## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"May good digestion wait on appetite and health on both."

2

That sentence from Shakespeare is a renuine benediction of the body. In this is in so many other things the intuition of his mighty mind seems o have fath-omed the facts

which scien has slowly shown that disease in any part of the body is al-most always accompanied by weakness and failure of the digestive and assimilaand assimila-tive organs. Under these conditions the stomach, liver and bloodmaking lands fail in their appoint-edwork. Then the symptoms 6

edwork. Then the symptoms of disease appear, often in organs appar-ently remote from the real cause. Vitality is lowered. There is a dull and sluggish feeling often accompanied by headache. The heart may seem affected. There may be lack of ambition and energy with mental irresolution. With such symptoms as these "delay is dangerous." Such a condition affords the favorite starting point for con-somption. It is useless to "doctor" for the symptoms. The remedy that reaches the case must reach the cause of disease. The freatest medicine for all diseases of the stratest medicine for all diseases of the tomach and other digestive and nutritive organs is Dr. Pjerce's Golden Medical Dis-bisites a sound digestion, purg co out the billious poisons which infect the blood, car-rise off waste and builds up sound and healthy tissues. The "Discovery " is not a stimulant. It contains no alcohol or whisky, No other medicine has so great a record of ourse, therefore accept no substitute. The prece's Pellets cure constipation. Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

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SIXTEENTH EDITION. SIXTEENTH EDITION. Benziger's Catholic Home Annual for 1895 na now be had. Year by year its publisher have added new and additionally interesting features to this popular Annual until this year team truly be classed as the Annual par ex-selfence, the very best Catholic writers being emithiduces to its pages. It contains: Frontispiece : A Beautiful Colored Picture of the Crucinsion. " A Christmas Carlo" (Poetry). Calendar for each mouth. " The Impossible :" Story by Maurice France Eggn. With 2 Illustrations. " Thoughis on the Third and Fourth Command menis," by Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. K, (Prose). With 2 Illustrations. Story : " A Winsom Maid," by Clars Mul-bolland. Illustrated. " Penance, The Key to Heaven :" a Story o the Shrine of Our Lady of Montiserrations. " The Bitter Part' (Poetry).

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THOS. COFFEY,

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LAURENTIA: A Story of Japan in the Sixteenth Century. By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER VI.-CONTINUED.

CHAPTER VI.-CONTINUED. "Circumstances are altogether altered," Grace answered, "and there is not now the slightest shadow of peril for me there, at least not more peril than we Christians live in every day and every hour in our homes in Meaco, at Ozaca, everywhere. The allied Kings have surrendered all their arms, and their troops are dis-banded; the contest is at an end, and the disasters of the late earthquake will long prevent its being resumed on either side. My father was at first much opposed to my going there; my mother wept bilterly, and implored him to refuse his concent. Her sorrow grievel me to the heart, but he sees there is no more danger for me now at Arima than at Meaco, and he feels that the saivation of may souls (alas! the weak instruments that God sometimes makes use of to show forth His power) may, humanly speaking, de-pend upon th's visit. My sweet mother has made the sacrifice also, which indeed to her is great, for she cannot repress her has made the sacrifice also, which indeed to her is great, for she cannot repress her fears, groundless as they are. Her Fran-cis goes not with me this time. Oh, if there was dauger, which there is not, how gladly would I face it, for the sake of but one soul, and in this case I hope-oh, I hope for many, through Father Francie's intercession."

light

"But what says Paul Sacondono?" "But what says Paul Sacondono?" "Paul is not aware of the dangers we ran some time ago, or of what my poor father then endured; but he would not stop me from going where there is work to do for God." "Baforg L leave yon." said Laurentia.

