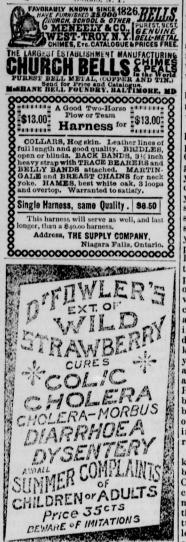
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品國

FLORENCE O'NEILL. The Rose of St. Germains ;

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK. BY AGNES M. STEWART, Author of "Life in the Cloister," "Grace O'Halloran," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER

"Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us, consider and behold our re-This verse of the Lamentaproach. ion was sung in the choir of Chapel Royal at St. Germains, seven years after the marriage of Florence O'Neill.

The words I have quoted touched a chord in the heart of King James, he sank back in the arms of the queen in swoon.

Many months of weakness and infirmity had brought him to the brink of the grave. The hour so dreaded by Mary Beatrice had at length arrived.

The children of his old age now stand around his bed; before the king receives the rites of the Church, he wishes to counsel and bid them farewell.

The prince first drew nigh, and embracing him with passionate earnestness James spoke to him in these

words : "I am now leaving the world which has been to me a sea of storms and tempests, it being the will of Almighty God to wean me from it by many and great afflictions. Serve Him with all your strength and never put the crown of England in competition with your eternal salvation There slavery like sin, no liberty like His service. If He in His providence shall see fit to place you on the throne of your royal ancestors, govern your cople with justice and clemency Remember, kings are not made for themselves but for the good of their people. Set before their eyes in your own actions a pattern of all manner of virtues; consider them as your own children. You are the child of vows and prayers, behave yourself accordingly. Honor your mother that your days may be long; and be always a kind brother to your dear sister that you may reap the blessings of concord The prince gave way to and unity.' a passionate burst of grief. The little Princess Louisa was then brought. bathed in tears, to her dying father' bedside. She was one of the loveliest of children, and young as she was the understood the sorintelligent child

row that impended over her. "Adieu, my dear child," said the king after he had embraced and blessed her, "adieu. Serve your Creator in the days of your youth, onsider virtue as the brightest orna ment of your sex. Follow closely in the steps of that great pattern of tue, your mother, who has been, no less than myself, overburdened with calumny ; but Time, the mother of Truth, will, I hope, at last, make her virtues shine as bright as the sun."

Then the dying king exhorted his servants to lead holy and Christian lives, and after he had received the last Sacraments, he told the cure that he wished to be buried privately in his parish church, with no other inscrip-"Here lies tion than these words,

ames, King of Great Britain." He died in perfect charity with all the world, and especially named his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, and the Princess Anne of Denmark, his daughter

All this while, the poor queen had sunk down on the ground by his bedside. The king said all he could to comfort her, pointing out it was the will of God in this as in all other trials.

The following day Louis of France arrived, alighting at the iron gates lest the noise of the coach driving into

ALL RUN DOWN

Aver's Sarsaparilla

Ayer's The Sarsaparilla

Admitted

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

of the queen's grief was the only thing that disturbed the calmness with which he was passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death ; bade those who were near him lead her to her chamber, and then requested that the prayers for a soul de-parting should be read. The queen, worn out by grief and watching, went softly round by the back stairs, and knelt in a closet, behind the alcove of the bed, where she could hear every word and sigh uttered by the dear object of a love which for twenty-sever years had been the absorbing principle of her existence. The king at last sank into a sort of lethargy, giv-ing, for several days, little conscious-ness of life, except when prayers were read to him, when, by the expression of his countenance and motion of his lips, it was plain that he prayed also. The sands of life were ebbing fast

when King Louis next entered the chamber of the dying James ; for when the former enquired after his health he neither saw nor heard him, and on being roused from his dreary stupor, and told the King of France was there, he opened his eyes with a painful effort, saying, where is he?" "Sire, I am here," said Louis ; "I

am come to see how you do."

"I am going," said James, "to pay that debt which must be paid by kings as well as their mean paid est subjects. I give Your Majesty my dying thanks for all your kindness to me and my afflicted family, and do not doubt of its continuance, having always found you good and generous. He then expressed his thanks for the king's kindness during his sickness.

