

## The Priest's Soul.

(By Lady Wilde.)

In former days there were great schools in Ireland, where every sort of learning was taught to the people and even the poorest had more knowledge at that time than many a gentleman has now. But as to the priests, their learning was above all, so that the fame of Ireland went over the whole world, and many kings from foreign lands used to send their sons all the way to Ireland to be brought up in the Irish schools.

Now at this time there was a little boy learning at one of them who was a wonder to everyone for his cleverness. His parents were only laboring people, and of course poor; but young as he was, and poor as he was, no king's or lord's son could come up to him in learning. Even the masters were put to shame; for when they were trying to teach him he would tell them something they never heard of before, and show them their ignorance. One of his great triumphs was in arguments; he would go on till he proved to you that black was white, and then when you gave in, for no one could beat him in talk, he would turn round and show you that white was black, and maybe that there was no color at all in the world. When he grew up his poor father and mother were so proud of him that they resolved to make him a priest, which they did at last, though they nearly starved themselves to get the money. Well, such another learned man was not in Ireland, and he was as great in argument as ever, so that no one could stand before him. Even the bishops tried to talk to him, but he showed them at once they knew nothing at all.

Now there were no schoolmasters in those times, but it was the priests who taught the people. As this man was the cleverest in Ireland, all the foreign kings sent their sons to him, as long as he had house-room to give them.

So he grew very proud, and began to forget how low he had been, and worst of all, even to forget God, who had made him what he was. And the pride of arguing got hold of him, so that from one thing to another he went on to prove that there was no Purgatory, and then no Hell, and then no Heaven, and then no God; and at last that men had no souls, but were no more than a dog or a cow, and when they died there was an end to them.

"Whoever saw a soul?" he would say. "If you can show me one, I will believe."

No one could make any answer to this; and at last they all came to believe that as there was no other world, everyone might do what they liked in this; the priest setting the example, for he took a beautiful young girl to wife. But as no priest or bishop in the whole land could be got to marry them, he was obliged to read the service over himself. It was a great scandal, yet no one dared to say a word, for all the king's sons were on his side, and would have slaughtered anyone who tried to prevent his wicked going-on. Poor boys, they all believed in him, and thought every word he said was the truth.

In this way his notions began to spread about, and the whole world was going to the bad, when one night an angel came down from heaven, and told the priest he had but twenty-four hours to live. He began to tremble, and asked for a little more time.

But the angel was stiff, and told him that could not be.

"What do you want time for, you sinner?" he asked.

"Oh, sir, have pity on my poor soul!" urged the priest.

"Oh, so! You have a soul, then," said the angel. "Pray, how did you find that out?"

"It has been fluttering in me ever since you appeared," answered the priest. "What a fool I was not to think of it before."

"A fool, indeed," said the angel. "What good was all your learning, when it could not tell you that you had a soul?"

"Ah, my lord," said the priest, "if I am to die, tell me how soon I may be in heaven."

"Never," replied the angel. "You denied there was a heaven."

"Then, my lord, may I go to purgatory?"

"You denied Purgatory also; you must go straight to Hell," said the angel.

"But, my lord, I denied Hell also," answered the priest, "so you can't send me there either."

The angel was a little puzzled.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you what I can do for you. You may either live now on earth for a hundred years, enjoying every pleasure, and then be cast into Hell for ever, or you may die in twenty-four hours in the most horrible torments, and pass through Purgatory, there to remain till the Day of Judgment, if only you can find some one person that believes, and through his belief mercy will be vouchsafed to you, and your soul will be saved."

The priest did not take five minutes to make up his mind.

"I will have death in the twenty-four hours," he said, "so that my soul may be saved at last."

On this the angel gave him directions as to what he was to do, and left him.

Then immediately the priest entered the large room where all the scholars and the king's sons were seated, and called out to them:

"Now, tell me the truth, and let none fear to contradict me; tell me what is your belief—have men souls?"

"Master," they answered, "once we believed that men had souls; but, thanks to your teaching, we believe so no longer. There is no Hell, and no Heaven, and no God. This is our belief, for it is thus you taught us."

Then the priest grew pale with

fear and cried out: "Listen! I taught you a lie. There is a God, and man has an immortal soul. I believe now all I denied before."

But the shouts of laughter that echoed round the room told him that they thought he was only trying them for argument.

"Prove it, master," they cried.

"Prove it. Who has ever seen God? Who has ever seen the soul?"

And the room was stirred with their laughter.

The priest stood up to answer them, but no word could he utter.

