with the intense gaze of a man who

was keenly alive to the peril he had voluntarily involved himself in, and

also calmly and rationally alert for any

chance of escape therefrom. His hear-

ing, remarkably acute at all times, was rendered doubly so by his present ex-

probably a cow grazing on the tender cane-shoots, so dear to the palate of that

many against, it being a human being.

The ditch that he was guarding was in

a very lonely part of the woods, be-tween the two places. The crackling

of dry twigs came nearer. It had an irregular, halting sound. On the one

chance of its being a person, the major

sent a lusty "halloo" from his damp couch in the bottom of the ditch.

to him in a ringing voice:

the man in the ditch.

"Why, major!"

"Well, Fred!"

that voice.'

To his surprised pleasure came back

"Halloo yourself? Where are you,

"I'm down in the big ditch, and I

The undecided, hesitating crackling

among the dry twigs was exchanged for a very decided sound of fast run-

ning, which in an incredibly short

time brought Fred Southmead's startled

"What are you doing there?" Fred

"Not reclining on a bed of roses

'Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, May stop a hole to keep the wind away,

why may not the arm of a live Yanke

ing further damage to this levee be-

fore help comes. Sorry I'm not in

"Force of circumstances, my dear boy. Ten minutes ago I doubt if I

could have afforded a jest at my own

expense, but I'm pretty well convinced that it is a craw-fish hole, and, although

not relieved, I am not as badly scared

as I was. I don't think the levee'

going at a rush."
"Who has gone for help? I believe

you would jest at your coffin."
"Mrs. Ralston has gone for help.

At it, probably (my coffin, I mean), but

not in it. You perceive I am categori

in that hole?'

eft near it.

you?

at school.

his head.

relief to me.

sack right here.

"Why did'nt you stuff a gunny sack

"One of my most urgent requests was that every ditch should have sacks

Squire Thorn was never known to

do any thing right," says Fred, with boyish vehemence. "He is an em-

boyish vehemence. "He is an em-bodied mistake. But can't I do any

thing but stand here and look down at

"Not unless you had a sack, and

"I've got that very thing. I was running about in the woods gathering

a lot of gray moss to send to our Jean

"And I've got a trowel, too," says

"It's a little like eating soup with a

Flinging the sack into the ditch as

oss, with hands and trowel.

had it full, and, springing down into the ditch, heedless of briers and water,

he rolled it as close as possible to the spot where the major's arm was still

doing duty for a stopper.
"Bravo, my young levee-man. But,

after all, I find myself in the position of Henry Clay with the billy-goat—

afraid to hold on, and daren't let go

fail to get that heavy sack at the right

spot simultaneously, we'd be worse off

than ever. I'm afraid I couldn't help

you much, as my arm is pretty well benumbed."

"You've got no confidence in me

"My dear Fred, I've got all the con-

fidence in the world in your head and

heart, but very little in your muscle

Ah!" At this moment the men Ursula

nad sent came crashing through the

bushes with their spades upon their shoulders. "You are none too soon,

boys! Cut some piles quickly, and drive them on both sides me as near as

possible. Of course you brought sacks

The men looked blankly at each

"Troof is, Mars Major, Miss Sulle

When the merits of a good thing are con-

Forethought is not an attribute

other. Of course they had not brought

You think I'm a muff.'

with you?

"Dar now!"

of this child-like race.

If I withdraw my arm, and you should

splinter, but it would be a tremendous

Fred, waving one triumphantly over

I've got a long 'picking

It's a mistake of the squire's."

something to fill it with.'

"Yes; but how to fill it?"

There are none here

position to take off my hat to you.'

You take it pretty coolly.

eaned over the brink to ask.

my boy, but, you know, if

face and wondering eyes to bear upon

want to communicate with the owner of

can do it. Who is to hinder giving such power to man?



Mr. Milo Gilson,

is, N. Y., Lumber Company, says Hood's Sarsaparilla. She failed to gain strength after a severe illness, felt missie, could not sleep, and had no appewhen she took Escod's Sarsaparilla.

