

THE NEED WE HAVE OF FAITH.

It Calms the Storms of Life and Guides us to the Harbor of Rest

"And when He was entered into a ship His disciples followed Him. And behold there arose a great tempest in the sea, inasmuch that the ship was covered with the waves; but He was asleep. And His disciples came to Him and awoke Him, saying, Lord save us we perish. And He saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm. But the men marvelled, saying: What manner of Man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

The lesson sought to be taught us in this touchingly beautiful narrative of a strange event in the life of Christ is the importance of faith. "O ye of little faith," cried our Saviour when awakened by His terror-stricken disciples. They had seen Him performing miracles with the power of God; they had seen the peoples moved by His God-like presence and His words of divine wisdom, and the wild winds of the stormy night and the yeasty waves drove out from their minds that they were with their Master, whose ill man alone could compass. He spoke to the winds and the waves; He said "peace, be still," and the winds, thus rebuked, ceased, and the wild waves subsided.

To how many storms raging in our own hearts, filling our being with fear, despair, the anguish of wicked discontent, dark as the wildest night and wider than the wildest storm that ever tossed lawlessly along a boundless deep, storms that have changed our being and driven us out to deeds of violence and cruelty—to how many such storms have we awakened our Saviour that He might cry "peace, be still," and so give us rest and hope and happiness.

After all the centuries the faith is as necessary to us as when the wearied Son of man sank to sleep upon that troubled sea. And what a picture those few simple words present to the thoughtful mind! Through the ages that have followed His advent men have so accustomed themselves to regard their Christ as their God, His labors, trials and sufferings on earth as a man are obscured. He was one of our own helpless race, and the ill that beset us were His to encounter. We are prone to say to ourselves, "But He was God—what are our sufferings to the Almighty?" And so Christ passes from us. To retain the truth in all its vividness we must return to the story as told by His apostles. Preceding this very miracle we are told:

"Now, when Jesus saw great multitudes about Him He gave commandment to depart unto the other side."

"And a certain scribe came and said unto Him, Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest."

"And Jesus said unto him, The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests; the Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

"And another of His disciples said unto Him, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father."

"But Jesus said to him, Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead." He was weary. He sought to end the labors of the day, and the multitude that gathered about, poor, hungry hearts, would have more. They sought to look upon His kind face, they longed for His strangely wise utterances, and so He sought refuge in the vessel that was to carry Him and His disciples to the other side. And how sad is His response to the scribe, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

He does not say the Son of God, but of man. He was given on other occasions to referring to His Father in heaven; but now, footsore and weary, hungry and sick at heart, He tells the scribe that He has no home in which, among loving hearts, He can find shelter. He hath no place to lay His head. Ah! blessed head, how we long to pillow it upon our tenderest affections! How we long to give the one Friend of humanity a home! And yet who among us is more kind, more patient, more charitable, with all the love we express and all the teachings His words and example have left us?

He went aboard the rude vessel to escape the multitude, and like a tired child lay down to sleep. He was so wearied, so worn out, that the great storm, with its fierce winds and waves that washed the deck, did not disturb His deep repose. Christ slept. God never sleeps. How difficult it is for us to recognize the dignity of truth. A fact to be acceptable must not be homely. The Jews would not accept their Messiah for that He was born in a manger. More stupid than the Hebrews, we will not permit Him to remain there. They expected Him to come in glory and power, and we left Him there, not content with His lowly lot, and so we misuse the truth. The inexperienced hunter looks a mile away for game that springs up at his feet. We cannot see that in our anxiety to make Him other than He was we deny Christ as completely as did the Jews. They could not see Him in the humble carpenter born in a stable; we cannot see Him as man at all.

Far darker and more painful is that skepticism that shuts Him out entirely. That is the horrible teaching of to-day. We are wiser than Christ; we are more learned than His simple disciples and the blind followers of all the generations who accepted the faith He taught with the simple confidence of children. We are wiser than they. We accept only what we can compre-

hend. We dispense with faith for the light of learning. Alas! the oldest sage, the wisest of men, after a lifetime of thought, closes his books, and looking out upon creation with his study-dimmed eyes, says mournfully: "After all these years of thought and research I have been taught to know that I know nothing." He had counted the age of the earth by the unerring records of geology, and footing up the millions of years, finds before and after the incomprehensible eternity. He has reached the stars, and beyond lies what? Never ending, incomprehensible space. He cannot comprehend the very sunlight; no, nor a little flower, nor a blade of grass, nor, above all, himself.

