himself as the grand sensational finish. Harnessing three big lions to a red chariot, he proceeded to tear previous to whisking off and so ending make his mark.

the performance.

Storms of applause accompanied him; truly it was marvellous; the red chariot flashing by with its terrible steeds, the strong, steady figure standing bolt upright in spite of the furious speed, one hand holding the reins, the other the uplifted whip.

Suddenly Pasha's temper failed; he had brought another round of the the performance.

had brought another round of the ing every sign of being in a danger-

Without a second's delay the liontamer leaped from the chariot and, fixing his eyes sternly on Pasha, or-dered him back to his place. He seemed about to obey, cowed by his master's eye. He took a step towards the chariot, then turned and sprang on him with a savage roar.

Quick as lightning the trainer leaped aside; just in time—the lion only ripped his coat. But his blood was up: with another roar of furn he

was up ; with another roar of fury he prepared to spring again. Shrieks rent the air ; a moment more

and the tamer must be torn in pieces there seemed no chance of escape. But Viking had seen all. Even as the lion poised himself for the spring he had leaped forward, caught him by the throat and checked it. And there he hung for a few seconds, while the lion roared with a rage, struggling to throw him off and blind with fury at such a foe. Well did poor Viking know, what he risked in the attempt, and nobly was he ready to give his own life to save his master's. With own life to save his master's. With wonderful firmness he held on, but all his pluck and strength could not avert the doom which a moment or two must bring. Still, those moments gave his

master time to escape.

The crowd cheered wildly, urging him to fly; his wife sprang to the iron caging, imploring him to leave the arena. But the flesh of his eye and the quiver of his nostrils showed other thought than that of securing his safe-ty. What! desert his faithful friend, leave to a cruel death the noble dog who had risked his life to save him

Never! Near the entrance of the arena lay a stout cudgel, which he secured not a moment too soon, for the enraged lion had at last shaken off the dog; but ere he could seize him a blow descended on Pasha's nose with terrific force, and the first was followed by a perfect storm of them so surely aimed and swiftly dealt that in a few moments the huge beast lay at his feet thoroughly cowed. Then he, with the other ions, who had remained passive, per-

citement as the lion-king, leading his brave dog, advanced to the middle of the arena, where he stood for a minute or so caressing it and bowing to the audience. The people could hardly let them go, and when at last they disappeared together, a kind of deep gasp or sigh relieved the terror of the last few moments, passing over the mighty crowd like the breeze which rustles the leaves of a forest.-Little

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Chances for Business.

One of the successful young business men of Boston is William A. Gaston. He recently said:
"Whether a young man should go

to college or not, depends largely upon what he intends to do. Of course, a good education is no load to carry, and can always be turned to advantage. If a youth intends to be-come a professional man, he should go

greater opportunities to distinguish themselves, it seems to me that each must settle the question individually. Certainly, opportunities are more numerous and greater in a city, and talents, genius and ability have a

ing one of the partners. These con ditions, I think, have materially

changed. "This is an age of specialties, whether it be in medicine, surgery or commercial pursuits. I'd rather see a young man who can do one thing well and stick to it, than to see him dabbling in a dozen different things, unable to perfect himself in any

branch. 'In these days of hustling activity and sharp competition, the man who has a talent for setting others to work, and of getting the most out of them, is the man who will succeed. Business has assumed such gigantic proportions that individual effort seems lost. One man cannot attend to all the details. It is the directing force which is the most valuable. One must select the assistants who will carry out his ideas as if he himself directed the operations personally, and obtain the desired rea red chariot, he proceeded to tear sults. The man who does this will around the arena three or four times make himself valuable, and is sure to

"Is honesty the best policy? Most certainly. It is not only the best policy, but it is right; and, in the end, right wins."

On Keeping One's Word. Many young men seem to think that the giving of a promise is a mere joke, or jolly, as they call it in the slang of the day. They never keep their engagements, either pecuniary or other wise, and when taken to task for their failure to meet obligations, they, to use another colloquialism, put up a big bluff in order to get out of the difficulty into which their lack of promptness or punctuality has plunged them. That is, they add one lie to another until there is such a mountain of falsehood that they constantly contradict them selves through a lack of ability to re-member all the fabulous stories they have told. To have the reputation of being a liar is one of the worst things that can befall a young man. Nobody wants the person who has it around. It interferes greatly with any pursuit in which he may engage. The deli-berate and persistent falsifier soon gets marked, like a counterfeit banknote. He will not pass muster in any reput able society. He is shunned because nobcdy's reputation is safe in his hands and he is a social and business nuis ance that the unofficial moral board of health condemns at all seasons. The lying habit is one of the hardest in the world to break. It is like the old man of the sea in the "Arabian Nights." It has a grip like a vise, and holds on to its victim with a pertinacity which proves conclusively that the devil is

the father of lies. Therefore, all men in the morning of life should avoid forming it by con stant and careful watchfulness of their words. Let them say what they mean and mean what they say, and they can not go far astray. Thus will they build up a character that will com-mand respect at all times and in all places, for if a young fellow is truthful he is not apt to fall into the other sins which do so much to wreck the lives of The vices of our younger days, unless checked in the beginning, are likely to be with us in our old age, and a gray haired liar is about as despicable an object as humanity can present. On the verge of the grave he is defying heaven, which is truth itself. The person who is habitually untruthful is always a failure in business in the end. No reliance is placed upon what he says, and, therefore, his goods remain unsold upon his shelves and counters. Then comes bankruptcy, with not infrequently a criminal charge behind it, for the man who will be the cred. lie to his customers will lie to his credor of nearly all the sins in the calendar.

