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MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER XXVII. MIKE'S END.

During the winter Father Daly had made trial of his second plan for Marcella's relief, which was the study of the Irish language; and thereby he hung a long tale of the helpfulness towards herself and others which she was to develop out of the acquirement of her native tongue. Having mas tered the language herself she was to instruct the children of the school (who already spoke it) in the mysteries of

reading and writing it. He was to be her tutor, and the good old man was glad of this excuse to spend two or three evenings of every week in that melancholy house by the sea in the company of two afflicted women who were forsaken by all the world but himself.

He was not a very practical tutor as the lessons were constantly inter rupted by his announcements of vari ous scraps of news which he had picked up and treasured for Marcella just to vary her thoughts even for a few min utes. Thus he informed her at various intervals that "The O'Donovan" was staying on a visit at Mount Ram-shackle, that Miss Julia O'Flaherty had been married at last to Mr. Jones, the wedding having taken place from a hotel at Scarborough; and, a little later, that Miss O'Donovan was about to become Mrs. O'Flaherty.

To Marcella these items of gossig were the merest far off echoes of a world of which she had never known much, and had almost forgotten. Old Biddy Malone's toothache was of infin itely more importance to her than the fact that Julia O'Flaherty's bride cake had, like all the royal bride cakes, been ordered from Chester. Neverthe less, she had grown to be thankful for any passing idea that made her smile

For Mrs. Kilmartin Father Daly had always cheery words about Bryan's travels and return, and a store of little jokes to make the poor lady laugh. But he asked her no more for the song of the Wild Geese, and the harp stood silent in the corner.

One evening after the usual gay ten minutes which he bestowed on Bryan's mother after his arrival, he pushed away the books which Marcella had opened under the particular lamp which suited his spectacles, and said :

"It is no use trying. I can't work night, my dear. My mind's unto night, my dear. My mind's un-easy. A bad fever, a kind of plague it seems to be, has broken out at Ath logue, close to Ballydownvalley, and the people are dying fast. I'm think-ing of what we shall do if it comes our

Athlogue was a district on the estate of the murdered Mr. Ffont. The people there had long lived in a wretched condition, and, since the murder, had fallen from bad to worse. The new owner had refused even to visit the estate, and lived in England, and the agent misbehaved him self pretty much as he pleased. The plague that had now appeared was the outcome of slow famine and hardship, and would probably effect many wholesale evictions, carried out without the assistance of the shariff and police.

The better condition of the peasan try living under Marcella's rule did not save them from the scourge, which, once started, flies over moor and moun tain like wildfire; and the fever was soon raging at Distresna.

Marcella's heart quailed as she saw the two conflicting duties confronting her. The doctor, who came from a gun—(not a very uncommon one in a "A forlorn and shipwrecked") distance and had a large district to attend to, stated that the only means of arresting the ravages of the diseases were separation and good nursing, and how were these to be effected and procured? The poorhouse hospitals were full, and the people hated them besides. There were no Sisters of Mercy within reach. The peasants were deplorably ignorant of the first principles of nursing, and careless of he simplest precautions as to infection. She herself was the only person who could come forward and attempt to oring some sort of order into this confusion of suffering and alarm.

And yet Bryan? If she were to take the fever and die? Seeing that he had only her, had she any right to desert him, to risk falling away from his need? Were all these people who had grown so dear to her, were they all, put together, half as precious to her as a single hair upon his head? Father Daly had tried to be before

her thought with his warning : "Remember," he said, "you are to stay where you are, to stand to your post. You are not your own; you are Bryan's. You can give me your advice and I will carry it out. have had tragedy enough in this family. I will not allow you to risk any

She had heard him with a sensation of relief; but that night her conduct appeared to her in a different light. Was she Bryan's wife, and yet a coward? God would stand by her in her daring. Her effort, her trust, would win a blessing for both of them. The bedside of a sufferer who was "down

He saw her courage and faith in her eyes and did not remonstrate with her. A strong impression that she would be safe took possession of his mind, and from that moment they put their forces together in the work that was at hand. She had already learned a good deal

about nursing from the various attendants of Mrs. Kilmartin in her illness, and now she easily took in the doctor's directions as to the treatment

wooden sheds erected as a kind of temporary hospital, and she spared neither money nor personal attention to fit them with all that was convenient and comfortable for the necessities of the patients. Two or three healthy, strong hearted girls volunteered as hospital nurses under her guidance, and her old ally Mike constituted him self her chief attendant and assistant. going and coming with her, fetching and carrying for her, and doing no

small share of the nursing besides. For this faithful lad she had grown to feel a special affection, associating him as she did with Bryan's trouble from the very beginning, and knowing that he had done his utmost for him at the trial. She allowed him now to do all that he wished, to think that he accomplished even more than was possible, and to know that she was grateful to him for all.

