

A Strike.

Once upon an evening dreary,
As I pondered sad and weary,
O'er the basket with the mending from the
Wash day before,
As I thought of countless sittings
To be played in little breeches,
Rose my heart rebellious in me, as it had
off done before.
At the two that condemn me, when my
daily task was o'er.

John without a sign or motion,
Sat and read the "Yankee N. tion,"
With a thought of the communion,
Which with him ranked sore;
"He," thought I, "when day is ended,
Has no mending to be mended,
He can sit and read and stare;
He can sit and read and stare;
He can sit and read and stare;
And my heart rebellious answered,
"Nevermore, no, nevermore!"

For though I'm but a woman,
Every nerve within is human,
Aching, throbbing, evermore,
Mind and body sick and sore,
I will strike. When day is ended,
Though the stockings are not mended,
Though my course can't be defended,
I'll stand behind the closet door,
Goes to mending with the mending, and I'll
hunted be no more.
In the daylight shall be crowded all the
work that I will do.
When the evening lamps are lighted, I will
read the papers too.

**NEW-YORK CATHOLIC REVIEW.
FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS**

FOR EARLY MASS.

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.
Preached in their Church of St. Paul the
Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth
Avenue, New York.
EUBENITH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.
"Do not solicitous, therefore, saying:
What shall we eat, or what shall we drink,
or wherewith shall we be clothed? For
after all these things do the heathens seek.
For your Heavenly Father knoweth that
you have need of all these things."
Gospel of the day.

We are the children of God, dear
brethren. From the day we first saw
the sun, this God's hand has held us up
and His strength has been with us. We
are His heirs. By our baptism we have
become His sons and the brothers of Jesus
Christ. We have been called to a super-
natural life and have been offered an
imperishable reward—nothing less than
God Himself. God has dealt tenderly
with us; His mercies have never been
wanting; He has shown indeed that
"God is love."

Have we not every reason to have
confidence in Him and to put ourselves
in His hands with childlike trustfulness?
When has He been untrue? When has
He deserted us? Many times—too many
times, alas—we have been unfaithful to
God, but "God is faithful" always. He
leads us to these safe places where our
souls may rest in peace, and He bestows
upon us all that is needed for our souls and
bodies. Yet we are not always disposed
to see the evidence of His providence.

Look out into the world: are men
content with God's providence? Are
they not asking each other: "What shall
we eat, or what shall we drink, or where-
with shall we be clothed?" Are they not
concerned with trifles of getting? Do they
live for aught else? Does God and
eternal life concern them?

It is unhappy, but too true that the
lives of most men are made up of self-
seeking. Each one is trying to do the
best for himself. Each one wants to be
happy and is running after happiness
every hour of the day, and yet few know
in what true happiness consists. Men's
eyes are dazzled by the gleam of false
pleasure, and men's hearts are estranged
from God by false principles of life. All
thought of that blissful peace of God
which comes from true submission to Him
and from the recognition He is our
Father and faithful Guardian: all thought
of this is driven from the minds of world-
lings by the cares they make for themselves.
They chafe at the yoke of their hearts;
they become rich; they have pleasures,
and "they have their reward." For them
the earth with its fulness is enough. Be-
yond is the unknown country for which
they care nothing. Life with its joys
expresses them; still they are not happy,
How can they be? God alone is good,
and they have not God. They do not
love Him; they do not serve Him; they
hardly know Him. Yet He is the
beginning and the end.

Oh, busy toilers, working so hard for so
little, so anxious to provide for the passing
hour, so full of human prudence, so rich
in your own conceits, so poor in reality;
would that you might know a little of
that peace which God gives to those who
put their trust in Him and not in riches!
Work, indeed, you must and provide, but
why make the having of money and land
and name your end? Why spend your
strength, your lives, in getting, only to
feel the greater bitterness in parting with
your goods? It is God who gives; it is
God who takes away; and He gives and
takes away for your soul's sake. Close
your eyes and rest your minds; let God
speak to your hearts; let His Holy Spirit
show you something of His treasures—
something of the sweetness, the unutter-
able sweetness of the Son of God. "I
have been young," sings David, "and now
am old, and have not seen the just forsaken
nor his seed seeking bread."

