### A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCE.

"It is some years since the events am about to relate happened," Father Clifford said, speaking slowly. "I had just returned from Australia; and I found the work in Whitechapel, London, no less arduous than in Queens-land—indeed, of the two, the life in the Colonies was the more agreeable to

The missionary paused, as if in thought; and the young priest to whom the words were addressed did not speak. Father Clifford was giving a "mission; and the curate of Dhune, knowing that the time at Father Clifford's disposal was short, allowed him to tell his story without interruption or

remark.
"I presume you know little of a priest's work in such places," he said, in a moment or two, "but you know enough to form some idea of the class of people a priest meets. There was among my flock one man-an Irish man, too, alas!—well known for the wild, irregular life he led. His wife, poor soul! had managed to keep one faint spark of faith alive through all the events of a sinful and stormy career; and it was from her I first heard of her husband's dissolute life. James Daly was not an uneducated man, but rather the reverse; so that, when I chanced to find him sober, he could talk fluently and intelligently on many subjects. During our first meetings I allow him to lead the conversa tion; and, as I never mentioned relig ion to him, we became almost friendly When, after a while, I broached the subject, I was shortly answered; but for all that I did not despair of reclaiming him, and managed to visit regu larly the wretched rooms ne bome. Mrs. Daly, at least, was glad to see me, and often spoke of 'Jim.'
"'He's not strong,' she would say

'an', O Father, I sometimes fear that he will be taken sudden! All his people died without much warnin'

I myself had noticed that Daly's appearance had altered for the worse and, indeed, one could hardly wonder at that; for he was seldom sober. But he only laughed at any comment or Inquiries concerning his health, till one day at noon when I was fortunate enough to find him at home. "'Are you taking a holiday?' I asked, entering the room, where he

lay on an old sofa.
"'No, Father; but I have a con-

Well, I am glad to catch sight of you, anyhow. Do you know that the Passionist Fathers are giving a mis-sion in our church?'

"'I have heard that,' he answered, sullenly. "'Will you not attend the mission,

Daly?' I began.
"'No, I won't; and, there's an end

of the matter—wait, seeing I was about to speak. 'If I ever go to conshout to speak. In every go to consider the speak. The very self, Father Clifford. '' 'Very well,' I said, gladly. 'And why not now? Mind, Daly, you are

worse, much worse, than you suppose.'
"'Are you a doctor, too?' he inquired, with an incredulous shrug of

the shoulders.
"' One doesn't require much medical knowledge to see that you are very ill. Listen, Daly: for God's sake, for your own soul's sake, make your con-

"' Not now, I tell you, Father, -not

now.' When, then? Come, fix the time yourself.'
"He looked at me a moment, then,

with a mocking smile, replied: " 'To morrow morning at 3 o'clock. manifested no surprise, and he added: 'At that hour exactly.'
'' 'All right,' I said; 'and I hope

yon are not trying to deceive me. 'It was an unusual and inconvenient hour to fix; but I determined to be at his side in good time. Indeed, so restless and excited was I that by half-past 9 I was at his door: and as I raised my hand to knock, the door was flung open, and Mrs. Daly appeared.
"'He is dead, Father,—O God,

have mercy, he is dead !' Not James ?

"'Yes, yes. Only a few minutes ago he woke me, saying he must be away before you would come. He wanted a drink; and while I was getting it, he fell back dead.'

Yes, James Daly was dead - of heart disease, the doctor said. After a little time, sick at heart myself, I

left the place The morning was breaking over the city, but there were no stragglers abroad. Before I had gone far I was startled by hearing some one speak my name. I turned, and quite close me stood a lady of most unusual She was richly dressed, and spoke in tones singularly sweet. was too astonished to speak. At no time are women such as she to be met with in Whitechapel, and my amazement at seeing her there at that hour in the day prevented me from replying when she addressed; me. She waited for no reply, however, but mentioned a certain house and street and a woman's name.

"'That woman is dying. Go at once.

