gestion and a disordered liver mean that a man is fighting the first round with death. Unless he manages to strike the knock-out blow, it means that death will come up in the second, round in the guise of some serious malady. When a man's stomach is weak and his digestion with death. Unless he manages to strike the knock-out blow, it means that death will come up in the second round in the guise of some serious malady. When a man's stomach is weak and his digestion is impaired, the life-giving elements of the food he takes are not assimilated into the blood. The blood gets thin and weak, and the body slowly starves. In the meantime the disordered liver and the sluggish bowels have forced into the blood all manner of impurities. The body is hungry and eagerly consumes anything that the bloodstream carries to it. In place of healthy nutriment, it receives for food foul poisons that should have been excreted by the bowels. Continued, this system of starvation combined with poisoning, will wreck every organ in the body. Naturally, the weakest organ will give way first. If a man is naturally nervous, he will break down with nervous exhaustion or prostration. If he inherits weak lungs, the consequence will be consumption, bronchitis, asthma, or some disease of the air-passages. If he has a naturally sluggish liver, he will suffer from a serious billous or malarial attack. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all disorders of the stomach, digestion and liver. It purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food that build new and healthy tissue. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder and nerve tonic. It cures of per cent, of all cases of consumption. Thousands have disease under this great medicine.

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CHAPTER V.

ON RETREAT.

I Linda during the next two weeks continued to improve, and by the middle of October was sitting cheerfully, in the warm parlor, with every soul in the house and many more out of it her devoted slaves. Choice flowers came from Mr. Buck, through Sara, to call back the summer to her room and have it live again in Buck, through Sara, to can back the sweet perfumes and gay colors. Squire Pendleton brought his fearful voice daily to her court and related over again the new and old phases of his political exile. Ruth's gentle touch and sweet eyes were there most frequently, and most welcome; and Pere Rougevin and Florian made up a background of spiritual and physical lights that were very dear to the sick girl. When she arrived at this stage of returning health, Florian make ready to visit the hermit for a week's hunting and fishing. "More for the purpose of studying the hermit," he explained to Linda, "and learning the secret of his happiness, if there is any." Linda took up a bunch of ferns arrived that morning from the kindly solitary, mer to her room and have it live again in

Linda took up a bunch of ferns arrived that morning from the kindly solitary, and buried her face in it.

"You but waste your time," she answered, "as far as he is concerned. Still he is a good mirror. You will certainly learn something about yourself." She said this in the tone of a hint, which

covered him.

"Your sickness has made you sharp,"
he said.

"Well, let me confess, I do go to study mvself. What then, Cassandra?"
"Cassandra, indeed!" she pouted, and then surprised him with a sob and a few tears. "I am so weak yet, Florian, and I know you are only going to ask his advice about leaving here. I want you to promise that you will tell me every word."

word."
"I am not so certain that he can or will advise me, Linda. Nor would I be apt to follow his advice if it were against my own desires. But I promise you, my dear, and you are quite right. I am going on my retreat."

He sat looking at her with troubled eyes. He never looked at her otherwise since sickness first struck her down, and his first sensation of real grief was gnaw-

his first sensation of real grief was gnawing at his heart as he thought of what he would lose in losing her. And unconsciously, too, he was studying the course of feeling in her bosom, the gradual ripening certainty of death which, amid doubts and fears, was already blooming in the girl's heart and soul. Ambitious as he was, death had always appeared to him as a monster who might at any time dehis first sensation of real grief was gnawwas, death had always appeared to him as a monster who might at any time destroy his ambitions. He had never yet come in contact with it. But now it had seized most surely on Linda, and he watched its process with a sort of fascination that sickened body and soul, and crowded his dreams with terrors. He must come to this one day. How soon?

