MAY 25, 1895.

I Loved You Once. BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

And did you think my heart Could keep its love unchanging ? Fresh as the birds that start In Spring, nor know estranging ; Listen ! The buds depart ; I loved you once, but now— I love you more than ever.

'Tis not the early love : With day and night it alters, And onward still must move, Like earth that never falters For storm or star above. Floved you nonce, but now-I love you more than ever.

With gifts in those glad days, How eagerly I sought you! Youth, shining hope and praise; These were the gifts I brought you, In this world little stays: I loved you noce, but now— I love you more than ever.

A child with glorious eyes Here in our arms half sleeping— So passion wakeful lies : Then grew to manhood, keeping Its wistful young surprise ; I loved you once, but now— I love you more than ever.

When's age's pinching air Strips summer's rich possession, And leaves the branches bare, My secret in confession. Still thus with you I'll share, I loved you once, but now-I love you more than ever.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sunday Within the Octave of the

Ascension.

THE CONSTANT STRUGGLE. "Be prudent, therefore, and watch in pray ers." (St. Peter iv., 7.)

What a happiness many Christians have at the Easter-time through confession and Communion, and how desirable it is that this happiness should continue! I will tell you how to be always thus happy. Wage a constant warfare against your evil passions ; for sin is the only thing that can deprive you of the joy which you now have. But you will say, "It is hard to be always striving." I answer, that the victorious in any contest do not notice the labor which their triumph costs. Defeat is what make warfare painful. For your consola tion, remember that you have only to be resolute and arm yourself with God's grace, which is given most abund antly, and defeat is impossible. God has provided help for you in all possible difficultles. He will not abandon you unless you throw down your arms You have already gained much in ob taining God's friendship. Your hard-est fight was when you were doing penance to get this friendship. What a pity it would be to throw away what

has cost you so much labor ! "Be prudent, therefore," and do not let yourselves be ensuared again by evil. Consider the great happiness which you now have, and compare it with your great misery when you were in danger of being lost for ever. Ex perience is a great teacher, and it is folly not to profit by it. See how it has been with you. When you consented to sin you were cheated by a pleasure that you found to be unreal, you had to suffer an hour of pain for every moment of gratification, and your soul was agitated, depressed and sorrowful. Besides, in this unhappy state you

deserved only everlasting pains. Now that you have the happiness of being in God's favor, how you ought to strive not to lose it! Show your prudence by "watching in prayers." Since the Paschal Communion have you watched yourself? or have the old habits of neglect once more begun to appear ? Have those morning and evening prayers been omitted ? Watch. These are the beginnings which prepare the way for a fall into sin. Your prayers are your chief defence. God's assist-

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. The Secret of Success.

BY PHILIP BURROUGHS STRONG. Choose thou, O youth, thy path in life; Let not events decide; Be not in hfe's momentous strife, Like weeds upon a tide.

Determined what thy aim shall be, Toil with that aim in view : If circumstances hinder thee, Make circumstances new. Be not the iron that is bent.

And beaten as it glows ; But be, through full and fixed intent, The arm that gives the blows.

Remember this: We can attain What fully we intend: We for ourselves ordain Life's destiny and end.

They win in life who will to win ; They fail who faint and fear : To him with dauntless heart within No obstacles appear.

There is no mount too high to scale, No stream too wide to span. For him who wills he will not fail, Who will and therefore can.

So choose, O youth, thy path in life, With firm resolve decide ; Bring all thy powers into the strife : Success shall thee betide !

Peter's First and Last Voyage BY MARY E. MANNIX.

Peter Lincoln wanted to be a sailor His father and mother, without actu ally fordidding him to think of it. did all they could to discourage him in

what they knew to be a foolish idea. Mr. Lincoln's grandfather had been a sea-captain ; they lived in a small town on the bay, and the house was full of curious shells and old fashioned stuff brought from foreign shores.

But Peter had lived to be fifteen without feeling any great longing to be a sailor, when suddenly the taste seemed to develop and nothing could divert his boyish mind 'from its pur-The truth was that a library had lately been established in the place, and Peter's head was filled with the romantic stuff about a sailor's life, which he had gathered from the various sea-stories which had fallen into his hands. Unfortunately "Two Years Before the Mast" had not been included in the catalogue; it would have counteracted many a wild and foolish impression made by the im-

captain of a large vessel.

them than I have now.

said Peter, abruptly.

breakfast, dinner and supper.

to the fire.

silence.

speak.

