

persons but we knew that John had it only for show, and to describe its qualities.

Now it was my great desire, and my chiefest hope, to come across Carver Doone that night and settle the score between us, not by any shot in the dark, but by a conflict man to man. As yet, since I came to full-grown power, I had never met any one whom I could not play tetotum with: but now at last I had found a man whose strength was not to be laughed at. I could guess it in his face, I could tell it in his arms, I could see it in his stride and gait, which more than all the rest betrayed the substance of a man. And being so well used to wrestling, and to judge antagonists, I felt that here (if anywhere) I had found my match.

Therefore I was not content to abide within the house, or go the rounds with the troopers; but betook myself to the rick-yard, knowing that the Doones were likely to begin their onset there. For they had a pleasant custom, when they visited farm-houses, of lighting themselves toward picking up anything they wanted, or stabbing the inhabitants, by first creating a blaze in the rick-yard. And though our ricks were all now of mere straw (except indeed two of prime clover hay), and although on the top they were so wet that no fire-brands might hurt them, I was both unwilling to have them burned, and fearful that they might kindle, if well roused up with fire upon the windward side.

By-the-by, these Doones had got the worst of this pleasant trick one time. For happening to fire the ricks of a lonely farm called Yeanworthy, not far above Glenholme, they approached the house to get people's goods, and to enjoy their terror. The master of the farm was lately dead, and had left inside the clock-case, loaded, the great long gun, wherewith he had used to sport at the ducks and the geese on the shore. Now Widow Fisher took out this gun, and not caring much what became of her (for she had loved her husband dearly), she laid it upon the window-sill, which looked upon the rick-yard; and she backed up the butt with a chest of oak drawers, and she opened the window a little back, and let the muzzle out on the slope. Presently five or six fine young Doones came dancing a reel (as their manner was) betwixt her and the flaming rick. Upon which she pulled the trigger with all the force of her thumb, and a quarter of a pound of duck-shot went out with a blaze on the dancers. You may suppose what their dancing was, and their reeling now changed to staggering, and their music now to a sweetest. One of them fell into the rick, and was burned, and buried in a ditch next day; but the others were set upon their horses, and carried home on a path of blood. And strange to say, they never avenged this very dreadful injury; but having heard that a woman had fired this desperate shot among them, they said that she ought to be a Doone, and inquired how old she was.

Now I had not been so very long waiting in our mow-yard, with my best gun ready, and a big club by me, before a heaviness of sleep began to creep upon me. The flow of water was in my ears, and in my eyes a hazy spreading, and upon my brain a closure, as a cobler sews a vamp up. So I leaned back in the clover-rick, and the dust of the seed and the smell came round me without any trouble; and I dozed about like Lorna just once or twice, and what she had said about new-mown hay; and then back went my head, and my chin went up; and if ever a man was blessed with slumber, down it came upon me, and away went I into it.

Now this was very vile of me, and against all good resolutions, even such as I would have sworn to an hour ago or less. But if you had been in the water as I had, and had long fight with it, after a good day's work, and then great anxiety afterward, and brain-work (which is not fair for me), and upon that a stout supper, mayhap you would not be so hard on my sleep, though you felt it your duty to wake me.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A SISTER'S LOVE

FOUNDED ON FACT—BY REV. RICHARD W. ALEXANDER

The sunshine came brightly one morning into a great hospital ward in the city of St. Louis. Weary sufferers raised their heads from their pillows, and eyes dim with pain grew bright, as they watched it gild the white beds. It crept over little tables, where here and there a vase of flowers bloomed, and over the pillows, where sufferers, too ill to note it, lay shut with closed eyes.

There were beds, too, with screens around them, which meant the long, last journey was close at hand, but the sunshine gilded them too, though the occupants noted it not! Nurses in pure white uniforms glided noiselessly here and there, and the doctors went gravely from bed to bed, giving hope and comfort to many hearts. But the sunshine flooded it all and made the sad scene less sad, less painful.