to do for God." "Before I leave yon," said Laurentia, "I wish to tell you of a ch ld who lives at the fathers' College. He is between five and six years of age, very handsome, with much wit and readinees of speech. He has been there ever since he can remem-ber and is conscious of no parents. Can ber, and is conscious of no parents. Can he by chance be the babe old Anselm

found by the river side?" "He is not blind, of course?" Grace

eagerly inquired. "Oh, no, he has the finest eyes in the world, and seems to make good use of

hem Grace shook her head. "I care not to Grace shock her head. "I care not to hear more about him then; he is safe, happy little fellow! We need not trouble ourselves on his account. But when you see Anseim do not forget, dear Laurentia, to speak to him of the child he rescued on the banks of the river near Arima, and ask him this question, was THATCHILd bind?"

blind? The friends then parted, with many The friends then parted, with many tender farewell words and many affection-ate embraces, but it was some time before Grace was enabled to accomplish her in-tended visit to Arima. Her grandfather, the pions and venerable cid man whom she so tenderly loved, died scon after her interview with Laurentia. This occa-sioned her marrises to ha put off for some interview with Ladicate of the some sioned her marriage to be put off for some time; and after spending a few weeks at Tagacuqui with her parents, she pro-ceeded to that city and palace where she had suffered so much, but where a strong and deep interest was now inducing her

to return. CHAPTER VII.

# A CONVERSION.

The Queen of Arima was one of those The Queen of Arma was build to virtue, and persons naturally inclined to virtue, and endowed with no common intellectua gifts. She had been married at a very

gifts. She had been married at a very eagerly age to King Fondasadono, a man of violent and capricious temper, and had had much to suffer athis hands, although he was passionately attached to her. From early youth he and Justo Ucon-dono had been intimate friends, and neither the difference in their characters nor in their religion had severed that tie. They used often to visit each other, and the King of Arima took asort of intellect-nal pleagure in discussing the dogmas of nal pleasure in discussing the dogmas of

he Christians and the bonzes by his ac-quaintance with the tenets of the Catho-lic religion, by his knowledge of the Holy Scriptares; the practical beauties of which he fully appreciated; by the acuteness and eloquence with which he defeated the arguments of the heathens and de-nonneed the errors of idol worship. Justo Ucondono was always looking forward to his conversion, and lost no opportunity of urging upon him the duty of availing himself of the means of salva-tion with which he had so long trifled. Fondasadono made evasive answers; put him off to another season, and went on as before, making an amusement of contro-versy, and the truths of religion a theme on which to exercise his powers of lan-guage. There was nothing heliked better than to repeat to his wife what he had heard from Justo on the subject of his faith: to converse with her was his de-light.

was sent to this mission, and took with him Vincent, a Japanese brother of his order, who was remarkable for his talent in preaching. The king, as usual, took pleasure in hearing his discourses, and was wont to repeat portions of them to the Queen. She intensely desired to hear herself these sermons, but she knew that it would be in vain to ask her husband's permission. The close imprisonment, though in a most beautiful place of con-finement, in which he had kept her all her married life, he never intended to re-lax. The least mention of the subject threw him into paroxysms of passion. It was at this time she wrote to implore Grace to come to her. In addition to the invitation, which was given with the cas-tomary formalities, she had taken occa-sion to send her, by old Matthew the comb-seller, who had one day been ad-mitted with his stock of merchandise into the palace at Arima, a letter in which she described to her her position and the great need she had of her company and assistance. Her husband joined his per-suasions to hers, for although he was de-termined to repress in the severest man-ner, he was anxious to show civility to his friend's daughter, and to efface the memory of the painful events connected with her last residence at his Court. The meeting between Grace and the Queen was touching in the extreme ; they shed tears of sorrow and of joy as they held each other in close embrace; and the deeply tried woman poured forth her anxieties, her doubts, and her trials, in the each other in close embrace; and the deeply tried woman poured forth her anxieties, her doubts, and her trials, in the each other in close embrace; and the deeply tried woman poured forth her anxieties, her doubts, and happy being who seemed to her like an angel sent to She was a woman of extraordinary She was a woman of extraordinary beauty, and no less remarkable talent. His jealousy had been so keen that from the moment he married her nothing could exceed the precations he took to keep her in complete sectusion; surrounded indeed with companions and attendants of her own sex, and in the midst of luxuries of every sort, but far from the eyes of men. She had submitted not unwillingly to these restraints. Her mind was keenly active, and she had devoted herself to study and to literary pursuits with an energy