All his eloquence, all his powers of argument had gone from him; and he could do nothing but wring his hands and cry out: "There is a God! There is a God! Lord have mercy on my soul!"

And they all began to mock him, and repeat his own words that he had taught them—

"Show Him to us; show us your God." And he fled from them, groaning with agony, for he saw that none believed; and how, then, could his soul be saved?

But he thought next of his wife. "She will believe," he said to himself, "women never give up God."

And he went to her; but she told him that she believed only what he taught her, and that a good wife should believe in her husband first, and before and above all things first.

Then despair came on him, and he rushed from the house, and began to ask every one he met if they believed. But the same answer came from one and all—"We believe only what you have taught us," for his doctrine had spread far and wide through the country.

Then he grew half mad with fear for the hours were passing, and he flung himself down on the ground in a lonesome spot, and wept and groaned in terror, for the time was coming fast when he must die.

Just then a little child came by. "God save you kindly," said the child to him.

The priest started up.

"Do you believe in God?" he asked.

"I have come from a far country to learn about him," said the child.

"Will your honor direct me to the best school they have in these parts?"

"The best school and the best teacher is close by," said the priest, and he named himself.

"Oh, not to that man," answered the child; "for I am told he denies God, and Heaven, and Hell, and even that man has soul, because he cannot see it; but I would soon put him down."

The priest looked at him earnestly.

"How?" he inquired.

"Why," said the child, "I would ask him if he believed he had life to show me his life."

"But he could not do that, my child," said the priest. "Life cannot be seen; we have it, but it is invisible."

"Then if we have life, though we cannot see it, we may also have a soul, though it is invisible," answered the child, "and I will prove it to you."

When the priest heard him speak these words, he fell down on his knees before him, weeping for joy, for now he knew his soul was safe; he had met one at last that believed.

And he told the child his whole story—all his wickedness, and pride, and blasphemy against the great God; and how the angel had come to him and told him of the only way in which he could be saved, through the faith and prayers of someone that believed.

"Now, then," he said to the child, "take this penknife and strike it into my breast, and go on stabbing the flesh until you see the paleness of death on my face. Then watch for a living thing will soar up from my body as I die, and you will then know that my soul has ascended into the presence of God. And when you see this thing, make haste and run to my school and call on all my scholars to come and see that the soul of their master has left the body and that all he taught them was a lie, for that there is a God who punishes sin, and a Heaven, and a Hell, and that man has an immortal soul destined for eternal happiness or misery."

"I will pray," said the child, "to have courage to do this work."

And he knelt down and prayed.

Then when he rose up he took the penknife and struck it into the priest's heart, and struck again and again till all the flesh was lacerated; but still the priest lived, though the agony was horrible, for he could not die until the twenty-four hours had expired.

At last the agony seemed to cease, and the stillness of death settled on his face. Then the child, who was watching, saw a beautiful living creature, with four snow-white wings, mount from the dead man's body into the air, and go fluttering round his head.

So he ran to bring the scholars; and when they saw it they all knew it was the soul of their master; and they watched with wonder and awe until it passed from sight into the clouds.

## Church Restored After 400 Years.

After an interruption lasting for more than four hundred years, worship has just been restored to the ancient church of Karat-el-Amir by the Benedictine Fathers of Perreque Vire who are stationed at the Mount of Olives. The church was founded by the Crusaders in the thirteenth century, was for a long time served by the Franciscan Fathers, but in the massacre of their community by the Saracens, about 1457, the building was dismantled. Worship was discontinued and the place became a resort for animals. This continued till 1873, when M. de Vogue prevailed upon the Sultan, Abd-el-Aziz, to allow it to become French property. It has now been reverently and tastefully restored by the French Benedictine Fathers.

## A Cross on the Moon.

On Tuesday night, July 14th, some of the people of St. Columban, Ont., witnessed a remarkable apparition. There was a cross on the moon. The number that beheld the phenomenon was not large, owing to the fact that the great majority had already retired for the night.

When the moon rose above the horizon—about ten o'clock—a large circumscissus cloud was fretting the eastern sky with threads of silver and streaks of purple. Doubtless this circumstance prevented many from beholding the lunar phenomenon in all its splendor. At intervals, however, the unusual appearance of our bright terrestrial satellite arrested the attention of belated visitors wending their way homeward.

Now the moon appeared to be twice its usual size. Then a cloud intervened. Then "the man in the moon" appeared to be swinging his arms. Again many filaments of clouds spread out like fans. One said: "Look! the moon is divided in halves." Another said: "See, the moon is fastened to a big pole in the sky." But the clouds grew denser and at eleven o'clock the moon became entirely hidden from view.

