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PLACING SCANDALS.

"And other some fell among thorns, and the thorns growing up with it choked it." (St. Lake viii. 7.

We, my dear brethren, have reseived the seed of the Divine word. and we have kept it: we have never fallen away from the true faith as it is Christ and His Church, and with God's help we never shall. Our stead fastness in the faith is our greatest glory in the sight of heaven and o earth, and whatever our shortcomings may be, we are at least free from th awful crime of apostasy, and this worst of all reproaches can never be laid to our charge. The good soil that produces a hundred fold is ours; but the thorny soil is ours also, and ir faith though firmly rooted is often choked by the pernicious jungle grow ing up around us, in which we suffer ourselves to become entangled.

How many a glorious promise of supernatural faith and virtue in those ound us becomes utterly blighted by the thorns of the world's ways and temptations, because no proper care is taken to resist them and stamp them The thorny growths that stifle our faith and render it worthless in the sight of God are many indeed, but there is one in particular that is more destructive than all the rest beside need hardly name it to you, for you know it but too well—the deadly Upastree of intemperance-that casts its know of more than one generous soul ment of true Christian manhood and quaintances, and how many will you Christian life, duty, and fidelity through this one vice? There is a its bones. else chokes the divine seed of the word | mixed. amongst us; this nullifies the power of | did ! our faith; this neutralizes the effects of the sacraments : this scandalizes our holy religion and makes our conse crated ministry vain; for this is the evil root from whence springs the foul weigh down the Church of the living

its strength and beauty, and yield its hundred fold. If it were not for the gross and scandalous lives that so many o-called Catholics lead, nothing could stop the onward march of our faith This is the one objection raised against

us that we cannot satisfactorily meet. We know very well that ours is the only true religion, and that it supplies every help that we need to enable us to overcome our passions and to lead upright lives. But the world at large knows little or nothing of our faith it only looks at the dark side of our every-day conduct, and scornfully Where is the influence of the Catholic religion on the venal politician, the low liquor seller, the drunken the meretricions streetwalker, the abominable fathers and mothers who make their homes a hell upon earth, and drive their unfortunour faith are an utter disgrace to it, and a rock of scandal to the world. They, of course, have shaken off all sense of obligation to their religion and its teachings, and have no more conception of religious duty than the cow or the horse. Theirs is a purely animal existence, they live only for the gratification of their lower nature, and we disclaim all responsibility for them. What responsibility has the Catholic Church for those who seldom or ever darken its doors, who never approach its Sicraments who spend their Saturday nights in the saloons, and their Sunday mornings in drunken slumber? What responsibility has the Church for the recreant rowdies who hang around the corner grog-shops, and the fallen flirts who frequent the sidewalks? They may have Catholic names, but that is the only evidence of their Catholicity. The thorns of dissipation and sensuality and sin of every kind have choked the seed of truth in their hearts, and they are outside the soul of the Church, though they may still claim to belong to its visible pale. But take our consistent Catholics, men and women who are in touch with the spirit of their faith and honestly endeavor to live up to its teachings. Are they not in very truth the salt of the earth? and does not the divine seed planted in their souls produce a

That the blood should perform its vital functions, it is absolutely necessary it should not only be pure but rich in life-giving elements. These result are best effected by the use of that well-known standard blood-purifier,

