JANUARY 1, 1898.

consumption, is state that one-fourth of the adult men and women in the civilized world have in their bodies the seeds of this grim destroyer. A single grain of dirt taken from a city street, under the microcope sometimes reveals as many as a million of the minute but murder-ous bacili of consumption. There has never been but one medicine discovered that will prevent and cure this disease. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly on the lungs, driving out disease germs and building new and healthy tissues. It allays inflammation of the mucous membranes. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve tonic. It cures of per cent. of all cases of consumption and diseases of the air passages. All medicine dealers sell it.

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When someone is sick in the family and

little son are so aw-that they would ke a sensitive child ep with horror and y. But all the stories

of war on sea and land shrink into insignificance before the dreadful massacre of men and women, for which that releutless enemy of life, consumption, is each year restone.

each year respon-

and have been well ever since and weigh 178 pounds."

When someone is sick in the family and the doctor is called in, what is the first question he asks? "Are the bowels regular? That's the question, isn't it? If a wife and mother will see to it that when any member of the family is troubled with constipation a prompt resort is had to Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, there will be mighty little sickness in the family. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They cure constipation and biflousness and never gripe. They regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. Found at all medicine stores.

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# LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance

BY M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER VIII. "DAFFED THE WORLD ASIDE AND BID IT PASS."

-Henry IV. Part I.

"Whate'er you are; That in this desert inaccessible, Under the shade of melancholy boughs. Lore and neglect the creeping hours of time."
—As You Like it.

Who thought there was no more behind, Than such a day to morrow as to day, And to be boy eternal."—Winter's Tale.

"What is a man He but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more. Sure, he that made us with such large dis Course.
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To fust in us unused."—Hamlet.

For some days Lord Edward lived this strange primitive life with a forgetfulness that was akin to delight, so bitter had remembrance grown. He joined in the wild sports of the Indians with youthful emulation, and gloried to hold his own amongst the best of them. It was a re-newal of thoughtless, happy boyhood. In the soft evening as he smoked placidly in the doorway of his hut looking towards the river, a dreamy, delightful reverie stole over his soul like a rosy haze, soft-ening the harsher outlines of the landscape. Action and duty, even blighted love, were half-forgotten—he lived for the careless pleasure of the hour, and "thought no more behind, than such a day to-morrow as to-day, and to be boy

Indian chief treated him with the frank demonstrative friendship of a school-boy. His slim young daughter—" Laughing Water,"—as graceful as a fawn, almost as shy, glanced with timid admiration in her soft dark eyes at the handsome young

pale-face chief. Of the strange old man with the wild, gaunt figure, and cold courtly manner who had so roused his interest, Lord Ed-ward saw but little.

With Tony, however, the recluse was more familiar. These curiously assorted comrades had long walks together, while Tony's tongue rang on incessantly as the restless stream, and the other listened silently as the dark still forest.

From his faithful servant Lord Edward gleaned that the old man had come amongst the Indians many years ago and lived amongst them since, an adopt ed son of the tribe, second only in auth-ority (if second) to their titular chief. Ever and again he visited the fringes of civilization, and returned to his tribe with horses laden with the wealth the Indiau prizes—rifles and powder and ball, and the simple medicines that sufficed for a life so natural and healthful, that old age or violence alone brought disease or

He preached peace perpetually to the tribe. He never joined them upon the war path. But once, when the village of the tribe was attacked in the night by a hostile band, far outnumbering them in fighting men, he took the lead in the brave and successful defence, and his long rifle wrought such havoc amongst the discomfited foe, that the terror of it long afterwards kept the village safe from

Thundercloud " he was called by the Indians, both on acount of the solemn gloom of his appearance and the fatal flash of his rifle, which never missed its

atm.