Mr. Lincoln turned around, still probable stories he had devoured. holding the paper in his hand. Peter stood in the shadow ; his father did not One Autumn evening he sat beside the fire with his father and mother, his know him for he enquired, "Who is little sister Fanny on his knee. Peter 1t ? loved Fanny dearly, and petted her a great deal. She was only four years "It is I, father. Peter, come back

to you and mother. Will you forgive me, father dear?" As he spoke he old, and he thought nothing of carry ing her on his back half a mile to the came nearer and stood by his father's beach where he would fill her little Mr. Lincoln looked up into his son's basket with shells, and her brother told

er's house.

her of all the beautiful things he in face, and the boy saw that he was caretended to buy her when he should be worn and troubled. Had he done this, was it his work ? This evening Mr. Lincoln had been

he thought, and a great sob rose in his busy with some papers, but his work throat. "Yes, it is Peter," said his father, being finished he drew his chair close gravely regarding him. "It is Peter come home again to his father, but his "What curious shapes the coals

seem to take," he said, after a short mother is not here." "Where-where is she, father?" His wife put down her knitting as asked the boy.

she answered : "They do. I have often observed "She is in Heaven, I hope," was the reply, coldly given, as his eyes met those of his son. "In Heaven, where hearts never break as her's did it, more particularly in my younger

days when I had more time to watch where there are no ungrateful sons, "They all look like ships to me," where, no doubt, she is still praying for you." 'O, father, father, do not look at me

"Put that nonsense out of your head at once and finally," said his father, like that," said the boy, falling on his knees, and burying his face on his father's shoulder. "And-and little more sharply than was his custom to father's shoulder. "And—and little Fanny," he said, through blinding tears. "Where is she?" "I am tired of hearing only ships, schooners and men of war, for voyage would be enough to cure you "She went to Heaven soon after her

f your delusions, foolish boy !" A lump rose in Peter's throat, but mother-nearly a year ago," was the reply; but now he had his hand upon he saw a shade of hope in his father's the boy's head, and was softly stroking last words.

Nervous People

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THE RUNAWAY BOY. Glad he Came Back When he Found out that he was not Missed.

RECORD.

tain, a rough, unscrupulous man, kept This is how James Whitcombe Riley him out of sight for a couple of days introduced Col. Richard Malcolm John and made a show of kindness to the lad till the ship was well under way, ston to an audience :

CATHOLIC

THE

mand.

left the house and was soon on board the Sally-Ann, duly indentured as

cabin-boy on the ship's log. The cap-

proven nothing but empty air.

was to be at home once more !

when he had seen him last.

then began a life of hardship and priva-tion for Peter, the like of which he had "There was once a boy-an ag-grieved unappreciated boy-who grew never imagined in his romantic visions to dislike his own home very much and of a sailor's free and happy life. The next five years seemed like a terrible dream. Heat and cold, work found his parents not at all up to the standard of his requirements as a son and disciplinarian. He brooded over and blows, starvation and misery were the matter, and one morning before breakfast climbed over the back fence all jumbled up together in one fearful whole, for Peter had had the misfor-tune to fall in with a monster whose and ran away. He thought of the surprise and remorse of his parents name was another word for cruelty when they discovered that he had in and injustice to those under his com-

deed gone, and he pictured with rain-bow colors the place he would make for But all things earthly pass away, and himself in the world. He would show at the expiration of the voyage, Peter found himself in sight of his home weary and repentant, only fearing his parents that he would not brook their ill-treatment, and that he could get along better without them. Some that he might not be welcomed like that other prodigal, of whose story he had often been reminded by his own. It was night when they had arrived, way this feeling of exhilaration died out as the long, hot hours wore on. There came a time when other boys went home to dinner. He raided a neighboring orchard. The afternoon and he was soon in sight of his father's seemed endless. A knotted, rigid sort house, clothed in a shabby suit, the red of an aching spot came into his throat that seemed to hurt him worse when he bandanna with the few things it contained, forming the bulk of his worldly goods ; for, with the exception of a few didn't notice it than when he did. It was a very curious, self-assertive, opinionated sort of a pain. curious stones in his pocket, the treas-ures promised to little Fanny, had " It was nearly dark when the strug-

As he strode up the garden path, he gle was given up and the boy slowly pulled a twig from the sassafras bush and bit off the pungent end. He had walked along the dusty road toward home. When he reached the wood-pile he gathered up a load of wood and carried it in with him. The hired girl often done this before, and smiled to himself that the habit had so soon returned. His heart beat wildly, he drew a long breath-how delightful it was washing the supper dishes, but she did not seem to have noticed that he had been away. He sauntered care-He would never go away again ; he would be a lawyer like his father. The dear mother would see how helpful and lessly into the pantry, but the cup board was locked. He went out in the back-yard and washed his feet at the rain barrel. Everything seemed pleasanter than it ever had before. obedient he had become, and sweet little Fanny, she must be a great girl now. The window-blind was up, he The fireflies flitting among the grape peeped in ; his father sat by the fire alone. His back was to the door, and vines, the reflection of the stars in th rain-barrel, were soothing to the tired boy. Then he walked straight into the old sitting-room. His father didn't Peter could not see his face, but he thought he looked much older than look up from his paper; his mother was so busy sewing she didn't notice He knocked at the door but heard no