We accept the sunlight we cannot understand; we enjoy the flower. In like manner must we take to our hearts the divine precepts of the Master, and above all the faith that lifts from our troubled hearts all the dark brooding cares of this life, and all the painful doubts of the life hereafter.

TEMPERANCE TRUTHS.

Enunciated by Father Dowling at the Jesuit's Church in Chicago.

The eloquent and courageous pastor of the Jesuit Church in Chicago, Rev. Father Dowling, has flung the banner of a temperance crusade to the breeze, and on last Sunday preached a sermon which seems to have stirred Catholic Chicago to its depths.

A portion of Father Dowling's sermon is given here. He says: It is high time for a declaration of independence or a proclamation of emancipation. Heroic efforts have been made, many means have been adopted—Father Mathews, prohibition, local option, high license and other devices without number. If any one thinks this agitation is ephemeral and will die out he has not read the signs of times. The very tyranny, the arrogance of the liquor interest will hasten the day of general uprising that will sweep this curse before it as it sounded the death knell of human slavery in the United States.

Perhaps we Catholic clergy have not been as active in the work as others, because we knew we had a hold that others had not upon the hearts and wills of our people upon which the true remedy depends; that we could urge supernatural principles which are by all odds most availing and lasting. Perhaps we may have stood aloof because we were afraid to encourage an extreme policy which must in the end defeat itself because founded on wrong principles. True or false the charge has been made against us that the pulpit is overawed by the saloon interests in the pews.

"I am not here to-day to advocate total abstinence, though I admire it, love it, encourage it, and hold high among moral heroes those men who, at great personal sacrifice, are willing to carve out in their lives a noble example of total abstinence for the weak. My purpose to-day is to urge that temperance which all Christians are bound to advocate and practice; neither is it my purpose to attack the saloon-keeper as such, because we need his help in redressing the evils which afflict society. It is against the disreputable element I speak."

What is the remedy? Doctors say drunkenness is a disease. Physiologists say drunkenness is an inherited physical taint. Both send the drunkard to daylight. The Church steps in, and with common sense says drunkenness is a sin to be treated like other sins. She has no remedy and requires the drunkard to resist temptation and the approximate occasion of sin. For the man who often drinks to excess it is a sin to drink at all. But I will tell you that there is something exceptionally strong in acquired habits which seems to defy sacramental helps. This is false. Truth is there is something exceptionally weak in the drunkard's resolution of amendment. Perhaps we contribute to his weakness of resolution because we too easily look upon the drunkard as the innocent victim of circumstances which he cannot control.

If society punished him as it does the thief and adulterer, if it shut him out from respectable homes and shunned him in private life as it does the thief, if it refused to have business relations with him, as it does with law-breakers of other kind, he would find that he is not so powerful as he would have us believe.

What is the drunkard to do? First, don't get discouraged. Many as far gone in intemperance have been redeemed and so can you be. Next take a strong resolution before God—no oaths or vows, but a solemn promise. Do it when there is no liquor in the body; when the head is cool and clear. Then clean yourself up, wash your face, comb your hair, brush your clothes, put on fresh linen, clean your shoes and take a good shave, until you feel your self-respect returning, then take the pledge for one year, five years, for life. Lastly, watch and pray. Make no false excuses for not drinking. Say plainly you have taken the pledge and mean to keep it.

What is the ordinary man to do if not inclined to drink? Give good example. Use your influence to stop the evil. We need expert help from politicians and law-makers unless they are forced. Three-quarters of them are afraid to move. Very few are independent enough to hold their souls their own. They do not dare to antagonize the liquor interest; they are dumb dogs that do not bark. Hence you must help to see that the laws are enforced. You must work for the improvement of the laws. Minard's Liniment is the Best.

LEO XIII.

The Pope's Life Day by Day.

GOVERNED BY THE SEVEREST SIMPLICITY AND FULL OF HARD WORK.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Rome, Feb. 8.—The Pontiff's day is a day of labor from early morn to dewy eve. At 6 every morning he rises, his faithful body servant, Centra, knocking at his door at that hour winter and summer. At 7 he says his Mass, which is served by two of his private chaplains—the Pope having six chaplains—and then he hears another called the Mass of thanksgiving, celebrated by one of his chaplains and occasionally by one of his secretaries.

