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A Sore

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The Sleeper.

At midnight, in the month of June, I stand beneath the mystic moon, An opiate vapor, dewy, dim, Exhales from out her golden rim. And, softly dripping, drop by drop, Upon the quiet mountain top, Steals drowsily and musically Into the universal valley.

The rosy buds upon the grave; The lily lolls upon the wave; Strapping the fog about its breast, The rain moans into rest; Looking like Lethe, see! the lake A conscious slumber seems to take, And would not, for the world, awake, All Beauty sleeps!—and lo! where lies (Her easement open to the skies) Irene, with her Destinies!

Oh, lady bright! can it be right— This window open to the night? The wanton airs, from the tree top, Laughingly through the lattice drop— Flitting through thy chamber in and out And waving the curtain canopy So fitfully—so fearfully— Above the dead and living lid, North which they slumber ring soul lies hid, That, o'er the floor and down the wall, Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall! Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear? Why and what art thou dreaming here? Sure thou art come o'er far off seas, A wonder to these garden trees! Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress! Strange the smell that hangs about thee, And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps! Oh, may her sleep, Which is enduring, so be deep! Heaven have her in its sacred keep! This chamber changed for one more holy, This bed for one more melancholy, She never shall force an eye no more, Forever with unpeeped eye, While the dim sheeted ghosts go by!

My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep, As it is lasting, so be deep! Soft may the worms about her creep! Far in the forest, dim and old, For her may some tall thing be black, And winged panels flutter back, Triumphant o'er the crested palls, Of her grand family funerals! Some epithet, some name, alone, Against whose portals she hath thrown, In childhood, many an idle stone— Some tomb from out whose sounding door She never shall force an eye no more, Thrilling to think, poor child of sin! It was the dead who groaned within.

MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND. CHAPTER XXIV. DEATH AND LIFE.

Darkness and death hung over the house in Merrion Square where two stricken women lived through their first hours of hopeless and inconsolable anguish. The mother's appalling shriek when she heard the fatal news was followed by a fit of violence which subsided after a time and left her mind unhinged and full of delusions. Happily, her insanity involved entire forgetfulness of the misfortune which had overturned her reason. She believed that Bryan was travelling abroad for his pleasure. He had undertaken to make a voyage round the world, and could not be home for a year.

"And I am so glad he is gone," she would exclaim, "for I always had a dread that these Fenians might drag him into some kind of trouble."

"But the worst of it is," she would whisper to Father Daly, "that I fear Marcella thinks he has forgotten her. She ought not to indulge such fancies, but you see she is looking shockingly ill."

Marcella's suffering was of a different order. No shrieks came from her, and no merciful madness blotted out the terrible reality from her mind. With white lips and sunken eyes she tried to listen to Father Daly's religious exhortations, but heard nothing. The roar of a sea that had no shore was in her ears, shipwreck lay all around her, and a ghastly something to which her eyes as yet had given no shape, loomed on her horizon.

"Can you not cry a little, my child?" said Father Daly, seeing that his words of attempted consolation did not reach her brain. The tears were rolling down his own wrinkled face.

"There will be time enough to cry—afterwards," she said; "I am going now to Bryan. He will be expecting me."

This was the day after the close of the trial, when she knew that his death, a horrible and disgraceful death, was soon to separate them.

"My dear, I am afraid to let you see him yet. I have been with him this morning and he is as brave as a lion. Remember, it is your part now to keep up his courage. I fear if you go to him like this you will break him down."

"I think I am not going to break him down. The martyrs who were burned and crucified did not break each other down. God will help us, too."

Then he took her to the prison and left her alone with Kilmartin for an hour, keeping near the cell so that he could be summoned if needed. But Marcella made no scene. She seemed to have no longer any feeling for her own suffering, physical or mental. Her soul appeared occupied with the necessity for being helpful to Kilmartin in his need.

"I never seen a young creature suffer so brave and not die of it," said the warden to the priest. "Them that screams and faints gets over it afterwards, but trouble like that drops down on a sudden when it can do no more."

