RCH.

ning in these days otry has deprived belief of a sense of

at now and then one and tells his brethren Church as he finds Jackson, a Method-lumbus, Ohio, some splendid tribute to worth while to give

at he said. he declared, one of Protestants might ics is the habit of n the distant future d working for it. Pope Gregory until his has be teristic of that comans are not subject pinions of one Pope, or one century or one century ad beyond these and to come. There is ly impressive, and in this long look evidently feel that come and go, their

forever. nes with putting our churches, as if change our policy while they while they place emblematic of the on it, the same yes mount of truth in the tantism is prone to ires which sacrifice sent effect. If we in a few years we it at all. articularly our itinall permanency of ntism generally we tle theologians who tury and cry, nd 'Lo, that!' lowers, and before hey have vanished om which they came. ry buildings that ents of the wander-

lity, as if, like the d to fold them over

steal away.

nt feature of the said, is its compre-Vhenever a man Catholics, feeling a g particular work, place or make one urch; whereas, we en drive such a on needs to learn to and not so exclusive. or energy for about ears has been dispeople outside the texactly agree with particular, or feel as our grandfathers ne the process were tholic Church finds within its pale for nts to be anything f a religious sort. herein Protestants ate Catholics is their dren. One of the Catholics have had im lately, he said. f the children was ess of Protestantism ic Church laid hold so strongly that the Catholic, always a

it is true, " was the comment. s loud in his praise ics show that they religion. "They y place and every attend to their delay before a throng hotel parlor, in a when a Protestant stances would omit e a club or military ll it the 'Young o,' or 'Cadets of St. name that labels it Protestants never such organizations ate our religious can always tell a building by some ; while in many ry, particularly in to delight in maksecular in appear-They bear it in ays by their dress : Protestant ministers to look as little like ble. These things

eligion, which is a as impression to praise the work of of Charity, upon never looked with-y thrill of tender members that once Var, when he lay, f others, a mere fragment of human army, it was the and putting cool that first aroused rds of praise and eart again into a

outside world the

Catholics are not

minister has seen als of the Catholic to be found within al. There we have the knowledge that wen Church.—Cath-

ing relief for the little Worm Exterminator re cure. If you love u let it suffer when a and?

### OF SCOTLAND

When we compare the aspect of Christianity as it now exists in Ire-land with that of Scotland we find it difficult to transport the imagination across long centuries to that time when these two divisions of the United Kingdom were at one in the first principles of the Christian faith.

Scotland owes her conversion to Christianity to the self denying missionary spirit of Ireland.

Let us enquire how the Catholic faith was first made known to the inhabitants of that northern part of the

country which we call Scotland.

At the remote period before the coming of the Saxons to the south of Briton Scotland was inhabited by two kindred tribes, called the Northern and Southern Picts. Now, many of the Southern Picts had been converted as early as the fourth century by a holy Welsh Bishop named Finian; but nearly two hundred years had passed away, and hitherto no one had brought the good tidings to the Northern Picts dwelling in that part which lies beyond the steep and rugged mountains.

This was to be the work of Saint Columba, the son of a noble family of Scots, a tribe which had settled in Ire-Columba was born A. D., 521 and was educated in the Monastery of Clouard, where his time was occupied not alone in prayer and study, but also in assisting the other inmates of the convent to work for the general support of the community. Often it was his task to grind the corn and thresh out the grain; and so diligently and well did he perform his allotted tasks that his young companions, who were themselves probably less industriously disposed, were wont to say that an angel must have helped him.

Years passed on, and brought the on Cotumba was admitted to serve as deacon in the Catholic Church, and subsequently he was ordained priest. He was the founder of a great many monasteries in Ireland, composed a set of rules for their guid He was a poet, and was passion ately fond of books and made many copies of various parts of Holy Scrip-

We are told that this love for trans scribing all manuscript that came in his ways sometimes led him into trouble, and it seems it was the ultimate cause of his leaving his native land. It happened in this way.

Columba's former preceptor, whose name was Finian, possessed a certain Psalter which his old pupil ardently desired to copy and to effect his purpose he contrived, while on a visit to Finian, to obtain an entrance at night into the church where this Psalter was deposited. Columba must worked under great difficulties, for we are told that he held the lamp in his left hand, while in all haste he copied the manuscript with his right hand. Some inquisitive person, wondering what could be the meaning of the bright light shining in the church at the unwonted hour, satisfied his curiosity by peering through the keyhole. chanced that a tame crane, which had been shut by accident into the church, pecked through the hole at the eye of this anxious inquirer who, thoroughly disgusted at the centretemps, abandoned his watch post, and, meeting Finian, related to him what he had seen. Finian was very angry at the surreptitious act of Columba, and looked on it as a kind of theft; but he awaited until the whole of the manuplea that a copy made without permissich belongs to the owner of the origi-Columba refused to give up his copy, and the matter was referred to Dermot, supreme King of Ireland and an attached and hitherto grateful friend of Columbus. Dermot, however, decided in favor of Finian, propound-ing the wise axiom, that "Every cow her calf "-meaning that every book should have its copy.