The life in the woods, in its wild and free simplicity, was very soothing to Lord Edward's wounded spirit. He rather dreamed than lived. But like cold water on a sleeper's face was the awakening thrill, when the news came that it was resolved to adopt him into the tribe. He quickly learned, however, that it was no honor to be conferred, not a even the noble suffering of soul for low yow to be enforced. He would still be awakening thrill, when the news came that it was resolved to adopt him into the tribe. He quickly learned, however, that

iously engrossed on parchment, is still preserved. The copy, in the Indian language, will be of interest to every reader who follows the strange adventures of the young Irish hero. It is as follows:-

Waghgongh Sen non Pryer Ne nen Seghyage ni i Ye Sayata Eghnidal Ethonayyere Karonghyonte Iyogh Sagh-nontyon."

Translated it runs :-

"I. Chief of the Six Nations, give the name of Eghnidal to my friend Lord Edward Fitzgeraid, for which I hope he will remember me as long as he lives. The name belongs to the Boar Tribe."

Henceforward he was known by his name of adoption, "Eghnidal," amongst the tribe, and took rank as a "brave." Poor Tony remained still an alien, with no rank at all, but neither his appetite nor sleep were disturbed by the slight.

Ambition was no failing of Tony's.

Day followed day in careless, unthink-ing ease, and Lord Edward's life grew

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daily more delightful, more hard to leave. It was active idleness, pleasure unpurchased by toil or pain. No harsh duty crossed the path of delight. The mind was called upon for no effort, the will suffered no strain. The excitement of the hunt, the freedom and solitude of stream and forest, the ever-varying beauty in which Nature had clothed the wilderness, charmed him. His life seemed to have merged into a delicious dream, which he had no power or will to break, knowing should waken to remembrance

and labor, and pain.

In the shock his heart had suffered, the springs of self-reliance were strained. His ambition was so interwoven with his love that it almost died with it. All things that stirred or charmed him in the old days seemed vague and remote. Rest and oblivion were what his soul craved. There was nothing in the world he

thought worth toiling for.

The strange charm of the life he led
might have caught and held him to his
life's close. He might have chosen for himself, or rather, with enervated will have allowed fate to choose for him, the have allowed fate to choose for him, the simple, easy, empty, purposeless life of the wild man or wild beast. The sad-dest and most glorious chapter of Irish history might never have been written, if a strong, stern will had not interpose and saved him from ignominious

He sat one evening smoking dreamily in the doorway of his wigwam, looking out on the stream that flowed red in the slanting sunbeam, and listening to the happy cries of the children whose voices came up fitfully on the wind.

His musings w ere vague as the soft vapor that curled round his head, melting in the summer air, but as soothing with-al. A shadow fell at his feet—a figure crossed between him and the rosy sunset. Dropping his gaze, which had been dreamily drinking in the beauty of the sky, he encountered the keen blue eyes of the man whom the Indians called

'Lord Edward Fitzgerald," he said, with that old-fashioned courtesy which seemed so strange amid such surroundings, "if you can pardon my intrusion I would fain speak a few plain words with

to be so addressed. The language and manner of the outer world brought the outer world sharply to his mind, but he merely bowed his head and made room for the other on the bench on which he

The elder man accepted the seat with out a word. Hiding his face with his hands, he seemed lost in thought and forgetful of the purpose for which he had

Lord Edward began to grow impatient at the long silence, when his companion, lifting up a face paler and more haggard

in it, spoke again abruptly—

"When do you go hence, my lord?"

The young dreamer had no reply ready for the sudden question. He had not thought of it. He had lived from day to day, bidding each morrow welcome as it

came. "This is no place for you," the other went on, more eagerly than before. "You must not waste your young life and energy here in unthinking ease. Your life is a trust, my lord, not given for self only — it is a sacred trust, the one thing real in a world of shams—to be used, not wasted, while it lasts.

"To me," Lord Edward replied rather ungraciously, for the words set the old wound throbbing again in his heart, "life is the hollowest of all shams — a burden

is the hollowest of all snams — a burden, not a delight—to be borne as easily as may be until it can be cast aside."

"Your life is you," was the stern retort. "Here or hereafter you have or are nothing but that. Each hour wasted is part of yourself lost. Will you step down from your high place? Will you swop for which the beace? Will you swop

face, flushed with sudden pain. For the first time since he had come amongst them he caught his hand and grasped it tight while he spoke again.

tight while he spoke again.