Father Daly agreed, and acknowledged to himself that so to drop down might be the best thing Marcella could do after the final touch had been put to the tragedy. Only he felt a grave doubt as to whether her unnatural strength would keep up so long.

It was some relief to him when, on returning home that evening, she fell into an agony of natural grief, moaning and weeping, and calling upon God to deliver her from insupportable

torment. He and Bridget watched beside her all night, and he strove through the long terrible hours to save reason from becoming wrecked by the paroxysms of frenzy which attacked her brain as each fresh image from the hideous future rose with ghastly reality before the eyes of her imagination.

She not only knew but had realized now that Bryan had got to die a felon's death.

Her reiterated cry, "Father Daly, is there a God—is there a God?" brought down the old man's sympathetic tears plentifully. He could not bring himself to rebuke her for her unbelief, only kept saying:

"There is a God, my dear, and He is good. The cross is His throne, the crown of thorns was on His head before He put it on yours."

He believed that the first despairing ravings of a broken heart are not heeded in heaven. Mercy waits patiently for the crushed spirit to right itself, for the soul burning in flames of anguish to rise out of the fiery furnace before words of faith and resignation come meekly from the tongue.

Towards morning she became more calm, her natural thoughtfulness for others returned, and she reproached herself for robbing the kind old man of his rest.

A little later she was taken possession of by a frantic hope which kept her in a fever of expectation for days.

"It is quite impossible that it could happen," she said. "Something will come to prove the truth. I will go to the Lord Lieutenant myself and tell him so. I will ask him to wait and to consider. When he thinks over the matter he will see what I mean. It is utterly impossible that in a Christian country such a horror should be permitted."

Father Daly assisted her to carry out this intention, and accompanied her to the Castle, and stood by her during the short interview granted her by Viceroyalty. His Excellency explained to her that, unfortunately, her interference was useless. The case had been fully established, and in a matter of this kind it was impossible to take the life of one criminal and spare that of another. The fact that the convict was a gentleman only aggravated his crime. The terrible words were gently if coldly spoken, and Marcella had only herself to blame for the extra suffering heaped on her by this incident.

After that she went down again into the abyss where there is no God and no hope, only the howling temptations that set upon an immortal soul given up to despair. And again Father Daly watched and waited for her return, praying for her who could not pray for herself, and at last he was rewarded by seeing her rise once more into the light of heaven and look at him with sane and seeing eyes.

Then, with an astonishing rally of her powers, she would behave herself during her visit to Bryan with a courage which amazed both the priest and the condemned man. And so the fearful hours went past, like a slow life-time or torture, and the day for the final separation began to draw near.

As for Kilmartin himself, he was, as Father Daly had said, brave as a lion, looking his terrible and disgraceful end in the face with the calmness of a true soldier who is losing his life in the thick of the fight. Somebody must die when there is a cause to be won, and it is not always where glory has been earned that it is given. A scaffold will do as well as a battlefield for the passing of a martyr. He had made mistakes in his time, and let this expire with him, seeing that death was not the wages of mistake, nor of any wrong doing, but had followed directly in the wake of his daring resolution to do right.

His deepest trouble was for Marcella. God had comforted his mother with a merciful oblivion, and she would, perhaps, never, while she lived, know of the fate of her son. But it was for the young and passionate soul, strong to suffer, and valiant in its desire to fight its fight with him to the end, for whom there was no oblivion, nothing but wakeful wide-eyed anguish in store, that the heart of his manhood was wrung almost to the destruction of his courage.

The sight of her bleached mouth, and eyes withering away in her head with sorrow, was more than he could bear. He wished that Father Daly would take her at once to some other country where she might remain till after the end—where she could not realize the last scenes because of distance, and of unusual surroundings.

Father Daly shook his head when the suggestion was made to him.