It filled his heart with a disgust for life that all his days he must walk under the

must come to this one day. In We soon. It filled his heart with a disgust for life that all his days he must walk under the threatening shadow of that greatest misfortune. Why live and work at all when death might shatter the handiwork of years at one blow? The reasoning was poor and foolish, but his melancholy had to find vent. The day shamed his melancholy by its magnificent joy. The wind was not strong enough to roughen the water into ugliness, but white caps lay along the deep green of the river, and, like the foam at the mouth of a wild beast, gave a suspicion of the cruelty that lurked below. Against Round Island's rocky flat shore the waves beat with monotonous murmuring, and distant Grindstone showed dimly through the mist. Across Eel Bay the afternoon sun sent a blinding radiance. The islands about were ing radiance. The islands about were still in somber green, for very few maples found a foothold in the rocky soil. Their warm colors of death relieved the dark background. The swish of the water from the bow, the brightness of the sky, the somber shores, the green waters, the whistle of the wind, and the loveliness of the scene passed before his senses and became inwoven with his melancholy. became inwoven with his meiancholy. There was a bitterness even in the cheerful day. When he arrived at Solitary Island the hermit was away. He took possession of the hut, and, finding some emnants of the Squire's tobacco and a remnants of the Squire's boats and began to pipe, made himself at home and began to inspect one of the notable volumes on fishing. Scott returned shortly and gave

a cool reception.

How do?" he said shortly, bringing his brows together and sending a sharp look into his face. "How's the little

"As before," Florian answered wearily.

"As before," Florian answered wearily.

He had made up his mind that no behavior of Scott's would drive him away until he had accomplished his purpose.

And Scott saw it in his easy manner, and seemed willing to submit to the intrusion. She hade me thank you for the ferns, said Florian, "and if it would not be ask-ing too much, would you call and see her as often as you visit the town, and would your visits be oftener made."

Three Years

Red.

From Kidney Disease-Although a Man of Three-Score and Ten, Dr. Chase's

Kidney-Liver

back perfect bealth.

Pills gave him

This is to certify that was sick in bed the mo tent medicines; besid at I was under treatme that I was under treatment by four different doctors during the time and not late Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and since that time have been working every day, although a man nearly 70 years of age. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have cured me.

JAMES SIMPSON,

Newcombe Mills, Ont If the Kidneys are not in erfectly clean and healthy modition, the blood becomes mpregnated with impurities, and a decay of the Kidneys con takes place. Bright's license, Diabetes, Gravel, license in the Bladder, Indumation of the Bladder, and a long list of Kidney diseases become seated, and sooner or later in so many natances end fatally. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pillsure all Kidney troubles Sold by all dealers, price 25 cents per box.

"She is kind," was all Scott replied and set about getting supper. Florian made no offer to help him, but walked out on the boulder with his book and pipe, and gave his attention to the long shadows that crept through and over the islands and the last feeble whistle of the dying winds. Far away east glimmere a single star.

a single star.

"Supper's ready!" called Scott in a few minutes, and Florian sat down to a table of Spartan simplicity—boiled corn meal and fish. It was speedily ended, for neither seemed to be hungry nor disposed to talk. The hermit sat silent, and Florian was determined to interfere as little as as possible with his humors. He at less than a child.

"I have met him at an unlucky time," thought the youth; "he is ill and out of sorts." But he said nothing whatever, relighted his pipe and took his seat on the boulder over the river. For a few minutes there was the clatter of tin dishes as the solitary cleaned them and put them

the solitary cleaned them and put them away, then he came out and sat beside

"I am going away," said Florian simply. "I wanted to talk with you first, and so came over."

The stars were coming out more rapidly as if a mist were being swept off the sky, and the shadows lay very deep around. The water in the channel, like a wizard's The water in the channel, like a wizard's mirror, changed from dark to bright and back again, as if veiled forms swept up and down beneath the surface.

"And so you are going away?" said Scott preachily

Scott, presently.

"I should have gone long ago. Clay burgh is no place for one who looks to fature. I am smothered and cramped for better element.

"Your dreams are too big for you ain. Six feet of earth hold a man com fortably when he's not full of nonsense.