"It is your passion and grief that speak now, he said," not reason. Believe an old man, they are fleeting, though while we suffer they proclaim themselves eternal. In energy, not sloth, the real remedy lies. Fight the enemy and beat it. Do not live its languid prisoner for ever."

"My first relief was here," replied Lord "My first relief was here, replied Lord Edward. "Energy had gone out of my life, and only pain remained. Here the pain was softened by forgetfulness. What calls me back again to the sorrow of the world from which I have happily escaped? Here I may dream my life pleasantly away, and die when death omes without keen regret. God's beautiful world; here is man as God made him before what is called civilization spoiled him." He pointed as he spoke to the tall trees that curtained the burning western skies, to the glowing river, and the young Indians sporting on its margin. "The selfishness, the greed, the falsehood, the cruelty, of the civilized

the falsehood, the cruelty, of the civilized world are missing here."

"Are all found here," retorted the other, sadly. "Do not harbor so foolish a delusion for a moment. The evil passions, which are the seeds of sin and misery, are in all human hearts alike. It is the virtues of civilization that are lack-ing here, and not its vices. Cruelty, and selfishness, and falsehood — believe me, for I know—can lodge in a wigwam as in a palace. But of purer love, of larger umanity and self-sacrifice, there is little

or no trace."

They are not needed," said Lord Ed-"They are not needed," said Lord Edward stubbornly, for his conscience rebelled against his words, "where all are free and equal. Man's vices make the evils that man's virtues partially relieve. From oppression patriotism springs. It is crueity that evokes benevolence. But the virtues fight fitfully and lose; the vices fight constantly and win. So luxvices fight constantly and win. So lux-ury and misery divide the civilized world between them. You speak of love," he went on with an increased bitterness, which showed the source from which his fine, youthful misanthropy sprung. "It is the mockery of the many and the torment of the few. A foolish, bitter, self-wounding passion, which tortures even while the heart that suffers owns its

ened to the fine phrases with which the young lord denounced the whole human race, because a heartless woman had 'friend of mine once spoke to me. The young lord denounced the whole human race, because a heartless woman had 'my mind' —

race, because a heartless woman had jilted him.

He spoke again very gently. "Poor boy!" he said. "In your grief and passion I find my own wound again. Do not, as I did, listen only to the spacious lies your pain and anger tell you, and so lies your pain and anger tell you, and so wreck your life. You have seen but the bright surface of savage life. You know nothing of the horrors below. Has there been no time when the life you left also seemed full of happiness and truth?

Lord Edward was silent.

He remembered how bright the world seemed, and how good its men and women, while he still dreamed that Lady Gertrude loved him; how suddenly he realized all its wickedness at once when

she turned from him.
"Life is not all sport and sunshine, believe me," the warning voice went on.
"Even here in the woods I have seen
horrors of cruelty, when hunger or revenge roused the wild beasts in the wild man, horrors which it would freeze your blood to hear. But even were this wild life all you fancy, its joys are not for you. Would you sink to the brute's level? The beast that ranges wild over the plains, the deer that drinks in the evening at the river's brim, the bird that flutters through the tree-tops, the bear that haunts the summer woods and snores away the win-ter, has all the joys you envy the savage man, till bullet or arrow cuts their life short like his. Are you content to go down to the level of the beast?"

"Is it crime or folly to shun pain?"

said Lord Edward, evading a more direct

reply.
"Yes. Folly, and crime, and cowardice, if you play false with your manhood to escape it. Better the noble sorrow than the low delight. You cannot sink your soul down to the brute's level even if you try. It was not for this that high duties and glorious hopes were given you. Your soul will rebel against the degradation

you would impose, and torture you. May you never know such torture." His voice faltered. Even in the darkening twilight that was now softly draw ing its gray veil across the glowing sky Lord Edward could see that he was deeply moved. He started from his seat, and paced up and down for a moment or two then paused as abruptly as he had risen When he spoke again it was with no trace of the emotion that had shaken him, only his voice was lower than before.