After these two daily Masses the Pope breakfasts. This is a very simple meal, consisting all through the year of simple coffee and milk, with bread, and nothing more. Then his receptions begin. First of all, as a general rule, he receives Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State. He presents to the Pope the documents received at his office the day before, or those which should be furnished with the signature of the Pope and which should be despatched to their destination during the day. This audience, which lasts over an hour, and which, as one may well imagine, of the profoundest interest, does not take place on Tuesday or Friday. On these days the Pope receives the Ambassadors and ministers, representatives of foreign Governments to the Holy See. When there are documents on these days to be signed by the Pope they are brought by the under Secretaries of State.

The second reception of the day is given to Cardinals, the heads of ecclesiastical congregations, the generals of religious orders, and personages or dignitaries having special business with the Holy See. After this reception, if the season is winter and the weather happen to be good, the Pope interrupts the course of audiences in order to take a walk for half an hour or so in the Vatican gardens.

At 1 o'clock the Pope dines, following in this the custom of the Romans. This is the ordinary rule, but it happens, especially when there are many receptions or audiences to be granted, that he remains till 2 or even 3 o'clock before dining. The severe simplicity which marked the breakfast is followed in the dinner. This consists of a soup, nearly always of some form of macaroni; of a plate of meat, with an accompaniment of fried potatoes or other vegetables. Then follows fruit, of one sort, and this completes the meal. The Pope never eats boiled meat or forced meat, nor cheese. He drinks a little wine, old Bordeaux, which is supplied to him from the vineyard of a convent of nuns in the south of France. As a general rule, the Pope reads the newspapers during his dinner.

Leo XIII. eats always alone, as etiquette requires. When he wishes to show special favor to a Roman Prince or some personage of distinction he invites him to a collation, which consists of coffee and milk taken with him after Mass. In order besides to obtain this favor it is necessary that the person may have had the honor of being admitted to the Pope's Mass and of having received Communion from his hands. This of itself is a great distinction, but it does not necessarily imply the other, of being invited to breakfast with him. In the latter case a small table is prepared for the guest beside that of the Pontiff. When the late Cardinal Pecci, brother of Leo XIII., lived in the Vatican he frequently went to the Pope when dining, but only to keep him company. It was quite touching to hear the Cardinal speak of Leo XIII. There was a look of veneration in his face, as, with "bated breath," he referred to "my brother, the Sovereign Pontiff."

After dinner Leo XIII. rests for about an hour in an arm chair. He does not follow the Roman custom of sleeping in the afternoon; his activity

and nervous energy are too great to submit to this. Indeed, even at night his slumbers are frequently broken. After this rest he takes a walk in the garden, provided the weather is good. These walks are made in company with a cameriere segreto—an ecclesiastic—and a Lieutenant of the Noble Guards. When he is tried of walking he enters a carriage and is driven in the garden. The carriage drive is a little over a mile in length.

On his return from his walk or drive he again gives audience or receives his secretaries and sets to work. About 6 in the evening he takes a cup of broth and a tiny glass of Bordeaux. The audiences continue in the evening from 8 to 10. This rule of action is liable to be broken in upon at times, for now and again the Pope retires alone into his study to prepare his work for the following day. His mode of preparing briefs was special. In later years, since age has rendered his hand unsteady, he writes little in comparison with what he was in the habit of writing. His handwriting is of an unusual neatness and clearness; it resembles print more than writing, and it seems to have been always thus legible. I have seen several letters written by him while Archbishop of Perugia, and they are models of penmanship. It was his custom during the early years of his pontificate to prepare the framework of his briefs or letters and give them over to a secretary to be filled up. In these abstracts certain words were used with a special aim, and the Pope always expected that these words should be retained in the completed amplification of the letter. On one occasion the completed document had been handed to him, and, reading it, he missed one of these selected words. The secretary was called and asked what had become of the word referred to. His answer was that he had employed a word which he thought better fitted for the sentence.

The Pope administered a very severe reproof to the secretary, informing him that the missing word had been selected after very serious thought, and on no account should it be omitted. In the early years of his pontificate, also Leo XIII. was given to writing far into the night, and I remember hearing one day that at 6 o'clock that morning he was found asleep with his head on the desk, and pen in his hand, after writing the whole night through. At 10 in the evening he recites the Rosary with Mgr. Marzolini, one of his secretaries, and pontifical master of ceremonies, whom he knew as a very young boy in Perugia, and who attended the seminary in that diocese when Leo was Archbishop. Between half past 10 and 11 the Pope retires to rest, after taking a cup of broth and a small piece of cold meat. His sleep, as has been said, is occasionally broken, especially after a fatiguing day, and again at the change of the seasons.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE. A Story With a Moral for Those Who Have Given up Hope—A Mount Forest Man Thought His Case Hopeless—Urged by a Friend, He Made One More Trial For Health—The Happy Result. From the Mt. Forest Confederate.

