poor man believed them to be his be

Father Bontemps, after many years neglect, they approached the Sacr ments again. Divine grace move

ments again. Divine grace move their hearts to repentance, they may their peace with God, and dischargir their obligations of justice, receive forgiveness from both God and man.

MR. POMPOUS vs. MR. PEACEFU

Religious Encounter in a Street C

From St. Michael's Calendar.

The following incident is vouch

for by a friend who lately saw it hapen. Nevertheless we have a fa

recollection of seeing the answ among our old acquaintances.

The crowded Second street car l

give them, however, as related :

Edification.

Furnished Amusement a

Finally, at the mission given b

man may talk of disdaining sical strength and prowess until Doomsday, but the fact remains that he cannot look at a picture of an old-time knight, magnificent in his physical proportions, dauntless in his physical courage, and armed, ready and eager for a contest to the death with any comer, without a thrill of admiration. "gam

strength? The unhealthy man may gain the women, but it is a queetion whether such a man ever thoroughly gains their respect. The man whose arteries bound with the rich, red blood of health carries with him a force and an intensity that command respect, even though he be slightly inferior mentally to the weak, nervous man. While no medicine in the world will add an inch to a man's stature, there is one famous medicine that will fill the veins and arteries with the rich, red, bounding blood of perfect health. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the great blood-maker and blood-purifer. When the blood is pure and rich and red and plenty, and filled with the life-giving elements that nourish every tissue of the body, it is impossible for a man to suffer from ill-health of any description. When every little blood-vessel in the lungs quivers with the rush of healthy blood, it is impossible to have unhealthy lungs. When the walls of the stomach are nourished with healthy blood, dyspepsia and indigestion are impossibilities. When the liver is supplied with healthy blood it is bound to be active. The skin that is nourished with healthy blood will be clear and fresh and glow with healthy. "Discovery" is sold by druggists.

Mr. Isaac E. Downs, of Spring Valley, Rockland Co. N. Y., writes: "For three years I suftrength? The unhealthy

Mr. Isaac E. Downs, of Spring Valley, Rock-land Co., N. Y., writes: "For three years I suf-fered from that terrible disease, consumption, I had wasted away to a skeleton. To-day I tip the scales at 187, and am well and strong. The Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

THE NIGHT CLERK'S STORY A FACE LIKE CHALK.

A very bad attack of the Grippe one year ago last winter left my system in a very weak state and my nervous system completely unstrung. After getting over completely unstrung. After getting over the dangerous stage of the disease I naturally expected to gain strength, but, unfortunately, did not do so. On the contrary, my blood became weaker. I daily lost strength and vitality, and my daily lost strength and vitality, and my nervous system became so weak that it was a constant source of suffering both day and night. I lost appetite, the sight of food nauseated me, the weak state of my system caused shortness of breath and unnatural action of the heart, such and unnatural action of the heart, such as fluttering and violent palpitation, and my face was like chalk. I was in this condition and constantly getting weaker when I began taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. I had read the books they distributed and their advertisements in the papers, and thought, "Well, I have taken so much medicine without heareff it is usgless to spend any more benefit it is useless to spend any more money. However, I finally made up my mind. It is a forlorn hope; I can but try. If I am not benefited I will not be hurt. So I bought one box and received great So I bought one box and received great benefit therefrom, so continued their use, and to-day am a well man in consequence; my blood is strong, my face has the ruddy hue of health, my appetite has returned, I sleep well, I have not the slightest indications of nervousness or heart trouble, and from a sick, weak, nervous man Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have transformed me in six weeks to full health and strength," I am yours very truly, (Signed) WILLIAM WILLARD, Night Clerk Grand Central Hotel, Peterboro.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are old at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2 by THE DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto.

Cobbett's Reformation.

Just issued, a new edition of the Protestant eformation, by Wm. Cobbett. Revised, with Just Issued, a new edition of the Protestam Reformation, by Wm. Cobbett. Revised, with Notes and Preface by Very Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, D. D., O. S. P. The book is printed in large, clear type. As it is published at a net price of 25 cents per copy in the United States 30 cents will have to be charged in Canada. It will be sent to any address on receipt of that cum, in stamps.

CATHOLIC RECORD Office, Candon. Ontario.

