

DIVIDED - YET ONE.

A STORY OF THE CRUSADES.

CHAPTER I.

A grand festival was being held at the castle of Sir Roland de Montepan. It was the eve of departure of a gallant company of knights and nobles for the Holy Land, and the merry making was to bid them "God speed." Not all, it is true, of the brilliant gathering in that hospitable hall were going to see the sacred soil from the crusading motive alone. Some, it must be confessed, had scarce given a thought to the holiness of the work, and very many of the rest had much of the alloy of ambition, curiosity and love of adventure mixed with the pure gold of Christian indignation and holy zeal. Here two or three young knights were conversing excitedly with an old crusader; there Sir Roland and a few of the veterans were "fighting their battles o'er again." The dance was almost forgotten in the excitement of the occasion.

And, yonder, in a deep recess, where a narrow lattice admitted the soft and softening rays of the moon, stood two youthful figures. Forgetful of all around them, these two seemed to be entirely absorbed in the sweets of each other's society. There was an earnest, almost holy look of high purpose mixed with ardent love on the face of the youth. His long crimson cloak, thrown back from his breast, revealed a figure rich with promise of vigorous manhood. He was speaking earnestly, tenderly to the tearful maiden beside him. Presently, and with a deep sigh, she looked up.

"God and our Lady bless thee, dear Edward, and keep thee—"

His earnest look ceased the rest to die away on her lips, and her eyes to seek the floor again.

"Margaret," said her lover, "betrothed of my heart, I feel that it is only the Crusade that can make me not utterly unworthy of thee. I go to win laurels wherewith to enwrap thy pure brow—to bring back a name, which, won in a holy cause, will surely bless our hearth—our hearth, sweet one, for truly we are so pledged, are we not?"

She blushed; he took her willing hand and went on passionately:

"Yes, while my heart is here, in thy keeping, may my sword be a humble instrument for the redemption of the sepulchre of my God."

Margaret de Montepan's heart caught some of the fire of the young enthusiast.

"Go, Edward. Far be it from me to detain thee! I hope in thy hope. I glory in thy glory. Think not because I tremble, and perchance, even weep, that I cannot feel thy fire. Nay, dear love, I am the daughter of warriors, and I am thine the more that thou lovest the trumpet and the war-horse—aye, and the gory field of battle. I am the child of a saintly mother, and my heart goes to fight with thee in the Holy Land. The God thou severest with thy sword will bless thee, and, surely, me, for thy sake."

A movement among the guests made them turn. Sir Roland bade the musicians strike up a crusading hymn, and, as the ladies left the hall, Margaret scarcely had time for "farewell"—yes, a hurried hand-press and farewell! For the next morning all would be hurry, all excitement, and the knights departed early, and, alas, she dared not show her love openly. Margaret went to her chamber and sat musing, her hands hanging listlessly in her lap, her white dress gleaming in the pale light, her eyes gazing dreamily before her.

Edward de Faulkner was the son of an old friend of her father. Noble, chivalrous and honorable, with an ardent heart and high aims—and some of these qualities were by no means common among the Norman knights—he was poor, his name decayed, and needing a brilliant career indeed to make him, in the eyes of Sir Roland de Montepan, a fit consort for his only child. It never even occurred to him to suppose for a single moment that she could dream of union with de Faulkner. And Margaret knew all this. She knew Sir Roland's pride and ambition; she knew of Edward's poverty, and yet—

Ah, love is so stealthy! He creeps in quite unknown to the owners of his victim hearts, and before they are aware of his presence, behold, he has already taken possession and will not be gainsaid! So that when the time came for Edward de Faulkner to take the arms and name of a knight and march to the Crusade, Margaret was astonished to find herself clinging with all the love of her young heart to him and weeping bitter tears in secret. She had a gentle, loving mother; but how could she confide in her what might be a hopeless affection? The noble and gentle maidens of that day were taught to be perfectly quiescent in the disposal of their hand. She must abide her time; she must wait and trust that Edward would soon return covered with glory; she must pray that never, never should she be called upon to become the bride of another. All these thoughts and a thousand others rushed through her mind as she sat in her chamber. How deeply and how purely her heart clung to him!

