

THE SALOON IS AGAINST THE CHURCH

(By Rev. A. P. Doyle)

In the Temperance warfare we are in the thick of the battle, and victory has not so constantly crowned our efforts as to make us over-brazen of our methods of fighting. The time has come for us to modify, at least to some extent, our tactics.

A good general knows who his enemy is and where he is entrenched, and in planning an attack will first endeavor to silence the enemy's batteries. It is the sign of a feeble warrior to parade his army in the open field and to allow the guns of his enemy to produce havoc and destruction among his soldiers, and to content himself with boasting of his fine organization, and especially of his magnificent medical staff and its efficiency in binding up the wounds that are made or its ability in carrying the dead from the field.

Too often these have been our tactics. We have held rallies and organized societies and delivered speeches, and have got men and women and children by thousands to take the pledge. We have built up a magnificent temperance army, which we have paraded before the public eye, and have boasted of our deeds in reforming drunkards; but all this time the enemy has been doing his destructive work in thinning our ranks and in frightening off the stalwart men who have desired to join us, and the strangest of all is that we have not said or done as much as we ought to oppose our greatest enemy.

The immense stream of drunkenness bears down on its wave of destruction and death a vast crowd of 75,000 drunkards every year. This stream is likened to the great Niagara River. Above the Falls it is a placid stream and the pleasure-seeking rowers confidently push out on its quiet waters. The ripple at the bow and the festive song while away the delightful hours as they merrily float down the river. So the stream of drunkenness—the social glass is attractive, the good-fellowship, the festive song, the companionship in the saloon; all these lure men into security as down the stream they go, till from moderate drinking, they get into the swifter currents of intoxication. Some realize their danger and pull ashore to get behind the barrier the Temperance people have built along the bank. They take the pledge or get into a Temperance society; in its companionship they find their safety. But others, heedless of peril are getting out into the rapids, and only when they are being plunged down with irresistible force to the cataract do they become sensible of their danger, and then it is too late. All along they have been warned. Temperance men have gone up and down the banks of that river day after day, year in and year out, and have begged them for God's sake to come ashore; they have pleaded with hands raised to heaven, they have told them the fearful danger below, they have pictured in burning words the horrors of a drunkard's death over those terrible falls. They have done everything that human and divine ingenuity could suggest to save the poor wretches who are struggling in the boiling waters of the rapids. They have gone out to some poor fellow who has come almost to the brink of the precipice caught on some jagged rock or swaying branch, and have hauled him in. But in spite of it all, in spite of the vigorous measures used to save humanity, in spite of the money spent and the vital energies expended and efforts made by you and me and a thousand others along the banks of that river, still the stream pours on bearing on its bosom its frightful burden of ruined families, of blasted lives, of broken-hearted women and ruined children, of bloated wrecks of humanity; the 75,000 go down still year after year over that awful cataract to eternal damnation. And what is the reason? Would that we had realized it years ago!

Why, Friend, there are men who make it their business to push poor, helpless fellows into that stream. Do you want to know who they are? Read their names over the corner saloons of your town. The time was when, with pharisaical look, they held the first places in the churches, headed the lists of contributions with money rang from ruined families; they used to make great professions of their religion. But now the mast has been torn away—their sinister designs have been exposed. The Bishops in council have warned us against them. But still to day they go about among the temperance workers on the banks of the stream of Drunkenness, and with leek faces and smiling looks they applaud the efforts made to rescue the men; but when the rescuers are off their guard and their backs are turned, the poor fellows who have just been snatched from the drunkard's fate are enticed to the river's edge and again pushed into the foaming rapids. Often and often on the missions, when in a rum-besotted town special efforts have been made to save poor drunkards, have the liquor-sellers publicly said: "In a week the missionaries will be gone and we shall have our innings again." Often and often was it known that the liquor-sellers, when the mission had been finished and the Fathers gone, have received the pledge signed at the mission in payment for the first drink, knowing that once it was broken they would have a lien on the poor fellow's pocket as well as his soul.

Many are the artful devices used to get men to drink—the appeal to friendship, the glittering saloon with its free lunches, the salted beer provocative of

thirst, the bestowal of political favors; all these and many others keep the slaves within the charmed circle near by the river's edge, and every now and then some poor wretch is crowded from the bank into the raging waters down to his death. And some of us have not recognized our enemy. "He is a good fellow," we say; "he is a respectable man; he would not be guilty of such awful havoc; he goes to the Sacraments." So we have been blinded and cajoled into friendship.

But where is the man hating drunkenness as it deserves to be hated, who does not know that the saloon is the drunkard's factory? Where is the man who is a sincere lover of his Church, who is a well-wisher of his race, whose heart beats in sympathy for his fellow-man, who does not understand that one of the most potent factors in the degradation of humanity, and the most efficient agent in the destruction of man's higher nature, is the demon of drink?—and where this demon holds his high courts in the saloon, and his prime minister is the grog-seller.