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE LITTLE CROSSING

SWEEPER. BY LOTTIE SHIPMAN. It was a cold bleak day in Novemer, with a drizzling rain that seemed o penetrate through the warmest coat, and a dreary wind moaning around the corners. A very depress-ing day. But little Jim McCarthy med as happy as usual in his wellworn coat, adorned with many a patch. He was plying his broom ost vigorously at a busy street cross ng in the pretty little town of Nnd his whistle was as cherry as ever while his thoughts ran on in this style:-"I guess my feet are getting wet, but my stockings can't spoil any how, for there are no feet to these, so t don't much matter. How bad po Mollie would feel if she only knew that I had given away the pair she had mended so nicely for me? Mended! Well, I should think they were mended. In fact it was all mending, and no stockings. Her fingers mus have ached when she got through. But they were warm; and I fancy they would feel pretty nice now. Yet even if they did, for I guess I can how could any fellow keep them and stand the cold better than such a little see poor Dan's foot all bruised and chap, though I ain't got his bright swollen. Guess he got them all right, spirits and happy way of looking at for I marked on the paper, 'To Dan, from a friend, and dropped them just inside his door. What a cold attic he sleeps in, and how lonely he must feel in the evenings! Oh, Jim McCarthy, withering shade over our hearts and homes and altars! Is there a single with a good sister Mollie to darn and person here this morning that does not fix things tidy; brother Ben to keep your spirits up, and dear little Hope to in whom every fruitful germ of faith kiss you as mother used?" And here a and hope and charity, and every senti- worn sleeve was brushed quickly across the boy's eyes, and the whistle womanhood, have not been blighted seemed muffled. When a lad's voice by this prevalent passion? Call the was heard at the corner, "Want a coll of your nearest friends and ac paper, sir?" Jim's broom was as vigorous as ever, and the whistle nearly ot find absent from the ranks of as clear, when little Ben McCarthy came running up to the crossing. Jim Jim, I have had such good luck skeleton in every closet, and the and a little red hand went down into saloon-keepers have taken the flesh off a pocket, bringing up a good handful This more than anything of cents with a few silver pieces inter-"Why, Ben, that is splen-What a lucky little chap you "Little! Now I like that Jim, when you are not much bigger your-But there goes a coon as looks good-natured and comfortable." And Ben disappeared around the corner crop of lusts and biasphemies, and crimes and contentions, that stifle every virtue of the Christian life and was borne back to the young crossing once more, while his shrill little voice sweeper. The McCarthys had two rooms in a long white house, which Could we but cast out this baneful was divided into tenements and situblight of intemperance from amongst ated in the east part of the town us, our glorious faith would appear in They were a little band of four-Jim, a lad of fourteen : Molly, twelve : Ben ust ten ; and little Hope aged eight Three years previous to the opening of our story they had been in com paratively comfortable circumstances Their father was a night watchman in one of the "small hotels of N-, and their mother one of the principal dressmakers in the town. But one Saturday morning as John McCarthy was returning home he met his wife just entering the Catholic chapel that faced the hotel. "Why John, what a lucky meeting! I am going to confession, for to morrow will be the first Sunday of the month, you know."
"So it will, little wife. Well, I'll follow your example." "Good old fel. low," and she squeezed her husband's arm affectionately. "But you look unusually tired this morning, John. Don't you feel well?" she asked anxiously. "To be frank, Mary, no. ate children to destruction? And what reply can we make? We cannot deny that many who claim to profess there were not many near Father Brady's confessional, so Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy were not kept waiting long and both were soon kneeling before the altar to make their act of thanks giving after confession. It was very still and quiet. The morning sun gleamed brightly on the flower decked altar and handsome silver crucifix. A stray sunbeam rested very lovingly on the bowed heads of husband and wife. head rested heavily upon them. Pres ently Mary McCarthy rose slowly from her knees-feeling strangely rejuctant to leave the sacred place-but a busy day lay before her. She placed her hand upon her husband's shoulder to attract his attention, and wondered a little at his attitude. Suddenly the worshippers in the chapel were startled by a wild shrick as Mrs McCarthy fell heavily across her husband's feet, for John McCarthy's soul had gone before