"That is, indeed, a small matter, said Louis; but I have something to acquaint you with of more importance

As the king spoke thus the attend ants began to retire " Let nobody withdraw," said Louis.

"I am come, sire, to tell you that whenever it shall please God to call you out of this, I will take your family under my protection, and will recognize your son, the Prince of Wales, as the heir of your three realms."

As the king spoke these words all present threw themselves at his feet. He was the sole hope of the sorrowful court at St. Germains.

Louis mingled his tears with those which were shed by all around him. James feebly strove to raise his arms to embrace his royal friend, and strove to speak, but nothing could be heard beyond these words :

"I thank God I die with a perfect resignation, and forgive all the world, particularly the emperor and the Prince of Orange."

"I beg as a last favor," said James, "that no funeral pomp may be used at my obsequies. "That is the only favor I cannot

grant," replied Louis.

grant, "replied Louis. "I entreat you, sire," said the dying king, "rather to employ any money you may feel disposed to ex-pend for that purpose for the relief of my destitute followers. I recommend them to your compassionate care, and I beg you, sire, no longer to remain in this melancholy place." The queen had sent for the prince. She brought him herself through the bed-chamber into that of his dying father, that he might return thanks to his protector. The young prince knelt down and expressed his gratitude to his majesty

Louis raised and embraced him, promising to supply his father's place. Never, says his son, the Duke of Berwick, was there seen more tran-quility, patience, and even joy, than in the feelings with which he contemplaced the approach of death.

With much firmness he then took of the queen, bidding he.

"Yes, because you suffer." he re- ! lied. "I should be well content if plied. you were less afflicted, or could take some share in my happiness." "Beg of God," she said, "to give

me the grace of love and perfect resignation to His will.

They compelled her to withdraw ; not even her best loved friend might approach. She passed the awful inter-val in fasting, watching and prayer. At last the tried and purified spirit of the king had passed away, but none durst venture to break the truth to the queen except her confessor, and even he shrunk from telling her so in direct words, but requested her to join with him in prayer for the king. He began with the words :

' Subvenite sancti Dei."

"O, my God, is it then over," she exclaimed, throwing herself on the ground in an agony of grief, for she knew that these words commence the office for a soul departed.

"I exhort you, madam," said Father Keega, "to resign yourself to the will of God, and in token that you do so, "to resign yourself to the will say Fiat voluntastua." "Fiat," said the unhappy queen,

in obedience to her spiritual director The blow was very hard to bear, for she had till the last moment clung to the hope that the king would recover.

A smile was on the dead face of the king ; the bitterness of death had long been passed. He had requested that his chamber door should he left open, that all who wished might freely enter and a flock of French and English, of all ranks and stations, crowded for-

In compliance with the ceremonial their respective positions exacted, the royal widow went to offer her homage to her boy. "Sir," she said, "I acknowledge you for my king, but I hope you will not forget that you are my son." Then overpowered by grief, she was carried in a chair from the apartment, and from thence to a carriage which was to convey her to the Convent of Chællot, in the retirement of which place she designed to pass the first days of her widowhood. One hour after her husband's death, attend-

ed by four ladies only, the queen left St. Germains for Chællot. The church of the convent was hung with black, and as soon as she neared the convent the bells tolled, and the abbess and the community received her at the convent gate. In silence Mary Beatrice entered the convent, In silence her hood drawn over her face, followed by her ladies, and overwhelmed with grief. The nuns gathered round her, no one spoke, but the abbess kissed the hem of her robe. Some of the Sisters

embraced her knees, and others kissed her hand, but no one uttered a single word; their tears expressed their affliction. Without a sigh or a tear, the queen walked into the choir and continued

in this stupefaction of grief till one of the Sisters approached, and, kissing her hand, said, in a tone of admoni-tion, in the words of the Royal Psalmist : "My soul, will you not be subject to