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS

THIS HAS A LARGER SALE THAN any book of the kind now in the market. It is not a controversial work, but simply a statement of Catholic Doctrine. The author is Rev. George M. Searle. The price is exceedingly low, only is. Free by mail to any address. The book contains 360 pages. Address Thos. Coffey, Catholic Record office, London. 1nt.

O. LABELLE, MERCHANT TAILOR 372 Richmond Street.

Good Business Suits from \$15 upwards. The

Financial.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$6,000,000. REST, \$3,000,000 Ageneral banking business transacted. Loans made to farmers on easy terms. Cor. Richmond St. and Queen's Ave. (Directly opp. Custom House.)



ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE

\$20,000,000 This Company holds in serve on the Actuar 4 per cent. Tab 1N FORCE

Board of Directors:

ROBERT MELVIN, PRESIDENT

G. M. Taylor, 1st Vice-Pres.

Alfred Hoskin, Q.O., 2ad Vice
President.

Francis C. Druce.

J. Kerf Fiskin, B.A.

Z. P., Glement.

W H RIDDELL, Secretary.

PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION Can be Seen at our Warerooms DUNDAS STREET. SMITH BROTHERS

Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers, LONDON, - ONTARIO.
e Agents for Peerless Water Heaters.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE ST, LAWRENCE. By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brother Azarias," "A Woman of Culture," His Honor the Mayor," "Saranac," etc.

CHAPTER X .- CONTINUED.

"Not everything. Ruth. I remember Linda's grave, and how the river looks when only the stars are shining at mid-night and the poor child lying there

There was a sob in his voice, and the mention of Linda stirred Ruth deeply. She had felt like an artificial woman moving in her strange plumes through the brilliant company, and had wearied of the unvarying round of formal compliments and praise; but at this touch of feeling she became a Clayburgh girl again, and it was Ruth talking with Florian as in the old time. in the old time.
"I would never suspect you of forgetting

"I would never suspect you of forgetting that, Florian, nor the hermit, who sent so many kind regards to you."

"You saw him often, then?"

"Not very often, but I presumed a little, perhaps, and he is so obliging, if a little cold, and he spoke of you rarely, but it was always something wise or good. Did you ever notice how pure his thoughts are—like water from a spring?"

"I may have noticed it, but it did not impress me, although I made it a point to study him. He has faded from my mind considerably, and I would find it hard to reproduce his features; but I know what he must have said to you about me when you were leaving."

you were leaving."

"Do you?" she said in some alarm. "How can you know that when I have not told you, Florian?" "See if I am right. 'You will find him

changed for the worse, my dear, and he will surely make love to you again,' said "You are a magician," she answered, very much embarrassed. But then, imagining that Florian's boldness must arise from his indifference to their past state of feeling she felt relieved and happy, and laughed with him.
"I think he must have said something

feeling she left relieved and happy lake laughed with him.

"I think he must have said something like it," she said, "but I cannot recall the words used. I wonder how much of it is true? I know you have not been guilty the the best charge and will not be:

of the last charge, and will not be; but you are much changed in heart, Florian."

"What can you expect from the atmosphere in which I move?"

"I should expect that if it were very "I should expect that if it were very bad you would go away from it," she re-plied severely; "you often told me to do that, and common piety teaches it, too." "Would you accuse a politician of piety?" he demanded, laughing. Ruth was silent. There was something hard and forced in his manner. "You cannot be pious in politics," he went on, understanding very well her

went on, understanding very well her feelings, "but one can keep from much evil. If you are wealthy or influential, or married to a good woman, you can ke

And as you are not wealthy-"And as you are not weathy—"
"And only moderately influential—"
"You ought to get married," said she;
"and, indeed, rumor connects your name
with some ladies very closely.
"No doubt, no doubt," he answered

with some ladies very closely.

"No doubt, no doubt," he answered vaguely, and felt a dumb pain stealing over him at the perfect indifference, or rather the friendly and sisterly interest she took in the matter.

"Linda would be so pleased to know the control of the control o

"Linda would be so pleased to know you were happily suited in every way," she went on, "and I am sure I would."

"No doubt, no doubt," said he, shaking off the stupor that had seized upon him.