"Involuntarily I turned in the direction named; and when I turned again to speak to the lady she had dis-

appeared. "'She must have gone down some alley near,' I said to myself; 'but how suddenly! In God's name I'll seek the

place at once. So I did, and, with some difficulty, found it. Entering a room bare and dilapidated, I noticed what appeared to be a heap of rags in one corner. Approaching nearer, I saw the figure of woman stretched on a handful of straw, and covered only by a few tattered garmente.

"'My poor woman,' I said, 'you are very ill."
"She looked at me with wild, eager

eyes, but did not speak.
"'Have you been long—'I began.
"'Are you a priest?" she broke in, trying vainly to struggle to a sitting position.

"Then, for God's sake, leave this place—this hell! Go, go!"
"But don't you want me?"
"No, no! Want you! she laughed

bitterly.

" 'Are you a Catholic?' I asked "'I was,' she responded, shortly.

"Then, poor soul, will you not make your peace with God? "'Peace! There is no peace for such as I. I deserve hell. Peace —' "'There is peace and pardon for

all. " 'No, no, no! There is no pardon for me-none! Why, for thirty years I have sinned-sinned as you can not know! In all these years I have never prayed—not once.'

"Never prayed!' I repeated mechanically.
"Never — well hardly at all. I
did dare to say a Hail Mary now

and then " 'And Mary will pray for you now.

"She threw up her shrivelled hands with a despairing gesture.
"'Will you go? Why do you stay
here to torture me? I don't wan't you,

I did not send for you. Oh, go away 'But you did send for me.'

" 'It is a lie, -I did not ! "'For some priest, then,' I an-

swered, wonderingly. Whom would I send? " 'Are you sure?'

"'I'll swear so, if you like. Will you go away?'
"'No. Listen.' And I told her, in a few words, of James Daly's death, and of the lady who had sent me to

her.
"'Who was she?' she asked.
"'God's Mother, I do believe,'

said, solemnly.

'She gave a great, tearless sob. "'Say that again, Father."
"'I do say it,—I do believe that
our Blessed Lady has had the pity on

you which you will not have on your-" Oh, if I could think that, I might hope that God would forgive me if she were to ask Him.'

"God will forgive you!' I replied. 'Remember His own promises.'
'' 'If I could think so!' she sobbed.
'O Father, help me! I will make my

confession.'
"So she did, and I had her re moved to a home, where she lingered for three days. She died thoroughly penitent and hopeful; and to-day, rust, she prays for me in heaven The messenger? I am convinced it was no mortal; and the wisdom of the heart tells me it was the Refuge of Sinners, who is never invoked in vain."—Ave Maria.

## AT LOURDES.

In spite of the evil prophecies made by hostile critics, the passing years reveal no falling off in either the number or the impressiveness of those stupend ous miracles which have made Lourdes the wonder-spot of the world. A few of these supernatural favors become known to the public, but by far the larger number remain unrecorded. some appeal more strengly to the popular mind, while others specially im-press scientific inquirers. An interpress scientific inquirers. esting illustration of this fact is offered by an article in the March Century. man convinced but afraid to believe, says : "There were two hospitallers in constant attendance: and together we disrobed the paralytic, whose eyes were now turned upon the crucifix, now turned toward the little alcove, whence we heard the sobs of his wife. A friendly little doctor stood beside the bath and felt the pulse-beat of the patient. 'Sixteen to the minute,' he said to me, in a low whisper; 'and yet there are some people who say that this Grotto has never been the scene of a miracle. Immersed anywhere but in these strange, ice-cold waters, whose medicinal qualities we can not detect, the patient would never rally; the heart would cease to beat at the shock.