and to literary pursuits with an energy not altogether unprecedented, but rare amongst the women of Japan. She drunk in with an eager intellectual thirst, in the first instance, and then by degrees, amongst the women of Japan. She drunk in with an eager intellectual thirst, in the first instance, and then by degrees, with an interest ever deeper and deeper, what her husband told her of the Chris-tian faith. There were many persons of that religion in Arima, although there had not for some time been any resident priest there. She had heard of their goodness, and felt an intense curiosity about their worship. Often and often with a woman's skill she would excite her husband to revert to that topic which seemed equally to interest them both, but in how different a manner! He liked to descant on the puerile tenets of the bon-zes, and sneer of their immoralities with self-complacent pride at his own acute-ness, and a cynical contempt of their pre-tences to virtue. She listened with an aching heart and an inward shudder to his clever descriptions of the infatuations of their followers, and the misery of their dupes. He spoke of the consistency, of the sublimity, the loveliness of Christian dogmas, and listened to his own well-flowing sentences with a self-applauding satisfaction. She hearkened with a beat-ing heart, an eager eye, and a sense of truths deeper, higher, sweeter than her mind had ever reached to; a presenti-ment of some awful mystery about to be unfolded to her yearning spirit. And when he read to her the holy poems of the Bible, of which Justo had given him the translation made by one of the J. suit Fathers, the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, or the lament of David for Jonathan, the stories of Joseph and of Ruth, or the gos-pel narrative, or the burning words of St. Paul, his eyes gleamed with the light of intellectual pleasure, here with the bright-ness of dawning faith. There had here a david for Jonathan, the stories of Joseph and of Ruth, or the gos-pel narrative, or the burning words of St. Paul, his eyes gleamed with the light of intellectual pleasure, here with the brightanxistics, her doubts, and her trials, in the ear of the young and happy being who seemed to her like an angel sent to her deliverance. She related to her how a few days previously she had consulted her ladice as to the possibility of visiting the Christian church. They were all of them devoted to her; and since the time of Grace's visit such had been the effect of Grace's visit such had been the effect of her words, of her example, and above all of that intrepid courage which she and her young brother had shown in the pres-ence of the most awful danger, that they had become strongly inclined to share the Queen's scarcely concealed inclina-tion towards the Christian religion; but they represented to her, with justice, that it would be impossible to pass through the guards at the palace gate, who had re-ceived orders not to let her Majesty go beyond them on any pretext whatever. If, indeed, unattended but by two or three of her ladies, she would venture out at the back door of the palace, of which they or ner ladies, she would venture out at the back door of the palace, of which they possessed the keys, it might be possible thus to accomplish her design. Accord-ingly, on a day when the heathens were wont to visit their temples, and at the hour when most of them were thronged with worshippers, the Queen stole out privately in disguise and went straight to

Paul, his eyes gleamed with the light of intellectual pleasure, hers with the bright-ness of dawning faith. There had been a dark and dreadful passage in that woman's life; the hour when, having given birth to a child, that child was found to be born blind. Passion-ate was the rage and disappointment in Fondasadono's breast when his joy at the birth of an heir to his throne was thus

birth of an heir to his throne was thus suddenly turned to disappointment. The babe was doomed to death. The mother