Her seriousness seemed less old-fashioned and more suited to her years Her well-cultured mind than formerly. Her well-cultured mind made her a charming companion. She had a kind of boldness, too, which came in agreeably on certain occasions. When Barbara insisted on dressing her as nobly and richly as her appearance and years would sustain she en ered into the spirit of the innovation, and became all at once a beautiful woman in the best sense the phase, beautiful in mind and body. Florian was astonished at her glorious bloom. It was natural that the love still lumbering in his heart should awaken to an intenser life than ever. He did not wait to discuss the situation with its usual He surrendered at once to much loveliness, partly conscious that this flame would in the end consume him. Innocent Ruth, deceived by the calmness of his manner—there was always a certain hopelessness in it, even when his chances seemed brightest—took no pains chances seemed brightest—took no pains to prevent annoying consequences. She had a sincere friendliness for Florian, and some admiration for his character. He had improved since his departure from Clayburgh. His was a distinguished appearance, and there was about him such a consciousness of strength and power a consciousness of strength and power that most women succumbed to it. Bar bara Merrion was immensely take him. It was owing to her interference that Florian found himself so often in Ruth's company.

WIFE'S AWFUL

My wife was in the most horrible condition an being, from Eczema. She could neither sit down nor lie down, her torture was so intense. I tried all the doctors that I could reach, but she got so that I firmly believe she would have died within twelve hours if I had not been advised of CUTICUEA REMEDIES and got them. My wife went to sleep in two hours after the first application, although she had not slept for seven days, and with two boxes of Cuticura (ointment) and one cake of CUTICURA SOAP she was absolutely cured, and is well and hearty to-day.

Spreny Cure Treatment for Tortueing, Distinction Humors, with Loss of Hare.—Warm baths with Curricus Assay gente anointings with Curricus, purest of emollient skin cores, and milit does of Curricus, Resouvers, greated of blood purifies and humor cures.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER D. AND C. CORP., Sold Props., Boston. How to Cure the Worst Eczema, free

Lunches, receptions, and these parties or borought together every week the boon companions, Peter and the Squire, who made no secret of their hopes and plans to marry Ruth and Florian. The poet, as often as he said to himself there was no often as he said to himself there was no hope for him in such a quarter, yet could never give up the chance to talk with Ruth and linger in her presence. Mrs. Merrion received none of his confidences, but aided him unsuspected of Florian and the other plotters. Thus the winter went on. Pendleton and Carter planned, debated, and feasted day and night, counting results long before there was any hope of achieving them. Florian and Paul dreamed pleasantly, and Ruth was dimly aware of a change in her own interior whose form she could not make clear to her perceptions. Barbara, the gracious whose form she could not make clear to her perceptions. Barbara, the gracious marplot of the play, received new confidences daily and went about with the pleasant feelings of a cat who has a nest of young mice under her delicate paw. Only Paul Rossiter puzzled her still, and kept her from mischief. However, Florian soon cleared the field for her, and left her free to do what mischief she pleased. He met Paul one day in the neighborhood of the post office, and the poet asked him why he looked so pale and jaded.

"You look worse than 1 ever saw you before," he said.

"Work and pleasure," Florian answered moodily, "are too much for me. These

moodily, "are too much for me. These soirees have upset me, and I must give them up,"
"When Miss Pendleton leaves," said

Paul cautiously.

"Ah! you know that," said Florian quickly, for in all the winter they had rarely spoken about Ruth.

rarely spoken about Ruth.
"Who could help knowing it, my dear
boy? A retired sort of a young man begins suddenly to frequent society, and is always seen at those places where a cer-tain young lady is sure to be. Is not the inference easy

"Yes, yes; and I never thought of that.
"Yes, perhaps, will talk about it. But
then she has not favored me more especially than other young men."
"Myself, for instance. I should say not

You are modest, of course; a successful man is always. I wish you happiness Florian, for I think you are going to marry

an excellent woman."

