

MARION AMES TAGGA
CATHOLIC WORK

Times were hard in the Danstan's. Perhaps the superfluous, for times were there, and the very meagre parish was enough to call for sympathy for its parishioners in the diocese. Not a place much sought after for vacant parishes, the Bishop sent young Fr. there, just after his ordination of pithy but none the less a small town made up of a few better placed families and owners' families live never quite enough to call houses huddled together an average of at least five each of them, and monotonous dull men found the only help of fiery adulterous whisky. They were brawny, hopeless lot, but iron and the smoke of made up of various nationalities, a preponderance of the native was nearly the conditions of their life was into such a parish. Francis came, a slender twenty three, with deep eyes, and such an expression of life as a guarded study in the seminary to give him.

Protestantism is its long-standing idea that one could possibly render acceptable adoration and service to God incarnate while ignoring or disparaging her of whom He deigned to take flesh.

The heart of every good Protestant mother in the world must have instinctively rebelled at the attempt of her creed to find in the words of Christ Himself some slight to the Mother who bore Him.

The Heavenly Peace.

The practice of religion demands a free mind. Therefore it was that our Lord promised His disciples peace. He gave them the peace the world could not give so that they might seek the things which pertain to Him. This peace was not an outward peace, for the world warred on the Church from the beginning. It was the peace of the spirit and reigned as really in the soul of the martyr who lay upon the rack as in the soul of the hermit who sought God in the stillness of the everlasting hills.

If we would serve God, we, too, must seek for that peace. It is not rest, or laziness, or inaction. There is nothing so peaceful as a broad and mighty river sweeping without a ripple on its surface to the sea. Peace means that all our desires tend in the one direction. That there are no cross purposes, no contradictions in our souls. When the full current of our being sets towards God then we shall have peace.

Such a peace is not gained in a day. In the first place only God can give it, and in the second place He seldom if ever gives it at once. It comes to us little by little as the reward of long struggling and cheerful suffering. It is the conscious dwelling under the wings of the Almighty. It is the beginning of the rest eternal which is in God.

This peace does not mean that we must not busy ourselves in temporal affairs. It is given to those who do their work in the world as well as to those who do their work in the cloister. It is found among those whose occupations are the most menial as well as among those to whom fortune gives leisure and education. It consists in doing God's will, come what may. "Thy will be done" is the expression of its presence, and it has always a blessing for the Providence of God even when that Providence appears to treat us ill.

Agnosticism.

Agnosticism has done its work, and the followers of this fad—doctrine it can not be called—are rapidly passing into the last stage of irreligion—total unbelief. A so-called intelligent audience listened to Felix Adler, president of the Society of Ethical Culture in New York, this week, when he said: "Let politics take the place of religion. If we care nothing for kings let us devote ourselves to the State. In the State let us find the personal deity which is passing out of men's lives. Let the State be the object of our worship. Let us make it sacred, and when we have done so the State will have taken the place of the personification. Let the State be that personification." This was the absurd peroration of a discourse entitled, "What has Religion done for Civilization?" If the man really meant what he said his sanity might be questioned. Patriotism is one thing, but making a fetish of the State is quite another. Would Mr. Adler enthroned a representative of the Goddess of Reason in a Christian temple as the infidels did during the first French Revolution? That is what irreligion did for civilization.—Sacred Heart Review.

The Pope's Handwriting.

The Pope suffers much from weakness in the hands, and is obliged when writing to hold the right wrist firmly with his left hand to steady the pen in his fingers. This weakness is said to be the result of an attack of ague more than twenty five years ago. An amusing story is told of His Holiness apropos of this. It is related of a certain Cardinal that he looked agast when receiving from His Holiness some written instructions which he was to repeat to a foreign prelate at a distance.

