THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The second is

Anskening

2

a bollow-murmuring stream light the dreaming Payche slept in a cave. fbe night-wind swept ut; she heard it through her dream

m the East the gray Down stepped ; note was pale, his hands were chill : oresthed a mist from hill to hill. s stirred in her dreams, but siept.

Forth on the mountain Morning sprang; Before his face the mists rolled back; Through the white daw he left his track With claug of life the woodlands rang;

And Payche stirred from dreams and sleep Past the cave's mouth, the daviden

Less real than the things she drea ned, ne lay half roused from slumbers drea.

The day had come, the night was past, She moved her hands, still moist and

Back from her check the damp hair bruabed. And on her sibow raised at last.

Within the cave still lurked the night Aufe nunds above her dazzled eyes. Quics breathing, tremulous with sarp Payone stepped forth to life and light. -KATEARINE PYLE in the American.

PATHS THAT CROSS.

A Beautiful Catholic Story Written by C. Martin.

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 I-is at Oxford. The day had been hot and bright, and the evening was so ideally beautiful that these two, though practiced and skilled oarsmen, were but little inclined for exercise, and were well content to let themselves drift at the pleasure of the tide, and to give themselves up to the indolent enjoyment of the hour. At least, so it seemed to the cursory, halt mocking, half wondere ing glances of other men who were profiting by the cool breeze to maktheir crafts spin along and to go through with their training and who marvellet at the unwonted inactivity of this particular couple. Yet a closer observation would have made them aware that, though physically idle, they were not lost in vague reveries, but were, on the contrary, both one and the other, plunged in deep and anxious thought. At last, the silence of many minutes was broken, and the fairer of the two, and it seemed, slightly the younger, Beryngton, also, seemed to have recognized the writing, for his face changed color, too, and he watched his friend narrowly. There followed a little spell of deep siler ce, which a sudden exclusion on rather a said in an emphatic voice, as though in reply to a previous question :

"No, Beryngton, it is impossible; I cannot see my way out of it. It is hard-terribleeven-God only knows how hard. But I must go through with it. It is impossible to shut sudden exclamation, or rather a groan, from Carruthers broke. "My God !" one's eyes to light."

Beryngton, a singularly handsome ing! I am dreaming, Beryngton? Here read it. Tell me what the girl dark eyed young man, shrugged his shoulders slightly. "The light! What light! There

are so many lights to choose from !' "The light of faith ! The light of Your letter received this morning

the Roman Catholic Church. can't help seeing it, feeling, and-" "And? What then?" Baryngton

inquired, as he hesitated. "And following it," said the other,

in a low voice, "at any cost." Beryngton shook his head, "My dear fellow my dear

contemplating, can make any differdear fellow, my dear Carruthence in our relations to one another. ers, it seems to me that the cost is ers, it seems to me that the cost is already counted. Your uncle is— well about as pig-heided a member of the Church of his fathers, not to say as obstinate a Briton, as exists. He will never give in." I may as well at once tell you, that

And thus it was that still in sil-And thus it was that still in sil-ence, the two latded, 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. By sheer force of habit, Beryngton followed Carruthers into his, and the young men stood for a couple of minutes in the dim light, as though

The other laughed.

gone.

to me.'

quickly !"

means ?

own and which nobody can touch. But as for the rest-all my expecta-

tions from my uncle-they are clean

eagerly seized it. "It is from Florence," he said. "I never thought I could have heard so

God !" he cried, "what does she mean? It can't be true. I am dream

Beryngton read the letter as fol-

MY DEAR MR. CARRUTHERS.

was a great shock to me; but I still

hope that it was written in a state of excitement which made you un-

never seems to occur to you the

great, the terrible change you are

accountable for your words.

emony he tore it open.

And without further cer-

ily-" He never fluished the sentence. minutes in the dim light, as though dreading and yet wishing for a fur-ther explanation, and more definite understanding. At last Beryngton said: He never huished the rentence. Carruthers had sorung to his feet and was glaring at him wildly. "Beryngton! Beryngton! leave me!" he cried. "You are a tempter, or the rentence. "You said just now Carruthers, a wicked tempter. For Heaven's sake, leave me ! Oh, my God ! I am that you had counted the cost. Do you mind telling me what the cost will be." 80 weak !"