'I had not meant to speak of myself," said. "Lord Edward Fitzgerald, some he said. "Lord Edward Fitzgerald, some-thing I have gathered of your history from that faithful follower of yours, something also, strange as it may seem to you from other sources. I have patched ou what I have heard with guesses, which, I think, come near the truth. Your words to-night confirm them. Your heart has been sorely wounded—it will revive and like !!

Lord Edward shook his head sadly with all the profound confidence of youth

"Sorrows are not eternal," said the other, "though youth thinks them so. When night first falls on bright hopes, youth fondly fancies there can never be day again, but the sun will rise again to morrow-it may be, brighter than before. Believe me, the pains you have suffered are but a child's ache compared to mine. Your warning came in time. Even now our reason tells your loss was a bless your reason tells your loss was a bless-ing. Bitter shame and disgrace mingled with my agony. Yet, in time, even that agony wore itself away, and happiness came too perfect at last. My second loss was more terrible, because more real. I lost a love, the purest and dearest that ever breathed on this earth. The weight of the blow stunned my reason, and broke the springs of my will. I fled like a coward from the battle, where I was se Bitterly have I paid for my To the sweet oblivion I first sought and found in the woods has come a terrible reaction. The worst paroxysm of wounded love was easier to bear than the constant soul-subduing monotony o a purposeless life. I am here alone

ny remorse; my imprisoned soul feeding free to go or stay.

Next day at noon, down by the river side, the solemn ceremony of adoption was performed, with all those curious rites, quaint yet grave, that the Indians love. The certificate of his adoption, curiously, any considerable and the solemn ceremony of adoption on may be at ease? Forgetfulness is the best thing the world can give me."

The recluse gazed kindly at that young face, flushed with sudden pain. For the showed his own wounds for a warning.

seemed petty in comparison with the tragic grief of this strange man, who showed his own wounds for a warning.

There was silence between them. The village was asleep. The white crescent of the moon, keen-edged and shining as a the moon, keen-edged and shining as a curved sword, shone coldiy in the blue-black sky. The night was hush as death. The thought came in Lord Edward's mind how placidly, beautiful and cold-hearted Nature smiled at poor mortals'

suffering.
A low, despairing sob shook the strong figure stooped beside him; the moonlight shining on the white hair.

The young man's heart was flooded with compassion. "Let us leave together," he said. "If this life be bitter to you, abandon it. Come back to the world where your place lies, and your work still waits for you."

The face that raised itself from the bony hands might have been carved in grey stone, so ghastly it looked, and so

"No! no! no!" he said, and each word sounded like a moan of despair. "For me there is no escape. I have chosen my lot and must abide by it. As well might you try to transplant yonder deep rooted tree, and bring back its lost life

and verdure.

He pointed as he spoke to a blasted oak by the river's bank, that stretched its huge branches, bare and white, casting black shadows.

black shadows.

"Habit and despair bind me here.
The chain galls, but it holds. I cannot
now stretch forth my hand to clasp the
duties and joys of life that I cast from me
so recklessly. But you have the youth
and vigor that cast off sorrow lightly. Be
warned by my fate. Depart 1.

and vigor that east on sorrow lightly. De warned by my fate. Depart?"

"Whither?" asked Lord Edward, dolefully. "No duty calls; no career opens for me; I am sick of soldiering,

which was once my delight."

"Has your own heart no answer? On your name and race has Ireland no claim?" The gaunt figure was erect as he spoke

The gaunt figure was erect as he spoke, and the gray eyes alight with excitement. His voice took a bolder tone.

Something in voice, face and eyes suddenly made clear to Lord Edward a vague resemblance that was haunting him. There came back to him in a sudden flash the eager words of Maurice Blake, in those far-off days that now seemed to belong to another life, and the vow they had silently sworn in the solemn starlight.

With a pitying smile the recluse list"You speak almost the words a dear

starlight.