There were nuns there, too, with chastened faces and tender touch, with gentle voices and kind eyes, and the weary faces smiled when they stood at their bedsides. There was one of them now standing at the pillow of a pale, sweet-faced invalid, wiping the sweat of agony from her forehead and holding a little crucifix to her willing lips every now and then.

She was not dying, unless you call such agony for fifteen years a constant death. These were but paroxysms of torture from her crippled spine, which came and went and left her helpless.

"Poor Bessie," said the nun; "it is so hard to see you suffer and not to be able to relieve you, unless you want the hyperdermia?"

"No, Sister, no! Am I not expiating for poor Charlie? Poor boy! If he only knew!" said the invalid, whose face was resuming its normal expression, now that the convulsion was over.

"Yes, if he only knew," murmured the nun, compassionately; and she held a restorative to the white lips of the patient, smoothed her pillows, and bathed her forehead with wists.

"Sister," said Bessie, "I suffered this way nearly all night, and something

seemed to say, 'Take courage, God will not forsake your poor brother,' and I bore it all, and offered it all to my Saviour on the cross for poor Charlie."

"Blessed are they who suffer and hope, Bessie," said the Sister, softly. "You have been with us for fifteen years, and your one thought has been of that unworthy, reckless brother. His conversion will surely be your reward. God will not let such faith and patience go unrewarded."

"Don't call him unworthy and reckless, Sister. He never meant to be either. When he was a little curly-headed fellow he used to get into every kind of mischief, but he always came to me, and I can see his black eyes yet flashing with temper, and hear him saying: 'Bess, you're the only friend a poor kid has. If they don't stop nagging me I'll run off, but I'll never forget you, Bessie.' They were hard on him, Sister—father and mother were—and he'd write a letter on the sly and tell me where to answer, and I used to beg him not to forget his night prayers at least, and to go to Mass, but then I got this fall and was crippled, and he never wrote but once after—only once in these fifteen years—and he said he didn't believe in religion any more; that church and praying were for women, and he'd leave me to do his share, and then, Sister, I promised God I would suffer all the agony of this awful back and never murmur if He would bring Charlie around, and since I have been in this blessed place it has been easier, and he is never a minute out of my mind."

"How many rosaries do you say a day for him, Bessie, besides all the suffering?"

"Well, Sister, as I have nothing else to do I say the fifteen decades twice in the morning and twice in the afternoon, and a few other little prayers between the pains."

"God bless you, dear," said the nun; "keep on suffering and praying, and put me in your prayers too, Bessie, for I need them."

"Is it you?" said Bessie, with an incredulous look. "Never a prayer do you need. Taking care of all of us, and of the like of me, from year's end to year's end. You'll go right up, Sister," and she tried to motion with her twisted hand and arm towards the blue sky.

The nun laughed, softly; then straightening the covers and giving a pressure to the hand that held the worn rosary she went on her round of duty.

Poor Bessie had indeed suffered and prayed for fifteen years, and offered it all for Charlie, her wild and only brother, who had drifted from the Church and was some place in the wide world. Bessie knew not where—but the marvellous faith of the poor cripple was so vivid that everyone was interested in her, and her piety, patience and resignation made everyone love her.

She had a remarkably sweet face and a soft, winning voice, and the doctors and nurses who succeeded each other year after year looked on her as a prodigy, and did everything skill and science could suggest, even though unavailing, to help her condition. But she never murmured when they told her after an unsuccessful operation or an agonizing examination that nothing could be done. She only smiled and said, "I don't mind; I'll suffer for poor Charlie."

Those fifteen years of torture were an apostolate for one, single soul. A daily sermon was preached from that hospital cot, which was a silent but powerful incentive to many a discouraged heart to keep on and wear out. The Sisters felt Bessie's good influence in the hospital, and because she was incurable and without money or friends, they took tender care of her, and she loved them with all her soul.