say yet, 'Oar Father,' Grace; I am still unbaptized." "God is your Creator, in that sense your Father, beloved lady; and if you long for baptism you are already very mear His Sacred Heart." "Well, I remained prostrate for some instants, and then I raised my eyes, and saw above me, over the altar, the Chris-tian altar, that Divine image which I had so often pictured to myself of Christ cru-tified, God dying. Your litt's crucifix, you know, I had often gzz3d at; but this picture was so life-like; it has remainds before my eyes ever since; I seem to see it wherever I go; I could have looked at it for hours, but some one came up to servants of Jesus. There was such kindness in his voice, that I trembled. I had never done so in my life before, but it was son ever humble in vertice, date seed by one very humble in babe was doomed to death. The mother had submitted to the sentence as people would submit to what they have never deemed it possible to resist, the absolute volitions of irresponsible power, sanc-tioned by custom, uncondemned by pub-lic opinion. But since that day there had seldom been a smile on her lips, and al-ways a heetic spot on her cheek. Beauti-ful abe always was : but now and then jesty on his brow, such kindness in his voice, that I trembled. I had never done so in my life before, but it was so new to be addressed by one very humble in manner but yet who spoke as having authority. I told him I was come to hear the sermon. The preacher, Brother Vincent, was not yet arrived; in the meantime I was shown the church. It seemed as if I was dreaming. I had often dreamed of going into a Christian church, and now this was the reality. Everything I saw and everything that was said to me seemed to fill up a void in my heart, and to satisfy the secret yearn-ings of my soul. At last Brother Vincent returned, and he preached. Ob, Grace! That Christian sermon! The first I ever heard; it may be the last that I shall ever heard; how every word of it remained stamped on my mind, as if written there in letters of light! It was sweet, yet very awfol; some doubts I still had, some things were yet dark tome; but it was as In letters of light! It was sweet, yet very awful; some doubts I still had, some i things were yet dark to me; but it was as a mist hanging on the side of a mountain and obscuring some portion of the land-scape even whilst the glorious sun illum-ines the rest—there is darknees here and there, but we feel it is about to pass away. When Brother Vincent—you know he is a Japanese, Grace, a countryman of ours —had finished his discourse, I went to him, in a little adjoining room where the church ornaments are kept, and asked him some questions. He gave me answers which satisfied many of my doubts, though he could not explain to me everything at once. Then with earn-est prayers and tears, for my heart was very full, I implored him to baptize me, and I think he wished to do so, but the Father Cespedes," said Grace with a smile. " "Ably you know him then? He is one

JUNE 24 1899.

for their reception. Father Cespedes was sent to this mission, and took with him Vincent, a Japanese brother of his order, who was remarkable for his talent in preaching. The King, as usual, took pleasure in hearing his discourses, and was wont to repeat portions of them to the Queen. She intensely desired to hear herself these sermons, but the knew that it would be in vain to ask her husband's permission. The close imprisonment, though in a most beautiful place of con-finement, in which he had kept her all her married life, he never intended to re-threw him into paroxysms of passion. It was this itme sheaven to the subject threw him into paroxysms of passion.

old man will weary his kind hitehers if he once begins to speak of those he has loyed in his youth; of those holy Chris-tian princes and their friends and teach-ers, Father Cosmas de Torres, Father Ca-

ers, Father Cosmas de Torres, Father Ca-bral, and that great and good servant of God, Father Valignan." "Oh no, good Anselm,"said the Queen, "we also love the names which are so dear to you." The aged flute-player mused for awhile in silence, and raised his eyes to heaven. God had endowed him with gifus which he had never used but for His glory, and he therefore confidently asked His help whenever he was about to exert them in His cause. Prayer was the tailsman whenever he was about to exert them in His cause. Prayer was the tailsman which he need to reach the hearts of his hearers even whilst eloquent words flowed from his lips or the notes of his instru-ment vibrated in their ears. He looked on that pensive heathen Queen, even then standing on the threshold of the Church, and that group of yong and un-tried converts around her, and whilst preparing to speak before them of the trials others had endured for their faith, he prayed that his words might impart