Mr. Geo. Friday is a well-known resident of Mount Forest, and among those acquainted with him it is known that he has been a great sufferer from chronic bronchitis, accompanied by a bad cough, that used to leave him so weak that he would lie down for hours at a time. Mr. Friday's friends have noticed latterly that he has regained his old time vigor, and in conversation with a representative of the Confederate a few days ago, he was asked to what agency he owed his renewed health. "To the same agency," said Mr. Friday, "that has accomplished so many wonderful cures throughout the country—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For the past three years I have been so ill I have been able to do but little work. I doctored and tried many remedies, with but little or no benefit, and at last I went to my brother-in-law, Brantford, where I remained for some time, and while there I felt somewhat better. The improvement, however, was only temporary, for scarcely had I returned home when I was again as ill as before. I had spent a great deal of money in doctored without benefit and I felt discouraged and began to look upon my condition as hopeless. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I had already tried so many alleged "sure cures" that I did not feel like spending any more money on medicines. Finally, however, I was persuaded to give Pink Pills a trial, and as you can see have reason to be thankful that I did. I purchased a box and began using them with grim hope of recovery. To my intense satisfaction I noticed that they were doing me good, and you may be sure it required no further persuasion to continue their use. After I had taken a number of boxes, the cough which had troubled me so much, entirely ceased, and I could eat and sleep as hearty a man as before long I was able to go to work. I am now in excellent health, and I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved my life. I would not be without a supply in the house, and I warmly recommend them to others who may be ailing."

The reporter called upon Mr. Wm. Colclough, the well-known druggist, who said he was acquainted with Mr. Friday's case, and had every confidence in the statements made, and that which everybody is talking. Mr. Colclough said that so far as his experience went, he knew the sales to be very large, and that the remedy gave general satisfaction. In fact although he handled all the best proprietary medicines, he finds Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best selling remedy on his shelves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression, heartiness, anemia, chlorosis or green-sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after-effects of a grip or all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excess of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and

nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

"FATHER" RITCHIE TOO RITUALISTIC.

An Episcopal Clergyman Incurs the Dislike of Bishop Potter.

Rev. Arthur Ritchie, called "Father" Ritchie, rector of St. Ignatius' Church, has got himself disliked by Bishop Potter. The Bishop has omitted that parish from the list of those which he will this year visit to administer the rite of confirmation because he is displeased at the extreme to which the Church ritualism is carried. Masses are said and the ceremonial of the Catholic Church is largely followed. "Father" Ritchie was previously rector of a church in Chicago and his conflicts with the Bishop of that diocese on the question of ritualistic practices had been frequent and vigorous. In New York he has encountered less opposition from his superiors. Under his charge St. Ignatius has grown in members and improved in fortune.

An Old Trail Being Run Out.

Many of our separated brethren are growing tired of ministerial tirades against the Catholic Church. There was a time when facility in this line was something of a recommendation for a candidate for pulpit honors and emolument. It isn't so now, in places where Protestants retain a vestige of religious feeling. A dispatch from Virginia, Ill., relates that "Rev. R. L. MacWhorter, pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian church in that city for the past two years, resigned unexpectedly at the close of Sunday morning's service. The subject announced for the evening was 'Romanism the Greatest Foe of Liberty.' To this subject the officers of the church took exception and Mr. MacWhorter's resignation immediately followed."

Brother MacWhorter will discover that the market for his peculiar talents is growing more circumscribed as the rank and file of the Presbyterian body became acquainted with the true character of the Catholic Church.—Cleveland Universe.

It surprised many visitors to the Chicago World's Fair to find that of all the blood-purifiers, Ayer's Sarsaparilla was the only one on exhibition. The reason is that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a standard remedy, and not a patent medicine, or secret nostrum.

Hal La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of Dr. Thomas' ELECTRIC OIL and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

I can highly praise Burdock Blood Bitters because it had a fair trial in my case with wonderful success. My symptoms were drowsy, backache and sleeplessness, and all these disappeared after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I cannot praise its healing powers too highly.

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