"I am not so near to that consummation," said the lawyer, "so your compliments are ill-timed. Did I ever tell you that—well what need to tell it now? I suppose you are aware that Miss Pendleton is a Protestant?" ton is a Protestant?"
"No," said Paul, in the highest aston ishment. "I was not. On the contrary

when I saw the attention you paid to her and how intimate you appeared to be, thought naturally she was a Catholic."
"Well, that was a queer blunder with the was a contract the was "Well, that was a queer blunder?
And have you been talking of the Mass
and confession, and other such topics to a

Methodist of the deepest dye?"
"No," said Paul; "society is such a
hybrid thing that you can talk only non
sense to avoid offending some one. Bu then isn't this a returning on principle, Florian? Have I not heard you say many times that you would never marry

Florian? Have I not heard you say many times that you would never marry outside the faith, and hinted that you had already made sacrifices that were very great for a mere boy?"

"Love," said Florian, concealing his confusion under a gay exterior, versal and levels all distinctions.

versal and levels all distinctions."
"Or rather, it is irresistible," said Paul,
with a laugh. "It can level the lawyer
and the common man, not the distinctions. The distinctions remain, the men
do not. But really this is a surprise to

Florian could hardly congratulate him so long haunted him and was now to disappear like a laid ghost. From that day he no longer sought out Ruth, was careful and reserved in her presence, and talked only on the prosiest of subjects. Whenever they came to talk of religion, the commended many points of Catholic

doctrine.
"Once," she ventured to say, "I had
"Once," she ventured to become a Catholic. But in some way or another the design weakened, and finally it became repugnant even to think of it."

"You surprise me," said Paul. "It seems to me, Miss Pendleton, that once you brought your intelligence to bear on a thing, something certain and good ought

to result from it."

"Thank you," she answered. "Now that I have begun I may as well finish the story. Perhaps I was to blame. I did not belong by conviction to any sect. My dear mother was a Methodist. When I went to charge it was to the Method. I went to church it was to the Methodists
I went. To tell the truth I cared little
for them. I fell into a kind of enthusiasm ver your church and read, thought, and prayed a little, and when my enthusiasm

oled I dropped the matter."
"May I ask," said Paul, "what you dieve in now?"

believe in now?"

"In everything good," smiling as he shook his head. "You think that too vague? Well, I lost heart, not for religion, but for any particular shape of it—" "Except your own," he interrupted. "True. And I go to any church that are the tasts of the mounter, now and I

suits the taste of the moment, now, and I am quite content, if my reason is not quite satisfied."

"You made a mistake somewhere." "Do you think so? Where?" She was pleased at his finding fault with her

candidly and earnestly.
"Why," said Paul dubiously, "that see. The music and the solemn service on a moonlight night give one enthusiasm which made you uneasy with yourself and set you hunting for more light, was a special grace from God. If you had used it rightly, you would now be a Catholic, or at least a hearty believer in something. Whereas, you are not something. Whereas, you are not senses."

silly, or too unreasonable. Your faith seemed too warm, and too—too—foreign, I suppose that's the word."

He laughed and changed the subject, but his words were not forgotten. They gave Ruth a sudden and clear insight into her former state of mind, and she saw at once the blunder she had committed in resisting the guidance of the Holy

Spirit. After her failure to appreciate claims of one religious belief she drifted gently away from all, and acquired a certain distrust of creeds. had not become a better woman. charities were large enough, but the perfecting of her own nature was almost lost sight of, and she was in one respect only a small improvement on a virtuous pagan. Her first impulse was to repair the mischief of omission. But how? She asked Paul the question a week later.

"I don't know," said he, "you must find a way yourself. Test your belief by practising it, and when you get some clear ideas of religious duty, the rest will be easy, no doubt."

What could be more prudent and sensible than such a course. She followed

What could be more prudent and sensible than such a course. She followed it carefully the entire winter, to the intense delight of Barbara, who, not seeing the reason for it, used it as an argument for the Squire and Mr. Carter. When for the Squire and Mr. Carter. When they grumbled at Paul's steady attention to Ruth, she pointed out to them the de-votion which Ruth displayed in attend-Methodist church and working

"But Flory won't like it," said the Squire. "He can't marry a howling Squire, "He can't man, Methodist—"
"My dear Mr. Pendleton," said Barbara, "he will marry Ruth if she worbara, "he will marry Ruth if she worbara, "he were the

bara, "he will marry Ruth it she wor-shipped idols."

"Aye," said Peter, "if she were the grand Lama itself."