"But it takes an eternity to hold the

Not as I understand it, boy. It's no "Not as I understand it, boy. It's not the soul gets cramped with such quarters as ye have here. It's proud notions of one's body: what it should eat and wear, how it should look to others, an' the nice-ness o'bein' better than its kind. People don't go looking for eternity to New York. Them who found it suited to their consti-tutions hunted in parrow caves an tutions hunted in narrow caves an' monks' cells for it, long afore New York

monks' cells for it, long atore was known to a soul."

"I won't dispute your assertions. But what would you have me do? I am young and ambitious. The world must go on as it has from the beginning. Why should not I take place and part in it, using my talents for the good of the years? I have no inclination for any many? I have no inclination for any other kind of life, and there I feel that l shall do the most good."
"Why not?" echoed the hermit with a

touch of sarcasm, perhaps. "Saints did the same often, I've heard; but they touch of sarcasm, perhaps. "Saints did the same often, I've heard; but they made their talents and high power a means to an end. With you it will be the end. With the big majority these good things of the world are the end. The man that looks after his own soul keeps away from 'em till God calls him to'em."

He rose suddenly as if he had spoken the rose studenty as it he had spoken too much and was just aware of it. There was no moon, and Florian could not see his face nor discover what mood accompanied these words, but he would have given something to catch the light of his You can have the hut to yourself

"You can have the nut to yourself while you stay," said Scott, starting off down the shore.

"Thank you," Florian said quietly, and was tempted to ask him to remain, but adhered firmly to his determination. and kept his mouth shut grimly until the sound of oars down the channel had ceased. It was chilly and dark on the island. There was no wind, only the gentle splash of the waves; and the odd, mysterious sounds, which break the vast silence of nature, quivered on the air. He could see nothing but outlines and the shining surface of the water. Like an inverted bowl the sky arched over him. shining surface of the water. Like an inverted bowl the sky arched over him. He knew that for miles there was no living man, and he was in utter darkness and solitude; and it seemed to him that he was left nothing to look upon but his own soul. He was too sad to endure thought at that moment, and began to bustle about, lighted a candle in the hut and put on a fire, closed the doors and fixed the curtain to the window.

The October nights were cold and left a touch of frost in bare places. When the

and put on a line, the window.

The October nights were cold and left a touch of frost in bare places. When the touch of frost in bare places. When the sun opened his eyes the next morning at an early hour, and Florian looked through the window on the scene without there was a silvery whiteness on certain objects how there is the support of beautiful but depressing. An arm individual mists was rising from river, and every object was bathed in so fresh and deep a color that it seemed to have just been laid on by the great Master's hand. He dressed and bade a hasty ter's hand. He dressed and bade a hasty good-morning to the hermit, who was getting the breakfast, and ran out on the boulder to say his prayers in the midst of that sublime scenery. He prayed aloud, and never in his life did prayer seem so

sweet, so real, so refreshing.

"Grub," said the hermit, briefly, from
the door way, and he went in composedly
the door way, and hight heavenward. after that ethereal flight heavenward. The meal passed in silence. When it

The meal passed in silence. When it was over, "I'm going for pike this mornin," said Scott, briefly.

Florian took this for a gingerly invita-

tion, and coolly removed himself, his pipe, and his book to the boulder without answering. The hermit busied himself in preparing his boat.
"Would you like to come?" said the

solitary. "I have much to think of," he replied. "I have much to think oi," he replied.

"Better get town cobwebs from your
brain first. The fishin' is good, an if ye
are going away 'twon't be many more
chances you'll have after the world's pike

take your time."
"To-morrow will do, Scott; much obliged.

No. I'm in-doors to-morrow."

"No, I'm in-goors to-morrow."

"Next day, then."

"Not at all if not now," said Scott, and if his voice was not sharp his words were. Florian was surprised at his urgency.