preparing to speak before them of the trials others had endured for their faith, he prayed that his words might impart strength to their souls. "Mine," he began, "has been a wan-dering existence; I have witnessed many extraordinary scence, and looked upon faces which I shall never behold again until we all stand at God's judgment seat. I have seen Sumitando break with his powerful arm the idol Mantiffen, and brave the fury of a thousand indignant bonzs. I have seen Prince Lewis ride to the Christian church in Goto, and when the edict against the Christians was proclaimed, stand in the porch with a cross in his hand, encouraging by word and gesture the crowds that flocked to martyrdom. I could tell you of the vir-tues of the good King Francis, and of the poverty of the holy Catherine, who gave away all her great riches, and converted numbers to the faith. But there is one form, one countenance, one image, which can never pass away from my memory as long as age does not obliterate from itz tablet every trace of the past. "When itrst I beheld the young Prince Chicators, life was lying before him as a plain undarkened by the shadow of a cloud, or a smooth sea unrippied by a wave. The brother-in-law of the King of Bungo, the brave and wise Cicatondono, had adopted him, and loved the son of his

wave. The brother-in-law of the king of Bungo, the brave and wise Cicatondono, had adopted him, and loved the son of his choice with a passionate affection. His sister, the proud Q usen (whom our people called the Jezebel of Japan), the most beautiful of the women of her time, was his protectress; and her daughter, the loveliest rosebud that ever blossomed in loveliest rosebud that ever blossomed in Christian faith. One evening the King had ordered that One evening the King had ordered that the best musicians in the town should be assembled to give the Queen and her ladies the surprise of a scremade in the gardens of the palace. They had been playing some time when one of them in-formed the governor of the household that there was at that moment in Arima a poor man who played most beautifully on the flute. It was strange, he added, that so rare a talent should exist in one who had never, it seemed, risen above a courtly garden, his affinced bride. But he had heard of the one true God whom the Christians adored ; he received whom the cachings of the Christian faith, he believed, and for ever foreswore the idol worship of his country. Then the struggle began. The more he was beloved, the more his religion was hated : it stood like an enemy between his kindred and him. Fierce desperate reckless, was the on the fute. It was build exist in one who had never, it seemed, risen above the state of poverty, and who wandered about the country as an itinerant music-ian. One of the ladies was desired to ask the Queen if it would please her Majesty that the fute-player be summoned to per-form in her presence one of his exquisite pieces of music. "Say yes," whispered Grace, whose heart was beating with a strong hope which was destined to be realized, for it was old Anselm, the Caristian stroller through plains and through cities, who was now ushered into the royal pres-ence.

an enemy between his kindred and him. Fierce, desperate, reckless, was the war they waged against it. No means were left untried; neither the im-passioned pleadings of parental affection, nor the cunning schemes of an artful pol-icy, nor the smiles of woman, nor the blandishments of praise, nor the seduc-tions of pleasure. It was an unequal combat, if truth had not been on his side. The Queen was a woman of strong will, wonderful intellect, relentless persever-ance. Neverin any human eyes have I seen such an expression as in hers: it seen such an expression as in hers: it would have been time if it had not been fearful. When she was pleased it was like the lightning playing on a

#### JUNE 24, 1699.

### GROWING INFIDELITY.

Protestants Generally Denying, the Divinity of Our Lord,

At St. Thomas' Church, Waterloo, Liverpool, England, Father McLaughlin, speaking recently of the wide ex-tent to which the mystery of the Incarnation is virtually denied amongst numbers who pass as Christians, and of the hazy idea of revelation which naturally springs from that denial, said : For many years past 1 have thought-and recent events have forced the opinion still more strongly upon me-that one great reason why so many as those belonging to non-Catholic denominations have such loose and ill defined ideas of the doctrines of Christ's Revelation is because they have such vague, ill-defined idea of Christ Himself-i. e., of His divine nature, His divine personality, and His divine attributes. It is also my conviction that the