And the poor fellow threw himself upon his knees in a kind of agony, while his friend, with a strange "You were always practical, my dear fellow. Well, as you know, I have a small independence, a very small one, which is absolutely my smile upon his lips, slipped quietly away.

CHAPTER II.

Twenty eight years later, a mis-sion was held in the small town of in Lancashire, by the Pas-

"But that is not all. What about sionist Fathers from _________, abso-is small and insignificant, nay, absoyour marriage?" Carruthers flushed up. "Oh, that is all right. 1 have written to explain al! to her. We lutely hideous, but it is closely packed with human life, and within its mean, monotonous streets, many shall have to wait, and even waiting a piteous tragedy, the outcome of will not make us rich. But nothing can change her. She will be true misery, poverty and passion, is daily perhaps hourly, enacted. It was summer now, and evening. Weary As he spoke he had struck toilers were slowly returning from their work; pallid, sickly children were playing languidly about. The match, and was lighting the lamp which stood on the table ready prepared to his hand. And what charmwomen were, for the most part, gathered around their doors, for the ing, elegant surroundings did the light reveal! Just now, however, sual after tea gossip; but the torrid Carruthers' nor his friend's eye

sultriness of the atmosphere subdued 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 even-ing's not had howedth and big even their shrill tongues and an unwonted stillness seemed to fill the entire town. The little Catholic Church, a little way apart, down a shabby, deserted lane-way, was very silent and soliing's post had brought, and which lay upon the table. At the sight of it, Carruthers flushed vividly, and

tary too. There knelt there only one worshipper, the Father who was conducting the mission, and who resting bimself 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. He was a tall, spare man, with a gentle, worn, sensitive face, which had once been handsome. Now, no one would ever have thought of calling it handsome, though it expressed something far better and higher than beauty-the tenderest and widest sympathy with everything that was sad and suffer-ing on earth. And heaven knows that Father Oswald had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the darker, and less attrac-

tive phases of human life. For years he had labored amongst the poor and miserable, sharing all their burdens, helping, so far as in him lay, to lighten their sorrow. Amongst them, he was known as the Apostle of the poor, and to those who sought bim in their trouble, he had never been known to turn a deaf ear, or not to have attempted, at least, to help them.

Some one stole presently into the church with a message that he was wanted, and with the obedience of a no; it is quite impossible, and I may

you see. Later on, perhaps, in some years, when prejudiced, stupid old people will be in their graves, and 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. Now can't you follow my expay the least attention to these documents teel himselt to have been a coward in ments, and, you'll not mind my giv-ing you a hint, you know, I'd advise you for the future, whenever your avocation—duty perhaps, ahem !-brings you again to this neighbordeliberately 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 punish-ment of his cowardice and falseness hood, to refuse to have anything to nood, to refuse to have anything to say to signing such documents; in other words, I'd request you to leave me to manage my own affairs after my own fashion." ment of his cowardice and falseness had come upon him. His marriage had turned out badly; his wife had left him years nets. Now can't you follow my ex-ample and take things a little eas-

Father Oswald's pale face flashed slightly during this sneech, and for an instant he looked disposed to be angry. But by the time Mr. Beryng-ton had concluded it, he had quite

ton had concluded it, is a struggled, was put those into whose is the knowledge that those is the knowledge that the knowledge that those is the knowledge that those is the knowledge that is the knowledge that the knowledge tha and distress. I have spared no trouble in inquiring into all the particulars, and believed you would

glad to be made acquainted with them." "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," he went on with another wave of his hand. "What I am anxious to impress upon you is, that I never allow

strangers to interfere." "Beryngton !" exclaimed Father Oswald suddenly, "Beryngton, is it really you? And is it possible that you don't recognize me?' The other man started aghast.

"Recognize you? Certainly I do not," he replied in a chilly voice. You are laboring under an extraordinary mistake, sir. I have not the honor of counting many Roman And for hours he never left Catholics amongst my acquaintances, and certainly not a single priest of that persuasion. Father Oswald was looking at him

curiously.

"And yet," he began. But he suddenly changed his mind. "Ah well," he said, with a slight shrug of his shoulders and a half smile, be it. Let bye gones be bye gones. I am quite content that it shall be "80 so; well, sir, to return to business about these poor people. Ab, how unfortunate. There is the church bell ringing for the evening sermon which I must preach. Perhaps when it is over, or to-morrow morning, you can kindly give me a few minutes, and I don't despair even still of persuading you that this is really an exceptional case and-"

Mr. Beryngton was already at the door of the shabby little room, and looking immensely relieved.

