IN THE REIGN OF TERROR.

One hundred years ago, 1792, oc-curred the bloodiest episode of the French "Reign of Terror"—the September massacres. Carlyle's des. cription (though someweat clogged with allusion and style) is graphic;

The tocsin is pealing its loudest, the clocks inaudibly striking three, when poor Abbe Sicard, with some thirty other Nonjurant priests, in six carriages, fare along the streets, from their preliminary house of detention town hall, westward towards the prison of the Abbaye. Carriages enough stand deserted on the streets these six move on - through angry multitudes, cursing as they move. Accursed aristocrat Tartuffes, this is the pass ye have brought us to! And ye will break the prisons, and set Veto on horseback to ride over Out upon you, priests of Beelze bub and Moloch; of Tartuffery, Mam-mom, and the Prussian gallows which ye name Mother Church and God !-Such reproaches have the poor Nonjurants to endure, and worse spoken in on them by frantic patriots who mount even on the carriage steps the very guards hardly refraining. Pull up your carriage-blinds!—No! answers Patriotism, clapping its horny paw on the carriage-blind, and crush-ing it down again. Patience in op-pression has limits; we are close on the Abbaye, it has lasted long; a poor Nonjurant, of quicker temper, smites the horny paw with his cane; nay, acement in it, smites the unkempt head, sharply and again more sharply, twice over-seen clearly of us and of the world. It is the last that we see clearly. Alas, next moment, the carriages are locked and blocked in endless raging tumults; in yells deaf to the cry of mercy, which answer the cry for mercy with sabrethrusts through the heart. The thirty priests are torn out, are massacree bout the prison-gate, one after oneonly the poor Abbe Sicard, whom one watchmaker, knowing him, heroically tried to save, and secrete in prison, escapes to tell-and it is night and Orcus and Murder's snaky sparkling head has risen in the

From Sunday afternoon (exclusive of intervals, and pauses not final) til Thursday evening, there follow conse cutively a hundred hours. Which hundred hours are to be reckoned with the hours of the Bartholomew butchery. of the Armagnac massacres. Sicillian Vespers, or whatsoever is savagest in the annals of this world. Horrible the hour when man's soul, in its paroxysm. spurns asunder the barriers and rules and shows what dens and depths are in it! For night and Orcus, as we say, as was long prophesied, have burst forth, here in this Paris, from subterranean imprisonment: hideous dim, confused: which it is painful to indeed which should not, be forgotten.

The reader, who looks earnestly through this dim phantasmagory of the pit, will discern few fixed certain objects; and yet still a few. He will observe, in this Abbaye prison, the sudden massacre of the priests being once over, a strange court of justice or call it court of revenge and wild justice, swiftly fashions itself, and take seat round a table, with the prisonregisters spread before it; Stanislas Maillard, Bastillehero famed leader of the Menads, presiding. O Stanislaus, one hoped to meet thee elsewhere than here; thou shifty riding-usher, with an inkling of law! This work also thou hadst to do; and then—to depart forever from our eyes. At La Force, at the Chatelet, the Conciergerie, the like court forms itself, with the like accompaniments: the thing that one man does, other men can do. There are some seven prisons in Paris, full of aristocrats with conspiracies :- pay. not even Bicetre and Salpetriere shall escape, with their forgers of assignand there are seventy time seven hundred patriot hearts in a state of frenzy. Scoundrel hearts also there are; as perfect, say, as the earth holds—if such are needed. To whom in this mood, law is as no law; and killing, by what name soever called, is but work to be done. So sit these sudden courts of wild-