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I'ls own experience was that in the spring he was all run down, had weakness and dis-tress in the stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla trought him right, and ho and heavier round all is now better than for pans deavier years past. Thousands, yes almost Millions of Pecple, testify to the wonderful value of Hool's Sarsaparilla for that fired feeling from enkness of mind, nerves or body. It is the helping hand which restores full health and strength. Mr. John J. Scully, President

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## The New Man at Rossmere

"No, oh, no, I won't mistake!" Sula looked with frightened eyes from him to the trickling water. As he him to the trickling water. As he stood in the ditch on the land side of the levee, the waters on the outside of it were a foot or two higher than his head. Should the levee give way with the sudden and explosive force customary with them, his position would be fatal. He would be swept away like an autumn leaf on the rushing rushing current. "How can you ward off this peril?" she asked. "You have nothing to work with! Let me stay, and you go for help. You can ride faster than I.

He saw through the tender ruse to begile him from his perilous position, and a smile of ineffable sweetness chased the anxiety from his grave eyes as they rested on her agitated fea-

tures. "What could you do, dear?"

In that moment of suppressed excite-ment and impending doom it did not seem strange to her that he should thus address her. It sounded simple, right,

true, and very sweet.
"You cannot possibly get anyone here under half an hour," he resumed, hurriedly. "In that time much might hurriedly. "In that time much harriedly. There is but one chance for hannen. There is but one chance for hannen. I shall give the levee ; that one chance I shall give it. The danger increases every second. Ride at your utmost speed. Do not spare the roan; have only a her rider's neck. Wait. Take from my hat there my papers and my watch. If anything happen—keep the watch, please, as a souvenir of your mortal foe. Now go." He smiled bravely up into her go." He smiled bravely up into ner pale face; then, throwing himself prone upon his side, he thrust his bared right arm into the soft ooze of the soil where the trickling stream ran through. 'Sula stretched her hands

through. Sum over him imploringly.

over him imploringly. The peril is too "Come with me. The peril is too great. Let those who have brought it upon themselves suffer for their crimi-

nal neglect."

"The women and children who would suffer the most did not bring it about. If my right arm can serve to stop this leak until you fetch succor, it will have done loyal service for the land you love. Every second's delay increases the danger to the levee and

His voice was so steady, his eye so resolute, his cramped and painful attitude so determined in its sacrificial eroism, that 'Sula felt her own weaker soul roused to an answering resolution.

'Surely the good God will not le such self-abnegation fail of its re-ward," she murmured to herself as she

turned trembling away from him.
"He will keep him until I can bring Stirling heard her, as she hastily re treated, unmindful now of the merciless briers that smote her in the face or of the rough ground that impeded her footsteps. He heard the quick tramp-ling of her horse's feet over the short He heard the quick trampwooden bridge that spanned this ditch where it crossed the road, then the sound of her rapid progress died away in the distance, and he knew that thirty long and anxious minutes at must elapse before she could possibly send him any relief. length of time what might not happen? If this spouting water, whose flow he had checked by making a stopper of his arm, had been caused by a recently made craw-fish hole, he might successf, on the contrary, it had been running all night and softening the interior of the entire levee, at any moment he whole structure might yield to the tremendous pressure of water against it, give way, and allow the foe they had defied for weeks to enter, making a broad and desolating pathway for itself, sweeping away the hopes of hundreds, and even sweeping him, Stirlng Denny, into eternity. On the fleetness of a horse's feet, urged on by woman's trembling hand, perhaps,

his life was hanging.

And with this consciousness on her. too, Ursula sped through the woods, with a white face and an aching heart. With whip and voice she urged the roan forward, quivering with nervous ness as the animal's sharp shrill neighng rent the quiet air in noisy protest against this sudden separation from the Black Prince. With that strange faculty of mental absorption by which we take unconscious note of the most trivial objects or occurrences during our sorest soul-travail, she heard the mocking-birds answering each other in tones of gay defiance; she noted how thickly the wild blue-bells blossomed along the roadside; her senses accredited the delightful fragrance that greeted them at a certain turn in the road to the elder-bushes, whose lace-like clusters she remen bered were always thickest in that spot. The low-hanging branches of a syca-more by the roadside rudely brushed the plume in her riding-hat as she galloped under them; she would certainly ask Uncle Ephe to cut that low branch away; the touch of it seemed to vibrate through her nerves for many a day after that reckless ride. Every faculty was on the alert; every sense was imbued with tenfold acuteness. Yet she was aware of no thought but of the resolute man she had left behind, who might even at that moment be offering up his precious life, a useless

sacrifice She bent over in her saddle to lift

A dry, hacking cough keeps the bronchial tubes in a state of constant irritation, which, if not speedily removed, may lead to bronchitis. No prompter remedy can be had than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which is both an anodyne and expectorant.