She waited, the scalding tears in her eyes and a dead weight at her heart. At last all sounds of revelry ceased and she was growing calmer. A slight noise in the corridor made her start. The chapel door was opened and closed softly. A small figure over her face as she threw a blue cloak over her shoulder and left the room. Swiftly and noiselessly she glided down the steps to the chapel, opened the tribune door, and entered.

The moonlight bathed the sanctuary floor, casting a thousand glimmering lights over the altar and tabernacle from the rich east window. The sanctuary lamps shone like sparks of red fire amid the upper gloom. On the floor, just outside the sanctuary, lay the armour of a knight, and beside the armour, his eyes intently fixed upon the tabernacle, knelt he for whom her soul longed. Silently she knelt down in the tribune upon the soft cushion. "To-morrow, to-morrow, he will be a knight," she breathed. "Oh, God, guard him; oh, God, accept his vows with graciousness; oh, God, bless him in life and grant him a peaceful death!" He saw her not; she knew it and rejoiced. It was joy un-

speakable to be near him in the silent knowledge of his love; to be near him here, in the presence of the Most Holy Eucharist; to pour forth her prayers for him and to watch with him during the silent night, the eve of his knighthood, the last night—till when!

So they watched together; till, at length, the moon glided past and left the sanctuary dark, and the youth and the armour were almost lost in the shadow. Then she crept back to her chamber and slept.

The sound of cheerful voices, the clink of armour, and the noise of armed footsteps awoke her next morning. She rose hurriedly and opened the casement. There, in the courtyard, was mustering the gay throng of knights. The sun was getting fairly high, the moon was bright and rounding with the songs of a thousand birds. She had missed the ceremony of Knighthood! Her mother, considering the late hour of her retiring to rest, the night before, had forbidden her to be awakened. A pang of disappointment and self-reproach shot through her heart. All the warriors saluted her; but only one did she see; she was conscious of but one horse-man, saw but one face, full of joy and sorrow and love; and the next moment her breath came short, her eyes swam and for a few seconds she was on the verge of swooning. But pride and maidenly reserve came to her aid; and Margaret de Montepan waved her hand in farewell, her eyes bright with the light of tears and a flush which made her radiant as the morning upon her rounded cheek.

"How lovely she is!" exclaimed a young gallant to Sir Edward as they rode away.

"Aye," was the answer. And he murmured to himself, "Mine, mine alone!"

Oh, Youth, truly thou art sanguine; but faintest hope where others would despair! But who would wish it otherwise! We are the nobler for the hopes, the stronger for the dreams. The blossoms of spring and the flowers of summer fade; but the fruit remains.

Thus he departed; and Margaret was left with a remembrance sweet and sad, but hopeful. Would he not return and claim her? She lived on, every day becoming more and more attached to her own nook in the tribune; for here, in the chapel, was the one friend on earth who knew her secret, and could and would help and sympathize with her—the veiled Emmanuel in the Tabernacle.

Months rolled past, and there came tidings of a great victory over Saladin, then of the march to Jaffa, then the straggling and contradictory reports of King Richard's movements, followed by his uncertain fate. He returned to his kingdom; and still there came no Sir Edward de Faulkner to claim her. Twice she had heard something of him—once a pilgrim asking alms at the castle had mentioned his name in his story of a brilliant sortie; and, again, a knight returned from the crusade, reported him and his mercy to a vanquished Turkish officer. But he knew not what had become of him on the return of Richard's army. That was all.

CHAPTER II.

And the year went by—two, three, five. Still Margaret loved and hoped on; hoped till she found that hope had gradually and unconsciously died out, leaving a grave in his heart. Calmly and sadly she thought of him as dead, and instead of praying for his return, found herself supplicating for the repose of his soul. Several times had her hand been sought; but she had ever shown such a dislike of marriage that her mother, deeming from her frequent visits to the chapel, from her thoughtful and saintly ways, that she looked to the convent as her haven of love and peace, did not urge it; and Sir Roland, who had intense respect for his wife, yielded to her representations, though he occasionally brought a vivid blush to his daughter's cheek by a word or a hint about her long maidenhood.