Soon the aspect of the plague stricken country was changed. The panic subsided, the suffering were glad to go at once to where "Herself would take care of them, the houses were kept as free as possible from in fection, the deaths were fewer than they had been, and those who died went their way in peace and full of consolation. To no people on earth can death be made so sweetly accept able as to the faithful among the Irish

In the urgency of the need, in the press of the work, Marcella forgot her personal fears. The belief that God would protect her for the sake of Bryan who was so good, had strengthened in to a conviction that no amount of wear iness or anxiety could shake. It heaven was sometimes mysteriously severe it was also unquestionably mer So large a share of suffering had been laid upon, and accepted by him and by her already that this par ticular danger would be sure to pass by and leave then entirely unharmed. Instead of breaking down under her efforts she seemed to grow stronger orighter, more thoroughly alert and alive. She felt a motherly love for her recovered patients, and knew besides that the lessons they had given her in

price she had paid for their lives. The hospital was at a distance of two miles from Crane's Castle, and stood on a wide stretch of high ground, not near to any habitation. In a small shed close by, she and her nurses changed their clothing on coming to the place, and before returning home so that infection might not be carried by their means. Here also she kept the medicines and various necessaries given into her charge by the doctor. On her way to the hospital in the nornings she was accustomed to mee Mike, who had either passed the night on guard among the sick, or had been busy on the scene of work from day break.

faith and patience were well worth the

Running to meet her, to know if she had any messages or commissions to entrust to him, he often appeared at a point where the road was met by a narrower one leading to the mountains and one morning as she passed this bend of the road, she looked up the path, while the thought just crossed her mind that Mike was not coming

this morning by that way.

She felt pleased that her solitary walk had been so far uninterrupted, as of late this hour had been the only one in which she had leisure to think her own thoughts freely. At the same moment the sound of a shot that came with startling distinctness over the shoulder of a hill was heard by her with a sinking of the heart. That country frequented by sportsmen always smote her with a shock of in describable pain. She must evermore associate it with the idea of murder, and with all the horror and disaster that a murder had dragged after it in to her life.

Such a shot, though neither Bryan nor she had heard it, had been the signal for the beginning of their irreparable misfortunes.

Looking up at the blue sky, with high sailing clouds, and at the plume of purple heather stirring upon the brow of the bluff above her, she dismissed that thought, but was sorry to feel sure that some happy bird had in that moment of her thinking been

brought low Arrived at the hospital she found that Mike had not appeared there that morning, and after some hours it was felt that he was seriously missed. body had hitherto thought a great deal about his simple services, but now that they were not to be had their value began to be recognized.

In the afternoon a general fear was expressed that Mike was himself "down in the fever," and a messenger was despatched to the mountain to bring tidings of him.

It was still broad daylight when Marcella set out again on her evening walk homeward. She was feeling grieved for her faithful friend and servant, sure that nothing but illness would have kept him from his post, that to morrow she would find him on a bed in the hospital. He was a frail creature and the fever would carry next day she met Father Daly at the him off; though not if skill and care could save him. Repassing by that crooked point of the cross roads she remembered the sound of the shot heard there in the morning and the pang it had given her, and again she looked up at the bluff above her head. There was the ragged bunch of heather swinging from the verge, only colored a burning crimson now in the glow

She turned up the by path and as all souls that have been particularly cended the narrow zig zag that climbed the bluff.

How wild and sweet, how magnificent, and yet how peaceful was the world in which she breathed, on which she gazed! The scents of wild thyme and honey were in the breeze, a plover cried faintly in the distance, a flight of moor-birds winged over the brow of the hill she was climbing and circled in the upper air, the richest Tyrian dyes never produced colors so deep or so living as the purples, crimsons, rose-reds, ambers, that lay about her, above and beneath, softened and yet intensified by the gray of approaching

shadows. If Bryan could but see this, but for one moment, one little half hour. She walked a bit across the hill, ascending as she went, fascinated by nature's meanings and mysteries, unwilling to break the spell of the enchantment of the hour. She would have ample time to reach home before nightfall; and even if not? She was at no time afraid to walk the hills and valleys of her little kingdom unattended.