justice, with the prison-registers before them; unwonted wild tumult howling all round; the prisoners in dread ex-Swift: a name is called; bolts jingle, a prisoner is there. A few questions are put; swiftly this jury decided: royalist plotter Clearly not; in that case, let or not? the prisoner be enlarged with Vive la Nation. Probably yea; then still, let the prisoner be enlarged, but without Vive la Nation; or else it may run, let the prisoner be conducted to La Force. At La Force again their formula is, let be conducted to the Ab-"To La Force then?" teer bailiffs seize the doomed man; he is at the outer gate : 'enlarged,' or 'conducted,'-not into La Force, but into a howling sea; forth, under an arch of wild sabres, axes and pikes; and sinks, hewn asunder. And another sinks, and another; and there forms itself a piled, heap of corpses, and the kennels begin to run red. Fancy the yells of these men, their faces of sweat and blood; the crueller shrieks of these woman, for it all! Jourgniac de Saint Meard has seen battle, has seen an effervescent Regiment du Roi in mutiny; but the bravest heart may quail at this. The Swiss prisoners remnants of the tenth of August, "clasped each other spasmodically," and hung back ; "grey veterans crying : Mercy, Messieurs; ah, mercy! there was no mercy. Suddenly, however, one of these men steps forward. He had on a blue frock coat; he seemed

mon, his look noble and martial. 'I go first," said he, "since it must be so: adieu! Then dashing his hat sharply behind him: "Which way?" cried he to the brigands: "shows it me, then." They opened the folding gate ; he is announced to the multitude. He stands a moment motionless; then plunges forth among the pikes, and dies of a thousand wounds.

The reader will perhaps prefer to take a glance with the very eyes of eye-witnesses; and see, in that way, for himself, how it was. Brave Jourgniac, innocent Abbe Sicard, judicious Advocate Maton, these, greatly pressing themselves, shall speak, each n instant. Jourgniac's agony of thirty-eight hours went through "above a hundred editions," though intrinsi-cally a poor work. Some portion of it cally a poor work. ere go through above the hundred-and-first, for want of a better.

Towards seven o'clock (Sunday night at the Abbaye; for Jourgniac goes by we saw two men enter, their dates), hands bloody and armed with sabres a turnkey, with a torch, lighted them : he pointed to the bed of the unfortunate Swiss, Reding. Reding spoke with a dying voice. One of them paused; but the other cried, Allons donc: lifted the unfortunate man carried him out on his back to the He was massacred there.

We all looked at one another in silence, clasped each other's hands. Motionless, with fixed eyes, we gazed on the pavement of our prison; on which lay the moonlight, checkered with the triple stancheons of our win-

Three in the morning : They were breaking-in one of the prison-doors. We at first thought they were coming to kill us in our room; but heard, by voices on the staircase, that it was room where some prisoners had barricaded themselves. They were all butchered there, as we shortly gathered

Ten o'clock: The Abbe Lenfant and the Abbe de Chapt-Rastignac appeared in the pulpit of the chapel, which was our prison ; they had entered by a door from the stairs. They said to us that our end was at hand; that we must compose ourselves, and receive their last blessing. An electric move-ment, not to be defined, threw us all on our knees, and we received it. Those two white-haired old men, blessing us from their place above, death hovering over our heads, on all hands en vironing us; the moment is never to be forgotten. Half an hour after, they were both massacred, and we heard their cries — Thus Jourgniac in his agony in the Abbaye.

But now let the good Maton speak, what he, over in La Force, in the same hours, is suffering and witnessing. This resurrection by him is greatly the best, the least theatrical of these pamphlets; and stands testing by docu

Towards 7 o'clock, on Sunday night, prisoners were called frequently, and they did not reappear. Each of us reasoned, in his own way, on this singularity : but our ideas became calm as we persuaded ourselves that the memorial I had drawn up for the National Assembly was producing

At one in the morning, the grate which led to our quarter opened anew. Four men in uniform, each with a drawn sabre and blazing torch, came up to our corridor, preceded by a turn key; and entered an apartment close to ours, to investigate a box there, which we heard them break up. This done, they stepped into the galley, and questioned the man Cuissa, to know where Lamotte (Necklace's Widower was. Lamotte, they said, had some months ago, under pretext of a treas ure he knew of, swindled a sum of three hundred livres from one of them inviting him to dinner for that pur-The wretched Cuissa, no their hands, who indeed lost his life this night, answered trembling, that he re membered the fact well, but could not tell what was become of Lamotte Determined to find Lamotte and confront him with Cuissa, they rummaged along with this latter through various other apartments : but without effect. for we heard them say : "Come search among the corpses then; for nom d Dieu! we must find where he is." *