God ? "Fiat voluntas tua," replied the

queen, in a voice broken by sighs. Then advancing toward the choir, she said Help me, my Sisters, to thank my God for His mercies to that blessed spirit who is, I believe, rejoicing in His beatitude. Yes, I feel certain of

it, in the depth of my grief." She then knelt before the altar, and remained a long while in prayer. The poor queen had taken no food since the previous night, and the abbess, apprehending she would faint,

begged her to be carried in a chair, but she chose to walk, saying : " My blessed Saviour was not carried in the cainful ascent to

The nun's record goes on to say that, without pomp or noise, for fear of agitating the royal widow, the king's heart was brought to the convent. When the king's will was opened it was found that he had directed his body to be buried in Westminster Abbey. It was to await the restora-tion in the Church of the Benedictines at Paris, whither it was conveyed the Saturday after his death in a hearse, followed by two coaches, in which were the officers of the king's househis chaplains, and the prior of hold, St. Germains; and the king's obse-quies being duly performed in the convent church, the body was left under the hearse, covered with a pall,

in one of the chapels. One after another the hopes of his race faded away, and still the bones of James II. awaited burial. On the third the queen put on the

habit of a widow, and while they were thus arraying, writes the nun of Chællot, her Majesty observed that for the rest of her life she should never wear anything but black ; she had long since renounced all vanities, and worn nothing but what wa absolutely necessary; "and God knows," she added, "I did not put on decorations except when obliged to do so

or in early youth." When her melancholy toilet was ended the ladies were permitted to enter to offer their homage, but not a word was spoken ; she sat still and motionless, her eyes fixed on vacancy I had the boldness to place the Cruci fix where her regards were absently directed, and soon her attention was centred on that model of patience. After a quarter of an hour I told her the carriage had come. She rose, and said, "I have a visit to make before go;" and bursting into a passion of tears, she said, "I will go and pay my duty to it. I feel it is here, and nothing shall prevent me from going to it. It is a relic I have given you. and I must be allowed to venerate it Covered with her veil, and preceded by the nuns, singing the De Profunshe approached the tribune where the heart of her beloved was enshrined in a gold and varmeel vase. clasped her hands, knelt, and kissed the urn, across the black crape that covered it. After a silent prayer she rose, sprinkled it with holy water, and turned as if about to retire, but before she had made four steps she fell into a fainting fit, which caused us some fears for her life. She re-

turned to St. Germains that evening We have seen this with our own eyes, adds the nun. Our Mother and all the community judged it proper that an exact and faithful narrative of the whole should be made, to the end that it might be kept as a per petual memorial in our archives, and for those who may come after us.

A little distance from the palace of St. Germains stood a chateau ; it was embosomed in a flowery dell ; the grounds which extended around it were cultivated with great care and taste, and the elegance of its interior was such as to betoken the possession of great wealth in its owners

A lady about thirty years of age, but in the prime of woman's beauty, and dressed in the deepest mourning, is making her way through the valley to the chateau. Two lovely childrena boy of six years old, and a little golden-haired girl of three-hasten to meet her, accompanied by a person of middle age, who, from love of those children, has made herself their nurse. She is plain, very ; not a soft line is there in her rugged features ; and yet, in the eyes of those little ones, she is

endowed with every perfection. Now the beautiful lady has reached the chateau, and she wends her way, power comes from God. But between

AUGUST 11, 1894.

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SENSATIONAL PREACHING.

When our Divine Lord on the Mount ave tongue to thoughts more beauti ful and more sublime than human organs had ever voiced, and symbolized love as God's own heart, the seat and centre of His Divine essence, He set an example of preaching the word which men have but indifferently followed. Charity was the pivotal point round which every thought and emotion of the great Preacher lovingly revolved, and burning love was the burden of His speech. While He excoriated sin He spared the sinner and revealed to astonished humanity the depth of its own infirmity by siding with the accused against the accuser on the ground that neither was without sin. Hypocrisy and Phariseeism were the sins he chiefly detested and those whose souls were blackened with out sin. their stain He indignantly denounced as a brood of vipers.