But now the gentle Lady de Montepan was anxious to have Margaret's desire expressed in words. As a mother, she shrank from parting with a beloved child; but, as a Catholic, she dared not place herself between her and her consecration to God.

One morning, when they were at their embroidery frames, Margaret unconsciously paused, and looking up, her mother saw her eyes wistfully turned towards the distant convent, where it stood on the hill-side shaded by noble trees, as if the whisperings of nature alone were allowed to intermingle with its holy quiet. The thin wreath of smoke, rising from amid the foliage, seemed an emblem of the peaceful and Heavenward happiness and prayer within.

Lady de Montepan watched her in silence a moment or two.

"Margaret, my child," at the sound of her mother's voice the maiden started, and a quick flush overspread her features—"hast thou a love for yonder convent, that thine eyes are so often turned towards it?"

"It is a holy life, sweet mother," she replied.

"Truly, my child; and thy constant dislike of suitors has led me to—"

She paused, her voice trembled, and tears started to her eyes.

Margaret crossed over, knelt down, and kissed her mother's hand.

"Nay, dearest mother, that life is not for me. I was but thinking of our cousin Agnes, the abbess, and of the fullness and beauty of her life. In sooth, to speak with her is to be holier for a season."

Lady de Montepan started with a mingled sensation of surprise and relief. This, then, was not the goal of Margaret's hopes, if she had, indeed, any hopes, for of suitors would she have none either. Soon she spoke again, determined, if possible, to fathom the mystery.

"There is none that I love upon earth." She blushed painfully, aware that she had shown more passion than her mother would deem becoming. And, indeed, there was a slight tone of displeasure mingled with the tenderness of Lady de Montepan's reply.

"These are strange words, Margaret. Thy father and I, methinks, are the best guardians of thy welfare. We have not pressed a choice upon thee nor chosen for thee, because I deemed—but that matters not. There are suitors enow for thy hand."

Margaret clasped her hands with a look of agony.

"My mother, forgive me if I speak yet this once. Thou art merciful; compel me not. Oh, if thou knewest all, if thou knewest all!"

Again a deep flush overspread her features. Her memory told over the scenes and hopes of long ago; and she wept. Gladly would she have suppressed her tears, but their tide, swept onward by the force of remembrance, was too strong.

Lady de Montepan turned pale. What meant all this? She felt at one moment bewildered, at another exasperated by the mere sentimentality and waywardness. Presently she said, "Margaret, this is but foolishness. Look up and tell me thy meaning."

Thus commanded, her daughter, by a great effort, overcame her emotion sufficiently to say, "Rememberest thou, my mother, Edward de Faulkner?"

"Aye, surely," responded her parent. "But what, have all these tears to do with him?"

"We loved each other," said Margaret, falteringly, and then, little by little, followed the short story of that youthful love.

Lady de Montepan listened with sympathetic interest. "But, my poor child, he returned not, with or without glory. He is surely dead. King Richard returned, and the last straggling knight has re-entered his own halls. Thou must not waste thy heart's love on the dead. Strive to bury it with him. Come, thou shalt have twelve months for thy task; and then a living love shall be thine."

"Oh, lady and mother, have pity, I cannot love again!—I dare not—"

began the weeping girl; but with a look of dignified astonishment, and with severe distinct emphasis, her mother replied:

"Such is not the condition of mind befitting a modest maiden and true child, Margaret. I find I needs must leave thee alone to calm thy disordered heart."

And the maiden was left alone, alone with her own thoughts. The embroidery frame was forgotten. Mechanically she twisted the bright silks round her fingers, as they lay on a table near her. The past seemed bright with hopes, the future, to her sensitive and romantic mind, ominous and dark with fears. A quiet life in the old castle with its romantic scenery had done much to foster the imaginative tenderness of her nature, so that the mere prospect of union with any one but her beloved Edward was the bitterness of death to our heroine. Nevertheless, she was conscientiously assured that nothing remained for her but obedience to her parents and could only pray for strength.