ing, writing, and arithmetic; after which the young orphans were sent home happy and grateful with a well-filled basket on little Jim's sturdy arm. Be assured the good priest's name was mentioned most fervently in the earnest petitions sent up every evening by four grateful young hearts. But we must come back to our little hero. Bennie's voice was still echoing in his ear when he was roused by a cab stopping suddenly at the crossing, and the door being opened by the cabman, a lady 'saning forward beckoned him to advance As he hastened to comply with her arab came limping up the street, and seeing poor Jim enter the waiting cab, stared in wondering amazement as it went rumbling quickly out of sight 'What is in the wind now, I wonder? and the boy (who was about fifteen years of age) gazed with wistful eyes after the disappearing vehicle. "I hope it is good luck for the little chap, anyhow," and the hard young face softened as the lad pulled a small package from a sadly torn pocket He thought I would never know who sent them-as if his little socks would fit me-not that I would wear them things. I suppose it is because I am so awful wicked." And where Dan Stubles looked very thoughtful. But then the boy mused very bitterly. I never had anyone to say a good word to me, or tell me to be good, until I met Jim McCarthy, and poor Janet Smith who sells apples at the corner. Yes. She always has a smile for a poor chap like me and often an apple. Ah! She is a brick; and may always count on Dan Stubles to fight her battles when the other boys come teas-ing." And here poor Dan squared up as if for a fight, to the great amuse ment of young Bennie, who had just appeared upon the scene. "Hay, old fellow! But who are you fighting Come and have a trial at me, for I often long for a fight, only Jim won't let me have one." But Bennie dropped his papers and stood very erect before the elder boy. "Why, youngster, I could knock you down like a feather," and Dan smiled goodhumoredly as he stopped to pick up the few papers remaining. "Business few papers remaining. "Busines seems to have been pretty fair to day, he added, as he handed them back Why, my pockets are full, Dan, and if I had only known this yesterday dress coat so as to be ready for the in vitation I am going to give you t come over to the store opposite and eat a hot bun with me." "Thankee, youngster, but I-I ain't hungry. Yet even as we spoke the boy's eyes wandered to the window where the buns were arranged in a "Well, I am then tempting array. but I'll have to remain so, for it would choke me to eat alone. Say, don't be so mean but help to make a chap enjoy himself." And then the child darted into the store, appearing presently with two very large sugar oated buns. Little Bennie felt very happy as he saw Dan's wan face righten. Indeed the generous little fellow would have gladly forced the the two buns upon the elder boy, bu the child's quick instinct had read Dan's sensitive nature, so he ate his own cake with happy relish, knowing that thus only would poor Dan enjoy his share. "Now, I wonder," mused Bennie, "if Father Brady could help a cosy sitting room in one of the hand Well I will tell him about Dan also. pityingly, upon first making his acquaintance (which was but a few days previous to the opening of our story 'No, never knew any one but an old woman as I always called Granny, cause she let me have a room in her but, and I got food by doing odd jobs for the villagers—who were not much better off themselves — but when old Grannie died I thought I had better John McCarthy's arms were folded on top of the Communion rails, and his strike on something." "Say, Bennie," said Dan, suddenly, as he swallowed the last piece of his bun, "look at that little girl just passing! Ain't she a pretty little thing, and golly, how warm she must be in that ulster!" 'Yes, but as Jim was saying this morning if Molly and Hope—" 'Oh," interrupted Dan, quickly, "you know what they say about talking of angels, young un? Well here come your sisters, and Janet, the apple girl, with them." Ben turned hastily as the

had, and the lady laughed and said aunty, and we will all gather around each a quarter (one for Bennie also)
and went away." Here Bennie

Service and service down to be a presents to the one I have just quitted!" and, standing very erect, he recited very sad as she very clearly:

spoke. "And yet," she added

When the weather is wet. and went away." Here Bennie also on the started them with a "Hip, hip hurrah!" and his cap went curving through the air. "Molly, Molly," he gasped, "a whole dollar! But, Jim," for the latter had just returned to his post. "I told you we would make our fortune some day.

And then see the fine things. The latter you have never seen. I And then see the fine things The latter you have never seen, I we can give Father Brady for his think, but the former we have fre church, for he never takes anything quently passed in our walks ; for rain for hinself. Oh, Mollie," turning suddenly to his elder sister, "How can you take it so quietly?" "Why, Ben," interrupted little Hope, for thread-bare coat and broken rubbers it funny? lighting up the stores already. Come, little Hope—for you must always keep before us—so run on with Bennie orphans never murmur, but always pleasant yet in store."