. . . Three minutes, the usual time of immersion, had now elapsed; and at a nod from the doctor we drew our patient from the water, and carried him to a bench. As we dried his wasted limbs, the doctor applied a wasted limbs, the decor applied strethoscope to his heart, and then muttered, as though at his wits'end with perplexity: 'Another miraele, my brother! He still lives and is no worse! Miraculous waters indeed! The water in the great stone tub is not changed very often, for the output of the spring is limited. It is emptied only twice a day, and so it happens that about fifty cripples are bathed in the same water. When I recall the the same water. When I recall the number of contagious diseases that are among them, and remember that, as the doctor assured me, there is not a single case on record where a patient had contracted disease in the unclean waters, my scepticism as to the wonderful properties of the water is almost put to shame. If we permitted such an unsanitary proceeding in one of our great hospitals in Paris, said the doctor, 'we should soon have an epi-demic of contagious diseases on our

hands. Evidently, Lourdes is exempt from the ordinary laws of sanitation. Ocurse miracles can not always b scientifically proved as they can be in cures of cancer, for instance-nor need they be for sane men; but the unique distinction which Lourdes enjoys is that medical science has always offered

miraculous manifestation there. -Ave

SUNDAY NIGHTS WITH FRIENDS

THE MOTHER.

"You sometimes meet people who find it hard to say the Rosary," said the Professor of Ethics, whose ruddy face and white hair made an agree able picture, as he sat by the sunset window. "I once knew an author who was that way; I always believed that it was due to a prejudice inherited from Protestant surroundings. It was hard to overcome it. You may lessen the prejudices of a learned man, but you can do nothing with a literary man.

"I can not imagine anybody's having a prejudice against the Rosary," said the Lady of the House; "it is so full of consolation. It seems to me that even if it had not the direct warrant of Heaven on it, we should have chosen it of ourselves.

"It is remarkable," said the Conser vative, "that all things seem to lead, sooner or later, to the acknowledgmen of the position of the Blessed Virgin.'

Yes," said the Editor, eagerly, as he laid down his favorite Belleek cup ; "one finds it so in modern literature especially. I recall a remark made by the Host long ago, that in every new book he reviewed he discovered some allusion to Catholic practices. For myself, when I look back at those delightful brown-covered volumes of the American classics, which we used to get in Boston hot from the press, I fail to remember that their authors were not Catholics. Who thinks of Longfellow as a Protestant, as a hater of the Rosary, and of all the little courtesies and attentions which we offer each day in honor of that divinely lifted up Creature whom we call Mary? There is Hawthorne, too. He does not understand everything, but his logical humanity draws him toward the highest Christian conception of the Mother of God. Ruskin, of the Englishmen, is obliged to get over his distrust for everything which seems to him to savor of Catholic dogma. Everywhere—even in the stony place - you find the lilies of Mary springing up. Reverence for her is not forced upon us from above; it springs naturally from every human heart. It can not be suppressed: it will assert itself. In the most unexpected places are these sudden blos soms found," added the Editor, mus-"Who could feel himself moved so deeply by the sublimity of the Cross, if it were not for the pathos of the Mother? The crucifixion of a God makes the earth tremble; but the crucifixion of a God Man in the pres ence of the creature, linking Him with our common humanity, causes it to weep, awe-stricken, but heart-pierced. One would hardly expect to pierced. find the palest edelweis in honor of Mary in the works of Hendrik Ibsen,

who has lately become a literary and even a philosophical idol. The Professor of Ethics glared through his colored spectacles, but dis-

dained to speak. And yet in the most terrible of his dramatic poems, 'Brand,' there are a few lines which show that he knows that human heart of whose agonies he is the vivisector. Agnes, in 'Brand,' has lost her son. She is the victim of that habit of interpeting the Scriptures which Luther introduced and commended. Her husband, a Norwegian minister, had deduced from the Scriptures as stern, as unholy and as un-Christian a religion as unmother's heart suffers incredibly. She longs for consolation, and her husband sternly tells her to go to God; and she answers:

'God, as thou hast bade me know Him, Is a mighty King or Chief; How can I dare go unto Him With my little mother-grief?'