INDERCURRENT OF DISBELIEF in the Incarnation is much wider and deeper than is generally supposed; a all events than staunch and earnes Protestants are willing to admit. No being apparent on the surface, its ful extent is not adequately realized Anyone, however, who is conversan with the signs of the times can easily perceive that the faith of many of our perceive that the failth of many of ou separated brethren in this great funda mental mystery is not of the righ kind; has not the right ring in it They are supposed to receive it as a essential item of belief, but if inquir is made the supposition will be foun-unwarrantable. I am not now-be is remembered-speaking of Agnostics they hold a theory which has place they hold a theory which has place them beyond the range of Christia Revelation altogether. The scope o my remarks does not touch their post tion. I have nothing to do with them Neither, on the other hand, am I refer ring to those sections of the Church t England in which the mystery of th Incarnation is believed with full an firm faith. No. I am speaking of people-and I am sorry to say they an an increasing crowd-who are

OSTENSIBLY MEMBERS of one of those Christian communion which have sprung from the "Reformation "-people who loudly and wit emphasis profess Christianity, yet is reality do not believe in the divinity of that Christ who is Christianity Author. But to bring home to you th sadly wide extent to which those haz notions, or rather this virtual deni of the Divinity of Christ prevails, it not necessary to appeal to the person experience of one man or man Everyday life is evidence sufficien Look at the multitudes in our populor cities, listen to the conversation society, read the books of the day, no the tone of the current literature, e amine the teachings and preaching which are poured forth from some the pulpits of the land-pulpits, to which are looked upon as Christian and you will easily realize that larg numbers who profess to be members Christian denominations have not on virtually eliminated from their cre the great mystery of the Incarnatio but seem even to doubt whether the is a personal God. It is clear that th modern Arianism or partly hidd Unitarianism, or whatever name are to give it, is not confined to t ranks of the Broad Church part We know that fact, however, independently of the Press. It has extend its ravages much further. It MAY BE CLEVERLY DISGUISED

by flourishes of rhetoric ; may be ke out of view by ingenuous compariso and it may be repudiated on the p of those who are accused or suspec of it by denials which at first sight not appear ambiguous, but it has fou

with inexorable right, but my latter and my dear maids, like messenger birds be-twixt earth and heaven, have gone con-stantly backwards and forwards from the palace to the church; they carry from me to the Father questions which I write down, and bring me back the answers. Seventeen of them have obtained the blessing which their poor Queen is lan-guishing for; they are Christians now, baptized children of Jeeux. Of late, some constraint has been put upon them by the King's orders; but a gentleman of the Court carried a messagefrom one of them to Brother Vincent, and that very hour his heart was tonched by the grace which works such strange wonders at this mo-ment in so many souls, and within the last few days he too has abjured the wor-ship of idols and embraced the true relig-ion. Now, sweet Grace, is not your poor friend to be pitied, who sees her compan-ions and her servants seeking and finding the pure fountain of life, and is doomed to gaze from a distance on the bright wat-ers, whilst a burning thirst consumes her soul ?" "To purify, to refine, to strengthen it, beloved Queen," was Grace's reply; "God has ways of compassing His de-signs which we little foresee. Patience and courage; those are the words you have long known the meaning of. Faith and charity are Caristians words, which you will soon grow familiar with, and soon you will soon grow familiar with, and soon you will soon grow familiar with, and soon you find the every courte-ousdemonstration of regard and affection. Theatrical representations were got up, and concerts performed, to afford her amusement : but everything of the kind tock place within the walls of the palace. She had of course free egrees from it to the town, and each day she went to the church and conferred with the Fathers, who enjoyed for the moment a consider-able amount of freedom in the exercise of their religion. Through her they ad-vised the Queen as to her mode of life; and with her Christian attendants and her young visitorshe observed every holy day, she prac

privately in disguise and went straight to the Father's church. "It is difficult," she said, clasping Grace's hand, "to describe to you what I felt on entering that sacred edifice. At the first moment, as if by an unerring in-stinct, I fell on my knees and touched the stones with my forehead. I FELT God's presence there-that God,"she said, lifting her dark troubled eyes to heaven, "whom I believe in, though His servant has re-fused to make me His child ; I cannot say yet, 'Our Father,' Grace; I am still unbaptized."