One may fancy what terror these words, "Come search among the corpses then," had thrown me into. I words. saw nothing for it now but resigning myself to die. I wrote my last will ; concluding it by a petition and adjura tion that the paper should be sent to its address. Scarcely had I quitted the pen, when there came two other men in uniform : one of them, whose arm and sleeve up to the very shoulder, a well as his sabre, were covered with blood, said, "He was as weary as a hodman that had been beating plas-

Baudin de la Chenaye was called sixty years of virtues could not save They said A'l Abbaye: he passed the fatal outer-gate; gave a cry of terror, at sight of the heaped corpses; covered his eyes with his hands, and died of innumerable wounds. every new opening of the grate I thought I should hear my own name called, and see Rossignol enter.

I flung off my night gown and cap put on a coarse unwashed shirt, a worn frock without waistcoat, an old round hat; these things I had sent for, some days ago in the fear of what

might happen. The rooms of this corridor had been all emptied but ours. We were four together; whom they seemed to have forgotten; we addressed our prayers common to the Eternal to be delived from this peril.

Baptiste, the turnkey, came up by himself, to see us. I took him by the hands; I conjured him to save about thirty, his stature was above promised him a hundred louis, if he

It was the noise of some dozen or fifteen men, armed to the teeth; as we, lying flat to escape being seen, could see from our windows: "Up stairs!" said they: "Let not one remain." I took out my penknife; I considered where I should strike myself, but reflected that the blade. myself,-but reflected that the blade was too short, and also on religion. Finally, however, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning.

enter four men with bludgeons and sabres!-To one of whom Gerard my comrade whispered, carnesly, apart. During their colloquy I searched every where for shoes, that I might lay off the advocate pumps (pantoufles de Palais) I had on, but could find none Constant, called le Sauvage, Gerard, and a third whose name escapes me, four sabres were crossed over my breast, and they led me down. I wa brought to their bar : to the personage with the scarf, who sat as judge there He was a lame man, of tall lank He recognized me on the streets, and spoke to me seven months I have been assured that he was son of a retired attorney, and named Chepy. Crossing the court called Des Nourrices, I saw Manual haranguing in tricolor scarf. trial as we see, ends in acquittal and resurrection.

Poor Sicard, from the violon of the Abbaye, shall say but a few words; true-looking, thought tremulous. wards three in the morning, the killers bethink them of this violon; and knock from the court. I tapped gently rembling lest the murderers might near on the opposite door, where the Section Committee was sitting; they inswered gruffly that they had no key. There were three of us in this violon my companions thought they perceived a kind of loft overhead. But it was very high; only one of us could reach t by mounting on the shoulders of both the others. One of them said to me, that my life was usefuller than theirs resisted, they insisted; do denial fling myself on the neck of these two beliverers; never was scene touching. I mount on the shoulders of the first, then on those of the second, finally on the loft; and address to my two comrades the expression of a sou overwhelmed with natural emotions.

The two generous companions, we rejoice to find, did not perish. is time that Jourgniac de Saint-Meard should speak his last words, and end The night had this singular trilogy. ecome day; and the day had again ecome night. Jourgniac, worn down with uttermost agitation, was fallen asleep, and had a cheering dream; he has also contrived to make acquaintance with one of the volunteer bailiffs and spoken in native Provencal with him. On Tuesday, about one in the morning, his agony is reaching its

By the glare of two torches, I now described the tribunal, where lay my life or my death. The president, in coat, with a sabre at his side, gray stood leaning with his hands against a table, on which were papers, an ink-stand, tobacco pipes and bottles. Some ten persons were around, seated or standing; two of whom had jackets and aprons ; others were sleeping stretched on benches. Two men, in bloody shirts, guarded the door of the place; an old turnkey has his hand on the lock. In front of the president, three men held a prisoner, who might be (or seventy: he was old about sixty (or seventy: he was old marshal Maille, of the Tuileries and August Tenth). They stationed me in corner; my guards cro sabres on my breast. I looked on all sides for my Provencal; two National guards, one of them drunk, presented some appeal from the Section of Groix Rouge in favor of the prisoner; the man in gray answered: "They are useless, these appeals for traitors. Then the prisoner exclaimed: "It is frightful; your judgment is a murder." The president answered: "My The president answered: hands are washed of it; take M. Maille They drove him into the street : where, through the open door, saw him massacred.