"Think so?" murmured the Squire, and he tried to believe it on the ground that the boy had got more sense and judg-ment from his stay in New York. He did not like Ruth's sudden turn to relig-

"There's something wrong," he said to lorian. "She always hated the Method-Florian. "She always hated the methodists. What is she so gone on them for now, I'd like to know. You remember, Flory, the last time she kicked on you? Flory, the last time she kicked on your through the same thing now, then I'm not the man who got left with Mackenzie on the north side of the St. Lawrence."

the north side of the St. Lawrence."

Florian quieted him for the time with the assurance that Ruth would not remain long with her present associations. He was quite right. Ruth soon tired of her attempts to fall in love with Methodism, but did not lose the desire to find a resting-place, and she was bound not to return to the old ways of indifference. Again she asked Paul's advice, one bright evening as Barbara and she were returnevening as Barbara and she were return-ing from devotions at the Cathedral. He

gave it briefly.
"Try something else, Miss Pendleton. "Try something else, Miss Tenteron."

"There is nothing left but your faith,' said she, "and, while I do not care to ap proach it again, I have made up my mind to follow your advice, and study i once more.

"In the right spirit," he suggested. "In the right spirit. I do not hope to find comfort there, but constant trying will bring me to a conclusion of

will bring me to a conclusion of some kind."

"Very true," he said, taking her hand.
"I hope you will make this resolution, Miss Fendleton, and follow wherever it will lead you. If you do, I am certain you will find rest and happiness. If you do not you will be a most unhappy woman. Good-night."

woman. She re woman. Good-night."
She replied in a low, trembling voice
He had been standing hat in hand, with
the moonlight falling upon his remark
able face, and shining in his honest eyes In that moment Ruth loved the poe She was not conscious of it, only goodness, but in after years she knew that her heart went out to him in tha

that her heart went out to him in that moment, and was never withdrawn.

Lightly as Paul received the information of Ruth's religious belief from Florian, it had hurt him deeply. It was not the poet's way to make much of a hopeless matter, particularly when it bordered on affairs of conscience, and in the present instance he had hastened to remove many old impressions with regard to Ruth, and was very careful to chase from his dreams the sweet fancies con-"No doubt, no doubt," said be, shaking off the stupor that had seized upon him. "But we can talk of this again. You are not all form the field, so very dark seemed his self on having a possible rival removed from the field, so very dark seemed his own chances, and he became unpleasant horally conscious of one circumstance before pleted, perhaps more."

CHAPTER XI.

OLD HOPES.

Mrs. Merrion's pleasant home became the center of attraction that winter for most of our friends in Madame Lynch's establishment. Florian admitted to himself that absence had only intensified his fellings towards Ruth. The years that passed since their love story ended had honored her with new personal attractions. Her seriousness seemed less old-fashioned and more suited to her years. full of earnestness—and he could therefore the more easily understand why Florian had not succeeded in making her his wife. Marrying, with her, was a matter of principle, not of feeling or of convenience or advantage alone. She had deep convictions of the truth and falsity of religions, and of the necessity of one true faith, and her natural mental clearness for heads her imperium these for the true faith, and her natural mental clear-ness forbade her imperiling these for the sake of her own likings. It was a firm soul indeed which could resist the heavy temptations to which she had been subected, and he admired her the more for it, and prayed sincerely that her goodness it, and prayed sincerely that her goodness might win for her an entrance into the holy harbor this side of heaven. She had seemed to be in a state of doubt, and he had said some sharp, earnest words to her, partly because his deepest interest in her was dead and he was not afraid of offending, but more because he had taken her statements without due at-tention to the exasygration of fancy. He ention to the exaggeration of fancy. tention to the exaggeration of large. He did not believe she was as uncertain about Methodism as she thought. She had read and thought enough, no doubt, to get misty and unsettled in her religious views. But one does not leave old beliefs hastily, particularly so reverent and firm a believer as Ruth, and the very contemplation of a change would be apt to make her cling more tightly to old certainties. Women, too, as a rule, are distrustful to day of the strength and truth of emotions which moved them yesterday. Of this Ruth herself was an example, and she was probably now laughing over her own sentiment and his severity during their walk from the cathe-

dral.

But in this he was wrong, and at his next visit she said: "I was very much disturbed that evening coming from church, and was half resolved to go away from New York at once."

"But you have thought better of it, I see. The music and the solemn service on a monthly hight, eight give one authursian.

much of anything."