This, indeed, is happy living—to be
God's child, dependent upon Him for all
things necessary for salvation, and to be
content with these. This is liberty, to
live for the sake of earthly goods and
happiness, forgetful of God, forgetful of
our own highest and truest interest—the
good of the soul. "Be not solicitous,
therefore, saying: What shall we eat, or
what shall we drink, or wherewith shall
we be clothed? For after all these things
do the heathens seek. For your heavenly
Father knoweth that you have need of all
these things."

Mr. Henry Harding, of Toronto, writes:
My little daughter, 7 years of age, has
been a terrible sufferer this winter from
rheumatism, being for weeks confined to
her bed, with limbs so drawn up, which
could not be straightened, and suffering
great pain in every joint of limbs, arms and
shoulders. The best of physicians could
not help her, and we were advised to try
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which we done,
and the benefit was so apparent, that
after using two bottles the pain left, her
limbs assumed their natural shape, and in
two weeks she was as well as ever. It has
not returned.

VICTORIA CARBOLIC SALVE is a great aid
to internal medicine in the treatment of
scarafious sores, ulcers and abscesses of all
kinds.

**FATHER VAUGHAN'S REPLY TO
THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.**

The following appeared in the New
York Herald on Monday:

Manchester, August 25th.
The clerical war now proceeding be-
tween Bishop Moorhouse and Father
Vaughan was commenced by the former
in the course of his lectures upon the
"Origin, Growth, and Progress of the Re-
formation." The origin of the Reforma-
tion he ascribed to the revival of learn-
ing. Father Vaughan retorted by
ascribing it to the relations of Henry
VIII. with Anne Boleyn. "Politically,"
said the Bishop, "the English Reforma-
tion was nothing more than the rejection
of a corrupted authority, and a return to
the ancient liberties of the holy Church
of England." Father Vaughan replied
by appealing to the history of the
Reformation. "What," he exclaimed,
"would the British Bishops who sat in
the great Council of three hundred and
forty-seven have had to say about so
startling an assertion, so foul a calumny
as that?"

HOW WAS THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL
UTTERANCE TO BE RECONCILED
with the wording of the addresses pre-
sented by those Bishops to Pope Julius?
Was the Protestant Bishop cognizant of
the fact that no fewer than eight Anglo-
Saxon Kings had made pilgrimages to
the Holy See to pay homage to the
successors of the fishermen? To-night
Father Vaughan delivered the sixth and
last of his course of replies. Repelling
an attack made by the late Bishop of
Melbourne upon Gregory VII, he said
that the Bishop of Manchester seemed
to have inherited all the old prejudices
against the Papacy. So warped was his
judgment that it was difficult for him to
speak of any one of

THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFFS IN THE UN-
DER LINE FROM ST. PETER
without betraying a bigotry that was un-
pardonable in a man who occupied so high
a position in a Church, which, to use his
(Bishop Moorhouse's) own words, was
"the home of reverent piety and national
unity." The Bishop, continued Father
Vaughan, charged Hildebrand with being
guilty of "violent arrogance." With what
set of chartered lies, asked the preacher,
was that State functionary armed, that
entitled him to disregard what even Pro-
testant historians had written in vindi-
cation of the splendid qualities of Hilde-
brand the Pontiff? Was the Protestant
Church in so rocky a condition that it
needed to be propped up by the lying
butresses fashioned out of the bad history
of Dr. Moorhouse?