The saloon sets itself against the Church and is wonderfully efficient in undoing the good work the Church tries to perform. See how in every effort the Church makes she is thwarted by the saloon. Her divine mission is to lead men to a higher and purer life. To do so she must have, as material to work with, the natural man with all his human qualities, his reason, his freedom of will. If there is one peculiar achievement that drunkenness can pride itself on, it is its faculty to deprive man of his reason and to rob him of his free-will; and to make a Christian out of a constant drunkard is like making bricks without straw, or trying to build a solid structure on the running waters. Drink maddens the intelligence—how can faith enlighten it? Drink drives the soul to despair—how can hope give it courage? Drink demonizes the heart—how can love ennoble it? What avail are sacraments where there is no manhood to Christianize? Where a town is infested with saloons drunkenness must be a prevalent vice.

The Church thrives on the religious instinct which, born in a man's heart, leads him to offer an acceptable service to God. The saloon crushes that instinct and thrives on the horrid craving for alcohol, which, once created, seeks to foster by the most ingenious devices, until the one whom the Church would have made a noble, God-fearing Christian becomes a besotted, trembling, slavish victim.

The Church has its sacrifices; so, too, the saloon. Its votaries offer on the counter, behind which stands the high priest, the choicest tributes a man can give—his health, his reason, the happiness of his home, the honor of his daughter, his life in this world, his soul in the next.

The Church has its moral code—it is, "Deny yourself; the saloon teaches the exact opposite—it says: "Eat, drink, and be merry;" the Church says, here is the prayer-book and the rosary; the saloon says, here is the bottle and the glass. The Church says, Sunday is the Lord's day, to be given to rest and religion. The saloon claims it as its day, to be given to rioting and debauchery. The Church calls it Sunday; the saloon makes it sin day.

What more is wanted to constitute the liquor traffic a religion diametrically opposed to the religion of God? What further evidence is necessary to show that one is set against the other; they are in silent but terrific contest? Little wonder then, to do its hellish work the saloon seeks to plant itself at the door of the Church, in order the better to grapple with its enemy. Little wonder we find it concocting schemes and weaving its net about its victims on festive Church occasions, at the baptism of a child, at the marriage or burial of a Christian. Little wonder we find the road to the grave lined, and the gate of the cemetery surrounded by the saloon, for at unguarded moments it knows too well how to ensnare its victims. What will be the outcome of this terrible struggle?

The saloon power is aggressive. It has entrenched itself in the halls of legislation. No home has been too sacred for it to respect. It has forced itself almost to the gates of the sanctuary. Every attraction that ingenuity can devise, from brandy drops for the child and the family entrance for the woman, to the brothel adjunct for the loose young man, have been pressed into service. Society has given it six days of the week; now it demands the seventh, and takes it without permission of the law. It has sacrificed at its altar each year thousands of husbands, brothers, and mothers. It is not enough—it must begin its work of corruption with the boyhood of the land. The laws of the land are openly spit upon and defied by this power. Nothing will satisfy it—its great maw is agape for fresh victims. Here is our enemy—mark him well!

This power must be chained, or respect for law must go. This power must be bridled, or institutions which we value more than life, the Christian Sunday, the Christian home, our personal liberty, the Church of God itself, will suffer disaster.

Which shall it be—old men, you who have seen red streams of precious blood flow to cement our free institutions till there was hardly a heart left that did not ache? Which shall it be, the saloon or your country? Which shall it be? Christian people who are wondering why the Church is losing ground, why the epidemic of unbelief is sweeping over the land, which shall it be, the Church of God or the saloon? Which shall it be? You cannot serve God and Mammon. Choose!

SOME CONVERSIONS.

(From "The Catholic World.")

It is interesting to hear of the strange channels through which some people born of Protestant parents and educated under thoroughly Protestant influences, are led into the Catholic Church. Sometimes it is after years of doubt and mental anguish; of wandering from church to church, and finding each one in turn less satisfying than the last, until some accident, apparently, leads them to study the source of all religion, and to their surprise they find the long-sought rest for heart and soul in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church.

Strange as it may seem, it rarely occurs to a Protestant to study the Catholic religion first, but some are led by a special and marvellous grace direct to this haven of peace. A lady recently related the circumstances of her own conversion. Her father was a clergyman of severe Calvinistic views, and all her friends and associates were of the same faith. In the small New England village where she lived no Catholic church has ever been built, and the first Catholic known there was an Irish laborer; a quiet, peaceable man enough, but he became an object of terror to all the children; probably because he never appeared at the meeting-house—neither on Sunday nor at weekly prayer-meetings. Although the minister had reason to wish him and tried to convince him of the error of his ways, he still preferred to go to "Mass."