One day the superior of the hospital came to me with a paper in her hand. "Father Alexander," she said, "I wonder if this could be Bessie's brother? It is a Pittsburg paper that has found its way somehow to St. Louis, and here is an account of an accident case—a man whose name is given as Charles Horton. He was taken to Southside Hospital. The name struck me—Charles Horton! Would it be worth while to inquire?"

"It certainly would," was my reply. I thought a minute and said: "Suppose you write to the Sisters in Pittsburg. They visit the hospitals. They would make inquiries. If good is to be effected we must go about it quietly."

Her letter went that day, giving an account of Bessie and asking the superior to ascertain if the man had a sister, and what his sentiments were. But nothing was to be said to Bessie till information was obtained.

Nearly two weeks elapsed. We were giving up hope, and we were glad Bessie knew nothing about it, when the superior came to me with a thick letter in her hand. I knew by her face there was news.

"Here is the reply to that letter, Father Alexander, and we must tell Bessie at once; I will do so, while you read the letter. It is quite a document."

She departed, and I learned that the Sisters in Pittsburg had gone to the Southside Hospital, a non-Catholic institution, and were received very kindly. They found that a man by the name of Charles Horton was there. When told the two Sisters of Mercy wanted to see him, he was extremely unwilling, and only after being urged, consented to have them enter his room.

He was weak and miserable, and evidently not far from the end. He was barely civil, and declared he was not a Catholic, and seemed so ill at ease that it was distressing to talk to him. Finally the Sister spoke of the letter from St. Louis, and asked him if he had not a sister there. Instantly his face changed, and eagerly he held out his hand.

"Yes, oh, yes, I have; how do you know it, is she well?"

"She is praying for you every day; she is searching the world for one word about you; she loves you as much today as when you were a curly-headed little fellow, telling her your troubles."

The hard face softened more.

"Yes," he said, "that's Bessie—just like her. How she would hurry here if she knew."

"But she cannot come. Don't you know that she hurt her back fifteen years ago, and is crippled ever since? Don't you know that she cannot move out of bed, but suffers terrible agony of the nerves and muscles? And don't

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you know she lies there, sweet and patient, offering it all for 'Charlie,' begging the Lord to bring him back to the Church of his boyhood?"

"She suffers that way?" said the man. "God help me! She was the most innocent girl that ever lived, and you say that she has been suffering fifteen years for me? O, Bessie, my little sister!" said the poor fellow, tears rushing to his eyes.

The nun soothed him.

"Because she loves you so much she begged God not to let her die, but to increase her pains, to expiate your faults, and to bring you back to the Church."

"Faults?" cried the man. "Sister, they are crimes. Crimes for twenty years. I have led a wild life. I have never thought of God except to curse His Name, but now I feel as if my heart was broken. Can I see a priest?"

"Indeed you can," said the nun; "and oh, how you should thank this dear sister for this grace. Be comforted, and we will send a priest here at once. Let me place this Sacred Heart badge on your poor heart and we will go home to our convent and all the Sisters will pray for you and we will write to Bessie."

He held the Sister's hand as she rose to go after a fervent prayer at his bedside. Then promising to return next day, the Sisters left. Before leaving the hospital they called up to telephone one of the Fathers of a neighboring monastery, who promised to go at once to the patient.

Late that evening the telephone rang. The Father, who had gone to the hospital, wished to tell the Sisters that poor Charlie was a most sincere penitent. He had made his confession, received the sacraments, and was waiting serene and happy for death. He begged the Father to ask the nuns to return. There was joy in heaven and earth that night for the sinner's return to God.

Early next morning the Sisters went to the hospital. Charlie was still living, but fast approaching the dark river whence those who embark never return. He smiled faintly, and laid his hand on the little badge of the Sacred Heart, and then whispered: "Tell Bessie it was her prayers. Tell her I die happy, a penitent Catholic."