OR WAS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH LIKELY TO
LOSE A HOLY MAN OF TRUTH-
LOVING MEN

because a narrow minded Protestant
Bishop chose to spend his time in scrap-
ing up mud out of the Irish to fling at
her Sovereign Pontiff? So long as there
were students of history, the Bishop's
writers more than sufficient to wipe off
that mud, and to bring out clearer than
before the true characters of that illus-
trious line of Popes. Hildebrand was a
case in point, and then the preacher re-
ferred to what Voltaire, Linden, Leo,
Leander, and Muller had said in vindi-
cation of the character of Gregory VII,
commonly called Hildebrand. Father
Vaughan then proceeded to condemn the
action of the Protestant Bishop, who felt
himself called upon to exercise the high
privilege of aspersing the sacred char-
acters of Christ's Vicars upon earth, and
of ascribing motives to their conduct as
though the Protestant Episcopal slight had
become so keen in the nineteenth century
that it could clearly detect the
MOTIVES OF POPES DEAD AND GONE TO
THEIR ACCOUNT CENTURIES AGO

Referring to an insinuation by Bishop
Moorhouse, that St. Peter had never been
in Rome, the preacher spoke of Bishop
Elliot's who, he said, would inform his
Manchester brother that "nothing but
Protestant prejudice could stand against
the historical fact that St. Peter journeyed
and died in Rome." That St. Peter
had once been Bishop of Antioch and
then became Bishop of Rome was a fact,
if only Bishop Moorhouse would believe
it, better attested than that he himself
had once been Bishop of Melbourne and
was now Bishop of Manchester. The
last arrow from the preacher's quiver was
directed against Bishop Moorhouse's
attack on the Papal infallibility. Bishop
Moorhouse stated that if all the Popes
were infallible, then Pope Honorius,
WHO WAS CONDEMNED AS A HERETIC
by the sixth General Council, was in-
fallible. In reply to this Father Vaughan
said that Pope Honorius, like all other
Popes, was infallible only under certain
conditions, when discharging his office
of pastor and teacher of all Christians in
virtue of his supreme Apostolic author-
ity. He defines a doctrine concerning
faith or morals to be held by the whole
Church. The question, then, was
whether Honorius was condemned by the
sixth General Council and by successive
Popes as a heretic for having defined a
doctrine contrary to faith and morals.
There was proof positive in the letters
from Honorius to Sergius, and in the
wording of the condemnation itself, that
Honorius was but acting in the capacity
in which alone a case could be brought
against the Papal infallibility. His name
was withdrawn from the list of the pro-
scribed in the sixteenth century, lest
persons of certain episcopal types of
mind might argue that he had been con-
demned for defining a doctrine to be held
by the entire Christian world.

AFTER PREACHING FOR MORE THAN AN
HOUR,

during which time the vast audience
listened with rapt attention, the preacher
finished up with an impassioned appeal
to the minds and hearts, to the imagina-
tions and the religious instincts of the
people, and implored them to follow
as closely as they might the advice of Leo
XIII, to read history in its authentic
sources, to pray with a burning
thirst for the waters of truth, and to re-
turn to that Church in which they would
find the ancient liberties of the Holy
Church of England. As a parting shot,
Father Vaughan paid a debt of thanks
to the Bishop of Manchester, who, he
said, had furnished him with such an
opportunity of speaking for his holy
mother the Catholic Church.

TO INVIGORATE both the body and the
brain, use the reliable tonic, Milburn's
Aromatic Quinine Wine.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

Speaking on the gospel of the day in a
five minutes' sermon, a Paulist Father
said:
You would not think it a compliment
if one should say that you were a bad
neighbor, for that would mean that you
were quarrelsome and tale bearing, that
you kept late and noisy hours, that you
beat the neighbors' children; perhaps that
you would steal something if you got the
chance. So none of us would like to be
called a bad neighbor. But let us see how
good a neighbor we are, using our Blessed
Lord's words read to day as a text.