Smiling gently at his subordinate's evident denseness of comprehension, Leo XIII. began again to advise him as the best route to take, time of departure, department to be observed, etc. The Cardinal, interrupting him, remarked bluntly: "I can remember all that, your Holiness, but how can I possibly explain to a foreigner instructions that I can't read myself? Your secretary must be about the worst in existence. He writes like a spider in a fit!"

Now courtesy is one of the Pope's principal characteristics; therefore, instead of humiliating the Cardinal by telling him whose writing he had characterized, he took back the paper, looked at it closely, laughed, admitted that the objection made was a just one and promised to have the instructions rewritten.

Medical men say rheumatism is the forerunner of heart disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism by its action on the blood. So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases. All fitting coughs and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

and his life-blood was warm with that delicious certainty.

Her greeting was calm and commonplace, so far as words went, but there was a gentleness in her tones that seemed to give it a special meaning. Her beauty spoke for her with wonderful eloquence.

PROTESTANTISM AND THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The Rev. Alexander Whyte, D. D., has been giving a series of lectures on "Bible Characters," in the Free St. George's Church, Edinburgh, Scotland. These have been later reprinted in the British Weekly. On a recent Sunday evening he came, in his course, to "Joseph and Mary." That he should express and that his people should hear or read approvingly his semi-Catholic treatment of the Virgin Mother of God and her holy spouse is one of the most remarkable indications of the religious change that is slowly but surely coming over the face of Protestant Scotland.

The pendulum is swinging the other way now! writes the Protestant friend who sends to the Pilot this notable discourse of Dr. Whyte. He dwells first on those sad days following the Annunciation, when Joseph, not yet understanding the divine mystery of the Incarnation, was troubled about his wife; but being "a just man," and gentle hearted beyond his fellows, "was minded to put her away privately."

We quote from Dr. Whyte: "No sooner was Mary left alone of the angel than she began to realize something of what had been appointed her, and what she must now prepare herself to pass through. The sharp sword that the aged Simeon afterwards spoke of with such passion was already whetted, and was fast approaching her devoted and exposed heart. On a thousand sacred canvasses throughout Christendom we are shown the Angel of the Annunciation presenting Mary with a branch of lily as an emblem of her beauty and as a seal of her purity. But why has no spiritual artist stained the whiteness of the lily with the red blood of a broken heart? For no sooner had the transfiguring light of the angel's presence faded from her sight than a deep and awful darkness began to fall around Joseph's espoused wife. Surely if ever a suffering soul had to seek all its righteousness and all its strength in God alone it was the soul of the Virgin Mary in those terrible days that followed the Annunciation. Blessed among women as all the time she was; unblemished in soul and in body as the paschal lamb; yet, like the paschal lamb she was set apart to be a supreme sacrifice, and to have a sword thrust through her heart."

He indulges in speculation as to how long a time elapsed before St. Joseph's doubts were cleared up by the visit of the angel, and seems to assume that the Blessed Virgin was away on her visit to St. Elizabeth during this sad time. There are in these passages some things not quite according to Catholic sentiment, such as the writer extols the sanctity of Joseph. But here is a passage which one can quote with satisfaction: "For my own part, I do not know the grace or the virtue that woman ever had that I could safely deny to Mary. The divine congruity compels me to believe that all that could be received or attained or exercised by any woman would be granted beforehand, and all but without measure, to her who was so miraculously to bear, and so intimately and influentially to nurture and instruct the Holy Child. We must give Mary her promised due. We must not allow ourselves to entertain a grudge against the Mother of Our Lord because some enthusiasts for her have given her more than her due. There is no fear of our thinking too much either of Mary's maidenly virtues, or of her motherly duties and experiences. The Holy Ghost in guiding the researchers of Luke, and in superintending the composition of the Third Gospel, especially signalizes the depth and the piety and the peace of Mary's mind. At the angel's salutation she did not swoon or cry out. She did not rush either into terror on the one hand or into transport on the other. But like the heavenly-minded maiden she was, cast in her mind that manner of salutation this should be. And later on, when all who heard it were wondering at the testimony of the shepherds, it is instructively added, that Mary kept all those things, and pondered them in her heart. And yet again, when another twelve years have passed by, we find the same Evangelist still pointing out the same distinguishing feature of Mary's saintly character, 'They understood not the sayings which Jesus spake unto them: only His mother kept all these sayings in her heart.'"