"The Sister gave him her crucifix; he looked long at it, and held it tightly. After the prayers for the dying were said the Sisters returned home to pray. At noon the message came from the priest: 'Charlie died at 11 o'clock. I was with him and gave him the last absolution. He was conscious and said to me, 'It was Bessie's prayers; tell her I died happy.'"

I found myself absorbed in the closely written pages of this long letter, and when the superior came into the room I did not hear her.

"Father Alexander, Bessie knows it all. I told her what was in that letter, and she is as radiant as an angel; won't you go to her, Father? She wept with joy and excitement, but she is calm now."

I went to Bessie's bedside. It was true. Her face was angelic, her soft dark eyes were full of heavenly light, and her delicate face was rosy with joy. I never saw a face more beautiful—she seemed more of heaven than of earth.

"Oh, Father Alexander!" she cried; "God has been so good to me. Charlie has come back, and we will both be home together. 'Father,' she said solemnly, 'I have nothing more to do now; I hope I'll go home soon. Bring Our Lord to me and anoint me.'"

"You are excited, Bessie; you must await God's will. He has indeed been good to you. Won't you stay with us and offer your thanksgiving to Him?"

"I cannot," she said; "my mission is ended. My heart longs to see my Lord and tell Him my gratitude."

"Well then, Bessie, to-morrow morning I will bring Our Lord to you, and if you are worse I will anoint you."

"Thank you, Father," she said, simply.

I went on my round of duty, but try as I would, I could not keep my thoughts away from Bessie. They told me her sufferings that night were excruciating. She bore them with sweetness, almost with joy. Now and then she would say with a sigh, "Will morning soon be here? Our Lord is coming!"

It was Sunday morning. There was no mistake now, Bessie was dying. I went early to her bedside. Her face was white as marble, and her pinched features told how she had suffered during the night. A table was ready, and some of the nuns and more of the patients knelt there, while I gave her Holy Viaticum and anointed her. When I was leaving her she tried to clasp her poor little twisted hands together, and whispered, "Come back, Father; it won't be long now." I went back as soon as I could. She was sinking rapidly, but the pinched features had disappeared, and her face glowed as it did when the news of her brother's conversion first reached her. Everyone was impressed by the beauty of her countenance, and yet death was there. I read the solemn prayers of the Church, so

majestic and so consoling. As I paused I heard her say, softly: "Only fifteen years; so short a time for such a great reward."

In an instant that long stretch of days and nights came before me, with their torture and their weariness, and I felt something rising in my throat which threatened to choke my utterance: "Only" fifteen years, "Only" fifteen years, "Only" fifteen years.

She was dying now, and as her eyes closed, and as the last faint gasps succeeded each other, the silence was intense. Suddenly her eyes opened wide and a beautiful smile passed over her face. It faded into marble white. I raised my hand in absolution and then, and as if it were so ordained, it seemed as if every church bell in the city began to ring. Sweet, loud and strong the Sunday chimes pealed forth. The effect was electrical. It was like a peon of triumph.

Bessie was dead! Her apostolate for one single soul was over. Sister and brother were with God.

I shall never forget the beauty of that death-bed.

WIT AND HUMOR

"As for me," remarked young Mugsy, "I don't believe in the higher education for girls. The one I marry won't know Latin or Greek."

"I can readily believe that," rejoined Miss Slasher. "A girl who knows anything at all wouldn't marry you."

MAKING THE CONNECTION

An enterprising Scotch liquor dealer offered a prize for the best answer to a conundrum. "Why is my whisky like a bridge of Ayr?" A boy sent in: "Because it leads to the parlor, and the unprejudiced umpires gave him the prize. With every reader who a Yankee said the connection in a kindred case."

At a certain railway station an anxious man came to the door of the baggage car and said: "Is there anything for me?"

After some search among the boxes and trunks, the baggage master dragged out a demijohn of whisky.

"Anything more?"