As we pass along the road of life here
and there we see a neighborly half-dead
man, he is stricken down with sickness, his body
tormented with aching pains, burning
with fever, and perhaps deserted by his
wife, not one left to give him a drink of cold
water. What kind of a neighbor are we to
this poor brother of ours? When we hear
him mean and cry, and ask for a bite of
morsel food, for a little money to buy
medicine, does our heart soften toward him
do we kindly assist him, or do we pass on
as if we saw him not, hard of heart like
the degraded Jewish priest or the self
sufficient Levite?

And we come across many a poor
creature who has fallen among the worst
kind of thieves—viz., those who have
stripped him of his good name. Alas!
you are often forced to stand by and see
your neighbor deprived of his
reputation by scandalous tongues. How do
you act in that case? Does your heart
burn with sympathy for him? Do you
correct your voice in his defence? Do you
correct your children when they engage in
such talk? Do you turn out of your
house those notorious backbiters and tale-
bearers of your neighborhood when they
begin their poisonous gossip? If you act
in this way you are a good neighbor, a
good Samaritan to an outraged and dying
brother. But if you fall in—the if you
hold your peace when you could say a
good word of praise or excuse; if you
permit those unjust to you to talk ill of
others; if you let your house be made a
gossip-shop—then, by your silence and
your consent, you are like the priest and
Levite of this day's Gospel. And if you
join in backbiting, why you are worse yet;
you are yourself a robber of your neigh-
bor's dearest possession, his good name.

But, oh, my brethren! what lot so sad
as that of the poor wretch who has fallen
into the clutches of Satan and his devil,
who has been robbed of God's very grace.
His soul killed by mortal sin? The ways
of life are full of sorrow and suffering.
Oh! what pity have you for the poor sin-
ner? What prayers do you offer to God
for the conversion of the sinner? What
warnings and exhortations do you give
him, especially if he be dear to you by
ties of blood? What example do you
set him? I fear that some of us despise
the poor sinner, and feel quite too holy
to seek him out, to invite him to hear a
sermon, to ask him to come and get the
pledge, to try and get him into good
company.

Brethren, may God give us grace to
be good Samaritans; to have a tender
heart and a generous hand for Christ's
poor and sick and outcast; to have a
charitable word for the saving of our
neighbor's good name; and, above all, to
be always ready to stand up in the path
of the sinner for our prayer and ex-
ample, and to pour healing oil upon
them by our exhortations!

WHAT IS A DRUNKARD?

What is a drunkard? I have gone
through the whole creation that lives, and
I find nothing in it like the drunkard.
The drunkard is a being, but the drunkard
is no being. There is no other thing in nature to which
he can be likened. The drunkard is a
self made wretch who has degraded and
has gratified the depraved cravings of
the throat of his body until he has sunk his
soul so far that it is lost in his flesh, and
has sunk his very flesh lower than beyond
comparison than that of the animals which
serve him. He is a self degraded creature
whose degradation is made manifest to
everyone but himself; a self made mis-
erable being who, while he is insensible to
his own misery, solicits everyone around
him or belonging to him with misery.
The drunkard is let loose upon mankind
like some foul, ill-boding and noxious
animal, to pester, torment and disgust
everything that reasons or feels, while the
curse of God hangs over his place and the
gates of heaven are closed against him.
Drunkardness is never to be found alone;
never unaccompanied by some horrid
crimes, if not by a wicked crowd of them.
Go to the house of the drunkard, consider
his family, look at his affairs, listen to the
sounds that proceed from the house of
drunkardness and the house of infamy as
you pass. Survey the insecurity of the
public ways, and of the night streets. Go
to the hospital, to the house of charity,
and the bed of wretchedness. Enter the
courts of justice, the prison, and the con-
demned cell. Look at the haggard fea-
tures of the ironed criminal. Ask all
these why they exist to distress you, and
you will everywhere be answered by tales
and recitals of the effects of drunkardness.
And the miseries and the woes and the
sorrows, and the scenes of suffering that
have harrowed up your soul, were almost
without exception either prepared by
drinking, or were undergone for procur-
ing the means of satisfying this vice,
and the woes which spring from it.
—Archbishop Ullathorne.