Columba was deeply mortified at his friend's decision, which was followed by more serious causes of offence; and the quarrel ended in a civil war be tween the King and some of Columba's followers, who had for certain political reasons considered themselves aggrieved by Dermot.

Finally, however, Columba repented of his hastiness, for he saw the misery he had thereby brought upon his beloved country, and he begged his confessor to instruct him in the best way of reparation for his sin. The con-fessor imposed on him the life long penance of exile from his native land, and the penitent's enterprising and active mind willingly clung to the prospect of doing some real work for the Lord, Whom he had so grievously offended; and accordingly he and a band of chosen Scot companions, after having prepared for their journey, embarked in boats made of osiertwigs, covered with ox hides, upon that stormy sea which lies between the north of Ireland and the lonely Hebrides Islands, where it was his intention

to land. Before proceeding to tell how Columba fared in his adopted country it is right to observe that these few details which have been given of his early life are gathered from various sources, some of which are contradictory; thus for instance, we are told by some writers that it was not the wish of expiating what he deemed a crime that induced him to undertake his mission, but a pure and ardent zeal to convert the heathern to the one true Faith. this as it may, either sets us a worthy example. Truely, it is better that we should commit nothing that needs resunlight of our Lord's love and appro- ter.
val; but yet, when we have fallen, call

There is joy with the angels over one sinner that repenteth;" and that can only be true and complete repentance which strives where possible to repair wrong which has been done.

The rest of Columba's life is from a far more authentic source-namely, the pen of Monk Admnan, he who suc ceeded Columba as Abbot in the first monastery which he founded in the Hesbrides. The interesting details which he gives of the saint are gathered from the lips of those who lived and conversed with him-those who had known his noble daily life, and had at last received his dying benedictions.

Industry and cultification have done much to render Scotland very different from the bleak desolate land which must have loomed through the mist and spray of the waters which bore Columba to its shores; yet when the brighter tints of the southern part of the island, Scotland is still a barren wild country, and the Hebrides are perhaps its wildest and most desolate Numberless bare granite rocks, part. which look like extinct volcanoes, rear their sullen heads here and there above those dark restless waters that rush around their base in restless and contrary currents. Seldom do the everrecurring rains and mists allow the pale northern sun to shed its gleams into those dark caves which line the shores encrusted with seaweeds, washed by the ebb and flow of the cold, white, crested waves. Poor and scanty patches of vegetation increase rather than relieve the melancholy of the weird like scene; and when Columba first gazed upon that wild spot the chill of exile must have laid around his heart, where lay enshrined the sweet, green memory of his dear native Ireland. There is a beautiful legend that tells how Columba first landed on the Island of Oronsay, but that on gazing towards the south, he could still distinguish the outlines of the Irish mountains. This was more than his soul could endure, and he embarked once more, and, steering further north, landed finally on Iona, where, looking once again to the south, he could discern nothing but the wide ocean, and he resolved then on making his abiding-place upon this Here he built the cells, or island. monastery, for himself and his companions; and the little island was called I colum hill or the "Island of Columba of the cells." It still bears the name, but in these days we know i better by the name of Iona. It is overshadowed by the large Island of Mull, and to the north lies Staffa,

where is the famous Cave of Fingal. Columba and his brethren built their monastery of wood upon an elevated part of the island, and thither flocked numberless penitents from Ireland and Britain, and even from the Saxons, that they might be instructed in the way of eternal life by this true servant of Christ. Many sought to enter the monastery that they might devote the remainder of their lives entirely to God ; but the Abbot Columba was very strict in his examination of those who desired to take monastic vows upon themselves, and would permit none to embrace such a life under his direction unless he was first fully persuaded that they were prepared and fitted for the discipline and the hardships which it entails. Nevertheless, the monastery was too small for the numerous applicants, and gradually communities were established in other parts, under the rule of Columba, and from these Christian homes the inmates issued