In large communities there is apt to be more deliberate falsifying than in small ones. And this is not wholly due to the fact that there are more people and, consequently, more that are apt to be unreliable. Even comparatively speaking there are more untrustworthy speaking there are in the than there are in small towns. The slippery fellows know that detection will follow them quicker in the latter than in the former. Hence nearly all the "crooks" and degenerates are to be found where the population is large. But the world is getting so small now-a days, with improved detective service, and telephone and telegraph communications, that a man cannot hide his real character for ony great length of time. It is sure that a man's sin will be found out wherever he may be, and the longer this detection is delayed the greater will be the eventual punish-

ment. come a professional man, he should go to college, by all means.

"As to whether it would be advisable for young men to leave their rural homes and enter the large cities, in search of greater opportunities to distinguish he is now in a felon's cell, where he deserved to be long ago. And he began his career by lying in order to get money to live beyond his means. His falsifications were discovered and this left the wayerling of his other this led to the unveiling of his other crimes. He had expensive tastes and was fond of fine clothes, and he determined to have them at any cost.

count on a regular increase in salary and a yearly promotion, and, in due time, he had good prospect of becom-

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He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, Tormenting himself with his prickles."

A young man should never give a promise rashly, but having once given it should live up to his promise to the letter. In short, he should be a man of his word :-

"But the sunshine aye shall light the sky
As round and round we run,
And the truth shall ever come uppermost
And justice shall be done.

-Benedict Bell in Sacred Heart Re-

a of SONEERS STORY. Cath liam Hemstreet's Health Renewed at Seventy.

HE WAS AFFLICTED WITH ILLNESS FOR A LONG PERIOD, AND THOUGHT HIS DAYS OF USEFULNESS WERE PAST-HE IS AGAIN AS HEARTY AND ROBUST

AS HE WAS TWENTY YEARS YEARS AGO.

From the Free Press, Acton, Ont No man is better known to the people of the counties of Halton and Welling ton than William Hemstreet, a pioneer and much esteemed resident of Acton Mr. Hemstreet is a native of this county, having been born in Trafalgar township in 1817. In his younger days Mr. Hemstreet conducted a tanning business. He subsequently engaged in the droving and butchering business, and some twenty-five years ago, owing to his superior knowledge of the value of live stock, he took out a license as an auctioneer. In this calling he became at once popular and he was constantly on the road, driving in all kinds of weather, holding auction sales several days a week. Although possessing a strong, healthy constitu-tion, the continued exposure and hard work of selling some days for six or eight hours at a stretch, he gradually lost his strength and vigor, and about three years ago found himself a colthree years ago found himself a collapsed and worn out man. In conversation with a reporter of the Free Press he said: "I feit that my days of usefulness were over. My strength had departed, my voice was gone. I was too weak to do work of any kind and I was undentably usaless to myself or was undeniably useless to myself or anyone else. My symptoms were pecu liar and baffled several of the best local physicians, who differed very much in their diagnosis. I took their medicine

self and my friends concluded that my days on earth were numbered an days on earth were numbered with that my worn - out system would in a very short time lie down in eternal rest. I had to give up all my business interests." When Mr. Hemstreet's condition was most serious his attention was attracted by the published testimonial of Rev. Mr. ran. To prove this, she went constant ly to the performances. No one could guess how her heart beat, no one saw how she flushed and paled, or she thought so; but perhaps her husband guessed, he was always so gentle when it was over and he and his dogs wend the was over and he and his dogs wend the was over and he and his dogs wend to guessed, he was always so gentle when it was over and he and his dogs wend to guessed, he was always so gentle when it was over and he and his dogs wend to guessed, he was always so gentle when it was over and he and his dogs wend to guessed, he was always so gentle when it was over and he and his dogs wend to guessed, he was always so gentle when it was over and he and his dogs wend to guessed, he was always so gentle when it was over and he and his dogs wend to guessed, he was always so gentle when it was over and he and his dogs wend to guessed, he was always so gentle when it was over and he and his dogs wend to guessed, he was always so gentle when it was over and he and his dogs wend to guessed, he was always so gentle when guessed, he was alwa must possess singular merit and healing power or Rev. Mr. Freeman would not lend his name to their approbation.

Mr. Hemstreet then decided to give them a trial; he first got one box, then three, then half a dozen, and took them regularly. No very marked effects, he says, were noticable, but with charac-

faithfully, but no improvement resulted.

I did not suffer much pain, but was a very sick man. Had no appetite, no

strength, could not sleep, and both my-

teristic persistence he purchased a teristic persistence he purchased a further supply. By the time twelve or thirteen boxes had been taken, he felt that new blood was coursing through his veins; that he possessed renewed vigor and was able to perform all the duties his business calls demanded. "For a year I continued to take the pills," he said. "I have I was regaining my old time knew I was regaining my old time strength and good health and I was determined the cure should be complete and permanent, and I give them the

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credit for making me the new man I feel to be to day. As evidence that my recovery is complete I have only to state that this spring I have conducted a number of auction sales in the open air with perfect ease and with entire satisfaction to my clients.

"I am as much averse to making personal matters public as any one could possibly be, but my long con-tinued illness was so widely known and my recovery has been so marked and satisfactory that I feel that I owe debt of gratitude to the simple but effective remedy which cured me, and this is why I thus acknowledge it, as well as to show to those who are up in years and in ill health what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves thus driv ing disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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