"Yes," said the baggage man: "here is a gravestone. There's no name on it, but it ought to go with the liquor."—Youth's Companion.

WHY HE WOULD WEAR A ROBE

The story is told of Bishop O'Donoghue, who is shortly to remove from Indianapolis to take charge of the Louisville diocese, that he was visited one day by a negro preacher of a Protestant denomination. It is characteristic of Bishop O'Donoghue to see everyone, and the colored minister was shown in.

"I would like to borrow one of your robes," said the colored man, with visions of a beautiful red robe in mind.

"Want to hang yourself?" said the Bishop facetiously.

"No, sir; no squire; I don't want to hang myself, but I thought if you would loan me one I'd have my wife make one just like it."

"What good purpose would that serve?" asked the Bishop.

"Why, pshaw, Mr. Bishop, it would certainly make the colored folks in my congregation sit up and hallelujah for de kingdom come."—Indianapolis News.

"Why do they say 'As smart as a steel trap'?" asked the talkative boarder. "I never could see anything particularly intellectual about a steel trap."

"A steel trap is called smart," explained an elderly person, in his sweetest voice, "because it knows exactly the right time to shut up."

More might have been said, but in the circumstances, it would have seemed unfitting.

THE STORY OF A CONVERT

The Rev. Dr. Figgis—a clergyman whose book on "Christ and Human Needs" has achieved a considerable fame in English Protestant religious circles recently—has been delivering himself of the following to a congregation of Cambridge undergraduates. I quote his words from memory. The address appeared in the columns of the Church Times for December the 24th of last year. Subsequently I have no hesitation in saying my quotation is correct. His words were these: "But one thing I have discovered and it is this—the efficacy of auricular confession. After twelve years of doubt and struggle I came to this peace at last. Now before I pass on, I should like to pay a tribute to Dr. Figgis' sincerity, to his earnestness and to his courage. His words came with all the power that deep feeling and solid conviction alone can give. They were touched with flame—with that burning vitality that comes of a soul on fire. And it requires invincible courage to speak of intimate religious experiences. There is something sensitive and retiring in every human soul which cries out: 'Mihhi mea secreta.' The inner sanctuaries of the soul should never be made vulgarly profane to every passer-by. But Dr. Figgis had a noble purpose in public confession—for a public confession it was of doubt, of struggle and, thank God, of 'peace at last'; he wished to associate himself with the young men before him in their trials and difficulties; and he did not spare himself. No doubt it is a saving that in due time will find its own harvest."

To turn again to the matter of Dr. Figgis' address, the point to which I would draw your attention is this—that Dr. Figgis claimed for himself that he had made a discovery. To discover means "to find out something not known before either to yourself personally or to the general community." This discovery that Dr. Figgis made was—auricular confession. It took him twelve years to make this discovery. But he came to it at last. Here you have the subject matter of his discovery and time spent about it, the prospecting, as it were, and the find. What about the place, the country? Apparently Dr. Figgis' searching was within the bosom of the Church of England. For the reverend doctor was not always a member of the Church of England. Brought up in the Countess of Huntingdon's Connection, he thus spent his earlier days as a member of a sub-sect of a sect; for the Countess of

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Huntingdon's Connection was a "schism" from Wesleyan Methodism. We take it, however, that the period of twelve years which it took the reverend doctor to discover "auricular confession" were years spent as a member of the Anglican community.

We may now go forward. Here is the surprising fact I have set before you: The Church has been established for almost nineteen hundred years. Sixty-eight thousand suns have risen and set upon it; sixty-eight thousand days have come and gone and on the sixty-eighth thousand and first, a clergyman of the Church of England makes this surprising discovery—auricular confession. Auricular confession is good. It has a great efficacy. It is a wonderful weapon with which to fight the devil. For years and years he refused to accept it. But in the end he learnt where the peace of his soul lay and accepted it.