Have those who claim to be His spokesmen upon earth and the dispensrs of His word among men rigorously adhered to the standard of speech He set before them? Has the pulpit always rung with the eloquence of love and denunciation of shame, the hypocrisy and Phariseeism, or rather do we not sometimes see the same pulpit shelter shams, and find Phariseeism masquerade as preaching? To the credit of the great majority of our churches, Protestant as well as Catholic, be it said that their walls never re echo with other words than those that edify and instruct, and that the pulpit utterances one hears within the precincts of such churches as Trinity or Grace are no less dignified and becoming than those to which he listens within the solemn enclosure of St. Patrick's or St. Paul's. But there are those who, though having the accent of Christians, and the garb of Christians, have so strutted and bellowed in the pulpit, that one would perforce think them to be a travesty on humanity and a libel on Christianity, so alien are their utterances to the intent and scope of pulpit oratory.

It was the fashion once to smile at the alternating displays of harmless pyrotechnics and placid platitudes which made a certain transpontine preacher famous, but at least he never degraded the pulpit into a scolding platform and never injected the venom of a fishwoman's tongue into his oratory. But some New York preachers, whose sole ambition is to obtain notoriety at any cost, have striven to exhaust the vocabulary of abuse in attacking the character of public men and besmirching their names without pity. But not content with flinging mud at individuals, they seek to generalize from the most limited of premises to include in the bitterness of their invectives the compatriots and co-religionists of those whose reputations are being weighed in the balance of public opinion. This is notably the case with a certain uptown preacher, who would seem to have gone to the bed of the neighboring river and taken from it the filthiest and inkiest of ooze to daub it over the victims of his un Christian rage. His delight is to scold and to defame,

and the triumph of oratory with him is to embody in a neatly turned phrase a sentiment so vindictive, cruel and venemous that, couched in the lan-guage of Billingsgate it would have laurels among the purlieus of White Chapel, Cherry Hill, or East

We do not hold that politics should be altogether tabooed from the pulpit, for the cause of good Government could find no more appropriate advocate than a follower of the great apostle who preached submission to the powers that be, and taught that all

urging the necessity of purity in poli-





because it is the best medicine ever made, and I took three bottles of it, with the result that it has completely cured me. I think Burdock Blood Bitters, both for headaches and as a blood purifier, is the

BEST IN THE WORLD. and am glad to recommend it to all my friends. MISS FLORA MCDONALD, friends. n. Ont.

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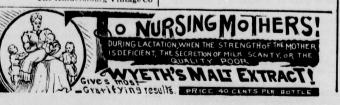
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restrain her tears. "Reflect," he said, "I am going to be happy, and forever." Then he bade her write, the court should disturb the king. James received him as composedly as if nothing were the matter. The sight

Miserable

IN THE

EXTREME.

Hands

COVERED

-with-

SORES

CURED BY USING

when he should be no more, to the Princess Anne, to assure her of his forgiveness, and to charge her, on his blessing, to atone to her brother for the injury she had done him.

The end was nigh, his hands began to shake with a convulsive motion, the pangs of death came visibly upon him.

"I beg your Majesty to withdraw," said the Bishop of Autun to the queen; "I am about to pray for a soul in its agony. The sight of your anguish will disturb the screnity God has shed upon the heart of the king. She consented to tear herself away

but when she kissed his hands for the last time, her sobs roused the king from the lethargy into which had nature sunk.

"Why is this ?" said he, tenderly, "Are you not flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone? Are you not part of myself? How is it, then, that one part of me shou!d feel so differently to the of me should feel so diffierently to the other; I in joy and you in despair? My joy is in the hope I feel that God in His mercy will for-give me my sins and receive me into His beatitude, and you are affected for it. I have long sighed for this happy memory and you know it. Well moment, and you know it. Well, cease then to lament for me : I will pray for you. Farewell."

It was yet twenty four hours ere the king died. The queen was forbidden again to enter the chamber, though he asked for her each time he awoke ; and informed of this she implored so passionately once again to see him, promising not to say anything to agitate him, that they allowed her to approach the bed.

She struggled to assume a feigned composure, but though the film of death was on the eyes of the king, and his ear becoming dead to outward sounds, he perceived the grief of her soul

"Do you suffer ?" she enquired.

but walked to the consummation of His adorable sacrifice, bearing the burden of His cross for our sins, and shall I not imitate His holy example ?"