A Line From Gladstone.

My little son aged two, was seized with
diarrhoea, followed by piles, two doses of
Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry gave
relief and half the bottle completed a cure.
Mrs. J. A. McINTYRE, Gladstone, Me.
This medicine is a specific for all summer
complaints of children or adults.

On The Surface.

SKIN diseases appear on the surface and
are often humiliating to the sufferer from
them. From two or three bottles of Hud-
dock Blood Bitters will cure salt rheum,
eczema, shingles, tetter, nettle rash,
eczema, boils, pimples, or blotches, at the
same time restoring the general health.

A Fact Worth Remembering.

Mr. JAMES BENTIE, of Toronto, states
that his little baby when three months old
was so bad with summer complaint that
under doctors' treatment her life was des-
paired of. Four doses of Dr. Fowler's
Extract of Wild Strawberry cured her.

THE BABLE OF FOOLS.

Chataqua, in this State, is the meet-
ing-place for people who want to amuse them-
selves and improve their minds. It was
established by the Methodists, and its
object is worthy of respect. We Catholics
are not in the habit of sneering at the
efforts of honest people to broaden their
minds—nor Heaven knows the Methodists
need it. So long as the Chataqua people
confine themselves to amusing themselves
innocently in their pleasant grounds and
listening to all sorts of people who go
there to teach, we approve of them, and
wish that among our own people a simi-
lar thirst for intellectual cultivation could
be induced; but when they encourage
calumnies of what is best and purest
we are moved to protest.

A certain "Dr." Frank Gansaulus, one
of those half-educated creatures who suc-
ceed through the vulgar call "gull," in
thrusting themselves into Protestant
pulpits, made an "improvised" lecture on
Pope Hildebrand. The only excuse for the
imbecility, the ignorance and the
malice of this lecture is that it was "im-
promptu." But imagine a "Dr." delib-
erately pretending to instruct people by
talking without preparation about one of
the epoch-making periods of the world!
Such insolence would be impossible any-
where outside of a congregation of
thoroughly ignorant people. Dr. Gansaulus
"traced the rise of Cesarism in the
Church of Rome, denounced a renewal of
temporal power, and declared that, as the
emperor Wilkes Booth was caught entan-
gled in the folds of the American flag, so
any Roman pontiff who aimed at tem-
poral authority in the United States
would be smothered in the temple windings
of the stars and stripes."

And all the stump spread eagles in
connection with the name of one of the
boldest champions of freedom that ever
lived—the great Hildebrand, who stood
between the world and Cesarism. When
the German emperor strove to crush out
all liberty, this Pope asserted with all
his might the right of Christ and the
people. "Give unto God," he cried, "the
things that are God's, but not the things
that are God's to Caesar."

If Dr. Gansaulus, in cooler blood, will
forget to desire to appeal to the lowest
element in the Chataqua assemblage and
open Gaiety—we recommend Gaiety
because he was a Protestant and therefore
the Doctor will accept his authority—he
will find that he has made a terrible mis-
take for an instructor of men to make.
Or, let him take any bit of reputation
and read his estimate of the character of
Hildebrand, he will then quit from utter-
ing the bable of fools.

If Dr. Gansaulus wants the infidel to
jeer at him—if he wants the Methodist
belief to continue to be held up by scif-
fers as synonymous with ignorance, let
him go on—if he wants to give Luther's
new points against Protestantism, let him
go on—he is paving the way for
sermons to a large ignorant and
prejudiced against "orthodox" Protest-
antism—Catholic News.