the clumsy wooden latch to the squire's pasture gate. Two of his plowmen, with bridles swung over their shoulders, were lazily approaching it from the other side. She drew rein directly across their path, and said, with slow precision, her own voice sounding un-familiar to her:
"Throw down those bridles. Take

axes and spades, and go as fast as you possibly can to the big ditch, where the button willows grow. The levee is about to break. Major Denny is it with his life. He is the guarding it with his life. He is the best friend we all have. If we are saved it will be by him."

The stolid indifference of the men, who stood motionless irritated her into a frenzy of im-patience. Her voice was shrill with pain as she asked: "What are you standing there, staring at me for Why do you not go-stupid, ungrateful things that you are.

"Our mules is out'n de paster missy; we wuz jes' a gwine fur 'em, an' I wuz a stud' in' how we could git dar de quickiss.' We'se got spades an' axes hid in de woods clost to dat ve'y ditch.

Ursula glided to the ground while they were speaking. She pointed imperiously to her own empty saddle. "Mount, both of you. Ride as fast and what do you want?' as the horse can carry you - if you

Her last words were cast upon the vacant space where a second the roan had stood, with quivering flanks and dilated nostrils. she had sent succor to Stirling Denny, she had time to realize her own overwrought condition. She felt dizzy and faint. Sinking upon the side of the levee, she bowed her head upon her knees, while sob after sob con-vulsed her slender frame. She felt the better for her tears. Suddenly she sprang to her feet again. Suppos these stupid negroes should go to the wrong ditch? Suppose they should wrong ditch? Suppose they should lag so in their coming it would be too late? Suppose Stirling Denny was at that moment being over-

serve an equally useful end with another one of the elements? I am stop was at that moment being over-whelmed by the surging water? She must find Squire Thorn, and send him to the resense. The ping a hole, Fred, in hopes of preven to the rescue. The house was in sight; a mile of rapid walking and she would be there. She gathered her heavy skirts about her, and hastened forward on foot. She passed a cabin door, where the inmates were loitering in noonday idleness. Two men, slat-wart field hands, lay lazily stretched, face downward, on the gallery floor, in friendly juxtaposition to several dogs. A woman, "in unwomanly rags," upon an inverted wash-tub, giving nourishment to a baby whose slovenly appearance was in keeping with its surroundings; an old woman, decrepi from age, glanced up from her task of stringing red peppers to send a won-dering glance of her bleared eyes after Sula, as she swept swiftly by the tum-ble down fence which barred this ble-down fence which barred this thriftless abode of a thriftless people from the public road. Half a dozen boys, ragged, happy and dirty, were playing marbles in the rain-beaten road, their faces beaming with animal content and bacon grease. Mrs. Ralston's skirts sent their "white taws and "china alleys" in every direction. With good-natured grins they replaced them and resumed their sport. At every cabin door, with some slight variations, this grouping was repeated. The unthinking placidity of those dark faces smote upon 'Sula's excited nerves. She was in a frame of mind to take issue with Providence on the seeming lack of justice displayed in Its work-Was it for such as these that Stirling Denny's precious life was being jeopardized? They were not worthy of it. Not worthy that harm

followed by many stolidly wondering She reached the home at glances. Squire Thorn had just come in from his daily task of watching his mules consume their rations when Ursula pallid and bemired, stood before him in the doorway of his own hall. She spoke in a voice of querulous com-

should come to one hair of his dear

She swept past the "quarters,

"Go to your willow ditch. Your mortal foe is there risking his life to save the levee you have neglected. The levee across your big ditch is about to give way. Go."

mand:

Squire Thorn needed no second bidding. Her news was of so alarming character that it did not occur to him to resent the manner of its delivery He was soon clattering down the road on old Whitey. Agnes hearing a sharp feminine voice in excited monologue in the hall, came out just as 'Sula's overtaxed system yielded to the strain, and she sank, sobbing hysterically, into her hostess's arms.