The president sat down to write registering, I suppose, the name of this one whom they had finished; then I heard him say: "Another, A un

Behold me then haled before this swift and bloody judgment bar, where the best protection was to have no proection, and all resources of ingenuity became null if they were not founded Two of my guards held me each by a hand, the third by the collar "Your name, your proof my coat. fession?" said the president. smallest lie ruins you," added one of the judges .- "My name is Jourgniac Saint-Meard; I have served, as an officer, twenty years, and I appear at your tribunal with the assurance of an innocent man, who therefore will "We shall see that," said not lie.' the President: "Do you know why you are arrested?" Yes Monsieur le President, I am accused of editing the Journal De la Cour et de la Ville. But

I hope to prove the falsity." But no; Jourgniac's proof of the falsity, and defence generally, though of excellent result as a defence, is not interesting to read. It is long-winded there is a loose theatricality in the re porting of it, which does not amount to unveracity, yet which tends that way We shall suppose him successful, be yond hope, in proving and disproving and skip largely, -to the catastrophe,

almost at two steps.
"But after all," said one of the judges, "there is no smoke without kindling; tell us why they accuse you of that."—"I was about to do so."—
Jourgniae does so; with more and

more success. "Nay," continued I, "they accuse

coming from the grates made him grants!" As these words there arose hastily withdraw. messieurs," I exclaimed, raising my voice, "it is my turn to speak; I beg monsieur le president to have the kindness to maintain it for me; I never needed it more." "True enough, true enough, true enough," said almost all

the judges with a laugh: "Silence!"
"While they were examining the testimonials I had produced, a new prisoner was brought in, and placed before "It was one priest the president. they said, whom they had ferreted out of the chapelle." After few questions: "A la Force! flung his breviary on the table; was hurled forth, and massacred. I re-

appeared before the tribunal.
"You tell us always,"cried one of the judges, with a tone of impatience, that you are not this, that you are not that what are you, then?"-"I was an open Royalist." - There arose a general murmur; which was miraculously appeased by another of the men, who ad seemed to take an interest in me. 'We are not here to judge opinions, but to judge the results of said he, "but to judge the results of them." Could Rousseau and Voltaire both in one, pleading for me, have Yes, messieurs," crie said better?-I, "always till the tenth of August I was an open Royalist, Ever since the tenth of August that cause has been finished. I am a Frenchman, true to iny country. I was always a man of

" 'My soldiers never distrusted me Nay, two days before that business of Nanci, when their suspicion of their officers was as its height, they chose me for commander, to lead them to Luneville, to get back the prisoners of the Regiment Mestre de Camp, and seize General Malseigne." Which fact there is, most luckily, and individual present who by a certain token can confirm.

"The President, this cross question ing being over, took off his hat and said: "I see nothing to suspect in this man, I am for granting him his Is that your vote?" liberty. Is that your vote?" To-which all the judges answered: "Oui, oui; it is just!"

And there arose vivats within doors and without; 'escort of three,' amid shoutings and embracings; thus Jourgniac escaped from jury-trial and the jaws of death. Maton and Sicard did either by trial, and no bill found, lank President Chepy finding abso-Maton and Sicard lutely nothing; or else by evasion and new favor of Moton the brave watchmaker, likewise escape; and were embraced and wept over ; weeping in return, as they well might.

Thus they three, in wondrous trilogy, or triple soliloquy; uttering simul aneously, through the dread night watches, their night thoughts, -grown audible to us! They three are become audible; but the other thousand and eighty-nine, of whom two hundred and two were priests, who also had night-thoughts, remain inaudible choked forever in black death.