heathen people. The Northern Picts, however, were not the only possessors of the country, for the Scots had long since migrated from Ireland and settled in the Hebrides, and in that western part now called Argyllshire. These people called themselves Christians, but from their long residence among the heathen Picts little more than the name remained to them, and they needed the teaching of Columba and his monks as greatly as the Picts themselves. The conversion of the Picts and Scots was an undertaking fraught with great danger on all sides, not alone because of the savage and obstinate inhabitants, but from the difficulties which beset them from the wild nature of this country of rugged hills and

gloomy forests. The Christians met with great opposition from the Druids of the country Their superstition does not appear to have consisted in the worship of wooden or stone idols, but of the sun, moon, and stars; they believed also that there was power in springs and streams for good and evil, and there were many sacred fountains: but ere Columba's long life was ended he had the happi-ness of knowing that superstition had almost disappeared, for the land was covered with Christian churches and monasteries. One of these mon-astic churches was built in that part which is now called Buchan; it was called the "monastery of tears." The chief of the district had at first refused permission for its erection; but his child fell sick, and the father's heart was softened. He hastened after the missionaries, and offered them the site for their church, begging them to pray for his sick child. The little one recovered. Columba having consecrated the new church, and prophezied that he who should ever profane the building would be vanquished by his enemies, and die a sudden and violent death, placed one of his loving disciples named Drostan in it as Prior; but

SAINT COLUMBA, THE APOSTLE does not the Biessed Jesus tell us that This monastery was restored in the thirteenth century; but during the Reformation the monks were scattered, and the place itself was given to the then powerful house of Keith. His wife implored him not to accept the sacrilegious gift, but he turned a deaf ear to her entreaties; and it is a historical fact that the family of Keith, after passing through much trouble poverty, finally perished during the Rebellion.

Certain events having little or nothing to do with the Scottish Mission, once more summoned Columba to Ireland, and thus he was graciously permitted to behold once more the land he oved so well; and then he returned to Iona, there to toil on until he should be called to that still dearer Home whither his exiled feet were tending.

And here it is impossible to refrain from summing up the character of this great saint in the eloquent words of one who has made it his loving task to master every trait of Columba's character. "Born," he writes, "with violent and even revengeful disposition, he succeeded in subduing and transforming it for love of his neighbor. Not alone as an apostle or monastic founder do we look on him but as a friend, a brother, a benefactor f mankind-an intrepid and untiring protector of the poor, of the weak, of the laborer - a man not only toiling for the soul's health, but for the earthly happiness, the rights and the interests of his fellow-creatures. (De Montale

bert, Les Moines d'Occident.) Numberless beautiful details are told of this man's hely life and many a legend of his love of nature and of every created thing still linger about the spot where once his footsteps trod. day, towards the end of his earthly life he saw a poor woman gath. ering the scanty herbs and weeds of their barren islands, and she told him n reply to his enquiries that her poverty prevented her obtaining better food. "Think," exclaimed Columba, "of this poor woman, who supports her miserable life on a few weeds, while we, who pretend to merit Heaven by our austerities, live in ease

And now the shadows of death were gathering over this good man's bright and useful career. that at the prayers of his people his life was prolonged for four years: he sorrowfully told those around him that he had already seen the blessed angels descending to take his spirit Home, but that they could not because his peoples' prayers had prevailed, and stayed the soul which so ardently desired to take flight. "But in four years," he continued, "these holy angels will come again, and with them I shall hasten to my Lord." Then at the end of four years he began to pre-pare for his departure.

On the day before his death, sup-ported by one of the brethren named Dermot, who loved him very dearly he entered the granary of their monas rery to bless it, and seeing two large loads of corn he said: "I see with joy, that when I have left my dear children, they will not suffer from died. Along with his homeless wife dearth of food." Beloved Father, said and children Maud Gonne saw him Dermot, "Why make us sad with waked. speaking of your death?" "Listen," From astery the milk which was the daily nourishment of the brethren. The good creature laid his head lovingly upon his master's shoulders as if he would take leave of him. His eyes glistened with such a plaintive expression that there seemed to be tears in them. Dermot wished to lead the faithful animal away, but Columba prevented him, and said, "This horse loves me too; let him stay by me, let him mourn for my departure. The Creator has revealed to this poor beast that which He has hidden from thee, O man with reason. Then he turned and affectionately

caressed the good horse.

Ere returning home he collected all his strength to ascend a little billock whence he could see over the island. mountains and of deep, dangerous in-land waters closed in by dark and and blessed it. On reaching the monastery once more he sat down to continue his favorite task of transcribing the Psalms. It was in the middle of Psalm xxxiii. that he stopped at the words, "They who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good.