"That is severe, Mr. Rossiter. I could not take warmly to Methodism, nor to any sect. They seemed too cold, or too silly, or too unreasonable. Your faith seemed too warm, and too—too—foreign, I suppose that's the word."

He laughed and changed the subject, but his words were not forgotten. They

of doubt they are bound to get out of it."

"But doubt is sometimes a temptation."

"It can be banished by prayer, then, or by removing the exciting causes. But as I understood you, your doubt had only increased with time and thinking. There was something more in it than mere temptation. I know that even in that case an honorable doubt can be smothered, for there are many to whom such a grace was given and of their own will they destroyed it. I would not be in their shoes for worlds.

"But now," added he playfully, and

"But now," added he playfully, and sorry to be so quickly drawn into this subject, "I shall frighten you again by

"No, no; I am utterly helpless, Mr. Rossiter, and confused too. Let me tell you just the kind of doubts which trouble me. Your Church has received so many me. Your Church has received so many Protestants that you must know something of their general state of mind, and perhaps you can help me. Pray do not refuse me," when he had begun to decline the honor. "I know what you would say, and it only urges me the more

would say, and from lage the speak to you. Remember you are partly responsible for my late annoyances, and, like an honest gentleman, you must help me out of my difficulties."

She did not give him time to raise any great objections, but poured out her story. It was plainly and sensibly done, and he had no fault to find with her.

"I think." said he, "that you are in a

It was plainly and sensibly done, and he had no fault to find with her.

"I think," said he, "that you are in a peculiar state. I don't believe any advocate of Methodism could ever convince you of its truth again."

"Then you would advise me—"

"I would rather not take such a responsibility," he interrupted. "It is easy for you to draw inferences from what I have said. I can fancy your father and friends would not be very grateful to me for any advice."

"They are of very little account to me," she began, and then stopped. "What does it matter?" she continued. "And, indeed, I am hasty and unkind in dragging you into difficulty. I must beg your pardon and thank you for your kindness."

"I fear you will think me timid," he said, "but in this country we are suspicious of converts. Religious thought is not very deep, and religious feeling not very steady. Women, too, are emotional creatures, especially in religion. Some very bad blunders have already been committed. I do not wish to add to them. Let God's grace work its way, and whatever I can do to aid it I shall do, but prudently."

"You speak wisely," she replied, and

prudently."
"You speak wisely," she replied, and
then the conversation ended with Bar-

It was the last time they were to meet in years, for Ruth took the resolution that evening to retire for a time into a convent, and in the excitement of departure found and in the excitement of departure found no opportunity to call the poet to her side again. And Barbara Merrion was so eager to get rid of her that she too forgot the propriety of affording him the consolation of a farewell meeting. TO BE CONTINUED.

HEROIC CHRISTIAN FORGIVE-NESS.

F. D. in Messenger of the Sacred Heart. There lived in a village of Dalmatis

in Austria, a prosperous farmer named Ivan N—, an honest man and the father of a numerous family. He had promised one of his daughters in marriage to a young man, a native of the village. The wedding was shortly to take place, when suddenly the hand of future bride was sought and won by a more wealthy and more acceptable suitor. The jilted lover did not try to win back the girl's affections, as he deemed his case hopeless. When in-formed that through the father's persussion the engagement had been broken off, he carefully concealed all appearance of resentment, although of ourse his sense of disappointment was keen. The marriage was duly celeorated and farmer Ivan congratulated himself on the happy turn of fortune Scarcely a month had elapsed, when e one evening a strong was noticed, filling the whole house. Ivan's wife hastened down to the cellar with a lamp, suspecting an accident had taken place there. She unlocked the door and walked in, but at the first step she took, her foot sank in a pool. She gave a loud scream, which led her husband to hasten down stairs in great fear. They found the cellar overflowed

with wine. They waded through the flood up to the barrels with a view to investigated the cause of the disaster. The faucets had been opened and the bungs taken out of most of the casks. One of the small windows furnished evidence that some unknown person had crept into the cellar to inflict the damage, but so cautiously had he accomplished his task that he left no clue

behind. Next morning Ivan's neighbors came to view the cellar, and while they extended to him all sympathy, they were at a loss to suspect the real culprit.