"You do not know her yet," he said. "Where she is she will stay—that is, if her body and soul keep long enough together. I'm not at all sure, however, that she will not be in heaven before you—will not be the first to welcome you when you get there."

It wanted now but two days of the end, and Marcella was on her knees, at Father Daly's knee pouring out her heart to him as a child to its mother.

"I have given it all up, Father, and I will not struggle with God any more. I will not make things any harder for him. I will smile at him in the last moment if I will only listen to what I am going to say to you. And if it seems to you very strange and impossible, you will forgive me, for perhaps I am a little mad—a horror like this might make any one mad, Father Daly; only I will try to keep my wits till all is over. I could not live through my life afterwards if I thought I had missed a word or a look of his that I might have had with me to keep—"

Father Daly put his hand on her bent head, and prayed over her silently, as her voice stopped and her whole frame quivered and rocked with anguish.

"I am not crying," she said, presently, having mastered her agony for another effort to speak. "For I promised to look cheerful the next time I see him. I promised to smile at him now every time until the last, and I must not have my eyes all black and red with weeping when I go to him. What I want to say to you is this, it is always coming to me that if—I may not after all be able to die, as I hope and pray I may, to-morrow, or next week; I may even have to live years—and if I had his name for my own to go through the world with—I could be braver. I could claim him as my own in heaven—"

"My dear, there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage there."

"I know that Father Daly, but I would like that the very angels should know that he belonged to me."

"My child, do you mean that you would marry him now?"

"Oh, Father Daly, if it might be! If you would join our hands and give us your blessing so that I might carry the name they have blasted through life, and might care for his mother and his people, who would then be mine."

Father Daly was startled and shocked. A marriage in a convict's prison on the very verge of the grave, seemed to him too awful to be thought of, and yet to this ghost-like girl with her hollow eyes and pleading wail it seemed the only one thing in the universe to give her a little comfort, a little courage, to endure what was to come.

To bear his name in the face of the world that had condemned him, to be able to speak of him here below as her own, and to claim him among the angels above, to have a right to take a daughter's place beside his afflicted mother and the place of a mother to the people whom he had loved and was leaving forlorn, those were the only boons that were within the limits of possibility for her. How could any one refuse to think the matter out for her?

He raised her from her knees and told her to take a little rest—idle words, as he knew well speaking them—and he would reflect on what she had said and consider whether anything could be done.

When the piteous appeal was conveyed by the priest to the condemned man in his cell, Kilmartin's courage broke down for the first time, and those strange, rare things, the tears of a brave man, dropped on Father Daly's hands which had closed upon his own.

"I am not worthy of such love," he said. "If I might have lived I would have tried to be worthy of it. But how can I be so cruel as to allow her to destroy herself? She is young enough to make new ties. She will not forget, but her sorrow will wear itself out in time and a happy fate may still be in store for her. As things stand now, her connection with me will soon be forgiven and forgotten; but marked out by my name—"

"I thought like you at first," said Father Daly, "but I have changed my mind. That creature has no future before her except what is bound up with you. You have brought her, my poor lad, under God's providence, a great deal of sorrow; give her the only scrap of comfort it is in your power to bestow on her. A heart like hers is beyond all our measurements. Only the God that made it knows what can satisfy it, or give it rest."

And so it was arranged, and in the felon's cell, with Bridget and the warden for witnesses, Father Daly made Marcella and Kilmartin man and wife.

"Till death do us part." Very awful did those impressive words of the service sound when only twenty-four hours lay between the moment of speaking and the coming of the destroyer whose right to part bridegroom and bride no one dared question. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Yet these two were to be sundered by man, and how soon?

That night, after the last stroke of the clock ending the prison visiting hours had driven her away from her husband, Marcella Kilmartin was alone in her darkened and melancholy house, prostrate on the floor, struggling to pray, imploring to be allowed to keep her senses to the last, and not through madness or sickness to desert her post while his eyes could look on her and draw comfort from her smile. The hand on which he had placed the wedding ring, with the old pearl ring which he had given her on that fatal night in the Liberties set above it as guard, was thrust into her breast and clenched there as she called on God who had made her to help her in the suffering of this hour. Through the whirlwind of her agony a faint and spectral joy hovered near her heart at the touch of that ring which was like a living tie holding her to him now, and drawing her towards him hereafter.