**ON WHICH SIDE IS THE SPIRIT
OF CHRIST?**

H. Willis Baxley: "This great success
of the Catholics in these islands, reminds
us of the more glorious results attend-
ant on the mission of the priests there
on that of the Puritans in North Amer-
ica. While the former, through the be-
nign influence of genuine religion, and
the reasonable correspondence of the out-
ward life, simple habits, and natural in-
stincts of the Indian, possessed them-
selves of the door of human nature, the
heart, and by kindness, sympathy, persua-
sion, and rational appeal, passed through
it to the inner seat of his convictions;
the cold, unbending, unyielding and un-
compromising disciple of Puritanism,
sought to attain the same end by dicta-
torial harangues on *decision, justification*
and sanctification, unintelligible to them-
selves and incomprehensible to their
hearers; and by harsh decrees,
severe denunciations, and finally
by the practical enforcement of
death and damnation. The result of
these two systems of proselytism are
matter of record. The former, intro-
duced by the French Franciscans, on the
rocky shores of Maine, was subsequently
borne thence along the great valley of
the St. Lawrence and the lakes, even to
that of the Father of Waters, by the
Jesuits; winning the confidence and love
of the untamed savage, guiding him to
the peaceful contemplation of truth,
and along the path that leads to
eternal life. While the latter wrote in
blood the record of aboriginal repug-
nance, and of their own persecutions,
oppression, and final extermination of a
race whom they professed to seek with
the Gospel of Peace, but in fact destroyed
with the weapons of war; and when at
a later day they seized the happier fields
of Catholic missions along the St.
Lawrence and the lakes, there, too, they
blasted the record of a benign Christi-
anity, by the terrors of uncompro-
mising heartlessness, intolerance, cruelty,
and selfishness. As a New England histo-
rian has asked in regard to the contrasted
spirit of the missions of that day, equally
applicable to the missions of which we
have been speaking in the Hawaiian
Islands—Can we wonder that Rome
succeeded and that Geneva failed? Is
it strange that the wrong pagan fled from
the icy embrace of Puritanism, and took
refuge in the arms of the priest and
Jesuit?"—*West Coast of South and North
America and the Hawaiian Islands*

At Death's Door.
My little boy had diarrhoea and came
very near dying. After the failure of
everything else we used Dr. Fowler's Ex-
tract of Wild Strawberry which caused
a quick cure, and I know of two others
who were cured by the same remedy.
FREDERICK A. AROS,
Hillier, Ont.

Good Advice.

To be healthy and have lots of life and
vitality, be careful in diet, take plenty of sleep,
and regulate the bowels, bile and blood
with Barcock Blood Bitters, a sure cure
for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, all
blood humors, scurfiness and all broken
down conditions of the system.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm
Exterminator is shown by its good effects
on the children. Purchase a bottle and
give it a trial.

PRIESTS AND THE LAITY.

**BETTER RESULTS FOR RELIGION OB-
TAINED BY FORBEARANCE.**

Priests are not chosen from among the
angels; they are chosen from among men
subject to all the temptations and the
weaknesses and afflictions of men. The
life of a priest is a hard life, a life of trial,
a life of solitude, a life of denial, and, as
a rule, a life of poverty. When it is
considered that priests have been care-
fully nurtured, trained in refined sur-
roundings, unused to the ordinary hard-
ships of life, and strangers to the tolls
and heats that came to the bulk of
men, it will be more readily understood
that the struggles and difficulties that
are easily borne by those whose earlier
life has been a preparation for them, are
for the priests doubly onerous and irks-
some. It must be borne in mind that
the real worldly life of the priests begins
only with his priesthood, the earlier
years having been devoted to that
spiritual and mental training necessary
to his calling. If the laity would give
more consideration to these facts they
would not be so ready to find fault with
the priest. He was not educated to
finance; how, therefore, can it be ex-
pected that his judgment in such
matters will be mature? His knowl-
edge of the world has been confined to
the vista of books; it is strange that the
experiences of the practical, worldly
life would find him ill prepared to suc-
cessfully cope with them at all times? No
matter what theological learning he
may have, he must still pass through a
school of practical application, and it is
a wonder that greater and more serious
blunders are not credited to him in his
apprenticeship.