his entrance. "He sat meekly down on the edge response. His heart beat more rapidly than ever as he opened it, ashamed of a chair. Why didn't somebody say something? He was ready to be and afraid as he was to enter his fathscolded or punished, anything rather than this terrible silence? If the clock would only strike it would be a relief He heard the boys shouting far down the street, but had no desire to join them-no, never again in the world. He just wanted to stay in of nights. right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked He couldn't remember any prior up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profoundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he him self must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time

ease, he airly remarked : "'I see you've got the same old cat."

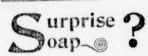
"That boy," said Mr. Riley, " was Richard Malcolm Johnston, in whose heart still abides a love for the simple homes and firesides of the humblest of his tellows.

OPPOSE RITUALISM.

St. Louis Episcopalians Are at Logger heads Over High Church Practices -Low Churchmen Classed as Thugs.

A war has broken out between the 'High' and 'Low' Church Episcopalians in St. Louis. It grows out of the formation of the Protestant Episco pal association in that city, whose object is to combat the ritualistic prac tices and aping of Catholics which has been in such vogue among Episcopalians recently. The Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and the Guild The Confraternity "But I saw her hat and cape hangof All Saints are particularly objection able to the new organization, as it is ing on the chair when I came in," he claimed these societies are active in "She hung it there herself the day the propaganda of peculiarly Roman Catholic tendencies. The clergy who are opposed to the societies say its members intend to strike at ritualism through the con-Sunday's Rest in France, the following tribution box and the diocesan treas etter. So acute is the tension that the ournals urv. burst into loud weeping — "Peter, Peter what ails you, my boy? Why are you crying in your Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic v. Dr. Robert A. Holland, rector of St. George's parish, has taken up the Benediction : Very grateful to Us have been your fight for the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and the Guild of All etters, especially that which gives Us It was his mother's voice ! He Souls and gave out for publication this earching criticism of the new antinformation dear to Us concerning the sprang up in bed ! He could see her Association for the observance of the ritual Low Church association : Sunday's repose. It is true that France abounds in pious works usein the moonlight, standing at the bed "To lie in wait and strike from the "Why, you are not undressed," he said. "For once I forgot to come dark is base enough among assassins, fully founded by the generous activity of her sons, but it pleases Us to point but to consecrate it with the religion in before I went to bed, and here you of Christ and to make it a method of out that over which you preside among are lying on the bed outside the clothes propagandanism in the Church of those which are especially with that old sailor-cap beside God, beats the baseness of thugs whose guished for the nobility and holiness of you. Well, well, undress quickly craven cruelty shares those of their their aims. now and get into bed." "Mother !" said the boy, clasping own tribe if it does use stealth and This your Association tends directly guile in striking down its outside foes. o cause to be rendered to God, as is her tightly in his arms and kissing her again and again. "I have had a horrid dream. I do not want to go to "What might excuse these conjust, a due homage by the cessation of work, as He Himself rigorously ordered spirators against their own Church is heir ignorance of that Church's doc even from the beginning of the Old Law. Hence We commend your work, and all the more readily do We look sea. I shall never want to go a Tell father so, and sleep in peace. I shall never want to go again. trine and polity. I doubt if one of them knows what ritualism means; I doubt if one of them has read a history upon it with love, since contempt for the holiday of the Lord, is, day by day, the cause of new and great evils, both Before she left him he had told her all, how in waiting for midnight he of his Church ; I doubt if one of them could give any reason why he is a had fallen asleep, and had dreamed the for men and nations. dream in which he made his first and churchman at all. I am quite sure As to you, Beloved Son, and to your that none of them knows that nearly He could not sleep again until he had untied the red bandanna and recompanions, who are so well inspired, every practice he opposes has already We think it just to give you Our ex been adjudicated by the highest court placed the articles he had intended to hortation. We wish that what so fan you have been doing spontaneously of the Church and decided to be legal. If candles on the altar are ritualistic, take with him; for now, and ever after the thought of going to sea be-came as repugnant to him as it had and upon your own initiative, you will then St. Paul's cathedral in London is ritualistic and Bishop Potter's private chapel in New York is ritualistic, and continue to do in the future in compliance with Our invitation. these ought to be evicted at once from the Church of which these blockheads on your organization and the manifold And those who are all tired out and have that tired feeling or sick headache can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sar-saparila, which gives nerve, mental and bod-ily strength, and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia. works done by you for His cause, and would be landlords. Poor things, poor things! They will soon wriggle may you find a pledge of Divine favors their brief spasm. But what is it in in the Apostolic Blessing which We impart to you, Beloved Son, and to all the church of St. Louis that makes it possible that only here, of all cities in those who, with you, devote themselves America, such maggots should be to so salutary an enterprise. bred ?'