She stood still and rapt for some minutes, looking upward, downward, out ward, and then she began to move again, while her wide wandering gaze wavered gradually to what was near her as she stepped. Suddenly, with a sharp cry and pause of her heart's beating, she came to a dead stop, staring at something a few yards away right in her path; a man flat on the ground, arms outstretched, and ghast y face to the sky.

It was Mike, her trusty friend, shot through the heart, dead as the stones. still and silent as the lonesome mountains that looked down on him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY ALMA

MATER. It may seem a little presumptuous in graduate of some time ago, to treat of the relations between her Alma Mater's present and past students What, then, should be the feelings of the younger pupils, who are still toiling up the rugged steeps of Parnassus, towards those who have reached the summit and have there been crowned as worthy to sit in the realms of knowl edge and of wisdom? To answer this question it is only necessary for us to examine the sentiments which every loyal graduate has for her Alma Mater. Without doubt her first feeling is one of the deepest graduate. On her withdrawal from the halls and company of kind Religious who have vatched over her continued growth in culture, her heart, as laurel-crowned she receives her prizes, must go out w.th thankfulness and love towards the institution which has prepared her for life's struggle. Has she not been taught that

'At the flaming forge of life Our fortunes must be wrought; Thus at its sounding anvil shaped Each burning deed and thought.

This gratitude is not only verbal but finds utterance in an ardent desire to the promotion of of her Alma Mater's prosperity. Every labor undertaken for her convent is a duty o love, and means are chosen to testif to her warm attachment. The happi ness of such a school is similar to that of a family, the influence of which depends entirely upon unity of sympathy, unity of purpose and unity of action. How often has the play ground resounded with her voice and and those of her companions, as utter ing the invigorating words:

"United we stand, divided we fall."

"A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Who hearing may take heart again."

As she bids adieu to the scenes of her childhood, she is conscious that er her is stealing

"A feeling of sadness and longing That is not akin to pain, And resembles sorrow, only As the mist resembles the rain."

Joyously would she sing,

Long, long be my heart with such memor ies filled." Still may she say with Washington: "The friendship I have conceived will

not be impaired by absence but it may be no unpleasing circumstance to brighten the chain by a renewal of the covenant."

"Helpers of the Holy Souls."

There is in New York a convent of nuns whose lives are devoted to pray ing for the dead. The community numbers twelve, and it is the only branch in America of a new religious order of France.

The order was founded thirty-five years ago in Paris by Mere Marie de la Providence, a pious French lady, whose mind from childhood had dwelt on the sufferings of the souls in Purgatory. She died in Paris during the siege of 1870. Since then branches of the order have been established in London, China and Belgium, and now in America.

The rule for the day in the convent is as follows: Each nun when she awakes says: "My Jesus, mercy!" to gain an Indulgence of one hundred hundredfold which only He can give. days for some soul. All their prayers end with the words: "Eternal rest them, O Lord, rate them, O Lord, and let of which may make others of less virperpetual light shine upon them."
This they repeat at intervals during the day. When the clock strikes they say: "My God, we offer to the aid of those who have taken this Thee for the relief of the souls in Purgatory all the acts of love by which purpose, what We ourselves have

recommended to the society. At 9 every evening when the clock strikes they recite the "De Profundis." In addition to prayers offered for the dead the work of caring gratuitously for the sick as a suffrage for de parted souls is one of their missions.

The people of the neighborhood, hom they have befriended hold them in great veneration, and their beautiful lives of charity and selfdenial compel the respect of all by whom they are known.

BEYOND THE PALE.

Human Respect Deters two Brilliant

The recent death of two acquaintances brings forcibly to mind, writes 'R. C. Gleaner" in the Catholic Col umbian, the great truth that many well informed persons, thoroughly con vinced of the historical claims of the Church, have not the moral courage to face the world and find peace within the fold. Both of these men were unusually well-read and had occupied in their days places of prominence and emolument in high circles during the days of the Grant administration Both were lawyers in their youthfu days; one abandoned the law for poli tics and eventually the poetic pursui of agriculture; the other finished his career in journalism, in which he made a mark as a particularly sarcastic writer- so much so that he was feared perhaps more than admired. The last extended conversation