No matter how long she might have to live here without him, or how withered and wrinkled she might have become before the years released her to him, he would know her looking down out of heaven by the gleaming of that ring. No matter how far she might have to wander when released, seeking for him through the boundless regions of the other world, she would, having all eternity to search for him, be able to make herself known at last through the shining of that mystic circlet. It was not gold, which neither crumbles like flesh, nor rusts like steel, a sort of immortality among mouldering things, and would not the gleam of this cling to her, even there, somehow?

She started, alarmed at her wandering fancies, suspicious and watchful of her own sanity. Madness was waiting

like a wolf to devour her, she thought, to snatch her from his sight even before death's black curtain could descend to hide her from him. To keep that wolf at bay she claimed sanctuary within the fiery circle of the Redeemer's ever burning love on the Cross. By fire only could she be saved from the monster. She must hold herself sane and sound for a few hours longer, so that in the last moment she might be all present, body and soul, brains and heart, to stand with him on the verge, and send her spirit forward with him.

And here the ghastly reality of common facts loomed black and hideous from behind their spiritual veils, and the form and shape of what she was soon to see in its enormity of horror and iniquity filled all her consciousness and stared straight in the eyes of her despair.

A sudden cry arose in the street outside, and the wan creature, swaying in the darkness like an already broken reed lashed by storm, caught the sound with her feeble ear, held her breath involuntarily to listen, and then pressed her hands to her head that she might not take in the sound of which she guessed the meaning.

It was the last call of the newspaper sellers for that night, trying to earn the price of bed and supper out of the morbid curiosity of individuals eager to know the final arrangements for the event of the morrow morning at Kilmartin.

Then Marcella's weak body was seized with a long fit of shuddering, like the convulsion which sometimes comes before death; but which in this case was only the outward sign of the utmost torture which human nature can suffer through, and yet live.

When it became known that day in Dublin that the heiress of Distressa had married the convict Kilmartin in prison, and on the very eve of the last scene of his tragedy, a curious thrill ran throughout all circles, and for the moment public feeling pierced that dead wall of separation which rises up at once between the criminal condemned to death and the outer living world to which he belongs no more, and pitied the two suffering creatures who had joined hands undauntedly under the very eye of the King of Terrors.

This romantic incident, as it was called by the world, roused again the wavering belief in Kilmartin's innocence which had long dragged out a kind of cowardly existence in some minds, and disposed them to question the conclusions of the jury who had decided on the guilt of the condemned. It was remarked that the girl who had wedded him on the very step of the scaffold must at least be thoroughly convinced of his innocence. For of course this strange act must have been done of her own wish. Nothing could be gained to Kilmartin by a marriage with her now.

But in opposition to the few persons who are powerfully attracted by the out-of-the-way and romantic incidents of real life, there are always larger numbers who feel an unconquerable repulsion towards all erratic departures from the well-beaten paths of conventional behavior. There were not wanting many people who held that Marcella had played a forward and unseemly part all through this business, and that her thrusting herself into notice again at so ghastly a moment, a moment which all right-minded people would be glad to forget, showed her singularly wanting in decency, not to say *sa voir faire*. She ought, once the convict's cell had closed on her miserable lover, to have disappeared from public view and hidden her head in a kindly obscurity. In that case human sympathy might have sought for her and found her, after the memory of painful events in her life had a little passed away. But now she had finally made a fiasco of her future. Nobody would marry the widow of a murderer, or care to be associated in any way with a woman who had deliberately assumed an accursed name.