But before he could close the sentence with the name of Maurice Blake the other rose abruptly. With a gesture, that was like a blessing, he laid his hand on Lord Edward's shoulder; then, without a word, he vanished into the thick gloom, moving towards the forest.

Lord Edward sat far into the lonely

midnight, buried in thought, while Tony slept the sleep of unconscious content in the interior of the wigwam.

The noise of the running water, which The noise of the running water, which alone broke the silence of the still night, mingled with his musings. The energy of life and hope, of ambition, had been revived in his heart, which throbbed strongly and fiercely now, forbidding sleep. But his vague, restless thoughts sleep. But his vague, restless thoughts could shape themselves into no definite resolve. No way of life opened before him. The crisis of his disease had come and gone. The fantastic fever begotten of his sore heart-wound vanished, and his judgment was cool again. He could smile at the folly of the vision of love that had so charmed him, as the awakening man smiles at the incoherent dreams that troubled his sleep. Back to the world he felt his path lay.

Then, once more custom took control o his movements, and insisted on the com pletion of his interrupted progress to the British barracks at New Brunswick, where his regiment was encamped.

The night was melting into dawn when he dropped asleep. Next morning found him still resolved and eager to depart. The Indian chief heard of his sudden purpose without a sign of surprise without a hint of remon-strance. Grave courtesy absorbed both. "My white brother," he said, " is free;

" My white brother," he said, " is free; where his will calls him he goes." By noon Lord Edward and Tony were riding through the depths of the silent forest, many miles from the primitive settlement of the Indians. The river was their guide—untiring and unerring—a guide that would neither loiter nor mislead. Tony had much to tell of quaint customs of the Indians, whom he had mingled more familiarly than his master, but his talk ran chiefly

on "Thundercloud."

"A strange man," said Tony, with something of awe in his tone, for Christianity had not got the old superstitious leaven out of his blood, "A strange man. Speaks very little, knows very much. Would listen always to my talk of you and Christy, but above all of Mas-ter Maurice. At times he would drop a few words that seemed to show he knew more about you all than I could tell him. He spoke of Master Maurice as a father might speak of a son."

A careless word will sometimes kindle

a train of thought, as a careless spark kindles gunpowder.

It came on Lord Edward's mind, with swift certainty, that "Thundercloud"— the strange Indian recluse—was no other than the missing Sir Valentine Blake, of whom Pr. Deuver had spoken. He marvelled at his own blindness that had missed the plain truth so long. The strange coincidence of circumstances, the resemblance in face and voice, even in thought, to Maurice Blake were proof His hand was on the reins to wheel

round in his tracks and return, but the thought checked him—"To what purpose?" What could he do, what say that he had not said? He remembered now with what emotion the old man had turned and left him, when the name of Maurice Blake was on his lips. Why should he probe further, and to no good purpose, a wound that plainly was deep

So he did not turn, but rode steadily forward plunged in thought, with Tony's words sounding in his ears with no more meaning than the incessant monotone of

TO BE CONTINUED

# An Humble Archbishop.

Catholic Standard and Times.

Not long after my ordination one church at which I was stationed were saying Mass — one in the church proper, the other in the basement of the church-I was called down from my room to the parlor. There I saw a strange priest of respectable appearance and middle age. I introduced myself as the junior assistant and requested his name. He told me that he was a missionary from California and that his name was Father Joseph. spoke with a foreign accent. He in-I told him that I would have to consult the pastor. I then went up stairs and found the pastor in his room, to which he had just come from the church. He returned with me to the parlor and asked the strange priest his name. He told the pastor, as he told me, that his name was Father Joseph and that he was a missionary from California. The pastor then requested me to take him to the sacristy and give him the vestments and chalice for Mass. offered him a black cassock belonging to one of our priests, but he smilingly declined my offer and took from his valise a white cassock which he wore at Mass. I then went back into my room. I was quietly reading there when my fellow assistant dashed into my room and appeared considerably excited. "Do you know that that clergyman is a Bishop?"

I was very much surprised at the intelligence and replied, " Is he?"

Yes, he is.