held with the older of these men gave me the surprising information that he was at that time reading an Oxford translation of the works of St. Athan He was delving down deep asius. into the history of doctrinal teaching but for years had been a prominent member of the Episcopal Church and with all his keen insight into worldly affairs could not overcome his early conviction that the English Church was a wise and dignified brother of the Roman Church." He died sud denly, without warning, a few hours after his political friend who had lingered in excruciating agony for some weeks. I once heard the younger of these men defend in beautiful and correct terms the Catholic doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, but he too, more for appearance than aught else affiliated himself with the same Church as his friend, although his nearest friend on the staff of his paper said after his death that "though he had belonged to the Episcopal Church he not given assent to all teachings," and he might added that it was on the very question so prominent now, the question of Anglican Orders;—for he always smiled when an Anglican clergyman was called a priest in his presence. Freemasonry had him in its toils and he, too, passed from earth without courage to say what for long years was uppermost in his mind. Both of these men were of New England stock-one born in Vermont, the other in Ohio-of parents of Connecticut stock, shrewd in money making, perhaps shrewd even to the danger line if rumor be true; careful in their political utterances, candid in their judgment of other men and on occasions exceedingly charitable when their human sympathy was touched, and members of the Episcopal Church for the reason, perhaps, that, as Dr. Abbott of Cambridge said, "The Episcopal Church is the roomiest Church in Christendom" or because it partakes somewhat of the colored man's definition of religious toleration when he said: "It am de spirit that lets other people be only tol'able religious."

THE POPE'S TENDERNESS How tenderly does our Great and Good Holy Father act when, after deciding Anglican Orders invalid, he pens these words to the Cardinal Arch-

bishop of Westminster:
"We cannot without deep emotion contemplate the very painful, and sometimes even hopeless condition of converted Auglican clergymen, who, in prompt obedience to the call of divine grace, have entered into the Catholic Church. Withdrawn, in many cases, from a position of ease and comfort, they find themselves immediately after their conversion in a state most critical, and sometimes in absolute destitution, with no means of maintain ing themselves, or of providing for the urgent needs of their families. birth, by education, and by their habits of life, they are wholly unprepared for such enormous sacrifices; and when these privations are added to the cruel anguish of broken friendships and social isolation, it is hardly a matter for surprise if some find their courage

fail them.
"Many, as We well know, have accepted every sacrifice to follow without delay the voice of conscience, and to embrace the truth. These noble examples are known to you, dear son, and they deserve more praise than We can give. They have rightly remembered that, when the welfare of the soul is at stake, no consideration of a temporal nature must be yielded to, however painful it may be. God will one day give them the reward of a Nevertheless, to do as they have done is an act almost of heroism, the thought of which may make others of less vir

Sacred Heart of Jesus glorified thought of, and now propose to you, from the western horizon. She would get up on that breezy rock, before the glory faded. What a sweep of valley, mountain, and firmament must be visible from such a vantage ground! the Sacred Heart of Jesus glorined thought of, and now propose to you, would be the formation in England of earth." They say every day the "Office for the Dead," and after Mass the "De Profundis." The prayer, "O, ject is not, and could not be, to obtain for them a position superior, or even

equal, to that which they have so nobly given up; for they would have privaat least to secure for them the means of providing for their most urgent needs during the first years after their conversion, until they are able to obtain, by their own efforts, the resources re-

quired for a suitable maintenance. How many of them are deterred by the prospects of poverty staring them in the face from taking the step their conscience tells them they should, our Many of them, Lord alone knows. brave to the point of heroism, do take the step and perhaps must then eke out an existence on the lecture platform by the charity of their newly-found breth. ren, or make a brave living for themsilves and families by their contributions to literature - a field now filled to overflowing. Surely, no act of our Holy Father manifests greater love of the Shepherd for his flock than this fatherly request made of the Catholics of England, and the same might be said to us of America.

ANGLICAN ORDERS. That many have looked at the Pope's decision in a different light from that of the supercilious Bishop Potter of New York may be learned from the fact chronicled in the Catholic Messen ger of Colombo, Ceylon, of a lecture delivered by John Proctor Carter be fore a conference of Anglican clergy in which he said : "The claim of the Church of Rome cannot be treated with indifference;" and he adds: ever we declare, with the Fathers of the Council of Nice, our faith in the Catholic and Apostolic Church, must tacitly mourn over the rents in its n:e seamless robe. It is true, I trust, that there is still an internal unity, but yet I can hardly join heartily in the triumphant strain that sings

"Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brethers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All our body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity."

The truth is as apparent to day as when Lord Macaulay stated it in his celebrated essay on Von Ranke's Hisory of the Popes, that the Church of England is "an institution as purely local as the Court of Common Pleas.

The Will of God."