It was thus that the strange wedding of the morning had brought forcibly to minds that wanted to forget it, the date of the death of the convict Kilmartin, and on that night when Marcella closed her ears to the cries of the newspaper-boys and writhed alone in her despair, the subject of the event of the next morning was discussed by many lips. A ball was going forward at the opposite side of the square, and in the pauses of the waltz the startling romance was mentioned, and then forgotten again, as the music stilled tongues and stirred feet, a music which, wafted through open windows over the trees in the square, crossed Marcella's agonized consciousness with an occasional breeze of sweet sounds, echoes from the Patrick's hall, as it seemed, where Kilmartin had smiled delightedly at her without recognizing her, where she had first learned his name, and been permitted to stand beside him on an equality of position.

With those gales of melody came before her eyes the glowing of flowers, and to her nostrils the odorous breath of them on the air, and her hero's grave yet smiling face once more ascended out of the crowd on the staircase, and bent towards her with an expression of warm pleasure and startled interest.

If anything can add one more touch to the hideousness of hopeless calamity it is the flashing remembrance of former unexpected joy with its deceitful surprises and unasked for promises. A new blast from the fiery furnace scorched this creature's soul as the music swept through her, and made as if to thrust her out into the howling wilderness of insanity from which with

open-eyed resolution she was struggling to withhold herself.

A couple of waltzers stepped out on the balcony in front of the festive house. Miss Eyre, the soft-eyed girl who had sympathized with the sufferer in the Kilmartin affair from the first, and Mr. Shine, the young barrister, who, being one of the counsel for the prosecution, had fallen in love with his present companion because she had instinctively taken the side of the defence.

"I will not dance any more," said the girl, petulantly; "I cannot get it out of my head. No one ought to have given a ball to-night. I hate myself for being here. Oh, heavens, here are the newspaper men coming screaming round the square. Think of that poor creature listening to them over there across the trees!"

"By Jove, I believe they are calling something new," exclaimed Mr. Shine, suddenly interrupting himself in his task of consoling his gentle partner with such philosophic platitude as a good-hearted man could bring to mind on such an occasion. "Just wait here quietly for a few moments while I go and find out what they are making such a row about. If it is one of their usual falsehoods, I will have them up in court for it."

He returned presently, and took possession again of his seat in the balcony.

"They have been telling the truth for once," he said. "Kilmartin is reprieved. Don't look so white, or I shall have to leave you again to fetch you some water, or wine."

"Don't, please, don't. Tell me the particulars."

"I don't know that it's much to be rejoiced over, even by those most concerned. The sentence is commuted to penal servitude for life."

"But the reason?"

"It seems that one of the informers died suddenly this afternoon, and made some kind of wild statement before he expired. No depositions were taken, as there was not time, but two or three witnesses have sworn that he exclaimed urgently that Kilmartin was innocent."

"But in that case ought not Kilmartin to be set free altogether?"

"There is the other informer, who had the longest and strongest tale to tell, and there is the powerful corroborative evidence. I don't believe myself that Kilmartin did it, but, all things considered, he was bound to be condemned. I am surprised that even this occurrence has made any difference at headquarters. It is out of the usual course of procedure under the present stern regime."

At the same moment Father Daly was knocking at the door of Marcella's gloomy mansion. He had left her for only a short time, with the promise to return at midnight and watch with her for a few hours, waiting for the moment when they two might again be admitted to the prisoner's cell, not to leave him again until after the final parting. The old man trembled with agitation as he waited impatiently for the opening of the door, and his face was wet with tears of which he was perhaps unconscious, or forgot to dry away.

Marcella, hearing the knock, which was to her ear the tolling of a knell, or the sound of stones falling on a coffin, gathered up her shuddering limbs from the floor where she lay and made her way down the staircase to meet this faithful friend of her tribulation. At the foot of the last flight he was waiting for her, hearing her coming.

"My dear," he said, "where are you? I have turned almost blind. Give me your hand. Are you able to bear a little lightening of your cross, Marcella? Hush, child, there is a change for us. He does not die. There is a reprieve—"

At the first hint of what was coming the shattered creature staring at him with dry fixed eyes fell forward into his fatherly arms; at the last words she slipped from them again without a sound and lay as if stone dead across his feet.