But again, if we are to apply this sure principle to Mary's case, 'according to your faith so be it unto you,' then Mary must surely wear the crown as the mother of all them who believe in her Son. If Abraham's faith has made him the father of all them who believe, surely Mary's faith entitles her to be called their mother. If the converse of our Lord's words holds true that no mighty work is done where there is unbelief; if we may safely reason that where there has been a mighty work done there must have been a corresponding and a co-operating faith; then I do not think we can easily over-estimate the measure of Mary's faith. If this was the greatest work ever wrought by the power and the grace of Almighty God among the children of men, and if Mary's faith entered into it at all, then how great her faith must have been!

Verily, one of the worst inconsistencies

men together, and quaffed a bumper of the bright red wine, and tossed the tinkling glasses over their shoulders, so that no meaner toast might ever more dishonor them. "She must have a heart of ice if she resist you," thought O'Connor, as he glanced admiringly at the figure before him, in its full court suit of rich velvet and broadcloth, the handsome young face radiant with happiness and love.

He clasped Lord Edward's hand warmly and bade him God speed and good fortune, and the other went down the steps three at a time to the sedan chair that stood at the door, with, close at hand, the linkboy with torch alight, to guide it through the darkness.

Arthur O'Connor, left alone, filled himself another bumper of the rare, ripe, caress of flavor smooth as liquid velvet. It would wound him sorely if she refused, he murmured "and yet I almost hope she may refuse. Better one hot, sharp pang of grief and anger than have that warm, loving heart of his slowly frozen in his breast, wasting its warmth on ice unthawable."

No such thought was in Lord Edward's heart, as his chair lumbered and swayed along through the dark thoroughfare towards Lord Mountjoy's stately mansion in Henrietta street. He went to the most perfect woman that ever breathed on God's earth, and Hope promised him the perfect happiness of success.

Henrietta street's broad slope was filled with stately equipages, and all ablaze with flaming torches. The light and motion converged towards the door of the stately mansion at the head of the street, where in the great hall, marble paved in squares black and white, like a huge chessboard, Lord Mountjoy received his guests.

Here Lord Edward was cordially met and welcomed, and with the gay crowd passed up the broad staircase to the drawing-room. It was a scene to stir his young blood. Never a nation in the world understood better than the Irish the art of magnificent hospitality.

The spacious chamber was one great glow of color and light, for in those days the gentlemen vied with the ladies in brilliant tints and dazzling jewels. There was a murmur of feminine admiration as Lord Edward entered. The chairmen's tongues had been busy from early morning, and the whisper of that duel of his in the Phoenix with the most skillful swordsman in Dublin, had crept on and up until it reached the brilliant assembly at Lord Mountjoy's.

Bright eyes, blue and black, glanced admiringly at the slight, graceful figure of the lordly young hero who had risked life so gallantly for the smiles—so ran the rumour—of a woman.

"Welcome, my lord," said a deep, pleasant voice close beside. "Accept my congratulations on a danger met and conquered. Courage is the first quality Ireland expects from Irishmen."

It was a grave, middle-aged man, in sombre-hued velvet, that spoke; a man with a clean-cut aquiline face, and eyes that blazed like an eagle's, but with a winning smile for all that, and a pleasant softness in his voice.

Lord Edward blushed with pleasure, and bowed in silence, for a kind word from Henry Grattan was something to be proud of.

The little man with the brilliant, ugly face, and eyes like sparkling jewels, to whom Grattan had just been talking, broke in abruptly—

"If his tongue proves as sharp as his sword's point," he said, "and he wield it as dexterously, he will be a valuable ally, Henry, or a dangerous enemy, as the case may prove."