"Oh! if you are determined," he

"Oh! if you are determined," he laughed, and came down, book and pipe, to the boat. They rowed through the channel out into the broader space that opened into Eel Bay—or rather the soli-tary did, for Florian lay in the stern idly

Said Florian, "Why in the name of heaven, Scott, don't you write poetry? I couldn't stay in these solitudes an hour without finding words to paint some of its beauty. "It is like grief, boy; no words can ex-

taking a look at the new sun that will shine for her only a little longer."

"Poor little girl!" muttered the hermit, giving a harder pull to his oars.

"But what of that, Scott? She goes to heaven safely, I know, and her agony will be trifling to her recompense. I would not care but for that other dying at the same time, not in her body but in her soul."

"It is one of the world's chances," said Scott. "She will marry the minister and some to believe what he will preach day and night for her sake. There is no fix-Scott. in' sich accidents You seem to know all about the mat-

"It is town-talk, lad. Ye brought it up yourself as if ye wanted my opinion, an'

yourself as if ye wanted my opinion," he gave it."

"Well, I didn't want your opinion," he said; "I wanted to know what you would do in such a case as that of my sister's. If she wishes to marry Mr. Buck I see no way of preventing her, unless it be by stratagem. It is not so much love of the minister as a romantic silliness that

minister as a romantic silliness that prompts her to marry."
"If you want stratagem," said Scott, "see Pere Rougevin. That's my whole and only opinion on a family matter. Jes' hand up the minneys, will ye, and I'll drop the line yonder."
The strong colors of the early morning that glowed around him only added to his melancholy. He merely raised his head and smiled when Scott landed his first pike, a handsome five-pounder, and felt none of that joyous excitement which such an incident raises in the heart of such an incident raises in the heart of the true sportsman. It was as if life had come to a standstill with him because of the tangle in his affairs, and he was borne away through a fairy region of in-

Before noon the hermit had landed a Before noon the hermit had landed a few dozen of the shining pike and Florian had dreamed the hours away. Not unprofitably, perhaps, for he had arrived at the sensible resolve that he would make no attempt to win Scott's confidence, but let the man display himself as it pleased him. And was he to spend the hours as he had spent the forenoon, in useless imaginings and doleful picturings of his future troubles? He took the rod after dinner and began to whip the water with an energy unnecessary so far as the fish an energy unnecessary so far as the fish were concerned, but he wished to show himself that he was in earnest. He had come to fish, hunt and study the hermi The true way to do all this was to fish, hunt, and study at the proper times, and Scott implied by secret smiling that he conjectured his course of thought. As a consequence, when night found them again on the plateau in conversation the hermit was quite humorous and fluent and inclined to talk of anything. When Florian made bold to tell him something of his present sorrows he was sympathe

"I am afraid there is little real warmth

"I am afraid there is little real warmth in my nature, Scott. I contemplate Linda's death, and Sara's apostasy, and separation from Ruth with a light degree of sorrow, and I foresee how I shall work all the harder afterwards."

"A young man's feelings," said Scott, "are not to be depended on. Wait till all these things happen, and then you'll find how you'll take 'em. It's much like a man in consumption. He will die in four years, the doctor says. He's resigned, and surprises himself by not thinking o' death often at all. When death gets hold on him, though, he finds his former feelings weren't much. Now, I think your Linda will die and Sara marry the minister, an' ye'll go to New York without ter, an' ye'll go to New York without Ruth. An' it isn't so much these things Ruth. An' it isn't so much these things that ought to bother a man as his steppin out inter life an' takin' a choice of labor. He ought to see that he got the right place. He ought to be sure that he couldn't do better in all ways whar he is than thar. People are hasty about things of this kind. Money is the object an' high position. If they got these, life is complete. If not, they're lost. They don't think much about the soul. They drag it anywhere, quite sure it can get

ecause you are cut out for another situa

"You interest me," said Florian. "Pray what are the weaknesses and the strengths and the other situation?" "A young man about to make a jump

for such big prizes ought to be ashamed to ask sich questions from any man. Ye came here to study yerself. Do it: I'm off. A pleasant night to you. I'll not

