

THE PEOPLE WHO "WON'T GO BACK TO THE RELIGION OF THEIR FATHER'S MOTHER."

Lake Shore Visitor. Would to God we had more intelligent Catholics! A great part of our Catholics are ignorant, unenlightened Catholics; indeed, be so comfort, classes alluded to would get angry, and that the patient will soon apply the remedies necessary to ensure complete cure.

AN INTELLIGENT CATHOLIC IS ONE WHO KNOWS HIS HOLY RELIGION, its importance and its necessity; and who loves it; and loving it, practices it, and if he has children will do all in his power to have them thoroughly instructed in it, and thoroughly imbued with its spirit and practice.

It is not the great reason why a number are Catholics on a footing of paganism, because father and mother were Catholics? And they think they are a great deal when cold and careless, they usually are, they make what in their own eyes is a grand magnificent declaration, "I will never say a word against the religion of my father and mother." Such are Catholics, not because the Catholic religion is the religion of God, but because it happened to be the religion of their father and mother.

Another class, who are always opposed to the Catholic school, is the class who have been educated at a Protestant school. This is a class that should be educated at a Catholic school, and it is a class that should be educated at a Catholic school.

THE OLD AND THE NEW CROSS. The father of a family cared for and supported in his house for many years a member of the family, who had been, from early youth, almost an idiot, so much so that he had to be fed and nursed like a little child.

A Lady's Secret. "I'd give a good deal if I had such a pure, healthy skin as you have," said a lady to a friend. "Just look at mine, all spots and blotches, and rough as a grater. Tell me the secret of your success in always looking so well."

Five Years of Torture. Mrs. U. Aston, of Bracebridge, writes to say that Burdock Blood Bitters cured her of her headaches, from which she had suffered for five years, all other means having failed.

THE REVIVAL OF ROMANISM. Under this heading the Evangelical periodicals and preachers are regularly informing their circle of hearers of the Church's return to power and popularity in all parts of the world.

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Under this heading the Evangelical periodicals and preachers are regularly informing their circle of hearers of the Church's return to power and popularity in all parts of the world. It is now an accepted fact with them that she has come to stay among English speaking people.

When the leaders of heresy found that the Church was not to be destroyed, they saw themselves, as they were, false prophets. They had staked their reputation and success on the destruction of Rome, and lost both.

Now, to quote the disappointed and frightened leaders of heresy, she is revived, and stands largely in the world's eye as the same old spiritual tyranny; "the Christian Advocate, that she has ever been. She has not abated one jot of her old pretensions, insists on her spiritual superiority, controls the Bible and upholds the councils, and grasps with firm grip the keys of the kingdom of heaven.

The revival of Romanism occurs at an unfortunate period; for heresy is stuck in the mud, socialism is a failure, and all tyrannies are going to pieces on the rocks of liberty. There do not seem to be any rocks fitted to break up the spiritual tyranny of Rome.—Catholic Review.

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feel himself to have been a coward in deliberately shutting his eyes to the truth which had convinced Carruthers, and might have convinced him. God knew his life had not been a happy one, and already the punishment of his cowardice and falseness had come upon him.

His marriage had turned out badly; his wife had left him years before her death. His children were scattered. Some were dead, others were careless and ungrateful, and now in his middle age he was a lonely man, whose very wealth, the wealth for which he toiled and struggled, was poisoned to him by the knowledge that those into whose hands it must eventually come would unworthily dissipate and squander it.

Long, long, afterwards, people said that Father Oswald had never preached as he preached on that particular evening. Yet it was a simple sermon on the grace of God, and the wonderful tenderness of Our Lord in waiting for, and even going in search of sinners. He was no great orator; nor did he ever preach very frightening and terrifying discourses; but he was always so very much in earnest, and so anxious to win and persuade, that his listeners felt it to be a personal matter to him to do them good, and could seldom resist him.

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted Beryngton, testily, "on these matters I can allow no interference. My agent, in whom I have perfect confidence, and whose business it is to know the property thoroughly, would have informed me if there had been any necessity to make exceptions to the general rule of the estate in this matter. But really all this is scarcely to the point."

God knows the rest, and the wonderful story of the graces that flooded that death-bed. The poor dying man, just baptized, just absolved, and just—on the very threshold of eternity—received into the Church, which had just so mercifully opened her portals for him, and in which he had so long and secretly believed, though he had lacked the courage of his convictions, marvelled at the mercy which had overtaken him, and wonderfully asked Father Oswald how he deserved it.