CHAPTER XV.

The sound of the horse's retreating hoofs had long since died away in the distance, and Stirling Denny's eyes

Those who believe that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure them are more liable to get well than those who don't. If you happen to be one of those who don't believe, there's a matter of \$500 to help your faith. It's for you if the makers of Dr. Sage's remedy can't cure you, no matter how bad or of how long standing your catarrh in the head

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You wind your watch once a day. Your liver and bowels should act as gularly. If they do not, use a key.
The key is—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant regularly. Pellets. One a dose.

done skeert us up so bad bout yer, dat SERMON BY FATHER DAMEN were resting on the green and shady woods that closed in closely about him we didn't teck time to fotch nuffin ourseffs-did we, Jeff?" "Dat's de livin' troof, boss!" Jeff

says, swinging his sharp ax at one blow half-way through a slim cotton-

wood sapling.
"Cut the piles and drive them close together. Mr. Southmead has a sack here. Fill it as full as possible. Be quick. The ooze around my arm grows softer every second. The danger is Mr. Southmead has a sack

great, boys."

With quick, rhythmic strokes the men felled some half-dozen slender saplings, pointed each one sharply at one end, and drove them well down ruminant, or a mule astray from the plowhands of Tievina or Thorndale. There was one chance for, to a great in the bottom of the ditch on both sides the major. Then they lifted the sack to swing it into position.
"Is it quite full?" Stirling asked,

anxiously.

They shook its contents into a more compact mass, and added a few spades-

ful of earth. "Now, then, when I say 'ready, swing it promptly into position just where my arm comes out. Fred, stand back, please; get up on the bank

vonder.

"One! two! three! Ready!" With the activity of his nature he brang to his feet. With the sluggish sprang to his feet. With the sluggish deliberation of theirs, they swung the sack into the ooze in the discrepancy was fatal. Like a senti ent thing enraged at imprisonment, and fearful of being again baffled in its evil intent, the water spouted through in a stream of ominous dimensions. A sudden fissure on the brown surface of the levee told of the coming catastrophe; a fatal widening of the crack; in another second the water had forced a free passage for itself, and came in a narrow stream from

chance left! You must build around my body. Drive piles thick and fast. Fling in the loose earth; sacks and men will be nere presently. Work like beavers rather than men; work for your homes, not mine, boys. We'll win

base to crown on the levee. But one

With the excitement of battle in voice and mien, Stiling Denny sprang into the fast widening fissure, and dropping his arms, held them closely by his sides, to present as solid a line as possible to the encroaching water.

The two men worked like ten. They were thoroughly aroused at last. Fred aided their efforts by dragging the piles to the ditch as fast as they cut and sharpened them. No sound was heard but the ringing blows of the axes, the panting of the workers, and an occasional calm command from the man who now stood up to his arm pits in the water. neartless caroling of the birds went on.

More efficient aid soon arrived Squire Thorn, followed by a strong force, equipped with everything neces sary for levee patching, now appeared I wenty brawny arms were quickly building a fresh barricade to landward on the major's back, across the ditch, With Fred's sack for a foundation stay," the loose earth was thrown in between the close-driven piles, arranged like an old fashioned lye In half an hour more the nopper. same brawny arms drew Stirling from his durance vile, and placed him upon the dry sod, a very sore and thoroughly soaked man, but a hero crowned with

"By George, Denny, you're a plucky follow, if you are a Yankee!" Squire Thorn exclaimed, in bungling enthusiasm, as he seized the young man's wet hands in both his own. "I doubt if there is any other man in the country that'd thought of that road to salva-

"It is the old story of the pound of cure where the ounce of prevention would have sufficed," said Denny, coldly, shaking himself after the

near the major as possible, Fred re-tained the open end in his own hand and flung the broad band, by which fashion of a wet Newfoundland dog. The alarm had spread by this time the cotton-picker swings these long Lowell sacks about his neck in picking far and wide, and the major was still seated on a pile of sacks, gathering strength from rest for his homeward time, over a bush, to keep the mouth open, then with a frantic energy he ride, when re-enforcements from all the shoveled the loose earth from the bank lake country came trampling through into the bag, already nearly full of the briers.