The mother heart is flung back from the stern Jehovah of Brand's form of Lutheranism. There is no comfort for her. The God, born of the Immacu-late Virgin for the salvation of mankind, who, according to these strange, unhuman Protestant precepts, has no special tenderness for His Mother, can not be expected to listen to the 'little mother-griefs 'of lesser mothers. One does not go to Hendrik Ibsen for lessons in religion; but here is a lesson he gives, simply because he is an artist, and no artist can be utterly false and remain an artist. Everywhere, and at all times of late, we see Christian humanity struggling to find the lost link that binds it to God. 'The old Church knew the human heart, Carlyle says somewhere. 'Her forte, Coventry Patmore declares, 'is psycho logical insight.' All this is true enough. But in the Church the human heart rests, because it finds its own. The heart of the God-Man is a human heart, and the merely human heart of the redeemed longs to be united with It, and to find sympathy.

Like draws like, and for the mother's consolation there must be the heart of motherhood. All the gems of poetry we find in that exquisite poem, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, are not worth the simple word Mother. Solomon said 'Rose of Sharon,' and the great intellectual giants and subtle doctors have called her 'Mirror of Jus-tice' and 'Vessel of Honor;' but these grandiose titles are nothing to the one that answers tenderly the question of the bruised heart:

'How can I dare go unto Hin With my little mother grief?'

To have suppressed this longing for the mother love, the Reformers would have had to change the human heart. The yearning for Christ includes the desire for that understanding of sorthe strongest presumptive evidence of rows which His suffering Mother has."

There was nothing said in reply. The Musician turned on his stool, and softly played the solemn music of a strophe in the "Stabat Mater."—Maurice F. Egan in the Ave Maria.

#### PRAY FOR THE DEAD.

omething for "Holy Souls"—The Arch-Confraternity in France.

Alas! where are those who pray ssiduous and sufficiently for the dead? Let us say for our confusion : they are very few in number in the Christian society. Should we to surprise them, if the remembrance of the dead presents itself sometimes as a remorse, which torments secretly our con-science? What! the authors of my days who have done so much for me during their lives, and I, miserable, do nothing for them after their death Of! if they return now to the earth, these dead, so soon forgotten, could I, without shame, present myself before them, and stand the weight of the re proaches with which they could over-whelm me? Where would I find ex cuses to justify my unworthy conduct ? Everything that surrounds me would rise up against me and would bring testimony against my ingratitude towards my deceased parents. This house, where I live, and which is the fruit of their labor and of their sweat this place which I occupy in society, which is, perhaps, the heritage a father, whom it has cost more than me; those riches, in the midst of which I wallow, and which have been started by the laborious industry and wise conomy of my poor parents; every thing, in a word, seems to cry: Oh how guilty you are to forget them s soon since they have toiled so long for you! After all this I am no longer aston

ished if God sometimes permits the dead to come in person to recall the living to their duty, and to demand this tribute of prayers, which we no longer think of paying them. With-out doubt, I am far from thinking that such sorts of apparitions are frequent but I am persuaded that they have taken place more than once. Holy Scripture teaches that Samuel, after his death, appeared formerly to Saul, to address to him severe reproaches and I do not see why God would no still have the right, to say, to permit similar events. Without doubt, I am far from justifying the credulity, too weak, to those persons who think at every turn they see the dead come back and appear, and who receive, as a reality, the vain phantoms of an imagination, excited by grief or by souvenirs. But I am equally convinced that it is not needful to pose a a free thinker against the possibility of apparitions, since reason teaches us that God can permit them, and experi-ence proves that He has, in fact, per-

mitted them more than once.

Let us then pray for them ; pray for the dead; let us all pray without ex-ception. Tell me not that you have neither piety nor faith, nor the purity of soul, which render a man worthy of being heard when he prays; for I will answer you as follows: My brother, at least you have a heart ; very well ! let this heart speak, and let not ingratitude stifle its voice. Yes, pray, pray although a sinner; there are here just souls who will pray with you, and your voice mingled with theirs will find, perhaps, access near God. For he who causes His visible sun to shine upon the wicked as well as upon the just, could He refuse to make, also, the Sor of His mercy shine upon the one and the other? Pray, pray, although a sinner, and, perhaps, in demanding obtain the salvation of your own soul; and God, touched by your filial piety, will break, with the same blow, the chains which retain you in the slavery of the demon, and those which keep in purgatory the dear souls which await only his succor to fly away to heaven.