"How do you know?" "Because I saw on the neck of his cassock Most Rev. Joseph S. Alemany, G. S. D.

The three of us, then-the pastor the first assistant and myselfout to the sacristy, where we waited until Mass was finished. The pastor then advanced and inquired. "Are you the Archbishop of San Francisco?"
"I am," replied the stranger.
At the request of the pastor the

Archbishop preached a nice sermon in his kind, fatherly way. - Rev. P. A.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla has over and over again proved by its cures, when all other preparations failed, that it is the One True BLOOD Purifier.

YOUNG MEN AS CHURCH ALLIES.

At a recent meeting of the Young Men's Archdiocesan Union of Pailadel phia, we learn from the Standard and Times, the following address was deliv ered by Rev. James F. McLaughlin, DD:

"I write to you, young men, because you are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and you have overcome the wicked one." (First Epistle of St. John, 11., 14)

"My dear fellow members of the Arch diocesan Union, St. John was so sensitive of the importance of the young men in the spiritual army of our Lord Jesus Christ that in his exhortation to the different classes of the faithful he twice refers to them and lingers over them with special affection. The young men in civil as in sacred matters form the sacred band, the chief reliance as well of the Church as of the State. The spiritual condition of any country is best gauged by the religious dispositions of its young men, not by its old men, its women or children. Any country in which the young men are deeply religious is in a good spiritual condition. Any country where they are lukewarm or indifferent, no matter how successful it may be in other regards, is not in a healthy state, religiously or morally. Therefore the Church has in all times concentrated her efforts on the young men in order that they made be well grounded in the faith. When she converts an old sinner she merely saves the wreck of an individual life. the young men are saved she saves a whole generation—a generation of earnest workers."

Here the speaker said that the only way the Church could reach young men is through the intellect, as they are not led by sentiment, hence appeal must be made to their reason. They may be misguided by passion for a time, but if they have an intelligent conception of religion, the deviation will not be for long. It is the duty of our young men to enlighten themselves regarding the truths of religion, especially in these days when should be always ready to give a reason for the faith that is in them. The young men are the vanguard of Christ's army and are battling face to face with the world and its sophistries. They are far oftener called upon to defend the truths of religion than the priest, and when not properly trained to answer objections they not only lose the opportunity for work, but in time lose the faith themselves because of their inability to withstand the violent onslaught of its enemies! In our day there are many controversial and religious works with which we should be familiar. There is not an objection to our holy faith for which there is not already an answer and which it should be part of our religious duty to know. One earnest young man is a missionary to hundreds not only by his example, but by his force of words.

"You know as well as I do," continued the speaker, "how worn and hollow are the pretenses which keep people outside of the Church. Those who are not stopped by the strictness of her moral code are stopped by un-reasonable prejudice." Here the necessity of a highly educated laity was shown, for the reason that they alone can reach those outside the Church with whom the priests do not come in con-This work was shown to be an obligation on Catholics, to which they were especially consecrated by baptism and which they owe as a charity toward their neighbors. The contrast between so many non Catholics who are ever ready to talk of religion disinclination of Catholics to discuss this subject was drawn, and the necessity of even introducing the topic was . To fit themselves for this task he advised the young men to supplement their catechism with the religious works to be found in parish libraries

FORCE OF EXAMPLE. The necessity of leading lives such as would draw non Catholics to admire the Church which influences such lives was also dwelt upon. So far as each is derelict in his duty, so far is the kingdom of Christ kept back. Here D. Loughlin expressed the hope that all the young men have enrolled them-selves in the Army of Mary, that is, in her sodality, as well as being members of Catholic young men's literary in-stitutes intended for the cultivation of the intellect under the auspices of Holy Church. She not only teaches the truths of religion, but [also fosters the arts and sciences.

The advantages of the literary societies were here enumerated, the bringing together of Catholic young men in social intercourse, the commun icating to each other of the best qualities each possesses, the formation of a peculiarly Catholic atmosphere.