By that time nearly all the watchers had said their prayers and retired for the night. Only a few remained on guard, and before long a wonderful transformation scene rewarded their patience.

At half-past eleven the blue emerald veil that hid the moon from view was suddenly rent in twain, leaving a cloudless sky in the East. Affixed to the moon was a copper-colored cross. In height the cross was about 15 feet, or ten apparent diameters of the moon. The united arms of the cross measured about seven diameters of the moon. There were no clouds near the moon; the sky was blue and free from vapor, and it remained in evidence about a full hour.

The following residents beheld the phenomenon, viz.: Mrs. John J. Holland, Postmaster; J. J. Holland, his brother, Geo. Holland, Miss Margaret Devereux, Normal teacher; Mrs. Jos. Melady, Miss N. S. Devereux, Normal teacher; Jos. Melady and other reliable witnesses, whose testimony has been carefully examined by the Rev. Albert McKeon, S.T.L., the parish priest of St. Columban. In the early years of the fourth century Constantine, the Emperor, and others beheld in the sky, after midday, a luminous cross, bearing this inscription in Greek: "En Touko Nika" (Conquer by this). What the St. Columban cross presages, we do not presume to affirm. One thing is certain, for our Saviour tells us, that before the end of the world "there shall be signs in the Sun, and in the Moon, and in the Stars." (St. Luke, xxi., 25.)

Warts on the hands is a disfigurement that troubles many ladies. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove the blemishes without pain.

## A BRAVE PRIEST.

A story of the zeal and bravery of a Superior of the diocese of Superior, Wis., has just come to light. The hero is Father Bruce, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Bruce, Ont., who in the month of April of this year he received word that an old man, who had for many years neglected his religious duties, was dying. Although the night was dark and stormy and the distance from the dying man forty miles—the priest made the journey in less than four hours.

In order to reach the dying man the Chippewa river had to be crossed. The nearest bridge across the river was twelve miles away. On such a night a frail canoe could not live on the swift and treacherous river sothing with eddies. To swim it, in all probability, meant death; divesting himself of his outer clothing, the young priest plunged into the icy waters of the Chippewa in the midst of a hail and snow storm and after half an hour's struggle reached the opposite bank more dead than alive, then pushed on through the woods and reached the dying man in time. Father Bruce has several times risked his life crossing this river in order to bring the last sacraments of the Church to the dying.

## Poison-laden Blood

Resulting from artificial winter life is purified by Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Few people breathe enough fresh air in winter to purify the blood.

As a result spring finds the blood laden with poisons and there are headaches, pains in the limbs and tired, worn-out feelings.

The liver and kidneys become sluggish and clogged and quite fail in their mission of filtering and purifying the blood.

It is because of their direct and specific action on these organs that Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are so wonderfully effective as purifiers of the blood—for it is by means of the liver and kidneys alone that the blood can be purified.

This medicine ensures regular and healthful action of the bowels, cleanses and invigorates the whole digestive and excretory system and thereby removes the cause of pains and aches, of tired, languid feelings, biliousness, backache and constipation.

Purify the blood this Spring by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and you will not know what it is to feel depressed and to suffer the effects of sluggish, torpid liver, kidneys and bowels. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont.

## SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.**—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald McShane, P.P.; President, Mr. W. P. Kearney; 1st Vice-President, Mr. H. J. Kavanaugh; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. E. McQuirk; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. W. Wright; Recording Secretary, Mr. T. P. Tansey; Asst. Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Marshal, Mr. P. Connolly.

**ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.**—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kiloran, President, M. J. O'Donnell; Rec. Sec., J. J. Tynan, 222 Prince Arthur street.

**C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26**—Organized 18th November, 1883. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, every 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month for the transaction of business, at 8 o'clock. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Kiloran, Chancellor, W. A. Hodgson; President, Thos. R. Stevens; 1st Vice-President, James Cahill; 2nd Vice-President, M. J. Gahan; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Avenue; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 504 St. Urbain street; Treasurer, F. J. Sears; Marshal, G. I. Nichols; Guard, James Callahan. Trustees—W. F. Wall, T. R. Stevens, John Walsh, W. P. Doyle and J. T. Stevens. Medical Officers—Dr. H. J. Harrison; Dr. E. J. O'Connor, Dr. Merris, Dr. W. A. L. Styles and Dr. John Curran.

**Wedding Stationery Reception Cards Announcements**

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Faith in St. Gerard Majella.