TO BE CONTINUED.

If men made Me any return, what I have done for them would seem but little to My Heart; but they have only goodness for Me.—Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

A Legend of Modern Rome.

If Dame Rumor may be credited a somewhat pleasing legend marks the selection of the new Delegate Apostolic. She relates that as his wont, if victim to sleeplessness, the Holy Father, unable to woo slumber, was one night busied in thought with the choice of the second American Delegate, telling off on his fingers the various possible candidates, and weighing their respective merits and fitness. As the name of Father Martinielli presented itself the Pope mused: "He is a religious, prudent, learned, speaks English fluently, has some acquaintance already with the United States, a good theologian and canonist; that is the man for the place"; and when the Cardinal Secretary of State came the next day for his usual business audience he was informed that the selection as future Apostolic Delegate had been arrived at, and was bidden to summon the General of the Hermits of St. Augustine and acquaint him with his destined office.

The humble religious vainly pleaded his duties to his order, his want of experience of diplomatic life, his incapacity, etc.; the Pope waived aside all objections and desired Father Martinielli, as an obedient son of the Church, to bow to the will of the Vicar of Christ.

POOR DIGESTION leads to nervousness chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ANTI-CATHOLIC DYING OUT

There are many reasons why bigotry should be less general in the future than it was in the past century—the spread of the decay of the religion; the growth of difference; the greater social relations, etc. Ignorance of the Catholic Church may be less crass but prejudice and distrust are as strong as ever.

The editor of a wide paper published a reply to his readers to whom he offered no other reason "he was disposed to speak of the Sisters of Mercy and other Catholics." And we had candidate for nomination who was promptly rejected by his wife and children.

Discrimination of this sort everywhere. It is enough for any office to be met with almost certain popular prejudice has no part in it. Pretensions to vain, for the most part, rife as ever; and religion is not softened, thought is not opened. Catholics are regarded with distrust, if five hatred.

Many persons imagine of the Protestant tradition toward Catholics, especially as its greatest hindrance to this is a delusion. This may easily be shown by a subscription list for the old cathedral in Boston the illustrious John successor of the incumbent in the President United States. And that there were Protestants who did not privilege to make liberal for the same purpose great and good Chaves the dignity of Prince was in reserve, was a native land, more the Protestants publicly against his translation took his departure from had been blessed by his many years, three hundred escorted him several miles to New York, where he again, when Bishop borne to rest after a works, the bell of a Pr joined with that of the giving expression to sorrow.

That was long ago, feasts of kindly astonish the natives spite of all the pretensions that are made. Prejudice, and it is useless devotedness of our clerical lives of our religion in a thousand way of suffering human gushed public services, the virtues of the folk of life, have not miration and love of body. To most Protestants is essentially evil. It is a virtuous of the not in consequence of in spite of it. It is as is said that prejudice is so widespread in a corner at the close of the nineteenth century.

There must be a reason it is well to know who are man calling them, and ministers of the whose chief object in life is to promote strife, to spread hatred and distrust of its nature has never been against Catholics in States that was not or promoted by the Protestants. They are chiefly responsible for the injustice that is done for the suspicion of the Church is regarded masses of the American are aware that those who are in a position effects have poor political movement; and that assured times without anti-Catholic sentiment in this great land of sense! The late French declared that the A. in his State announced cution; and the method have been quite as scrupulous in many of

It is a serious charge the Protestant clergy stantly bearing false their Catholic neighbors the abettors of every crusade. However, ing this. The reader of the Catholic Magazine two or three the Rev. Washington which he accuses the of his conferees of the attention that Catholics dangerous class, and tion to whom is to be extermination or the Roman Catholic Church are therefore inclining any means to that effect. There are not a few men—honest, God-fearing, and who often take the Church when they maligned; but these are the "great majority truth to tell, are