In order to do so he was obliged to walk nearly nine miles, to the nearest town, every Sunday and back again. Never was the summer sun so hot, and seldom was the winter frost and storm so severe, as to keep "Jim" at home from Mass on Sundays; and it was this fact that impressed the young girl, and made her wonder what the attraction could be that drew him to S—

In all kinds of weather; for in other things Jim was considered somewhat lazy. So it was said in the village; but in after years she had reason to doubt some of the stories told about poor Jim, for she could then see that he was Catholic and Irish meant to the villagers everything that is vile. In spite of the many discouragements, however, he continued to live in that place for several years. It was before the days of high wages, and he earned but a poor living; and yet he seemed content with his little, but would allow nothing to interfere with his right to go to Mass whenever he pleased.

After one long severe winter and late spring there followed an unusually hot, dry summer, and one day Jim was missing from his work in the hay-field, to the great annoyance of the minister by whom he was just then employed. Something seemed to tell the minister's daughter that he had gone to Mass, although it was not Sunday; and as there were errands to be done in town that morning, she volunteered to take the hot drive, fully determined to gratify a desire that had long been in her heart without the least prospect of her ever being fulfilled. She received her mother's last orders and her father's parting injunction to be "merciful to the beast," with what patience she could command, and started off down the road at a trot; but it seemed to her the slowest horse walk, so furiously did her heart beat with her desire to overtake Jim, to offer him a "lift" as far as the church, and to get just one peep inside and see what kind of a place it could be.

She had almost reached the town when she finally caught sight of the familiar figure trudging along, with his coat thrown over his shoulder. She drew up beside him and asked timidly: "Have you much further to walk in this heat, Jim?" "Only to the church, ma'am; but it is powerful hot," he answered, as he mopped the perspiration from his forehead. "Let me take you to the door. You must be very tired; is there to be a meeting this morning?" "No meeting at all, but just Mass. It's a holiday, ma'am," said Jim. Simple enough was the answer, but what a holiday was she could not imagine. She has since learned that it was the fifteenth of August, the feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady.

Arrived at the little wooden church, with its cross crowned steeple, she allowed Jim to go in alone while she drove her "beast" under the shade of a tree and tied him there, then she too, entered alone, her heart thumping so noisily that she felt sure it must attract the attention of some one near her as she stole quietly into an empty pew and sat down. When she became more composed she looked curiously about her. The people were all kneeling and deeply absorbed in their devotions; no one paid any attention to her; she wondered at the lighted candles on the altar, the white-robed priest and the one altar boy who waited upon him. How still it was, and how solemn! The boy rang a little bell and the priest seemed to raise his hands; the people bowed in adoration as he raised the white disc above his head. What could it all mean? A strange thrill passed through her whole being; she dropped upon her knees and covered her face with her hands. She saw nothing more of the ceremony of the people about her; her lips framed not one word; but from her heart went up a prayer for light that she might understand; for whatever it was, whatever it could mean, from this moment it was life to her.

What need to follow her further? In her soul she was a Catholic from that moment. It seemed to her that she had always been in quest of something, and here she found it.

While visiting a friend in the city the following winter she sought an interview with a priest and told him her story—her struggles and her difficulties—and asked for help and instruction. It was given, and the strangest part of all to her was that from that moment of the Elevation in the little country church, she never felt the slightest doubt or uncertainty, and many things that are apt to be obscure at first to the student of Catholicity were to her mind as clear as day from the very beginning.

Another remarkable conversion was that of a young woman seamstress in a family where all the domestics were Catholics.

One afternoon she was out with the cooking done some errands, and before going home they went to the cathedral because the cook wished to go to confession, and she waited for her in a pew near the confessional. For some time afterwards the poor cook had to bear an amount of chaffing about "hiding in a little box, behind a green curtain, and telling her sins to the priest." "Indeed, and it's yourself that ought to be telling your sins to the priest," was ever the good-natured answer to her nonsense. This must have made some impression, for one day the seamstress came to me and said with a laugh:

"Where do you think I have been to-day?" "I had seen but little of the girl before this, and was not a little surprised at the question. She had seemed to me very frivolous, and I had taken no interest in her; so I answered indifferently:

"I cannot imagine, Mary. Perhaps you have been having your picture taken?"

"Oh, no! I have been to confession!"

"I did not know that you were a Catholic, Mary," I said.

"And I never was until now. Father B— is teaching me my catechism, and Lizzie, the cook, is going to be my god-mother."

Thoroughly interested now, I asked her to tell me the whole story.

Lizzie's oft-repeated assertion that she ought "to be telling her sins to a priest" brought forth the answer on one occasion:

"I suppose you think I wouldn't dare?"—at which they all laughed together.