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nal pleasure in discussing the dogmas of the christian religion, and making him-self acquainted with its practices, al-though he was not in the least degree in-clined to give up his sins and his pear-ures in compliance with its laws. He did not know how many Christians in Europe bear that holy name and dishonor it by shameless iniquities. Alas! in these countries where a newly-planted it by chameless iniquities. Alas! in these countries where a newly-planted Christian community is displaying the virtues of the primitive Church, the mis-sionaries have no heavier trial than when their neophytes become acquainted with men from the civilized portions of the world whose conducts utterly at variance with their creed. They cannot under-stond how a person can be a baptizad Christian and wilfully offend the God whom he believes died for him. And Fondasadono himself never dreamed of embracing the Christian religion without Fondasadono numeen never dreamed of embracing the Christian religion without renouncing the indulgence of his passions, and that he was determined not to do, but it was a subject of conversation which interested him. He liked to surprise both

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seldom been a smile on her lips, and al-ways a hectic spot on her cheek. Beanti-ful she always was; but now and then there was a wild look in her eyes, flashing on its depths of shadowy beauty like lightning on a dark sky. It was then that she began more intensely to long to become acquainted with the God and the faith of the Christians; she had heard something about those who mourned being blessed. It was such a strange sentence. Oh! did she not on the con-trary feel as if those who mourn were utterly unblest? Had not that little being she had clasped one moment in her arms and never again beheld, had it not been cursed with a bitter curse, and cast away because a dark shadow had trested on its infant existence? And yet those words rang in her ears, "Blessed are they that mourn." And she had once sen a picture of the Divine Mother hold-ing in her arms her dead Son and saying, "Was there ever sorrow like unto my d sorrow?" and she knew that that mother held a place in the heart of Christians by right of that sorrow, which was a sacred one to them. She yearned to know more. Love and faith were slowly expanding in that as yet untaught but instinctively Christian heart.

one to them. She yearned to know more. Love and faith were slowly expanding in that as yet untaught but instinctively Christian heart. Then came the last visit of Justo to the Court of Arima, and with him his bright-eyed children. The days passed in re-joicings, and the tournament came off with splendor, and the feasts and the bacquets were worthy of Fondasadono's magnificent hospitality. At last the friend of the King's youth took his de-parture, and left his children behind. Grace had told how the Queen was ever seeking to gain from her information about the true religion, and that they knelt together every day, unseen by any one in the palace, and repeated the prayers of the Church. Then, like a dark cloud overcasting the horizon, came the rebellion of the six allied princes, and the passions of men raged with a violence which knew no limits. Fondasadono mas a weak as well as a violent man. That unhappy combination of defects is, unfortunately, not a rare one. His inter-ests were bound up with those of his more powerful neighbors, and the dilem-ma in which he found himself increased his fury against his friend. He was angry with him for the conflict which was toriuring his own soul,

was a weak as well as a violent man That nnhappy combination of defects is, infortunately, not a rare one. His inter-ests were bound up with those of his inter case well as to low; but hose which is farry grains this friend. He was angry with him for the conflict which was torturing his own soil,
"And to be wroth with one welow, Doth work like madness on the bran."
He softer d reachilly himself in the area well as to low; I added about has been said in a former chapter, when a fource doportunity occurred he considered the condict, to inite the the King, but not enough to make his share screeted, if he would at the lie exercise of their religion. The proposal was readily accorded, for the Christians of that city had long been pining for the restrict of their religion. The proposal was readily accorded, for the Christians of that city had long been pining for the restrict of their religion. The condit only repeat in a hurried manner, the did to condit the same in a hurried manner, the did not take advantange of this condit only repeat in a hurried manner, the did not take advantange of this to for merey.

cloud; but when anger caused those eyes to flash, nothing in nature can be com-pared to that hateful gleam, unless the glance of a wild beast about to dart on its notes of the "Statut Inter, value, value, as asimple skill and a deep pathos, which seemed to speak the very words of that song of matchless sorrow; then the joyous tones of the "Adestes Fideles" floated on the breeze, and gladdened the ears of Grace, who knew the Christian meaning of its prey.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH.