The future, however, kept in store for the unfortunate farmer still greater

A few weeks later, Ivan set out one morning with his two sons, to work in his vineyard. Arrived at a short distance from the place, they saw, to their great dismay, the vines lying flat on the ground. On approaching nearer, they found they had been cut down with an ax, and were scattered about in disorder, a work of destruction which had evidently been perpetrated under cover of darkness during the preceding night. Poor Ivan came His vineyard had been almost com-

pletely destroyed. It was a heavy loss their remorse of conscience. to him. Everyone in the village sympathized with him in his misfortune, and curses loud and deep were heaped upon the perpetrator of so foul a deed. But yet, strange as it may seem, sus bis heart to take vengeance. It was he picion fell on no particular individual, who had crept into the cellar and for nobody in the village was known to be an enemy of Ivan.

ing that, like another Job, he was soon complish their task. In order to avert to receive the sad intelligence of fresh suspicion from themselves, they played disasters. In fact, not many days after the part of hypocrites, and in their one of his neighbors imparted to him, visits to Ivan deplored his misfortunes trembling with fear of the consequence with such seeming sincerity that the

of the announce down in the grove not far from his vineyard. A few were still standing, but they too were doomed to die from the deep cuts inflicted upon them. Where the evening before had stood a fruitful olive grove nothing could now be seen but craggy stumps. Ivan's affliction at this fresh loss may be easily understood, since he depended for the support of his family chiefly in the produce of his vineyard and olive trees, and there appeared no likelihood of reparation on the part of the culprit or culprits. On account of the financial straits to which he soon found himself reduced, he sent his two eldest sons as sailors on a ship of the Austrian Lloyd Company, and their wages were a timely help to the distressed father. Nothing daunted, he at once began to replant his vineyard and olive trees, and in the space of about eight years, succeeded in retrieving his former for

Ten years after Ivan's last disaster, Father Bontamps, S. J., gave a mission in the village. Now there exists among the Dalmatians an ancient custom, that on the recurrence of the yearly mission given in every parish, they make their peace with their fel-lowmen, if at variance with any of them, and repair all wrongs they may have done their neighbors. The manner of effecting this reconciliation is very touching and simple. He who has been guilty of the offence must take the first step towards reconciliation or He proceeds reparing the wrong. therefore, to the house of the offended party, and there apologizes for the offence, if it be in word, or offers compensation for the damages he has caused, or restores his ill gotten goods. Should his fault have been a grievous one, he will fall on his knees to implore forgiveness. The prayer is readily granted, for such an avowal of one's guilt, accompanied by this act of humiliation, cannot fail to soften a Christian heart. The scene is an edifying one, exhibiting, as it does at times, the nost generous and magnanimous feel-People who have lived in enings. mity for years will embrace each other with tears, grant mutual forgiveness and become united in the bond of a life-long friendship.

To return to Father Bontemps at the Mission. On the eve of the General Communion day, three men came to Ivan's house. After having knocked at the door, they knelt on the threshold with downcast eyes. When the servant maid came to the door, they asked to see her master. On finding them in this humble posture, she at once divined the purpose of their visit. When Ivan heard their names he exclaimed in great amazement: "No! these are my friends; they do not come for that purpose. Invite them to come in."
The invitation was forthwith conveyed to them. They did not rise, but only insisted that Ivan should come to the Thereupon he came out and found them in the same penitent atti-tude, and who were they? The young The young man who had been refused his daughter's hand in marriage, in company

with two of his friends. The jilted lover addressed him in faltering tones, the words almost dying on his lips: "We beseech you to for-give us, for the love of God. We come to offer you due reparation for the loss of your wine, vineyard and olive trees," and while saying this he held

out a sum of money. At such a disclosure, Ivan's face was flushed with sudden and violent passion. He felt like tearing the three supplicants in pieces, and remained indignation, while they, overcome by fear and shame, were ready to crouch at his feet. The first who had addressed him, still holding out in his right hand the sum of money, again entreated him to accept it, as his share of the indemnity they owed him. Ivan had now to some extent regained his self control. The culprits confessed in detail their crime and promised at the same time full compensation for the loss they had inflicted. "May forgive you, "Ivan replied, "as I forgive you. I do not exact anything from you. My two sons earned sufficient money to help me out of the difficulties I was thrown into. I have replanted my vineyard and olive trees. and by this time I am in a prosperous condition again. I see you are sorry for what you have done. If you wish to be my friends. I will forget the past entirely, but be men of your word.