"I fear the sword is more my weapon than the tongue," said Lord Edward, modestly. "But sword or tongue, for whatever they may be worth, will never be at Henry Grattan's service in Ireland's cause."

"A new volunteer movement," cried Curran, smiling. "Lord Edward is your first recruit."

"Pray God Ireland may not soon need to claim her sons' services again with sword and sword," said Grattan, very gravely.

His words, though quietly spoken, rang out with ominous clearness through the room, for a sudden silence had for a moment fallen on the assembly. All the pretty murmur of the ball-room was hushed.

Turning sharp around to find the cause, Lord Edward saw his late opponent at the door, which he himself just entered, and on his arm hung the proud and beautiful Lady Gertrude. Their entrance had startled the assembly into silence.

Lord Dulwich was, perhaps, a shade paler than usual, but faultlessly dressed and icily cold. He glanced with languid apathy around the room, and the looks of that blazer-like an eagle's, but with a winning smile for all that, and a pleasant softness in his voice.

Lord Edward's heart gave a great leap and stood still, as he saw those two cross the room together—the woman whom he so loved, the man whom he scorned too much to hate. But he was comforted to see that Lady Gertrude's lovely face wore a look of cold contempt, and that she scarcely spoke at all to her companion.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

By M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

Neither spoke for a little, though the companionship was inexpressibly pleasant to both. Arthur O'Connor was habitually silent. The delight that throbbled in Lord Edward's heart could find no words to utter itself. His passion had passed away, as the sword-belt dropped from his hand. There was nothing of anger in the contentment with which Lord Dulwich was now regarded. The wild reaction from the dismal forbodings of an hour before, was full upon him. The young life which he had given over to lost, thrilled deliciously through his frame, even to his finger-tips. Never before had the beautiful world appeared so beautiful.

The sun breaking its way through the mist dissolved it in pure blue. The green sward, vivid from the recent rain, stretched away in wide slopes or in long vistas through the darker green of the trees. Across the valley the Dublin mountains began to outline themselves clear against the soft blue of the morning sky. Lord Edward's eyes drank in the scene delightedly, until he sighed in that vague pain—that excess of rapture—which all lovers of nature have felt in the vain effort to stretch their souls to the full possession of its beauty.

O'Connor heard the half sigh, and without a word he handed Lord Edward the two letters written the night before.

Without a word Lord Edward tore them to little pieces and scattered the bits in the light wind, where they went fluttering away behind him like a small snow storm.

"There go death and grief," he said, as he watched them— "welcome life and happiness."

"And love?" said O'Connor, with a note of interrogation in his voice.

Lord Edward blushed like a school girl in her teens—for the word had touched the thought that was in his heart.

"Yes love," he answered shyly, yet defiantly. "There is no shame in loving her."

"Oh! Arthur, that that coward!"—with an emphasis on the word coward as if he would spur it—"should dare to take her name in vain."

"Yet, do you know," he continued, after a pause, "I was a coward myself last night. I was a coward again this morning. But it was not life I feared to lose, but her love."

"You did not strike me as being so desperately frightened when your sword crossed," said the other, smiling.

"Oh! I was all right when I got hold of the sword. All the old fighting spirit came back with a rush, but never in my life have I thought of death as I thought of it last night."

"No wonder," responded O'Connor gravely. "I thought of it, too. If Dulwich's nerve was equal to his skill and his malice, I would be carrying home a corpse with a sword-thrust through its bosom, instead of walking by your side."

He laid his hand affectionately on the other's shoulder as he spoke, with a gesture that told more eloquently than words could, what had been his anxiety, and what was his relief.

"Thank you, Arthur," said Lord Edward, simply replying in words to the brief, kindly pressure of his hand. "But let up drop dismal thoughts and topics. I feel as if I had got a new lease of life, and mean to enjoy it. We will dine together to-day, wherever you will. I am bidden to a reception at Mountjoy's in the evening. Will you be there?"