"Here," said the dying monk, "! will leave off." He attended the vigil of the Sunday in the monastery chape and then returning to his cell he said to the Brethren, "May peace and charity reign in your midst. God will aid you : and I who shall be near Him will pray for you, and you will receive not only things necessary for the present life, but the reward of eternal joy, laid up for those obedient to His love.

These were his last words. The midnight bell sounded, and he entered the chapel once more, and fell on his knees before the altar. There Dermot found his dving master. The sorrowing monks gathered round their be loved Abbot, who gazed upon them with a serene look of love and peace and then, aided by Dermot, he lifted his hand to bless them, then his hand fell and Columba slept on Jesus' Breast.

When news of the Abbot's death was spread abroad large numbers of those who had loved him in his life-time sought to cross over to the lonely island that example. Truely, it is better that we should commit nothing that needs repentance, rejoicing to work in the fair sunlight of our Lord's love and approval; but yet, when we have fallen,

bier in the chapel, and none could A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR A

cross the raging waters.
Only the monks of Iona were, there fore, present at his burial. So they laid Columba to rest in the lonely He brides Islands, although it is believed the labors of organizations, even that hundreds of years after when the Danes invaded the country, the remains of this noble apostle of the Scottish people were carried to Ireland and drunkenness might well yield to laid beneath the soil of the beloved land of his birth.

As the work of Christianity progressed among the Picts they also began to call themselves Scots, and thus the honorable name of Scotland has clung to the country ever since.

Before bidding farewell to this holy monk, the evangelizer of Scotland, let us hear Dr. Jonson's testimony to his worth: "We touch the soil of this illustrious island, once the light of Caledon ia, whence gleamed upon barbarous and savage clans the truths of religion and and he who could be and would not must be a fool. That which can make the past or the future prevail over the present increases the dignity of the Away from me, from all those that I love, all philosophy which leaves us indifferent or insensible to scenes ennobled by wisdom, courage and We must indeed pity the man whose natriotism could be unfired upor the plain of Marathon, and his de votion unkindled amid the ruins of Iona."-M. C. R. in Catholic Review.

#### AN IRISH HEROINE.

Miss Mand Gonne and What she is Doing for the Green Island she Loves.

The campaign now being waged in England for a general amnesty of the men convicted in the dynamite conspiracy of ten years ago has again brought to the force that paragon of politicians, Miss Maud Gonne. In all Ireland there is none who stands closer In all to the Irish heart. And this in spite drunkenness has decreased in the last of the fact that Maud Gonne is not an Irishwoman in the true sense of the word. Her father, an Irish colonel. was, strictly speaking, an Orangeman, and the young lady herself was brought up in the atmosphere of the "castle She was, indeed, the reigning beauty of the vice regal court, and it would have been the easiest thing in the world for her to have adopted the narrowness and bitterness of the anti-Irish coterie of Dublin. But the effect of this latter spirit upon this thoughtful and generous girl was to drive her headlong into the opposite camp, says the New York Herald.

Her conversion to the Irish cause was due to a dramatic incident which she witnessed the night after her re turn from a long sejourn as a school-girl in England. Near to the Gonne nomestead was the home of a Land Leaguer named McGrath who had won wide fame through his long and heroic struggle against being evicted from McGrath was a sort of a Land League hero, and in the middle of his fight took sick of a fever and died. Along with his homeless wife

From that time on the Land League said the old man: "Today is had no heartier supporter and a little called in Holy Scripture the Sab later no more lavish contributor than bath, or the day of rest; and so it this Orange girl. In 1886, when she will be to me, for I shall end my labors. Do not weep, it is my Lord died, leaving her a snug fortune and Jesus Christ Who deigns to call me to Him." Then he left the granary to remother had died when she was a mere Him." Then he left the granary to return to the monastery, and sat down to slip of a girl. Immediately she threw awaited until the whole of the manuscript had been copied, and then he claimed the copy as his property, on a claimed the copy as his property as a claimed the copy as his pr ago she was in the thick of the fray. She was everywhere, speaking in the morning, in the afternoon, perchance, too, at night, and then consuming the rest of the night riding to the next meeting-place. Of so generous a nature herself, she could not understand the strange bitterness and hatred that existed between the English and Irish, and when, that year, the unionf hearts idea was sprung, she became its ardent supporter. To unite the two races in a common bond of sympathy, to make them understand each otherthis was her consuming idea.