See ye to morrow."
Florian sat silent until the sound of oars had been lost in the distance. It was such a night as the preceeding one had been-the earth all darkness, th had been—the earth an darkness, the say pierced with starlight, and a cool south breeze beginning to wake strange murmurs from the shore and the trees. A few clouds lay like shadows on the horizon, and above and below was that beautiful stillness, so beautiful yet so painful, like that which lay about the prophet waiting the stillness, the stillness to hear the stillness. on Horeb's rock to hear the still, sma voice of God. It seemed to Florian that some voice must be born of such an agony of silence; perhaps it was born, and his ear too coarse to catch a sweetness so

'Fine that nothing lived 'twixt it and silence.

Those were sharp words the hermit had Those were sharp words the termit had uttered, and they shed a new light on the youth's mind. What an idea was this, that some men could be damned for studying medicine? Yet it was true, he admitted, when he found the proper sense admitted, when he found the proper sense. admitted, when he found the proper sense of the words. And might not he be placing himself in such a position? He was humbled to admit that, after all, he did not know himself nor had studied the every side of his ambitions. How far was he prepared to go, in seeking position and name? The kingdoms of the world and name? The kingdoms of the word and the glory of them were sometimes easily bought by falling down to adore Satan. How would he withstand such a temptation? He hardly knew, but stole to bed crestfallen. The sound of the morning rain woke him from a very sweet sleep, but when that mournful patter reached his ears the conversation of the proceeding evening recurred to him and a desolaing evening recurred to him and a desolation crept upon his spirit.
"Was there another life for which he

was better fitted?"

That other could be but a retired life in

press it."

And then a shade came over Florian's face, for his mind went back suddenly to Linda.

"At this hour," he said, "Linda is He got breakfast, lit his pipe afterward,

and sat in the open doorway singing at

and sat in the open doorway singing the mists that were closing in around him and the melancholy murmur of the rain. How long and how often such a dismal scene had been played upon the island! Perhaps a generation previous a group of savages had sat in their smoky wigwams on this very spot and looked grimly on such a rainfall, making weird fancies out such a rainfall, making weird fancies out the mists and preparing charms against their fatal powers! And all the these were dead! Linda was dying! Old affec-tions of his heart were dying! The very seene about him was showing symptons of decay. In fifty years at most he too would be dead. What difference then between him distinguished and influen-tial and the unknown hermit? Would between him distinguished and influen-tial and the unknown hermit? Would wealth and station and influence be more than the simple pleasures of the solitude? And it was a doubtful matter if the states-man blessed by his country would stand as high as the hermit in the esteem of Well, well, what queer thoughts

were these in a young man.

The next day towards evening Scott made an unlooked for appearance with a bright eye and a flushed cheek.

"I'm goin' to take possession of the

"I'm goin to take possession of the bed," said he "and you must shift to the floor. I'm ill."

bed," said he "and you must shift to the floor. I'm ill."

"Oh!" said Florian, quite surprised that the hermit should make such an admission, but asking no questions. Scott had taken cold and was in a fever, and the youth rejoiced that fate should have thrown them together at a critical time. He was handy about a sick bed, womanlike in his gentleness and skill and power over his tongue. He made himself master of the situation at once and proceeded to treat the patient according to his own ideas. Had he discovered the true way of dealing with the hermit? Scott made no objections to anything he said or did, but seemed rather pleased with him. He was sick until the third day, when he became convalescent and began to turn to was sick until the third day, when he became convalescent and began to turn to the old routine of cabin-work—meal-preparing, mending, and reading. It was raining still and the mists lay heavier on the island world, and Florian had by intense and desultory thinking wrapped his mind in mists so profound that he felt a positive desire to fly to the town. Therefore on the fourth evening he announced his departure for the next day.