And, now, a series of festivities was devised to rouse Margaret into gaiety. Many a tournament, also, was graced by her sweet presence. But even the prowess of knighthood—so powerful a stimulus in that chivalric age—was unable to warm her with more than a passing excitement. Yet she was so gentle, so obedient, so sweet that neither her mother nor Sir Roland could find a single tangible fault in her.

The twelve months' respite was drawing to a close, when a sudden and fatal illness seized the Lady of the Castle. No more was said about Margaret's marriage; it seemed clearly her duty to take, as far as possible, her beloved mother's place, and to soften the grief of Sir Roland. Terrible was the blow to her also. But the knife of bitter grief had been plunged in her heart before, and lo! it had discovered a well of sweetness and sympathy and patience that, now occasion offered, made her a meet comforter for her father, and a gentle and true mistress and benefactress of all under her rule. Trials are blessings or curses according as we receive or reject them.

CHAPTER III.

Years passed; Sir Roland died in battle; a nephew had taken his place in the Castle, whose two motherless children were the special solicitude of "Cousin Margaret." The simple peasantry, in whose hearts she was shrined, told many stories and surmised many reasons why she was still "Miss Margaret." Some said she had made a vow of maidenhood; others that she had been warned in a vision not to marry a certain knight and would not marry another; and others again that she had remained single to minister to her father, and later had sacrificed herself to her little cousins. But all agreed that it was stranger such loveliness had not made her a bride long ago.

One day, when summer was ripening into autumn; when the hedges shone with the red fruit of the rose; when the fields were heavy with their wealth of golden grain and the trees were resplendent in their farewell robes of crimson and gold, a solitary horseman rode slowly towards the Castle. A knight he seemed to be by the style of his dress. But his armour was rusty and dented; his cloak was threadbare, and his face worn and anxious. He came across a peasant who happened to be working in one of the fields and accosted him.

"A fine castle, my good friend! Canst thou tell me what knight or noble is its lord?"

"Marry, that can I. 'Tis the young Lord Fitzburgh." Then, gazing curiously on the shabby accoutrements of the rider, "Sir Knight, thou must be a stranger in these parts."

"Fitzburgh—Fitzburgh?" murmured the knight questioning.

"Aye, Fitzburgh," interrupted the man, "the nephew of our good lord Roland de Montepan." The knight started painfully. "Aye, I knew Sir Roland once—many years ago.

Canst thou tell me, good fellow, aught of him and his family. Methinks he had a daughter?"

"He died some six years since, and my lady long before him."

"But his daughter—his daughter?" questioned the horseman, impatiently, "what of her?"

"Oh, aye," responded the peasant, getting surly, and looking with ill-disguised contempt at his interrogator, "and who be thee, I'd like to know, to ask with such mightily spleenful about his daughter? But, an you are minded to know, she's at the castle, and a right noble lady she is!"

The knight turned rapidly, put spurs to his horse, and galloped off.

"Why, saints help us, what's in him! He's gone, and never a groat for my pains. May St. Anthony forget me if ever I tell strangers all I know again," and the man slung his sword over his shoulder and turned off towards the road.

But the knight—suddenly he reined in his steed, and passed his mailed hand across his brow. Should he venture to see her, without name, without glory? He looked down at his shabby accoutrements, and smiled bitterly. "She was scarce more than a child when we parted," he murmured; then, with the words came a thought which nearly stunned him. The peasant had said she was at the castle, but was it on a visit? If so, she was married. Or was it still her home? Delirious thought! Could he dare to think so? Then a thousand possibilities flashed through his mind, swifter than lightning. She might have forgotten him, might be widowed. Twenty years was a long time! But oh! the longer he thought the more did those twenty years contract, till the spurs across them was but that between yesterday and to-day. Slowly he rode on through the park. How he, instinctively, as it were, threaded his way through its groves and labyrinths! Calmed by the very vehemence of his thoughts, Sir Edward de Faulkner hoped the bright hopes and dreamed the sweet dreams of youth again. Presently a turn in the park brought into view the western angle of the castle, flooded with the glowing light of the setting sun, which glittered, too, on the arms and badge of the warder who paced the battlements.