Of the amnesty campaign she has proved the very life and soul, and has shown an exceptional grasp of details and executive ability in her conduct of it, while she has but just returned from the west of Ireland, where she has been initiating a movement to cel-ebrate the landing there of the French under General Humbert. Her idea in the latter movement is, if possible, to put new flame and ardor into the national cause. Miss Gonne has not confined her crusade to the three king doms. She has addressed meetings in France and Belgium, and her last lecture tour on the continent was most

successful. This Jeanne d'Arc of Irish politics s described as rather above medium height, with a classic brow crowned with a wealth of wavy hair. She has large, deep, lustrous eyes, a mobile face of rare beauty, a slender, supple body, a queenly carriage and admirable taste in dress. What wonder that she should be among the most soughtafter and the most welcome of women in the United Kingdom? Painters have delighted to trace her features upon canvas and sculptors to immortalize her form in stone. One of these days, maybe, this remarkable woman will come on a lecturing tour to this country—perhaps soon. She did plan one three years ago, but it was postponed.

Great battles are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and restores health.

## GREAT EVIL.

If all that could be done for the cause of temperance were limited to though they were much stronger and more numerous than they are, those who witness the evils resulting from discouragement. The various tem-perance and total abstinence societies no doubt accomplish a vast amount of good, by directing public attention to the ruin wrought by strong drink; the addresses made at conventions, and the literature circulated by these associa tions unquestionably exert a beneficial influence over many people. The most effective temperance work, however, is done not by organizations, but by the individual members thereof; and it is for those who would promote the cause of temperance to exert their personal influence. Much is done to combat the evil of strong drink of which the public never hears; and if drunkenness is less general now than it was twenty-five years ago, the change is the result of individual action rather than organized endeavor. Good men, seeing the ravages of intemperance, have exerted themselves, each in his own way, according to the measure of his influence, to stem the headlong current : while enlightened philanthropy realized that the victims of intemper ance were to be reached only by sym pathy, personally exercised. tion, high license, and other legislative measures, have reformed no drunkards. Legislation has always been powerless to arrest human de gradation of any sort.

Men and women still fly to strong drink to drown grief, to find relief from pain, to lessen the niseries of life-the grind of daily coil, the meagre pay, the comfortless home. Temptation is offered every where, and on all sides the weak suc cumb. One would like to believe that quarter of a century, but this is question. It has become useless to depict the evils of intemper-ance. There is hardly a home in ance. There is hardly a home in enced them. Everyone has seen men of highest talent, greatest usefulness and brightest promise go to destruction through strong drink. Every ceme ery holds graves of drunkards. The evil effects of intemperance are too palpable to escape any one's observa tion. The question is how to suppress this monstrous vice. Of all the plans proposed to counter-

act the evil of intemperance, the most

promising, to our mind, is the administration of the total-abstinence pledge to children. If boys were urged when receiving confirmation to abstain from ntoxicating liquors until the age of twenty-one, and exhorted to make a solemn promise to this effect, they would willingly do so; and thus be protected from danger until they had seen for themselves how good temper ance is, and realized the evils that spring from indulgence in intoxicants. The occasion is a memorable one, and the circumstances are not likely ever to be forgotten. The solemnity of the moment, the sacredness of the place, the presence of the parish priest, the attendance of parents and friends, the Bishop of the diocese urging the importance of the step, — all will be remembered. And there is no telling what might be the effect might thereby be extended to homes to set his foot in a saloon until he is twenty one is not likely to be come a drunkard afterwards habit of temperance has been formed, and become a second nature. It can not be questioned that a boy is most impressionable at the age when Confir mation is generally administered Then is the time to start him on a sober and temperate course of life. A boy's future may easily be determined by the good or evil habits he has begun to form at the age when he is admitted to Confirmation. It is the age of peril as well as of promise. If parents and priests only realized what might be

be buttoned up under the jacket of the seemingly ill-starred boy!

The plan which we advocate has been followed in the Diocese of Peoria with the happiest results. If it were general, we venture to say that drunk enness would be comparatively unknown to the next generation — at least among Catholics.—Ave Maria.

done then, and what possibilities may

We are glad to be enabled to inform our contemporary that the plan referred to has been for many years, and is at present, the practice in nearly every diocese in the Dominion of Canada. - [Ed. RECORD.]

The dearest name of all is mother. We look upon Mary as our Mother be cause Jesus gave her to us on the Cross: Behold thy Mother!" (Saint John tix, 27.) But without that explicit xix, 27.) divine authority we would still have called her by that sweet title, for every Christian is a member of the Holy Family, and, therefore, a child of Mary Our Lord constantly spoke of those who had become His disciples as His brethren, and how can we be His brothers without being children of His Mother? She is the Mother of God because her Son is the fullness of the Godhead and our Mother, because we are His brethren.

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