"And I hope," said Scott, "that you got some benefit from the close study of yourself, and that you can pretty well answer the question ye asked me when ye first came.

came.
"I shall go to New York," Florian re

plied, "come what may. I shall not trouble myself with much thought here-I find it confusing; and as studying myself, my blunders will do that, and my enemies and friends. "If you wait to know yourself that way

my lad, very good; your political life wil "We must run some risks, Scott. Any

way, I have got enough of solitude, as I have of Clayburgh, and I see nothing in have of Clayburgh, and I see nothing in my strength or weakness to tell against success in my chosen life. On the contrary I find myself longing for it. I shall be alone, I suppose, and for a time grief-stricken, but life will be there and will; while you will fish and sleep in this prison and groan over your rheumatism. Before going it would tickle my vanity to know your estimate of my character, and a hint. your estimate of my character, and a hint, ist a hint, of that situation you spoke of the other day."

Florian had no expectation of receiving

an answer to his request, and turned to the window through which he could see a break in the cloudy sky and the gleaming of a few stars. It was a dreary scene and his heart was full of its dreariness.

his heart was full of its dreariness.

"I'm not anxious to disturb your good feelings," said Scott. "You are bound for to go, and your blunders will teach you better than my words. I can fancy how you won't know yourself ten years from now, and I propose that when you go home to-morrow you sit down and write an account of year present feelings and oninions. count of yer present feelin's and opinions, and leave it with me. I'll see that you git it to read ten years from date. You'll

ne," said Florian eagerly, delighted

"Done," said Florian eagerly, delighted beyond measure at this evidence of the hermit's interest in him. "I'll make it minute in essentials, my friend."

"I s'pose. All the worse for you an' maybe you'll not be astonished and ashamed readin' that paper in days to come. I had an idee of a man gentle and onjet, whose mind was jest' like the water. quiet, whose mind was jes like the water on a still night, deep, clear, sweet, and full o' heaven an' the bright pints in it; who'd sett'e down to a steady, pious, thinkin' life, writin' fine things for other people to read, comin' nearer to God every year and bringin' others along with him, year and bringin others along water as it ill he'd be so ripe for heaven as to fall into it from this world, jes' as natural as a ripe apple falls to the ground. I had that idee, but it's gone; and I mentioned it jest to show ye what a stranger thought

"I'll put that down too," said Florian thoughtfully, "and it might be interesting to read at the same time as the other. I'm much obliged to you, indeed; but it doesn't suit, and never would."

doesn't suit, and never would."
That was the end of the conversation.
The hermit and Florian retired to rest
with their usual indifference to each
other and in their usual silence; but the other and in their usual shence; but the youth was so charmed at his fancied success in winning the solitary's interest that he fell asleep thinking of it, and dreamed that the honest man rose in the night, and stooping over his bed kissed him gently two or three times, as his father might. He was weeping, for the tears fell in a shower on Florian's face, which set the youth to laughing, he knew not why. At this he woke. Everything was still save the patter of the rain on the roof, while the hermit was sleeping gently as a child.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

In the days when England was Catholic a beautiful custom prevailed. When anyone died, no matter how humble or how exalted his station might be, the moment he expired, the church bell was tolled. Its solemn voice announced to the neighborhood that a Christian brother was departed and invited those who heard it to recommend his soul to the mercy of his Creator. All were expected to join in this charitable office, and in monasteries, even if it were in the dead of night, the inmates hastened from their beds to the church and sang a solemn dirge.

A GREAT record of cures, unequalled in medical history, proves Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses merit unknown to any other MEDI-GNE,

AN APOSTASY WITH A MORAL.

Miss Marie Agnes Walsh, who has lately become conspicuous as a Theosophist, will arrive here in a few days. This priestess of Theosophy is of Celtic parentage and was educated in France. A number of years ago she was a teacher in the schools of New York.

— Daily paper.