He then got a bottle of his best wine, and, as if to seal his forgiveness with an act of hospitality, drank with them. The kind words they had just heard, followed by such unexpected treatment set them more at their ease. But they had not done enough yet to satisfy their consciences.

The first speaker insisted so persistently on acceptance of his money that Ivan at length consented to receive it. The two others, unable to offer immediate restitution, gave their word of honor to do so, as soon as possible. But generous Ivan condoned all but a back home overwhelmed with sorrow. small portion of the debt, which he allowed them to promise to pay to silence

It appeared from their confession that the rejected suitor was the leader in all the depredations. He had so resented his rejection that he vowed in who had crept into the cellar and opened the wine casks. He then bribed his two friends to help him in cutting Consoled by the cheering words of down the clive trees and vines. They his friends, Ivan was far from think- had gone out with axes at night to ac-

just turned the corner of Jefferson. man took off his hat as he passed Michael's Church, whereupon a por ous fellow-passenger seeing it and siring to be funny, called to his nei bor in a loud voice:
"Say, Bill, have you heard the la 'Tis awful! The bottom news? The awith: The bottom fallen out of purgatory and all Catholics have dropped into hell!"
"Too bad, too bad!" said the ger man of the hat in a clear voice. news? pity the unfortunate Protestants un neath; they must have been cru The novelty of the remark and response at once caught the ear of passengers, who were now all at tion to hear what might follow. "Ah," said Mr. Pompous, smar under the retort and anxious to the laugh from himself, "I see you a Catholic. You belong to that st stitious set that ignorantly doffs hats to churches and crosses, the lieves in what they don't see and a

fear of what can't hurt them, the idiots! See here. Now show m devil and I'll give you \$50." 'Not so fast, my friend," said Peaceful, with a genial smile. condemn your neighbor without a ing! If you knew who was in Church your hat would come o Him also. Neither should you a me of believing what I don't se you yourself believe you have b although I am convinced that n ever saw them; and as tor she you the devil, keep your money a while and take my word for it, see him for nothing!" A general titter was heard al

the car. No one was anxious to even two old ladies with pass Girard avenue concluded to keep seats in order to hear the result

"Don't take me for an infide said Mr. Pompous, getting que cited. "I am a liberal Prot who respects every honest man's But I have no respect for ors who make little gods out o There, for instance, is your Pop power you attribute to him mak a god upon earth. You even thim as Holy Father. Why ca do as we do in our Church and h head but the Lord God in heave That's what puts you whe are," said Mr. Peaceful. of a visible head leaves you in

of error and confusion. Don't that no organization here whether bank, railroad or other can exist without a is no god with us. If he thou believed it, he would be the firs demn it. But we believe he vinely appointed teacher of th flock, and we have good grou our belief. But what's the use ing sensible arguments to a fel you? Mick Mooney's argumen necessity of a head for the Cl the best for your compre 'The Holy Scripture tells t Mick, 'that our Saviour comm to hear the Church. Now he we hear her except she spoke, could she speak without a hea

mouth? outh?'"
A hearty burst of applause response to this rejoinder. ctor even joined in it and M ful felt that he had the sympa

But Mr. Pompous came q him with a large string of many of them apparently that it was feared he could n

them successfully.
"I attended your services ing of late," said he, "and rified at what I saw and he had some kind of devotion g which you offered ten invo the Virgin Mary for the on offered to the Almighty God concluded the whole thing by for what you suppose are so You also have gatory! You also have crosses, vestments and the I what in your worship. allow flesh meat on Frida you can eat the eggs and milk that come from the m day! These and many ot dictory and unscriptural pr cannot deny. They are your Church cannot be the "Wait a bit," said Mr.
"Don't shout till you sre

woods. You attended no service of our Church, but devotion of the rosary. T were as you described, but have known that no irrever was there; for you must ren one Our Father is equal t a thousand Hail Mary's! like purgatory, it seems. might go farther and fare as Father Tom Burke preacher, 'if you don't purgatory, you can go to also were dazzled at the ve did not understand the

Of course not. However,