He dismounted and leaned against his horse. The Angelus bell from the distant convent told sweetly the time of prayer, and he obeyed the summons. As the last pearl died away amid the forest trees, he was startled by the sound of children's voices. Soon, two bright little maidens darted across his path, stood for a moment to gaze wonderingly at him, and then sprang away again in a wild chase towards the castle. An old servant was soon upon them from another direction. De Faulkner watched them over the draw-bridge, half hidden from his view in foliage. His cheek was blanched; his gaze fascinated—were they her's? So terribly was every sense absorbed in that one fear, that he heard not a soft step across the mossy sward. A lady was walking swiftly towards the spot where he stood; but she hesitated when she caught sight of the knight and seemed inclined to turn in another direction. Changing her mind, however, and smiling at what she deemed a foolish fear, struck, also by the dejected attitude of the horseman, she advanced.

"Sir Knight, methinks rest is thy need. If I may offer thee the hospitality of my castle, say so; and all its best is at thy service."

What was there in that voice that made the knight turn so suddenly? It was the voice he had carried in his heart for twenty long years. Mechanically he held out his arms. For one moment the lady started and drew herself up with dignity not unmixed with fear, and the deep flush that dyed her cheek recalled her youth. The next, some impulse moved her to scan his face. She looked with doubt and uncertainty into his eyes, a new-born hope leapt in her heart—there was a look that she remembered there. As for her lover, he had forgotten all but the Margaret of long ago, and a wild longing took possession of him to clasp her once more.

"Margaret," he said in a low voice of passionate appeal, "it is I,—come!" And she came; the last time was twenty years before. "It is I"—oh, sweet, instinctive certainty of love! There was but one "I" for her in the world.

Let us draw a veil over these moments. After all, words are but clumsy interpreters of feeling; and the more solemn, the more sacred, the more absorbing the feeling, the more inadequate the speech. At last, a fullness of supreme rest succeeded to the rapture of re-union. And as the sun was casting its last rays over the earth Margaret, leaning on De Faulkner's arm, entered the castle.

"My own," said he, as he passed on the threshold, "this is a hundred-fold return for the heats of the Arabian desert, aye for a Mohammedan dungeon and years of longing. The thought of thee has guarded me from the sins of the East, even as the possession of thee will be my shield from time to time."

"May God grant it!" was the low reply, as Margaret glanced upward with tearful and grateful eyes.

THE END.

When you feel your strength is falling, In some strange, mysterious way; When your cheek is slowly paling, And "Poor thing," the neighbors say, As they look at you in pity, To the nearest drug store send, At the earliest chance, and get a Bottle of the Sick Man's Friend.

You will get what you want by asking for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine tones up and invigorates the weakened system by purifying the blood and restoring lost vigor.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

On the Platform. Public speakers and singers are often troubled with sore throat and hoarseness and are liable to severe bronchial attacks which might be prevented and cured by the use of Hagyard's Pectoral Balm—the best throat and lung remedy in use.

Why go limping and whining about your cures when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial and you will not regret it.

THE SALVATION OF PROTESTANTS.

A JESUIT FATHER SPEAKS AT ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S ON THE SUBJECT.

Reported for the Freeman's Journal by Thomas J. M'Geoghegan.

Rev. Father Russo, S. J., delivered an able discourse, last Sunday evening, in St. Francis Xavier's church, West Sixteenth street, this city, in the course of which he dwelt on the salvation of Protestants at some considerable length.

In the beginning of his remarks he said that the Catholic Church had now existed nineteen centuries, while other denominations came into being only a few centuries ago. There cannot be two true Churches. One of them must necessarily be in error; for, truth is one and indivisible. The objections made against the Catholic Church are numerous. Some will say that, at one time, it was the true Church, but that it became corrupt. If so, then Christ broke His word, for He promised to be with His Church "all days even to the consummation of the world." As He, the God of Truth, made this promise, He will keep it, and it is blasphemy to assert the contrary. Therefore, the Church is the true Church to-day, the same as it ever was.