The number of Catholics who fall away from their faith and take up with away from their latth and take up with Theosophy, Christian Science, and other popular fallacies, may not be large; but it is not so small as is gen-erally supposed, and it is certainly large enough to emphasize the importance of thorough religious instruction. If young people are well grounded in their faith, there is little likelihood that they will ever apostatize, no matter how negligent they may become in practising their religion; and there is lways reason to hope that, sooner or later, by some means or other, they will be led back to the right path. But if they are ill-instructed, there is no telling to what lengths they may go and if they ever return to the Church it becomes necessary to deal with them as if they had never been under Catholic influence.

It is frequently asserted that religious instruction in the United States is more thorough than in most other countries; and that those who fall away from the Church do so not through ignorance of its claims upon them, but brough weakness of virtue-simply preferring the service of the world to the service of God. We are not so sure of this; however, if their religion is well taught to American Catholic children, there are strong reasons why it should be. But, unfortunately, it often happens that young people who have "gone through" the Catechism creditably and are snpposed to know it well have very imperfect ideas of re ligion. The little book is dropped too quickly. It is apt to be taken for granted that children understand what they have learned only parrot-like, as they do exceptions to the rules of syntax. Missing the sense of the lessons they glibly recited, they quickly forget the words; and thus, unless they read doctrinal books and hear systematic catechetical instructions from the pulpit, they grow up very ignorant of their religion.

Marie Agnes Walsh, "the priestess

of Theosophy," probably never really mastered the lessons of the Little atechism, though she may be one of the pale, thin, large-eyed children near the head of her class, and a star pupil of the school she attended; a model of diligence and a marvel of talent in the eyes of her teachers, and regarded as a prodigy by her admiring companions. When a future Archbishop of Philadelphia presented himself for instruction in the teachings of the Catholic faith, the eminent prelate who had the happiness of receiving him into the Church gave him a copy of the Little Catechism, the lessons of which he was required to learn, one by one, word for word, until he had ompleted the course of instruction. He was amazed at the amount of knowledge the little book contained, and admired the way in which it was systematized. It is to be feared that many who teach and study the Little Catechism nowadays do not fully realize its importance,-that teachers in many cases are less careful and competent than they should be, and that students are seldom so earnest and docile as Archbishop Wood. The office of the catechist is not held in the steem it deserves, and as a conse quence the Catechism is often perunctorily taught and negligently studied.

The last instructions given by Pius IX. to the clergy of Rome were that they should redouble their zeal in teaching the Catechism to children for "the child that grows up unconscious of the duties of religion will ignore the dutiesof man." The obligation of pastors and parents to impress the lessons of the little Catechi m on the minds of children can not be too much insisted upon. There is, perhaps, no diocese in the world where the clergy have greater freedom of action in their allotted work—where there is less exercise of authority in the more unimportant affairs of parishes-than in the diocese of Peoria. But there point upon which its broad-minded and experienced Bishop is said to be severe. He insists upon painstaking and thoroughness painstaking and thoroughness in catechetical instructions; and when children are to be confirmed they must give satisfactory evidence of thoroughness knowing and understanding the foundations of Christian faith. Young Young people thus instructed and confirmed

to keep the faith and spread it in after life among unbelieving associates. Until Catholic children everywhere are thoroughly instructed in their religion, and their lives and conduct are seasoned with Christian principles, we may expect to hear of many renegades like Marie Agnes Walsh, "priestess of

may be trusted to fight the good fight,

Maltine with Cod Liver Oil-A Pala-

Theosophy."-Ave Maria.

Mattine with God Liver Oil—A Palatable. Nourishing Body Builder.
Consumption—that dread disease—too often arises from neglect. Colds not serious in themselves, by depressing the vital forces, play an important part in provoking conditions that render lung disintegration almost certain. To obviate this deplorable sequence of neglected colds the body should be fortified, strengthened, nourished, and this may with certainty be accomplished by the use of Maltine with Cod Liver Oil. Its mode of action is plain—the oil rendered palatable and of easy digestion, does not irritate the stomach and until it for the digestion of food; but this preparation serves a much higher purpose than this, for by its action upon starchy foods it affords for the replacement of the waste of the body an abandance of fresh strong blood. The patient gains weight, irritation of the bronchial tubes disappears, sleep is restored and the general improvement is immediate and permanent.