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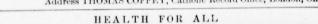


ing to the Clementine edition of the Scripture, with amotations by the Rev. Dr. Challoner, to which is added the History of the Holy Catholic Bible, and Calmet's Illustrated and Explanatory Catholic Dictionary of the Bible, each edited by the Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and Liturgy in the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia, and prepared under the special sanction of His Grace the Most Rev. Jas. F. Wood, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia. With references, a historical and chronological index, a table of the epistles and gospels for all the Sundays and Holydays throughout the year and of the most notable feasts in the Roman calendar, and other instructive and devotional matters. With elegant steel plates and other appropriate engravings. This Bible will prove not only useful in every Catholic household, but an orna-ment as well. The size is 12½x10½x4 inches, weighs 12½ pounds, and is beautifully bound. For SEVEN DOLLARS (cash to accompany order) we will send the Bible will give credit for one year's subscription of This Carnotic Record. The Bible and The Record for a year for Seven Dollars. Subscripters who live where there is no ex-press office can have book forwarded to the one nearest their residence. Please note that if, on examination, anyone is dissatisfied with the purchase, the book may be returned at our expense, and the money will be refunded. Bibles similar to these have for years been sold by agents for ten dollars each.

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ance is continually necessary for all, and it is granted through prayer.

assistance of God continues while the habit of prayer lasts, but no longer. Pray, and all will be well with you. If you do not pray, nothing Watch for your fail can save you. ings in the duty of prayer, and con-tinually repair and correct them. No temptation can move one who is faith ful to prayer. Such a one's salvation is infallibly certain. If you do not pray, you are without excuse, because all, even the greatest sinners, can pray. It is a maxim or the spiritual life that one who is faithful in prayer is faithful in all things. Prayer cures all the disorders of the soul, diminishes one's daily faults, takes away the temporal punishment due to sin, in-

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The Pope.

ducts to paradise.

creases one's merits, and finally con-

Among the few rare men whom history records as standing above all others, the only one perhaps possess-ing a personal charm is Leo XIII. His stateliness is always easy and natural there is no attempt at mere show, nothing effected or theatrical, no semblance of having attained by effort the pinnacle of supreme power, but rather of having reached it by easy steps. Hence springs the attraction which he inspires in his contemporaries, which will be felt more and more by those who study the order and harmony of his acts .- " Innominato" in New York Sun.

Get the Best.

Get the Best. The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time, on the con-trary they want the best! Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emul-sion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil.

sion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil. Still Another Triumph-Mr Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequent. Iy I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years but Eclectric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since." 'Minard's Liaiment Cures Dandruff.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"O, let me take that one voyage, then," he said. "The Sally-Ann will sail on Monday for South America ; siid they want a cabinboy. I have seen the

advertisement posted on the docks. before she was taken ill in bed, and Do let me go, father. O mother, please told me to leave it there so that Peter coax him, won't you ?" might remember her when he came "I, Peter?" said his mother, with trembling lips, "it would break my heart to see it." home. Peter could endure no more. Throw

ing himself prone upon the floor, he "Go to bed, sir," said his father

side

she said.

And

sternly, "and never let me hear the word ship from your lips again, till I give you leave to say it, which will sleep ?" only be after I am satisfied that you

are cured of your insensate folly." Peter arose in silence, tears in his eyes and rank rebellion in his boyish "Good-night," he said, sulieart. lenly, and left the room without look ing around, though Fanny besought him not to forget her good night kiss. We will follow him to his chamber. For a long time he sat on the side o

the bed, his face buried in his hands. After a couple of hours spent thus, he got up, and going softly from closet to drawer and from drawer to closet, he collected a few articles of clothing which he tied up in a large bandanna handkerchief that had lain around in the bureau ever since he could remem In all the books he had read ber. sea faring men invariably carried their baggage in this way, and he meant to be true to their time honored last voyage as a sailor. traditions. Then, taking a long -dis carded sailor cap from a peg in the closet, he set it well back on his head, looking in the glass to see the effect. After removing his shoes, he was about to steal down stairs when he remembered that they creaked badly, once been delightful.

and his father and mother might not yet be asleep. "Discretion is the better part of

valor," said the misguided boy, in a tragic tone, also learned from his visits to the library. "I will bide my time:" from which preparations it will easily be inferred that he meant to run away He sat down on the bed again and

waited till he heard the town-clock HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take, easy in striking midnight, then he quickly action and sure in effect. 25c,

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Leo XIII. Pope.

May God look with complacency up

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