Some time later she was again passing the cathedral, and the doors being open, she went in "just to look into that box and see what it was like inside." She felt around the sides of the box, and as she put her hand on the grating a voice said: "Kneel down, my child. How long since your last confession?"

"I never went to confession before, sir," she said with an embarrassed laugh: "I am not a Catholic."

"Then what brought you here, child?" asked the priest kindly.

"I only came to see what a confession-box was like, sir," she answered, "and to be able to tell the girls I had been to confession; but I don't know anything about it."

"Well, now that you are here, I will tell you all about it, and then you will not make such a foolish mistake again."

And so he told her all about it, and Mary is a good practical Catholic now—and so are her husband and children.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

TRUTHFULNESS.

Wherefore, putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man to his neighbor; for we are members one of another. (Eph. iv. 25.)

St. Paul here teaches us that truthfulness of speech should be a mark of those who profess the true faith. He speaks of the darkness of understanding, the ignorance, the blindness of heart of those who are alienated from the life of God; "but you," he says, "have not so learned Christ. You have been taught the truth as it is in Jesus. You have been taught to put off the old man who is corrupted according to the desires of errors, and to put on the new man, who, according to God, is created in justice and holiness of truth; wherefore, putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man to his neighbor, for we are members one of another."

Yet, even without these supernatural reasons and motives, the duty of truthfulness is plain to every one by the light of natural reason alone. The gift of speech which so strongly marks the distinction between man and the lower animal, enables us to clearly communicate our thoughts to each other. If, then, we make it a means of deceiving others, we plainly offend against the law of nature, which is God's law. In every relation of life we are obliged to depend upon the statements of other men; and we have a right to the truth from them, and it is therefore our duty to tell the truth to others. We can have no feeling of security if we cannot trust the word of those with whom we are brought into daily contact. If lying is common in any class or community; it creates a spirit of distrust and uneasiness instead of that mutual confidence which should prevail.

A high sense of honor in men of the world will often make them strictly truthful. Such men despise a lie as something base and mean and utterly beneath them. If, then, purely human motives, a mere sense of worldly honor, will keep men from lying, how much more should this fault be avoided by those who claim to be trying to serve God, and who are constantly assisted by His grace. Our Lord has told us that liars are the children of the devil, "for he is a liar

and the father thereof." But we are called to be the children of God, who is the eternal truth; we have been given the light of the true faith. We glory in the certain truth of our religion; should we not then be zealous for the cause of truth in all things, even in the least. Absolute, unswerving truthfulness in speech should therefore make the true disciple of Christ.

"But," some may say, "a lie is only a venial sin. Yes, it is true that a lie which is not malicious, which does not, and is not intended to, harm our neighbor in any way, is not a mortal sin; but it is the meanest of venial sins; and we know that a long and terrible purgatory awaits those who are guilty of deliberate venial sin. Moreover, carelessness about the commission of venial sin leads to mortal offences, and there is nothing which will more readily lead a man into other and graver faults as the habit of deliberate untruthfulness.

Cultivate, then, a love for truth, and seek to acquire the habit of truthfulness even in the smallest matters. Every one despises a deceitful person, and there is nothing a man resents so much as being called a liar. If you do not like being called a liar, do not be one.

Advice to a Young Man.

Young man beginning life, resolve that you will never use a dollar in speculation that is not in law and equity absolutely your own, and remember further, young man, that while wealth is honorable when honestly achieved, it is only a means to the end of nobler and wiser, because more independent, living. And, furthermore, let the young man remember that he cannot afford to sell reputation for a song. Remember to live within your honest means, and never marry a wife who is not willing to live within your honest means. Never seek to shine socially on the strength of money that is not your own; and never allow the stupid clack of peacock people of mushroom growth to make you forget that an "honest man is the noblest work of God."

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Devotional

For the Month of October

October 1st: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 2nd: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 3rd: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 4th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 5th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 6th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 7th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 8th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 9th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 10th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 11th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 12th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 13th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 14th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 15th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 16th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 17th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 18th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 19th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 20th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 21st: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 22nd: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 23rd: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 24th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 25th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 26th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 27th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 28th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 29th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. October 30th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer.

NOVEMBER

November 1st: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 2nd: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 3rd: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 4th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 5th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 6th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 7th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 8th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 9th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 10th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 11th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 12th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 13th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 14th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 15th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 16th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 17th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 18th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 19th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 20th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 21st: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 22nd: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 23rd: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 24th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 25th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 26th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 27th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 28th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 29th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. November 30th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer.

DECEMBER

December 1st: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 2nd: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 3rd: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 4th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 5th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 6th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 7th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 8th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 9th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 10th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 11th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 12th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 13th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 14th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 15th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 16th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 17th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 18th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 19th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 20th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 21st: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 22nd: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 23rd: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 24th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 25th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 26th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 27th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 28th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C. Ayer. December 29th: The Holy Angels; by Rev. J. C