If you have catarrh, don't dally with local table, Nourishing Body Builder,

If you have catarrh, don't dally with local remedies, but purify and enrich your blood with Hood's Sarssparilla,

SISTER VIRGINIA. A Heroine of the Battlefield and a

DECEMBER 10, 1800,

Martyr to Duty. conversions and to revive faith in the

midst of camps.

It was in the beginning of July

1866, when the war between Prussia and Italy against Austria was at it height ; the military hospitals of Bres cia were encumbered with sick and wounded soldiers, among whom was young soldier likely to die of hi wounds. He had been put under th care of Sister Virginia, a Sister of St Vincent de Paul. He was one of th braves of the brigade of Parma, who during the disastrous battle of Custozs in which the I alians were utterly d feated by the Austrians, formed square around Prince Humbert, no King of Italy, to protect him again the repeated and furious charges of the enemy's cavalry. The young soldi-had tallen under the blows of the e emy, and he was picked up unco-scious, weltering in his blood with nin Carried to the hospital, he bore wil

out a groan the amputation of an ar aud the sewing of his gaping wound In the excess of his sufferings he wonly heard to say, with childish siplicity: "My God! Oh, my mother As already stated, he was given charge to Sister Virginia, who w very popular among the soldiers.
"We shall now see," they samong themselves, "it Sister Virg

a will be able to save him from grasp of death ; if she does it will b real miracle. The misfortunes and sufferings the unfortunate young man excited liveliest sympathies in Sister Virgin heart for him, and she resolved to

store him to life by the most assidu care and fervent prayers.

She took her place at his bedside left him neither day nor night. dressed his wounds with the grea care, prepared his medicines, w pered words of hope in his ears, w at the same time she asked God to

"Mother, help me!" exclaimed poor fellow in the midst of his excu ating pains, and he turned toward looks of hope as if he had the Ble Virgin near him. Here I am, my son," answ

Sister Virginia, lavishing on hin the care and consolation of a moth a suffering son. In a few days the poor soldies came delirious with fever. In his ing he was restless, trying to jump of bed, to re open his wounds Sister Virginia was always on the out to watch him, soothing him

preparation to calm him, and doing all she could, she wept Who could tell all that pa woman suffered during the days and nights that this pare At last the crisis ended a favorable turn ; the pulsation of patient became less rapid, his del

kind words, gently reproving,

giving him one drop at a time of

ceased, the wounds assumed a he look and hope once more brigh this bed of suffering.
Sister Virginia watched this young man's restoration to healt the secret satisfaction of having her duty. After the young had recovered consciousness b able to recognize his patient and noticing her wasted and p asked himself when it was he ha her for the last time—if it had no

for months and even a whole year "Sister Virginia," he said, was it that I saw you last? have you been all this time? you been sick? What is the

with you?" "Oh it is only three days sin saw me, or rather ceased to rec me. I have always been here v on you. I have not been away

Only three days! But whe I all this time? Ah, Sister Virgunderstand now. Fever made conscious; but since I see you a derstand what you have done, I

"And why so? Have yo wanting anything? Why do y fault with me?" 'You have done too much f you have been growing thinned day, and this is painful to me,

"I have only done my duty more nor less." '
"Why do you not take so

"And why did you not ru when the Austrian Uhlans ru you with their swords flashing "I am a soldier-a man.

sworn to die for my colors King."
"Well, I also have sworn to ground to the last. I have t oath before a King Who is gree

all the kings of earth." "But if you work abo strength you will not be able up ; you will become sick and

"And what of it? If you do not fear to die for your flag mortal king, why should I fer for my God?" answer came from the but he drew the sheet over his

if he wanted to sleep, while i he was moved to shed tears. that this simple woman was as the soldiers who had falle battlefield; for, sustained by which came from above and