Each one had to hear how near destruction they had all come, and how the new man at Rossmere had sprung bodily into the breach and strayed the rushing of waters until the levee had been patched with a "run-around;" each one had to voice his gratitude and admiration in words of strong and sincere meaning, and each one had to give the squire a little dig for his neglect.

The day was far gone when Black Prince deposited his master at his own loor, stiff and sore of body, but jubilant of spirit.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Rev. Wm. Hollinshed Pastor of the Presbyterian church of Sparts.
N. J., voluntarily writes strongly in favor thood's Sarsaparilla. He says: "Nothing know of will cleause the blood, stimulate the view or clean the stomach like this remedy throw of scores and scores who have been belped or cured by it."

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entire system.

Mrs. H. Hall, Navarino, N. Y., writes:
"For years I have been troubled with Liver Complaint. The doctors said my liver was hardened and enlarged. I was troubled with dizziness, pain in my shoulder, constipation, and gradually losing flesh all the time. I was under the care of three physicians, but did not get any relief. A friend sent me a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable discovery, and the benefit I have received from it is far beyond my expectation. I feel better now than I have done for years."

"MANY MEN, MANY MINDS," but all men When the merits of a good thing are considered, it only requires proof like the following to convince and settle any doubt.—
Constantine, Mich., U. S. A., Feb. 16, 1887:
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Confession.

PREACHED AT THE IMMACULATE CHURCH, NEW YORK, 1879.

"That you may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, then did Jesus say to the man sick of the palsy. "Take up thy bed, and walk into thy house." (Matt.

Dearly beloved Christians, there is hardly a doctrine of our holy religion on account of which we are so frequently calumniated, slandered and misrepresented, as on account of con-fession. How often have you heard it asserted, sometimes by ministers of the Gospel, sometimes in Sabbath schools, and sometimes in books, in which we are calumniated and slandered, that Catholics believe that, in order to obtain the pardon of their they have to do is to go and tell them to a priest; and, after having done so. they can commence again their course of sin; and others have gone so far as to say that we Catholics have to pay to the priest a certain amount of mo in order to obtain the pardon of our sins; and a certain English minister or preacher has even ventured so far as to give the various prices for which sins are forgiven in

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH He says that whan a Catholic has been guilty of murdering his father or his mother, and wishes to obtain pardon of the sin, he has to pay a pound sterling, that is 85; when he has been guilty of adultery, half that sum, or \$2.50; when guilty of fornication, the same; when he has whipped his wife, a crown, or \$1, and when he has been gloriously drunk, a shilling will do. laughter.)

Well, now, all of you, my dear Catholics, you, who have been going to con-fession all the days of your life, well know that you have never paid one penny to obtain the pardon of your sins. What must we think of such men who preach the Gospel, and what must we think of such a religion that endeavors to put down another by calumny and slander? Is that the religion of God? Is that Christianity? I leave it to your own good sense to judge-to the good sense of those who are not Cathalics, and who have heard it repeatedly. Is that the spirit of God? Is that char ity?-to put down another body of Christians by slandering and misrepresenting their doctrines. Why do they not attack the real doctrines of the Church? Why have they beaten the way attacking doctrines, of which, in reality, their ignorance clearly shows they know nothing. Every Catholic abhors the idea of believing that sins can be forgiven for money. The Cath-olic Church considers it one of the greatest sacrileges in existence. If a priest were to take money for forgiving sins, according to the laws of the Catholic Church that priest could never exercise priestly functions any more; but there never has been an instance of that kind, for that pries would be degraded for life. What, then, is the Catholic doctrine on

sins can be forgiven without true and sincere repentance, on the part of the sinner for the sins, by which he has offended God, and a firm resolution to avoid all sins for the future. Catholic: "Can the priest forgive you your sins, if you are not sorry for Even the most ignorant Catholic will answer you: sins can be forgiven without true and "Do you not believe in that, my dear Protestant friends?" "Of course I do," you say in reply. Now Then, that is the Catholic doctrine. again, the Catholic Church teaches that no sin can be forgiven, even if we have true, and sincere sorrow for the same, unless we are fully determined to do all in our power to avoid sin for the future; for there would be no sincere repentance unless there was also a determination to commence a new life. My dear Protestant friend, have you any objection to that? that is precisely my opinion." then, you are so far a Catholic without knowing it. That is the Catholic doctrine: you see, if you only knew the Catholic religion, many of you would abandon your errors and you would embrace the truth. But the misfortune is this, that many of your preach ers keep you in error, and they will not let you see the doctrine of the Cath olic Church, for they know very well

THE SUBJECT OF CONFESSION?