while Molly gets Janet, and I bring see the silver lining to their clouds, and now children listen, to morrow will be Jim's birthday—I found this out Dan. from a remark of Molly's-and I want CHAPTER II. to surprise them with a nice home And now I must transport my readsupper and evening, feeling sure that ers back once more to the early part of you will all be willing to wait upon the afternoon, which saw the opening the poor little orphans and make their evening pleasant?" "Completely at their service," came the ready chorus of voices, with a sincere ring, which some dwellings in the west end of the was not to be mistaken. "The little the poor chap when we go to our lessons this evening." Dan Stubles children. Arthur Noble—a lad of had but lately appeared in the town of fourteen lying upon a sofa reading:

some dwellings in the west conductive was not to be mistaken. The intuit was not to be mistaken. the good priest's council this morning had but lately appeared in the town of will brace me up wonderfully." And N—, wandered in from the country to so saying he followed his wife into the try and get something to do. "Don't church. It was still very early and there were not many near Father mother, Dan!" Jim had enquired, very a doll which was held by his little one's future, and them back to gloom and shadow, after their glimpse of home. shadow, after their glimpse of home. cousin, Eileen Noble, a child of eight But now I must leave you to put your while Bertha, her elder sister by two years, was swinging around upon a pianestool, in a most discontented manner, her pretty high-heeled slippers making sad marks upon the varnish. "Bother! When is this rain gring to cease? It makes a followed. wise young heads together to plan for to morrow evening, while I speak to your father in the library." called Arthur suddenly, as his mother left the room, "Is not this a lesson for our discontent? Ugh! If we had to rain going to cease? It makes a fel-low wild to have to mope in the house stand all day at a crossing during this rain, I wonder how we would like it? ike a girl," and Arthur Noble sat "Not very well," said Percy, with unusual gravity. Come, Frank and suddenly erect, throwing the hand-some covered book he had been read-Arthur, let us sort our books, and see what we can do for to morrow." "Yes, ing, impatiently upon the table. "Why, it is coming down worse than Eileen, and we have lots of pretty toys ever," his brother answered, turning to amuse the girls, and I'll never grumble again," and Bertha shook her away from the window. "Say Bertha," he added, "will you stop swinging about in that manner? Why, you are head with firm determination, as she followed her little sister to the play kicking all the varnish off the legs of that stool." "Oh dear," sighed the child fretfully, "I wish mother would come room. . . . "There, mother, the table is quite finished. Don't you think it looks nice?" "Yes, dear Bertha, and are they having a nice in; she drove to church right after lunch so she can't be there all this time." "Just look at Frank trying to time upstairs?" "Oh, splendid, especially Janet Smith and the big boy John McCarthy's soul had gone before its Creator! Gentle, pittiful arms bore the poor woman home, but she mey gradined consciousness, and nusband and wife were laid to rest on the same day. Since then the children (willing to do anything but separate) had struggled on, doing any work they could get, but they must have fared very badly had it not been for Father Brady. He was a man of about seventy years of age, and had not only married Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy but baptized all their children. He was still erect and stately in his snow white hair full about a face elequent of truth, teiling of a soul sanctified and strongthene. He was still erect and stately in his bearing, but his snow white hair full condure, and a generous heart full of loving sympathy for the little band so sadly orphaned the rooms they now occupied, paying the rent out of his own small pittance, and three times a week the children were summoned to the resolvent to resolvent to resolvent the men of the same of his own small pittance, and three times a week the children were summoned to the resolvent to resolvent to resolvent the men of the basket. "John and decay the men of the same of the men of the same of the men of the same than the big both in them out, and had then one glass of easily amused soornfully as he poke in well to be so easily a mused to sharp on any work they would get, but they must have fared very badly had it not be solved the more and the proportion will soon the same day. The work would get, but they must have fared very badly had it not be solved the more and the proportion will soon to the whole attaching the work. The work would get a purchase in the same of the whole attaching the work. The work would get a purchase in the same and the big book to the whole is taking Dan into his stores and the children were and and the big book to easily a mused to be assist and the big soornfully as he poke all like soornfully as he poke and the he are curried to the whole is taking Dan into his stores and there are so there will be mend Eileen's doll," and Percy laughed scornfully as he spoke.