Augustine Hare, whose "Walks in Rome" is one of the travel classics of our language, went with his sister. who was a Catholic, to visit Pius IX The Pope, on being informed that Augustine was a Protestant, wished to have a promise from him. that I should wish to do whatever His Holiness desired, but that before I engaged to make a promise I should like to know what the promise was to be about. 'On,' said the Pope, smiling, 'it is nothing so very difficult it is only something that a priest in your own Church might ask. It is that you will say the Lord's Prayer every morning and evening. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I shall be delighted to make the promise; but perhaps your Holiness is not aware that the practice is not unusual in the Church of England. Then almost severely for one so gentle, the Pope said, 'You seem to think the promise a light one; I think it a very erious one; in fact, I think it so serious that I will only ask you to promise to use one petition-'Fiat coluntas tua, O Deus, in terris ut in ælo,' ('Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.') and remember you have promised it at the feet of Pius IX.'" This was to inculcate "sub-IX.'" This was to inculcate "sub-missiveness to the will of God," which, in certain situations of life, is a difficult virtue, but which, when thoroughly acquired, is said to make smooth all the rough passages of life, - Catholic Citizen.

Pastor and People.

An English priest defining the mutual relation between the pastor and his parishioners, says:—"It is for you that the church is built : to you it belongs; its progress is yours; its shortcomings are yours too. For your children the schools are built, and supported, and taught. parents, owe to them the sacred inheritance of a Catholic education; and you entrust them to us, that we may do your duty in this matter towards the "little ones of Christ. And as to the priest, he too belongs to you. He is ordained and sent here for your sake, that he may minister to you the things of God; that he may break to you the Bread of Life; that he may lift your lives from sin and strike off the chains of guilt may feed your souls in health, and in sickness comfort you, and even smooth the pillow of death. In suffering and sorrow too, when the world around is dark and cold and casts us out, when God even speaks to us as He spoke to Job out of the whirlwind, and the hard, rugged cross is the only object left in the dreary landscape before us, the priest is sent to us that he may comfort and strengthen those who have gone under and bid them rise and hope again. The priest too, then, as well as church and schools belongs to you; you feed him, clothe and shelter and support him, while he is your steward and friend, and servant in Jesus Christ. Let me, then, as your stewart, put before you some of the material surroundings and earthly needs of our parish. Of other and higher things I speak to you every Sunday. Let me once in the year put before you our other wants.

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an Account of his Miss in the Toronto D Orangeism has given cousins a bad name. A fact the mass of Canadia

are fair minded people, a Catholic lecturer a Orange lodges are, inde in Ontario, but it is only localities that they are ve used mostly for social pur was the estimate we several well-informed p province, and on testing non-Catholic missions v them right, writes the Elliot in the Catholic W. for November. Our desire to experim

teresting part of the m found an opportunity in tial canvas this year, to of which will long be We were glad to serv Canadian priests who i their parishes, fearing "the States" (thos ready for the Apostolate by the fiery struggles campaign. Allow me campaign. Allow me confess a sincere regr present during this e contest, and at being pleasure of voting. O ships of the missionary seldom be at home on e

But the compensation itual, was generous an audiences at Thorold, half non Catholics, and than half, the hall see four hundred persons, every night but one. We got good help paper, both before and

Some days before editor called and aske which was gladly give column and a half of and gave us and our ca duction to several his serious-minded people, object was and how we separated brethren. ly terms on which the T. J. Sullivan, alway mission. We also see port of our closing lect we lament the errors rightly; but an inter-and a "puff" and a p ication are all modern ing the grace of faith

and infidels.
Another aid was the of the Catholics and I town. This is someti ligion, as when the tr but an apostolic aid is sturdy, as is the Our people made p bring their friends and succeeded, beca terms of equality wit class which alone tak a fair argument on re The natural relation and error is that tr gressive and error of much rather is this relation. Every help present in this tow every help to a succe a beautiful church, school, and a flourish tical virtue in priest All this was put t

Catholic people who goers, are not positive religion. In Canada timent is States, and yields les ity, or to personal people are not exac our side of the line, move ; but this is Americans. The Canadian is a grav his cousin, takes me his own favor, and -a solid race of me in religion solidly b were glad of a g them, and knew people had done the

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We found ourselve

across the borde strong and of cou Catholic, and in s ive. But so is con ism anywhere, as And as Protestanti ent, so is Orangei seldom as venomou as it ought to b avowed objects. we nightly had so counted," said a Catholic to us, " one meeting who bigots, and they and pleased." Ir tation to a free le fuse when it come source. Now, for nent business man kept a supply of b Plain Facts) on offered them to P talked up the lec is no unusual thin ants to do this du and it is a way w

gather an audien Every lecture, was attended by the Methodist m by his brother-w warlike mood w knowing; but th of the town totall not nearly enou present, more th non Catholics b mostly young. but we would h