Not Based on Christian Principles.

We have spoken briefly of the state of misery, want and degradation in which vast multitudes of our poor are living, in order to point out to you that this is the outcome of modern civilization, a civilization which is based on so-called political economy, and no longer upon Christian principles.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. HUNDREDS OF BOTTLES PRESCRIBED. Dr. C. R. DABE, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have prescribed hundreds of bottles of it. It is of great value in all forms of nervous disease which are accompanied by loss of power."

you see. Later on, perhaps, in some people, will be prejudiced, stupid old not able to do any harm, one might think about it again. The Roman Catholic Church will not run away, you know. She will be always there waiting for one and ready to catch one in her capacious nets.

CHAPTER II. Twenty-eight years later, a mission was held in the small town of Lancashire, by the Pastoral Fathers from the Society of the Sacred Heart.

The little Catholic Church, a little way apart, down a shabby, deserted lane-way, was very silent and solitary too. There knelt there only one worshipper, the Father who was conducting the mission, and who resting himself after his own fashion in prayer after the fatigues of the day, and at the same time preparing for the evening discourse which he was to deliver within an hour.

My dear Mr. Carruthers.—Your letter received this morning was a great shock to me; but I still hope that it was written in a state of excitement which made you unaccountable for your words. It never seems to occur to you that the great, terrible change you are contemplating, can make any difference in our relations to one another.

Without any ceremony, and scarcely acknowledging the salute with which the priest greeted him, the visitor at once announced his business. "I am, Mr. Beryngton," he said, in a tone of importance, and with a pompous wave of his hand.

Mr. Beryngton bowed his head slightly and courteously. "Indeed," he said quietly, and with a rather curious glance, "Indeed! What a fearful responsibility!"

Mr. Beryngton stared, not disconcerted, but immensely surprised. "Responsibility?" he repeated—"Well of course it is a kind of responsibility, though at present my principal care connected with the place is that the responsibility should not form a complete ruin to me—in other words, that the fearful depression which is playing the mischief with all of us business men in England, should not utterly swamp the entire place, inhabitants and all."

And thus it was that still in silence, the two lapsed, and, side by side, retraced their steps along the familiar road, towards the gray old colleges, in which such a happy time had sped so quickly away. They were both Balliol men, and their rooms, close together, had admitted of real and intimate neighborliness.

CHAPTER I. It is now fully thirty years ago that, on a lovely May evening, two young men were lazily disporting themselves on the classical stream of the Isis at Oxford.

As he spoke he had struck a match, and was lighting the lamp which stood on the table ready prepared to his hand. And what charming, elegant surroundings did the light reveal! Just now, however, Carruthers' nor his friend's eyes were much concerned with the varied collections of objects of "big otry and virtue," both of their glances having simultaneously fallen on a letter, which the evening's post had brought, and which lay upon the table.

Beryngton, also, seemed to have recognized the writing, for his face changed color, too, and he watched his friend narrowly. There followed a sudden exclamation, or rather a groan, from Carruthers broke. "My God!" he cried, "what does she mean? It can't be true. I am dreaming! I am dreaming, Beryngton? Here read it. Tell me what the girl means?"

The word "gentleman" rather astonished Father Oswald, whose visitors were generally of another kind. He had, however, little time to speculate, and in a moment found himself confronted with a man between fifty and sixty, whose hair was just turning to grey, and whose figure was fast developing into corpulence.

"Well," Beryngton said after a pause, as he deliberately folded the paper and handed it back to his friend.

"Well, What?" Carruthers replied, slowly lifting his head, which he had buried in his hands. "My dear fellow, don't take on so. You are as pale as a ghost. Here, take some brandy. Dear old chap, don't faint. My goodness, if you feel like that, can't you follow her advice and give it all up. You must make a choice, it seems. Well, stick to your first choice, marry Florence, and don't let yourself be disinherited by your crusty old uncle. Probably that's where the shoe pinches. Instead of being a rich man, as your friends had a right to expect, you'll be a poor one. It makes a difference you see."

With a great effort he pulled himself together. "Thank you for your counsel, Beryngton," he said a little coldly. "No doubt you mean it kindly. I'll think over it," he added with a vague, dubious smile.

PATHS THAT CROSS.

A Beautiful Catholic Story Written by C. Martia. CHAPTER I. It is now fully thirty years ago that, on a lovely May evening, two young men were lazily disporting themselves on the classical stream of the Isis at Oxford.

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