This, then, is the remarkable situation as it developed. Apparently to members of the Church of England, the great sacramental truths of the Catholic Church are still matters of personal search and discovery. I was hoping that this was no longer so. Vain hope!—for as it was, so will it always be. Where there is no authoritative voice to point on the way, these perilous voyages and painful discoveries will continue. The religious life of an Anglican is generally a series of such discoveries, and each discovery is preceded by a period of doubt and perplexity of doubt and misgiving, of storm and stress. And by the time he is an octogenarian he has made quite a collection of such Catholic truths; and incidentally learnt quite a lot about the misery of not knowing what was right to believe or sound to practise.

Think of it! Imagine such a condition of affairs! Could anything be more appalling! For it surely cannot be in accordance with the mind of God that the human soul should be thus harassed and harrowed. No, thank God for it, when the light shows, the darkness disappeared. When St. Peter set up his chair in Rome, a voice then began to speak which put an end to human perplexity in things of the spirit. Thereafter truth was made of a matter of *intrusion*. Let the printer write that word big—that since the Catholic Church was set in the seat of authority, the what to do and believe a matter of *instruction*. No longer were there any need for the human soul to plunge through a welter of spiritual miseries in order to come to this "peace at last." A man may begin with this peace, continue all his life in this peace and end in this peace. It is not the will of God—nor ever was—that a man's religious history should be a chronicle of blind groping in the darkness, of possible stumblings, of desperate struggles which send the heroic soul that has persevered a battered, shattered wreck to its desired heaven. There is a peace in which a man may walk from his boyhood upwards, and this way of peace the Catholic Church alone possesses; and one of the planks of that way—to use a homely metaphor—is auricular confession. It is monstrous to ask any man in this year. Anno Domini to struggle home to this "peace at last." No, I should like every boy and girl to make these words his motto: "This peace at first"—the peace that comes of a quiet conscience, of blessed truths thankfully received, of known duties faithfully performed, for there is a peace bountiful and continuous for all those who from their youth upward walk in humble obedience to the divine

authority of the someone who has said, that has no history. Blessed, thrice blessed, I cry, is the soul that has no history, that runs out its course in the daily knowledge and love of God, of the Church and her sacraments. If life denies him all other goods but these, he is rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

And as for those that come to this "peace at last"—after many storms and many conflicts, much spiritual wastage and many scars—may God hasten the day when the tale of them shall be fully numbered. May the time soon come which shall see the world return wholeheartedly to the One True Church, where all men shall start with this "peace at the beginning." For "peace at the end" is a very sorry substitute for "peace at the beginning"—a beggarly substitute indeed; though they who come to it as beggars may not be choosers, but must take it gratefully, as beggars should.—H. K. Goraal, M. A., in B. C. Orphan Friend.

TALKS ON RELIGION

OUR NATURE AND DIGNITY

"Know thyself," is the advice of philosophers and of theologians. "The proper study of mankind is man," says the poet Pope. Shakespeare expatiates on the same subject, saying: "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and motion how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God! The beauty of this world! The paragon of animals!"

Man should know something of his nature and dignity. He is the noblest of all earthly creatures, and to him God has given dominion over all the works of His hands. Man has, therefore, been exalted by His Creator. His prominence or supremacy does not consist in his physical strength or in his agility, but in his intelligence. This attribute distinguishes him from all other earthly creatures and makes him in this respect like unto the angels of heaven.

Consider man in himself. He is a reasonable creature, composed of an immortal soul and of a mortal body.

We go back in memory to the days of our youth and we recall the fact that man is a creature, the work of God, and that God created him to His own image and likeness. It does not require deep thought to recognize the fact that man is entirely beholden to God, that man belongs to God, as the statue to the sculptor, as the painting to the artist. God being the Master, man is subject to His authority as the child to his father, as the slave to his master.