WAS SHAKESPEARE A CATHO-LIC ?

The elucidation of the question "Was was under shakespeare a Catholic?" was under taken by Mr. John Hand, of the Liver gool School Board, at a meeting of the Liverpool Catholic Literary Society. The chair was taken by Mr. Edmund Kirby. Mr. Hand remarked that there was no other writer of whom so much had been written as Shakespeare, and yet in the whole history of literature there was no one within even measurable distance in ability, excepting Homer, of whom so little was known. How to account for this has been the puzzle of all his commentators. There was one way to account for it, ever; but, singular to relate, this way out of the crux had never seriously suggested itself to those sapient gentle men who had burned the midnight oil so plentifully and wasted so much thought and ink anent the subject. Suppose Shakespeare to have been Catholic and they had the whole raison d'etre accounted for to a little. Le them consider what to be a Catholic meant in the latter days of Elizabeth and in the reign of James I., and, still further, what it would undoubtedly mean were a Catholic to put himsel prominently in evidence at tha

Shakespear's father need not hav been a Protestant to have held the positions he did at Stratford. He was chosen a burgess, and also one of the four constables in 1557 under Mary The father of Shakespeare's mother was Catholic of Catholics, and it was fairly safe to credit her with remain ing in the Church in which she was born and in which she had been married. The assayest detailed the trials of the Ardens and Sommervilles. who were related to his mother, and pointed out that Shakespeare must have had ocular demonstration of what was being done to hound down Catholics, and to hunt up evidence against his relatives. At the school on Strat ford-on-Avon, which Shakespeare may have attended from 1570 to 1578, the teachers included Walter Roche, a man with an unmistakable Irish name Would the fact of his schoolmaste being an Irishman account for th other fact that thoughout his volumin ous work not one word of disparage ment of Ireland or of an Irishman wa to be found? This was a point worthy of attention, and it did not seem to have presented itself to any editor or com nentator of Shakespeare. Ben Jonson had two children, to one of whom Shakespeare stood godfather.

Jonson was then a Catholic, as was have had a Protestant acting as god father? In dealing with the senti ments in Shakespeare's work,

would conduct me home. A noise me even of recruiting for the emi- Hand said there were innumerable passages throughout the works bearing on Catholic observances which only a writer imbued with the spirit of Catholic teaching could ever have penned. And then consider the risk ne ran and what it would have gained him to have satirized and ridiculed Catholic teaching and worship. But this he never did. How dear to the heart of the great bard were nuns and friars. In "Measure for Measure introduces us to a nunnery, and how reverently he makes the Sisters speak His reference to Catholic usage and prayers abounded in "Romeo and Juliet." He knew something of confession evidently, for he made the Friar Lawrence say to Romeo :-

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift, Riddling Confession gets but riddling shrift. Was Purgatory, which Catholics believed in, not pointed to when the Ghost in "Hamlet" said :-

My hour is almost come When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames Must render up myself."

I am thy father's spirit.
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burned and purged away."

Wheeler, who edited the edition of Shakespeare which was published about 1820, said this was a Romish Purgatory, and was rank Papistry The Danes at the time, he adds, pagans. But quotations innumerable night be adduced. Protestant writer had often pointed to Shakespeare as a of the Reformation, and

descriptions in "King John" of Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's legate, and his strong denunciation of Papal authority. It was true Shakespeare put into the mouths of his hearers speeches against the Pope and the legate which were, from a historica point of view, manifestly unjust. though he did this, it was no proof he was a Protestant - indeed he might be a good Catholic and do so. At the time of the Catholic veto affair Danie O'Connell, who was a Catholic of the Catholics, inveighed against the Pope's interference, saying that they (the Irish people) would take their religion from Rome, but not their politics, and in the last few years Mgr. Persico, a legate from the Pope, was roundly abused in Ireland: and Leo. XIII. came in for a good share of the invective But would it be true to say that writers and speakers indulging in such language were not Catholics? Shakespeare, whatever he might have written of the Pope or Cardinals, never uttered one syllable that reflected in the slightest degree on Catholic doctrine. Nay, he had often gone out of his way