The playing of the old man was beauti-range of the old man was beauti-ful, but when Grace had whispered to the Queen that he was a Christian, she greatly desired to converse with him. He had seen and known St. Francis Xavier, and and crushed seeing of how little con-sequence we are and how little we are m ssed.

desired to converse with him. He had seen and known St. Francis Xavier, and witnessed the beginning of the Church of Japan. It was a theme on which he could speak with the eloquence of the heart. He described the saint, his asce-tic appearance, his wonderful simplicity, his supernatural gifts, till the hearts of those who heard him began to glow with an unwonted fervor. They wearied not of listening to his accounts of the great Apostle of the Indies. The Queen hung enraptured on his words. "Ay," continued the old man, with a beaming smile, "and he to whom Al-mighty God gave such power whilst he lived on this poor earth has powar in heaven also; there is scarcely a year passes that some miracle wrought by his intercession does not gladden the Chris-tians, and confirm their faith and their hope. It was but a few months ago that,

itians, and confirm their faith and their hope. It was but a few months ago that, at the college of the fathers at Meaco, the application of a handkerchief which had belonged to him to the eyes of a child born blind restored him to sight." The Queen breathed one of those deep sighs which rise from the heart where a sorrow lies deeply buried, and is touched by unconscious words at random Spoken. The color rushed into Grace's cheeks, she half started from her seat, and then sat down again, commanding herself to be patient and prudent. It was a difficult matter; she could hardly brook the delay: but to give one ray of hope to her friend, to raise in her mind the thought of a pos-sibility beyond the wildest dream of happiness which her imagination could have pictured, she felt would be a fear-fully cruel act; but she must speak to An-

a home with many who seem far moved from it and who are supposed detest it. Look at what is going on around us. Truth-that truth for wh Our Lord "was born and came into world to give testimony to "- is trea as a thing about which there can When we come to die, all the world fails away from us-we have to face the darkness alone. Our friends are of no use to us ; even our relatives colutely opposite schools of tes two abe ing. And the existence of two sischools, so far from being apologi stand by helpless while we draw nearer and nearer to the last breath; and the stream of life flows on, as if for, is actually boasted of as a sign the healthy and vigorous life of Church which comprehends th That is, Divine truth or Christ it had no further concern for us, now that we are departing from its current. revelation is looked upon as someth In at our windows comes the noise of the streets, the rattle of vehicles, the WHICH PEOPLE MAY CLEAVE IN TW and which, being thus cloven, one cry of children ; and we lie quite still may mean one set of doctrines to

as of men, and the remaining the opposite or contradictory to other. It is hard to see how gent faith in the Divinity of Christ-as Oh, if in that hour of gloom, when the shadows are deepening about our God of indivisible oneness-can weary eyes, we have the company of exist with an attitude of mind suc the angels come to show us the way to this state of thing represents. their celestial home, and the society of men who are leaders, religious lea happy souls whose salvation we have helped to procure, we shall not be of other men, tax their ingenuit the utmost in finding figures of spi to bridge over the chasm that se utterly lonesome, as the earth fades away from our vision and we stand, ates the opposing parties in their of munion, when they even go as fa to proclaim loudly and publicly trembling and awe-struck, in the presence of the Delty. It is for us now to make friends with those who may befriend us when huanticipation - an anticipation of parently accompanied with the de of its fulfilment-that the religio man sympathy can no longer be noticed by dulled ear and deadening the future will be neither Catholi nor Protestantism, but Christian i. e., Christianity broad, wide,

limited Christianity untrammellee dogma-Christianity without any finite belief in the Godhead of Who was its Founder-how conthat those who give their expressi such ideas can be truly believe in inner consciousness that Christ original Author of revelation, h Divine personality, that he was THE GOD OF GOD, LIGHT OF LIG

the Fountain of everlasting and changeable Truth. How can such reconcile these anomalous view religion with the Second of the Art 1. e., the Article in which the God of the Redeemer is enunciated in guage clear, definite and unequi