As to the teaching of the Church, our Protestant friends could never prove or point to one error taught by her; no, not even one; and the calumnies uttered against the Church have been disproved by the testimony of history. It is impossible for her to teach error because her doctrines are those inculcated by her Divine Founder to His Apostles, and by them to their successors, the priests and bishops of the Church. They have their commission from Him. "Going, therefore," said our Lord, "teach all nations, and I will be with you all days even to the consummation of the world." In these words, he could not have meant the Apostles alone, as some object, for they could not possibly live till the end of the world. He must undoubtedly, therefore, meant all their legitimate successors in the Apostolate, and addressed Himself to them as well as to those who had been immediately gathered around Him. Hence, the only infallible guide to lead souls to God to-day is the Catholic Church, and she, in fact, is the only Church that even lays claim to infallibility in the matter. The others are all drifting about "with every wind of doctrine."

But of all the slanders attributed to us, one of the worst is that we Catholics assert, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that all Protestants will be damned! We do nothing of the kind. This is not the teaching of the Catholic Church. It is anti-Catholic teaching. It must be distinctly understood that we distinguish in the Church two elements. One of these elements can be seen, such as the administration of the sacraments, the preaching of the Word of God, the offering up of the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar; in a word, all the external exercises of our religion, the exterior practice of our faith. All these constitute what we term the body of the Church. But, besides this, there is also the soul of the Church, by which the body is kept alive. This is the second element, and it consists of the sanctifying grace of God, the very life which sustains, as I said, the body of the Church. In this we do not, for a moment admit the existence of two Churches, for there is only the one Church with the body and soul united, the same as in the individual, who has also a body and soul. We do not, we cannot call him two men; we call him one man. Otherwise, we would be laughed at. It is the same way with the Church of Christ.

What then is the doctrine of faith? It is simply this, that in order to be saved, we must at least belong to the soul of the Church. Therefore we must have the grace of God, and if we appear before God without it we are lost. If our Protestant friends, then, belong to the soul of the Church by being in a state of sanctifying grace, God will not suffer them to be lost when they are in invincible ignorance, for invincible ignorance will never be punished by God. If they are in good faith, and lead sinless lives, they belong to the soul of the Church, and if they die in that condition they are saved. Or, if, having sinned, they make an act of perfect contrition, and thus recover the grace of God, they are also secure of their salvation, and God will not take into account their errors of faith when they happen to be in a state of invincible ignorance, or when they are in good faith regarding their religion.

The great difficulty with Protestants is that, though they have the privilege to belong to the soul of the Church of God, they lose numerous advantages possessed by those who belong to both the body and soul of the Church. They lose the benefit of the Sacraments and a thousand spiritual graces and helps derived therefrom to aid us to gain heaven. At the hour of death, after a careless life, it may not be easy to make an act of perfect contrition, although it may be comparatively easy to make an act of attrition, which latter suffices, with the grace of the sacrament of Penance, to purify the soul. The Protestant, not having this grace of the sacrament of Penance, and not being able to feel that intense love for God required in the act of perfect contrition, after a sinful life will be lost not because of his want of faith, but because of the sins unrepented of when he did not make the act of perfect contrition, a thing not easily done after a reckless life. If, however, he should happen to feel that perfect sorrow for insulting his Maker so often, then, no doubt, God will show him His mercy.

So far, then, for the slander so often uttered against Catholics in relation to their doctrine about the salvation of Protestants. You see how false and how groundless the calumny is.

Father Russo here dwelt on the objection made by some Protestants against our religion, because, indeed, it was the religion of the poor. Why, remarked the learned divine, we glory in this! Did not Christ come to preach the Gospel to the poor? Did He not belong to the poorest of the poor? This certainly was a very bad argument, and it should never deter our Protestant friends from entering the "One Fold." They

all must necessarily see the consistency of Catholic teaching; at least those of them who give any serious thought to the matter. We do not teach one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow. But how is it with those of other denominations? They listen to their pastor preach one doctrine and quite a different doctrine the Sunday following. They have, therefore, no unerring guide. Ministers will preach to suit the congregation addressed, as a general thing. It is not so with us. We preach Christ and Christ crucified.