tale." And so Molly laughingly answered: "Well, this afternoon, when Hope was sweeping, and I was washing, we heard some one coming up the stairs, and a minute after Jim came into the room, followed by a beautiful lady. Of course we were surprised but she kissed Hope, and said how she had often noticed brother wish. Mother said yesterday that she did not like children acting as grown up people before they have left the nursery." "Bravo! Eileen" laughed Frank heartily, and here comes your mother now." and here comes your mother now." Surprised but she kissed Hope, and said how she had often noticed brother wish. Mother said yesterday that she did not like children acting as grown up people before they have left the nursery." "Bravo! Eileen" laughed Frank heartily, and here comes your mother now." All the children looked up eagerly, as said how she had often noticed brother said how she had often noticed brother

Jim at the crossing since coming to

N—— (for they have only been living here two months), and had asked him this afternoon to show her where he lived. The control of the contr lived. Then she asked me a lot of questions also. I told her how good Father Brady was to us, and I saw real tears in her eyes, and she said: "God bless him, he must indeed be a very saintly man, Molly, for although my residence, here here the lived in the result of the lived in the result of the lived in the result of the lived in the rain, I just think of a piece I read asked Bertha, "are you going to tell us a story?" "The very thing for a lived it is called "Good Resolutions," and I lived it so was the large of the rain, I just think of a piece I read in a book Father Brady gave me. It is called "Good Resolutions," and I my residence here has been short I rainy day, especially when it is a true liked it so much that I learned it off."

have already heard great praise of him." Of course little Hope had to tell Frank wheel the sofa near the glowing Mrs. Noble asked gently, for the chilher. "What lovely white hair he grate-fire. Come and sit in the centre, dren had now risen from the table "With pleasure, Ma'am, that she had seen him in church very often, for she was a Roman Catholic brought a foot stool for her mother's also. Then she wrote down some-feet. "What a contrast this scene his beloved Father Brady's teaching;

When the weather is wet, We must not fret When the weather is cold, We must not scold.

When the weather is warm, We must not storm. But be thankful together, Whatever the weather.

At the last two lines the little band oined hands (as they had been taught to do by Father Brady). Mrs Noble was deeply moved, and Mr. Noble, who had also been assisting to wait upon the children, placed his hand gently the young lad's head. Mollie had gone up to Janet, and Jim are not much protection, when rich "Truly, those are good resolutions, was talking to Dan at a little distance, "as soon as the lady left, Mollie sat down and commenced to cry. Wasn't I saw the child as usual, and getting "Well, Father," Percy answered sud-Would a quarter make you the cab man to stop, desired the boy to denly, "Jim has taught us all a lesson cry, Bennie?" "No, indeed, little get in and show me where he lived. that we shall not easily forget." The colleen; but I know what dear Moll So we drove to the east end, where children were now dressed for their demeant, for I have felt just the same they occupy two rooms in a low white parture, and Jim went gravely up to when I have made a good day, and building. The house is let in tene- Mrs. Noble and with his young voice could treat some of the chaps to a bun or two. Ah, but it's the fine feast we by Father Brady, out of his own small "Lady, sir, young misters and misses, or two. Ah, but it's the fine feast we can all have now." "Yes, Ben, and to morrow will be Jim's birthday, you also nearly all supplied from his store. Janet, and Dan, sister Molly, Hope, know." "Hurrah, so it will. Well now, little Hope, won't Father Brady be pleased at our news." "Molly," whispered Jim, as he shouldered his broom, "we must make Dan come home to supper with us, and it is time we were off now! Why they are lighting up the stores already. Come. Jim and Bennie, then you find have formed for your fluture, for I trust lighting up the stores already. Come.

> Miss Lottie Shipman, 29 Genevieve Ave., Quebec.



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-OBJECTS OF THE-New York Catholic Agency pied, paying the rent out of his own small pittance, and three times a week the children were summoned to the presbytery to receive, not only religious instructions, but lessons in read-