The Cathole Church teaches that no

if you were to know the doctrines of the Catholic Church you would become Catholics, unless some human consider ations would hold you from embracing the truth. So, then, the Catholic doctrine is, that when a man has a true and sincere repentance for his sins, and a firm resolution to do all in his power to avoid sin for the future, and when, with these dispositions, he confesses to the priest of God, then the priest has the power of forgiving his sins in the name of God, and by THE AUTHORITY OF GOD.

"So that," says my Protestant friend,

you believe the priest has the power f forgiving sins. Well, now, I do not of forgiving sins. believe in that, that a man can forgive sins. I shall never believe it that. not the priest a man?" "Why, of course he is a man; he is not a woman." "Well, then, I shall never believe that the priest can forgive sins." Now, my Protestant friend, are you reasonable in your objection to that? Let us examine whether God can give such power to man, to forgive sins in His name, and by His authority, if He chooses to do so. What do you say to that? Can God give such power to man? "Of course," says my Protestant friend, "God can do anything; God is all powerful. If God wishes to give such power to man, He

going to prove to you, I has given this power "No, sir, you can never says my Protestant friend." prove to you that God has g prove to you that God has g power to man: for no man, mon sense or reason, can d a momont that God can give man. I shall prove it to e Bible, and that is the book do you not, my dear Protestai It is the book of God, for Catholics have a very high v and it is from this holy be that I shall prove that God such power to man.

In the ninth chapter of th Matthew we read that tain occasion there was b fore our Divine Lord a man palsy, and when our Blesse the poor palsied man He with compassion, and s thy sins are forgiven thee,

THE SCRIBES AND PH.

eard the Blessed Saviour sins are forgiven thee," an mured within themselves precisely as our Protestant Who can forgive sins And Christ, reading the sec of their minds, said: " murmur at this? Which i say, thy sins are forgiven up thy bed and walk into "But," said He, "that know that the Son of Mar not say that you may k Son of God, but — "the know that the Son of know Christ was born G He is God from all eteri the Father and the Hol He became man eighteen seventy-nine years ago, the power on sins—"and then give sinsthe man sick of the pal-thy bed and walk into th the sick man was instan he took up his bed and

the house. Here, our I performed a miracle to even as man, He had forgiving sins.
Now, in St. John, twe our Saviour says: "I been given to Me in earth, therefore, as the sent Me, I also send you been vested by the F power, so I also send all power," and then them (Apostles) He said the Holy Ghost; whos forgive, they are forg whose sins you shall r retained." Now, my friends, you who say t teacher, I beg of you, God, to divest yourse judices, of all preconcei kindly, sincerely, be the Bible, study the Christ. What did Ch He said, breathing up "Receive ye the Hol is the Holy Ghost? is the Third Person Trinity. "Receive Ghost;" that is, "Rec

of God," for Holy Gl

Scriptures, frequently power of God, as in the

our Divine Saviour s

days hence you shall of God." What wa

God? It was the

Holy Ghost on the

they are forgiven the

eive ve there

THE ACTS OF TH

clear and explicit? Divine Saviour me Whose sins you sl are forgiven them what He said? There was no dup there was no double He did not say or another thing. W Apostles: "Whose give, they are fo gave them the pow Some years ago, of St. Francis Xa and when I came with the sick lady I asked the doctor with the lady for he did so. In the the lady's confessi religion, the sacra Having got throu tor that he migh doctor was a Yan that the Yankees tive people, and (laughter), and "What ha sir?" "Well, do pertinent question you are driving 'You do not pr sins, do you?" se sir, I do." "W doctor, "that is power." "Yes,

> of forgiving sin "NO SIR." S "Well, docto Saviour mean, His Apostles, I Holy Ghost ; w give they are did Christ mean 'Well, I decla tough questio doctor. Will answer it?"

not believe in

said I. "No, s

I do not believe

you believe the