Man, endowed with reason, is a reasonable being. He is endowed with reason and with its exterior complement, intelligence. This is a gift from the Giver of all good gifts, which separates man from the mere animal and affiliates him to the angels. Man, however, is composed of spirit, of soul and body, while the angels have no bodies but are pure spirits.

Death separates the immortal soul from the mortal body. The soul then begins a new life where there is no more death, but as it exists in happy or miserable as it works in time merited. God renders to all according to their works. The separation causes the body to unite again on the day of the resurrection. We read in the Apostles' Creed: I believe in the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting."

Created a little less than angels, by sin we lower ourselves to the mere animals, or get below their level.

In the "Life of Cardinal Cheverus, by M. Hamon, we read the following: "M. Cheverus when Bishop of Montauban preached every Sunday at the parochial Mass in his Cathedral. The discourses were no other than an explanation of the Catechism. He commenced with the first chapter, and then took up the succeeding ones, according as they occurred in the Abridgment of the Christian Doctrine. At first he did not tell his hearers that it was his intention to explain to them the Catechism. So interesting were his discourses that persons of every rank and class thronged to the Cathedral to hear him. Protestants as well as Catholics learned as well as ignorant, pressed around the pulpit. When he found that his discourses were admired and that he had gained the attention of his auditory he revealed to them his innocent secret. 'If at first,' said he, 'I had told you that I would on every Sunday explain to you the Catechism, you would have deemed it beneath you to assist at the explanation of it, thinking that it was only suited to children. But for the last six months that is what I have just done, and nothing more, and you have been deeply interested by the instructions given you. Know, then, that the Catechism is the book of the old as well as of the young of the learned as well as of the ignorant. In it every person finds

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Buff Orpingtons Leading in Egg Laying Contest

In the Great Egg Laying Contest now being held in England, the Buff Orpingtons are not only in first place, but of the ten leading pens, five are Buff Orpingtons. This report, just issued, was for December, January and February, and proves conclusively that the Buff Orpington is the greatest water layer. Leghorns and all other varieties are competing. I have birds bred from the best strain in England. Eggs, \$2 for 15. I guarantee a good hatch. All big birds and grand layers. Buffs and Rocks for sale to DUNGAN, 11 Thornton Ave., London, Canada.

something to be learned, something to be admired, something to be pondered on; and to undervalue the Catechism, proceeds from nothing else than an unfounded prejudice." The Bishop of Montauban continued his exposition of the Catechism, and his discourses were listened to on every Sunday by all persons with interest and pleasure.

It is a part of wisdom to know our follies and our danger and to guard against them. Man without religion is like a horse without a bridle, uncontrollable and dangerous.—Catholic Universe.

STRANGE THEORIES RIFE

The Archbishop of Boston has a habit of saying things which are very much to the point. The following summing up of the religious situation amongst the "late lecturers" without the Church is a masterpiece: "For 'peace at the end' is a very sorry substitute for 'peace at the beginning'—a beggarly substitute indeed; though they who come to it as beggars may not be choosers, but must take it gratefully, as beggars should.—H. K. Goraal, M. A., in B. C. Orphan Friend.

Writing on divorce in a London paper, The World, Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., points to Catholic Ireland as an example for England and other countries to profit by. We are told, says he, that England, "like other Protestant and enlightened countries," has left the Catholic Church behind to follow in this matter the United States of America.

A modern writer has warned us that "if we want to make marriage stronger in the affections of the people we must make divorce more easily attainable." Are, then, the Catholic people of Catholic Ireland, who have no law of divorce, a melancholy and miserable community? It is a fact that compared with Irish Catholics our Nonconformist brethren are all brightness, wit and humor? Truth to tell, Protestant England would do better to learn her marriage lesson from Catholic Ireland than from the United States of America.

And the "marriage lesson" can be learned also from the "Catholic Ireland" within the United States. There are more Irish Catholic in the United States than in Ireland and they have carried with them the good "marriage lesson" from the old land.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A Good Lesson From Catholic Ireland

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