The Liverpool Catholic Times gives the following testimony of a cure obtained through the intercession of St. Gerard Majella:

A striking instance of faith in the power of St. Gerard Majella has occurred at Seacombe, Cheshire, where Mr. John Bryson, of 52 Brighton street, a well-known resident, has been completely cured by the application of a picture of the saint even after his medical adviser (Dr. Clayton Simpson, Wheatland lane) had pronounced him dying and the last rites of the Church had been administered by the clergy of St. Joseph's. Some months ago Mr. Bryson felt some pain in his left leg, and on examination in February last the doctor ordered complete rest, but the evil did not disappear, the sore grew worse, until the mortification spread through the rest of his body, and, in Mr. Bryson's own words, he sympathized with Father Lynch and Dr. Simpson in having to enter the house, the odor from his room was so repelling. "As for myself," said Mr. Bryson, "worn out with pain and exhaustion, I did not even try to live for weeks before the doctor told me that I had but a few hours to live. After I had received Extreme Unction, my daughter, while in Liverpool, met Father McKinley, of St. Malachy's, and on telling him how ill I was he gave me a small picture of St. Gerard, which I at once put between the bandages as well as I could. I could not say the prayer on the picture, but I prayed earnestly in my own way, for I have always had great confidence in the mercy of God. Almost immediately I had ease from the pain, and with the sharp tingling which soon after quivered through my leg I imagined that the veins had burst and that all was over. On the contrary, on the removal of the bandages my leg was as sound as it is now, and soon after, to the astonishment of the doctor and the whole neighborhood, Protestant and Catholic, I was about as usual. My first idea of getting down stairs was as a baby, sitting from step to step, but, moved by an impulse, I boldly walked down, and have done so ever since."

## ST. LAWRENCE.

Dearest to me of rivers, Prince of streams,  
Magnificent, upon whose breast there gleams  
A venture rich past speaking, dazzling beams  
Of molten gold and silver, and a blaze

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Of mingled diamond and sapphire  
rays,—  
Hark why I love thee! Thy most  
noble name  
Unto my thought long years ago  
became  
The sweetest utterance that lips  
could frame,  
And ever since I find the type in  
thine  
Of all I'd have my human namesake  
be.  
Oh, may the future grant this precious  
life  
Like thine may rise above ignoble  
strife—  
May it beneficially, calmly flow,  
Majestic, ample,—may its borders  
grow!  
In gracious green,—and may good  
actions sow  
Its course as thick, St. Lawrence,  
strong and free  
As are the topaz dimples strewn o'er  
thee!

—Julia Ditto Young, author of  
"Barham Deach, the President's  
Poem."

Often times I have seen a tall ship  
glide by against the tide as if drawn  
by an invisible towline with a hundred  
strong arms pulling it. Her sails  
furled, her streamers drooping, she  
has neither side wheel nor stern  
wheel; still she moved on, steadily in  
serene triumph, as with her own life.  
But I knew that on the other side of  
the ship, hidden beneath the great  
bulk that swam so majestically, there  
was a little toilsome steam tug, with  
a heart of fire and arms of iron, that  
was tugging it bravely on; and I  
knew that if the little steam tug un-  
twined her arms and left the ship,  
it would wallow and roll away, and  
drift hither and thither, and go off  
with the effluent tide no man knows  
where.

And so I have known more than

Synopsis of Canadian North-West  
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION  
In The Diocese of Northampton.  
FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

This Mission of St. Anthony of Padua was started by me nearly three years ago by command of the late Bishop of Northampton.

I had then, and I have now, No Church, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Hope).

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a mess upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 x 20 miles.

The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small. We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent home for the Blessed Sacrament.

FATHER H. W. GRAY,  
Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

(EPISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION)

Dear Father Gray,  
You have duly accounted for the aims which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ,  
P. W. KRATING,  
Bishop of Northampton.

Answers received from  
Quinn, Joseph McCormick  
Slattery and Agnes M.  
satisfy Uncle Joe because  
little people forgot that  
prove every movement  
thing for granted. It  
ing the answer that th  
in its working out. Th  
tem has no cipher; just  
from 1 to 9. Here it i

PR GER (P  
GPD N

PUP  
NRU

NUR  
URP

NO  
NP

R

Answers will appear i  
and the best answer re  
the one that will be  
RECIPE FOR A SPLL

One little girl and one  
A room or a gard  
which  
Two hearts of conte  
smiles of joy,  
And a basket of lunch  
rich.

An hour of fun at ec  
play;  
A little politeness,  
grace;  
A womanly sweetness,  
A little nonsense, a n

A rest and a luncheon  
two;

one genius, high-deck, full-freighted,  
wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, but for  
the bare, toiling