The abbess and two or three of the nuns followed her to her chamber, and begged her to suffer herself to be undressed and go to bed ; but she insisted on listening to more prayers. She could weep no more ; the fountain of her tears was dried up, and its solace denied her.

She sighed often, writes the nun of Challot who preserved the record of this visit of Mary Beatrice, and was seized with fits of dying faintness, but listened with great devotion to the abbess, who knelt at her feet, and read to her appropriate passages from the Holy Scriptures for her consolation. Then she begged the community to pray for the soul of her husband, saying :

A soul ought to be very pure that has to appear in the presence of God, and we, alas! sometimes fancy that persons are in heaven, when they are suffering the pains of purgatory." At this thought the sealed up fountain At this thought the sealed up foultian of her grief was opened, and she shed floods of tears. Much she wept and much she prayed, but was at last pre-vailed on to take a little nourishment and go to bed, while the nuns returned to the choir and sung the Vespers for the Dead. Then the Prayers for the Dead were repeated in her chamber, in which she joined, repeating the verses

of every psalm, for she knew them all by heart; and begged that a prayer for the conversion of England might be added, observing that for the last twelve years she had been at St. Ger-mains she had never omitted that petition in her devotions.

At seven the queen sent for her almoner, and after she and her ladies had joined in their usual prayers, she begged the writer of this record to remain with her, for she saw that her ladies in waiting and her femme de chambre were worn out with fatigue and watching, and made them go to

followed by her little ones, to a pleas ant room, the windows of which overlook the palace of St. Germains, gilded by the beams of the setting sun.

A gentleman is standing at the win-dow, buried in thought, and, touching him on the arm, she says :

"We have just brought her home; oh, she is very wretched," and her own tears fall fast as she speaks of the queen's visit to Chællot.

Reader, the owner of the chateau is Sir Reginald Marshal St. John ; the

lady is Florence, his wife. The children listen, and their eyes are full of tears. Ah, the good old king loved little children. They leave our old friend Grace, and run to their parents.

"When I am a man I will fight for "When I am a man I will fight for our young king," said the boy, "as you did, papa, for good King James." "Yes, my boy," replied the marshal, proudly patting the boy on the head, "and may God grant his son may be more fortunate than his father."

"And I, mamma, will be like you," lisped the tiny Mary Beatrice, cling-ing to her mother's dress, "will be maid of honor to his wife !"

And if our tale of Florence please our readers, hereafter we may the fortunes of her descendants under the last of the Stuart race, gallant Prince Charlie.



"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" asked Macbeth. Certainly, my lord ; the condition of the mind depends largely, if not solely, on the condition of the stomach, liver, and bowels, for all of which complaints Ayer's Pills are "the sovereignest thing on earth.

DEAR SIRS.—I have been using Burdock Blood Bitters for Boils and skin diseases, and I find it very good as a cure. As a dyspepsia cure I have also found it un-equalled. Mrs. Sarah Hamilton, Montreal, Que.

WHAT DO YOU take medicine for? Be-cause you want to get well, or keep well, of course. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla cure

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

tics and condemning official corrup-tion, on the one hand and tarnishing men's characters, besmirching their names and villifying their environments on the outer, there is a wide, and should be impassable, gulf. The pulpit is the channel through which God's messages to men should flow, messages of love, peace, and brotherhood, and those who pervert it to the opposite purpose, who seek to in-flame men's passions, to embitter prejudices, and to stir up rancor in men's breasts through its deliverances, prostitute and degrade it. It was not in this spirit that the great ornaments of the Church ascended its steps and made their undying appeals to the best instincts of humanity. Think of St. Vincent de Paul preaching the cause of charity, and we will under-stand what is the true meaning of the preachers is mission of the preacher's mission. Conjure up the majestic figure of a Bossuet pointing out to men, as he spoke over the mor-tal remains of royalty, the nothingness of this life and the dread reality of a life to come and we will gather a little of the spirit of true pulpit eloquence. No! love and not hatred, harmony and not discord, peace, good will and brotherly love, these, and not strife, feuds and bitterness, should animate those who claim that God has given them a mission to preach His word to men.-Catholic Review.

They Do Not Despair.

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