"Will Lady Gertrude be there?"

"Again the light blush came.

"I see," continued O'Connor, drily. "I fancy you will be able to get along without my company in the drawing-room or garden of Henrietta street."

CHAPTER VI.
"THAT SHE SHOULD LOVE THIS FELLOW AND REFUSE ME!"



STITCH! STITCH! STITCH!

The woman who bends her back over a sewing machine for many hours each day needs to be strong and healthy in every way, or she is courting death. When her work comes hard, and makes her nervous, fretful and despondent, and she has "stitches in the side," pains in the back or abdomen, and they are weak or diseased. If such is the case, only a doctor of known reputation and wide experience should be consulted. A letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., will secure the free advice of probably the most eminent specialist in these diseases in the world. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been used with success by tens of thousands of invalid women. Over 50,000 have acknowledged its merits over their signatures. It promptly cures all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. All medicine dealers.

"I have been a great sufferer from female diseases," writes Mrs. C. Clark of New Rome, Floyd Co., Ga. "I was confined to my bed three years, and not able to sit in my chair but very little. I got one of your pamphlets and read it and sent you three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took the medicine and received so much benefit from those three bottles that I was induced to take more. I therefore sent you six more bottles. I took them and they completely cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and constipation. One a dose. They never gripe.

UNEQUALLED

UNEQUALLED!!

UNAPPROACHED!!!

OUR HAND-MADE BEES WAX

CANDLES

Moulded Bees Wax Candles, Stearic Wax Candles,

GIVE BETTER SATISFACTION THAN ALL OTHER MAKES.

Unsolicited testimonials received from all parts of Canada, for the unquestioned superiority of our high grade candles.

Many new and beautiful designs added to our decorated candles.

Please write us before placing your orders; you will find it to your advantage.

The confidence, so long placed in our candles by our customers, induces us to completely ignore and refuse to carry in stock candles that contain less than 100% pure bees wax, and containing little or no tallow, and which are temptingly offered as cheap goods.

Our hand-made wax candle is in keeping with the standard quality of wax (in each candle) exacted by the Church.

If you want the best candles in the market, at prices as low as the superior grade of our goods will allow, please communicate with us.

We solicit your orders for Church Ornaments, Stationery and Vestments.

D. & J. SADLER & CO.

CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS.

123 Church St., 1669 Notre Dame St., TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL, QUE.

THE NEW EVER-READY DRESS STAYS. MADE IN SATTEEN. RIBBON CLOTH AND SATIN. Thinner, Lighter and More Elastic than any other Dress Stay.

Concordia Vineyards SANDWICH, ONT.

ALTAR WINE A SPECIALTY

Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux.

For prices and information address:

ERNEST GIRARDOT & CO SANDWICH, ONT.

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1826 BELLS

HAVE FURNISHED 25 OTHER PURSUIT BELLS

WEST-TROY N. Y. BELL-METAL CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE AND PRICES FREE

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS CHIMES AND PEALS

PURSUITS BELLS METALS AND PEALS

Send for Price and Catalogue

MORHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

PLUMBING WORK

In Operation, can be seen at our warerooms Dundas Street

SMITH BROS.

Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers, LONDON, ONT.

Sole Agents for Perfectus Water Heaters.

Telephone 538.

888 Richmond Street. Telephone 850.

We have on hand a large quantity of the finest

FRENCH BORDEAUX CLARETS

Which will be sold at the lowest price.

JAMES WILSON, London, Ont.

UNDERTAKING.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS

180 KING STREET

The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day. Telephone—Home 871, Pacific 244.

WHETHER THE SORE BE ON THE ARM, LEG, HEAD, FACE, OR ANY PART OF THE BODY. DR CHASE'S OINTMENT WILL HEAL IT. ALL DEALERS. PRICE 50c. ED. EDWARDS, BATES & CO., TORONTO.