The laity should be lenient in their
judgments of the priest. A word of
counsel, a word of encouragement may
often do much to help him in his diffi-
cult task. Instead of looking to him as
the embodiment of worldly wisdom, if
they would consider him merely as a
student of practical life, their censures
would not be so ready nor their judg-
ments so severe. Of one thing they
may be certain—their forbearance need
not be of long duration; with his facili-
ties for studying human nature in every
phase it will not be long before he be-
comes a master instead of a novice.—
Colorado Catholic.

**BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED
SACRAMENT.**

The Benediction of the Blessed Sacra-
ment is one of the simplest rites of the
Church. The priests enter and kneel
down; one of them unlocks the Taber-
nacle, takes out the Blessed Sacrament,
inserts it upright in a monstrance of
precious metal, and sets it in a conspic-
uous place above the altar, in the midst
of lights, for all to see. The people then
begin to sing; meanwhile, the priest
twice offers incense to the King of
Heaven, before whom he is kneeling.
Then he takes the monstrance in his
hands, and turning to the people, blesses
them with the Most Holy in the form of
a cross, while the bell is sounded by one
of the attendants to call attention to
the ceremony. It is our Lord's solemn
Benediction of His people, as when He
lifted up His hands over the children,
or when He blessed His chosen ones
when he ascended up from Mount Olivet.
As sons might come before a parent
before going to bed at night, so
once or twice a week the great Catholic
family comes before the Eternal Father
after the bustle or toil of the day, and
He smiles upon them, and sheds upon
them the light of His countenance. It
is a full accomplishment of what the
priest invoked upon the Israelites: "The
Lord bless Thee and keep thee, the
Lord show His face to thee, and have
mercy on thee; the Lord turn His coun-
tenance to thee and give thee peace." Can
there be a more touching rite, even
in the judgment of those who do not be-
lieve it. How many a man, not a Catho-
lic, answered, on being asked to say, "O God,
that I did but believe it!" when he gave
the priest take up the Fount of Mercy,
and the people bend low in adoration.
It is one of the most beautiful, natural,
and soothing actions of the Church.
—Cardinal Newman.

BURIED WITH HER DOLL.

In May last the workman who were
digging the foundation for the new law
courts in Rome discovered a sarcophagus
buried thirty feet below the surface.
Immediately the telephone called to the
stop the members of Archaeological Com-
mission, scientific and literary men, who
watch with jealous care all the excavations
made in the Eternal City. Under their
direction it was carefully raised and
opened. Within lay the skeleton of a
young girl, with the remains of the linen
in which she had been wrapped, some
brown leaves from the myrtle wreath with
which, emblematic of her youth, she had
been crowned in death. On her hands
were four rings, of which one was the
double betrothal ring of plain gold, and
another with Filletus, the name of her
betrothed, engraved upon it. A large
and most exquisite emerald brooch, in
Etruscan setting of the finest work, carved
amber pins, and a gold necklace with white
shell pendants were lying about.

But what is most strange, as being
almost unique, was a doll of oak wood,
beautifully carved, the joints articulated so
that the legs and arms and hands were
on sockets, the hands and feet daintily cut
with small and delicate nails. The fea-
tures and the hair were carved out in the
most minute and careful way, the hair
being bound with a fillet.

On the outside of the sarcophagus was
sculptured the name of the young girl,
Tryphena Crepente, and a touching scene,
doubtless faithfully representing her part-
ing with her betrothed. She is lying on a
low bed, and striving to raise herself on
her left arm to speak to her heart-broken
father, who stands leaning on the bedstead,
his head bowed with grief, while her
mother sits on the bed, her head covered
with weeping. It seems but yesterday,
so natural is the scene, and yet it was nearly
eighteen centuries ago that the stricken
parents laid so tenderly away their dearly-
loved daughter, with her ornaments and
her doll.

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