NEWS FROM VARIOUS CENTRES.

England. A religious from St Leonard's on the Sea distributes by hundreds the Annals and Propaganda of the "Ouevri," and we must believe that all this seed does not fall among the thorns, and the lists which come

thence are well filled.

United States. A little girl eight years old writes as follows: "I put aside all my pennies for the poor souls and I ask my companions to send you their names and their offerings." This child lives in Jersey City; she may be given as a model to little girls everywhere. France, From the town of Val

privas we learn that a statue of Our Lady of Montligeon has been placed in the parish church and blessed October Almost all the parish assisted at the ceremony; and many of the asso ciates go and pray before this image which expressed so truly home and sadness. We profit by this occasion to announce to our readers that we have had touched up slightly that primitive statue, in listening to the observations which had been made such as it is now, the group of Our Lady of Montligeon, which can be procured in all its glory, is worthy of figuring in the most beau tiful Church.

A priest of Haute Marne, who says Masses sometimes for the neglected souls, writes to us that he announces them the preceding Sunday, and the attendance is better on those days. This remark is verified by other correspondents

A religious writes from Thaon: Having had the pleasure, some weeks ago, of becoming acquainted with the excellent "Oeuvra Expiatoire," I hastened to make it known to all our work girls who lived in the Propaganda of Elizabeth, recommending them to save a little at the beginning of the new year for the poor souls in Purga-

tory. They were docile to my appeal, and wished to contribute according to their means to this good cause which we will endeavor to propagage. I make known to you that I have been agreeably surprised and very happy to offer such a beautiful Christmas gift to the poor souls. In fact, I send herein several lists with the amounts raised, 150 francs.

The boarding-school of Our Lady of the Angels, at Nantes, offers to Our Lady of Montligeon for the succor of the poor souls 58 Masses heard, 18 commissions, 31 ways of the cross, 117 rosaries, 184 Paters, aves or litanies, and 300 acts of renouncement. - Baltimore Mirror.

#### Morality and Politics.

Cardinal Gibbons, in a Press Syndicate Article The sense of morality must permeate all strata of society and be wedded to all phases of its activities. Morality or morals is the science of human duty and embraces the entire series of human acts, public as well as private. All our deliberate acts then must rest upon the basis of morality, which teaches that those in opposition to our rational na-ture must be avoided because they are evil, and those in agreement with rational nature must be accomplished because they are good. Politics should claim no exemption

from morality's searching gaze and in exorable dictates. Politics or the science of civil government has relation to the social life of men, and its object is to secure for the aggregate of individuals and families banded to gether for mutual happiness, benefit and protection, their inalienable rights and privileges. The union of human beings in municipalities and states and countries arises from a divine ordinance and from the needs and requirements of our nature, which is social. Our con duct towards states and communities must be characterized by all those ele ments, features and qualities demanded when we treat with one another. We must apply the teachings of ethics to practical life, and politics form branch of practical life. Honesty the best policy and the best politics.
Political tricksters are an abomina

tion. And it is because of political meanness, political dishonesty, that good and loyal, true and honorable men complain so loudly of political corrup-tion. Deception, fraud, subterfuges, are a betrayal of public trust. Cheating, chicanery, defeat the popular will, Baseness and all questionable measures or unseemly advices are subversive of public order. Political organization is a necessity. Every man recognizes that banding together is a legitimate factor in the prosecution of aims and purposes. "In union there is strength. But then the operations of that organization are not exempt from the spirit and qualities which must govern men individually-the spirit of honor, honesty and fair play. How worthy of commendation and universal practice, "I had rather be right than be Presi-

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