But Protestants say that the Catholic Church is not "respectable;" that it is persecuted and despised by the world. Ah, here we glory in this again! Has it not been said that "the Church is the mystical body of Christ?" Has not Christ been persecuted? Therefore, of necessity, the Church must be persecuted, and come out triumphant through the very midst of persecution and suffering, even as Our Blessed Lord triumphed finally over death itself.

But the pride of poor human nature is the chief stumbling-block in the way of Protestants. Many of them, especially among the wealthy classes, would become Catholics, but they cannot bring themselves to kneel at the same altar with the afflicted and with the poor, suffering ones of Christ. The great ones of the world, indeed, associate with such as these, even in the house of God! The idea that the great and powerful ones of the world should have to depend on the absolution of a priest to save their souls! Oh, no! And so they will perish in their pride, forgetful of Christ's mandate to His Apostles, "Going therefore, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world. And again: "As the Father sent Me, I send you. . . . whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." words that prove clearly the power given by Christ to priests of His Church to forgive sins in His name.

But this humiliation of the confessional is a great drawback with Protestants whenever they conceive an idea of becoming Catholics. But the humiliation is not greater for them than it is for us. From the lowest to the highest among us—to the Pope himself—all must bend the knee in the confessional to receive absolution before going to Holy Communion, for it is a condition placed by Our Blessed Lord for the cleansing of the soul from sin.

We Catholics have one very important duty to perform, and one which we cannot lay too much stress upon. It is to pray—to pray with fervor and with perseverance, for the conversion of our Protestant friends. But, above all things, let us give them good example. Oh, this is the chief thing—good example. If they see that our religion makes us lead holy lives, they will naturally say there is something in it, and they themselves will pray and investigate, till at last, with the blessing of God, they will be brought into the body of the Church. How rejoiced you would be to know that such and such a friend became a Catholic! What feelings of satisfaction it would be to you! How it would help you to gain your own salvation, too! Oh, think of it! Pray, then, for the conversion of our Protestant friends, for the grace of God is all-powerful, and prayer is the great key that will open the treasures of God's grace for all who are disposed to possess them.

HE WAS FROM DAKOTA.

Our Princeton correspondent writes as follows: A tall, attenuated specimen of humanity, looking as if he might be a lineal descendant of Brother Z-phaniah Sockdolger, quietly dropped into the paragon last Saturday evening and introduced himself as the Rev. Mr. Kennedy of Rapid City, Dakota. In the light of subsequent events it is an easy matter to say that his reasons for visiting this district were not satisfactory; however, they were sufficient to secure a pleasant reception, a hospitable entertainment and an invitation to preach. To the latter he mildly demurred on the ground that his clerical outfit was in Toronto, but his reluctance was finally overcome. He, however, tenaciously clung to the opinion that his shoes were not exactly orthodox, so he bought a pair from one of our merchants, promising to pay for the same upon the arrival of his wife, who always carried the purse. The merchant would doubtless have been pleased to fill further esteemed orders upon similar terms, but the man from the boundless West was a big-hearted, unselfish being, whose gentlemanly instincts would not allow him to play the hog. On Sunday the Rev. Mr. Kennedy preached. It is true that he didn't read the hymns like an elocutionist; and it was noticed that at times his discourse lacked coherency; but these little faults were readily overlooked in a man who had wrestled with Dakota blizzards and been generally shaken up by his struggles to wrest the inhabitants of his far away home from the clutches of the Evil one. Where is the Rev. Mr. Kennedy now? He left early Monday morning. His departure was quiet and unceremonious, befitting one of his vocation. Some of our people have been looking for him, but he has a provoking way of keeping out of sight. When his wife arrives he will likely return and pay for those shoes.—Woodstock Sentinel Review.

It seems to be no hard matter to find one's way into some pulpits. Ed. CATHOLIC RECORD.

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