to speak as he could of its sublime beauties. He might have been an indifferent Catholic, as indeed he likely was, but a Catholic they had every reason to believe he was, imbued with a true Catholic spirit and contemning in his heart the Puritanism then rampant. Most remarkable was it that on the death of Elizabeth the greatest poet of all, although publicly invited to do so, remained silent, and penned no tribute, in prose or verses, to the dead monarch, who was wont to patronize him. The Davies MSS., reserved at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, relating to Shakespeare, conluded thus: "From an actor of plays he became a composer. He died April 23, 1616, aged fifty-three years, probably at Stratford, for there he is uried and hath a monument on which he lays a heavy curse upon any who shall remove his bones. Papist." So said they as Catholics.

"Oh, if I had only taken this medicine earlier in life, what years of suffering it would have saved me?" was the touching exclamation of one who had been cured of rheumatism by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Scores o such cases are on record.

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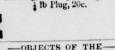
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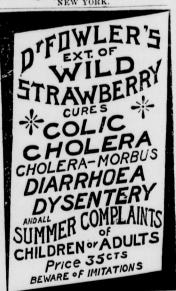
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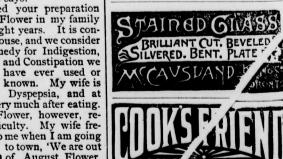
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AUGUST 6, 1892.

FIVE-MINUTE SERI Ninth Sunday after Pen

and when He drew near, seeing pt over it. (Gospel of the Sund

Which one of the childr

loved by the father and m

there any poor little crip family? That is the

JUSTICE AND MERC

family? It makes the pare bleed to see the limping w hunched back, to see the sa marked face of the little one the one who receives th caress: for that one the ki and cheeriest words and sents are reserved. Well, b the same in the spirit God has his best favors for unfortunate children: for women in the state of r That is one reason why lavished such affection on they had most need of it. were the hardest hearts in Jerusalem was the most ac in the world. It and its p on the point of committin awful crime possible to Hence our Lord wept ov bitter tears of rejected breathed those deadly sigh

wearied and disappointed

It is true, amidst those t

efforts for their salvation.

of the persistent obstinacy

and of their final impenite

their terrific chastisement did it all with many tears dept of regret better told b Brethren, there mystery taught us by thi is the mystery of the usentiments in God which essentially different — j mercy. How could our S over a downfall so wel How could He regret what so well as He was to be a all too light for the crimes Is there not a mystery can it be explained? adequate theoretical expla But there it a practical or this: Put yourself in a . fancy yourself one of t race; stand up before of listen to His sentence g you with infinite relucta hard word a sigh of te Do you not see that thi of mercy in the Judge the justice of the sentene dent to you and mor Mercy thus leads to Justi which, while it only crus victim the deeper, at th elevates much higher in eyes the rectitude of the Of course, the justice o

mercy are perfectly equ

some true sense we may

mercy is more powerf justice. Does not the

that God's mercy "is works"? Do we not kno tion and experience the wrath of God sets apart a His tender love wins ove Why, the very senting hearts, the very convicti by which we earn forgi sacrament of penance, ar free gift of God, earne because "us" means trated with light and str ing streaming down fro of mercy? We offer God in a kind of a wa make Christmas pres father. Where do they buy them? From thei she saves it up from the penses or gets it as a husband. In the long sents were bought by th they are given. Yet dear to the father; he they are real presents express a real devoti othing of their charac because he is at the ex So with our Heavenly gives the gold we coin the beloved form of the our poor prayers, so thave made the circuit again in the divine bos

they sprang forth, som added something to the Brethren, let us hope view of our reprobati with a sense of our in we are such unworthy good a Father. A man threatened wi But who among you ca flinching, the tears of

as our Lord and Savior The distention of the many people feel after due to improper man food; but, in most case weakness of the diges best remedy for which Pills, to be taken after

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