The work of these societies was eulogized and the members encouraged to continue to labor for them. Of the union he said that nothing has done more to elevate the tone of the Catholic young men and to give them standing before the whole city. During his connection with it as spiritual director he had not been able to find a single action which was not conducive to the glory of God, the exaltation of Holy Church and the good of the young men. They should be solicitous for the union. Love for the union will increase the love for their particular society. See that the interest is kept up in the individual society. Always have something to interest the

Nervous people find relief by enriching their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is the one true blood purifier and nerve tonic. Is Your Daughter in School?

There are thousand of sickly school girls dragging their way through school who might be enjoying the full vigor of their youth by taking Scott's Emulsion.

orders for India. Captain Sher that a pure, warm-hearted girl of handsome, chivalrous and good married in the quaint little chur and sailed the following week Great was the grief of all K friends when they bade her to bright and couracous ever, it looked fearlessly to the future, first pain of parting was over, out exceedingly.

Cousin Kate, or Mrs. Sherida andired by all on board the innot only for her beautiful face amanner, but for her sweet, kee with every one, to whom the vong and fatigueing.

not only for her beautini ace manner, but for her sweet, get with every one, to whom the vlong and fatigueing.

A week or two in Calcutta—a space—then Captain Sheridan with his men up country to q some restless natives. Kate by as cheerfully as she coul soldier that he was, went che duty, little dreaming that in could nover again behold the wenderly loved.

A week passed, then and another, without bringing any absent, but Kate buoyed herse hope that "no news was at leand was not at all prepared to blow that fell when intelliger Captain Sheridan and four of hikined in an encounter with the

ond.

Cousin Kate was two year
weet little Nora, and the g
ast friends and companion
ion of Cousin Kate was le

Dear mother! When I re ife, every moment of whith look back, was some one! -- of days in the cottage of some rook sick wife—mending and ck wife—mending and is, that always seem so ones, that always seem so poor man's cottage—and a game—and tell you of some of deeming feature in each at when she would come and trust in our der Lord at trust in our de

About two miles for The Glen, and, though for the past four years, we the heir, the grounds and condition, for old Denis we and, while he with lovin The O'Sullivan's in

Margaret, his wife, took.
The O'Sullivan's had it
out of mind, and in the o
two handsomer boys
Ireland than his two soms
Dermot was five years
and had a great protect
light-hearted Arthur.
If hi by nature, he had, at
was fifteen years of an
friend and confidant. I
old Squire would pour a
bitions for Arthur—his el
improvements he hoped
so that even before he re
could manage everythin
as the steward.
Often would the old S
son of an evening, rest. I
his shoulder and say;
I long for the day wheu
wife home to The Gien,
has gladdened the old M
bernot would smile a
father; give me time.
Whom I would smile a
that is give the History
when Arthur comes he
from Beaumont we will 11

Eilie O'Hara was th India officer, and lived Cottage, Killkee, abo Glen, and any one br Eilie can not well be in Briar Cottage, her fat tion, and fairly idolize man, afterwards her o ion. Mounted on her country for miles arou man, afterwards her often. Mounted on her recountry for miles arou if their ride took them rush, and often it did, many comrades-in-awould return by The 6 Squire and the Colon Dermot and Eilie wer wills, and found pleach other's society. Imappened it, time for great delight in seeing Colonel O'Hara as worn friends and co Colonel O'Hara at sworn friends and co years gone by, and, t by the Colonel's long ambition of their its by the Colone's stora ambition of their in cement their early it of Dermot and Ellie. Dearly did Dermot and Italic. Dearly did Dermot action of Dermot, too, and I horrid Dermot, accentration of Dermot, too, and I horrid Dermot, accentration of his great love. Naturally gay and being made much of hever have guessed love for herself, or it who was so willing the will be to be his wife. Once, when ridit stumbled and she will be the wife. Once, when ridit stumbled and she will be the wife. The will be the wife at the wife. The will be the wife. The wife will be the wife. The wife will be the wife. The wife will be wife with the wife will be wife. The wife will be wife with the wife will be wife. The wife will be wife with the wife will be wife with the wife will be wife with the wife