"This evening I have an engage-ment, a dinner at Baddersley Park," he exclaimed pompously, "and cannot possibly see you; and to-morrow, oh, to morrow morning, I shall have my hands quite full till twelve JULY 3, 1806

"REVIVAL OF ROMANISM."

Under this heading the Evangelical per-iodicals and preachers are regularly in-forming their circle of hearers of the Church's return to power and popularity in all parts of the world. It is now an

in all parts of the world. It is now an accepted fact with them that she has come to stay among Eoglish speaking peoples. The wonder is, and it grows with time, that she comes into the liberty loving Pro-testant-humbugged nations with the same pretensions of authority so proudly dis-played in the Middle Ages. Evangelicules are puzzled and humilia-ted over her reappearance. The revolt of Luther has, then, been of so little account ! The spiritual tyranny, as the Christian Ad. 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 Luther has, then, been of so little account ! The spiritual tyranny, as the Christian Ad-wocate loves to call her, has had a good deal in her to revive when, after years of abase-ment and suffering, she can appear in the camp of her enemies more splendidly arrayed and more vigorous than they. And it proves one thing with striking force, that Protestantism has failed in its invation. It areas to destroy Romanam

And it proves one thing with striking force, that Protestantism has failed in its invasion. It aroses to destroy Romanism, and Romanism has prevailed. All men remember the bottle cries of the first three centuries of the great hereay; the aims and hopes expressed in them, that Rome and its faith should be destroyed as an abomination before God. The orimes and treacheries practised against it in European countries sear the page of his-tory. The reputation of Protestantism could only be made by pointing to its utter destruction as a proof of its iniquities. But neither the Papacy nor the Caurch was destroyed, and lost accidental glories to gain others which heresy shall never take from them. The epithers Romish, Popiah, Papist, Romanist and the rest, invented in hateful scorn, have never become good English. The ideas which they represen-ted being false, have been destroyed by truth.

truth. When the leaders of beresy found that the Courch was not to be destroyed, they saw themselves, as they were, false pro-phets. They had staked their reputation and success on the destruction of Rome, and lost both. So the tactics of Protest-ant theologians had to be changed. They admitted the Romans into the Christian communion : they believed the Caristian admitted the Romans into the Christian communion; they believed that Catholics could be saved; they thought that "Po-pery" had a little of the truth. They were willing, if Rome give up the Council of Trent and its presumption of spiritual supremacy, to receive its bishops and doc-trines with equal favor. And Rome would not, but continued obstinately to revive.

form of his old friend, Beryngton. And for hours he never left him, while doctors, hastily summoned from all sides, shook their heads sol-emnly, and declared it unlikely (so terribly severe was the scizure) that he would ever, even momentarily, recover consciousness. Father Oswald, however, knew better, and knew that God was good, and that he had not been brought across his old friend of former days—the friend, too, who had injured and denied him --for nothing. And so he prayed and waited, and was not disappointed; for, jast twenty-four hours later, when the sun was setting, Beryng-ton opened his dazed eyes, and re-cognized him. "Carruthers! Dear Carruthers!"

"Carruthers! Dear Carruthers!" he whispered, in oh! such a faint, far-off voice, that it seemed already to come from beyond the grave. It was not, however, too far away for Father O-swald to hear it, and to hear the echo of sorrow and remorse which accompanied it. God knows the rest, and the won-derful 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 in the misfortnes and shocks of heresy, it is only to put out her best energies on the destruction of heresy. Recall how Arian-is on disappeared before her, and several other isms. Heresy dies wherever Rome lives. It is a sad consideration for Dr. Backley and his friends that Protestantism has ex-hausted all its varieties of energy. It has had the making of modern English and American civilization. That is very much. The laws, the language, the literature of English-speaking people are in its posses-sion three centuries. Yet nothing has been done, no effectual barrier has been put up to keep out the tyranny of Rome. absolved, and just—on the very threshold of eternity—received into the Church, which had just so mer-banished from our shores, but the keeper

POOR CATHOLICS.

THE PEOPLE WHO "WON'T GO BAC THE RELIGION OF THEIR FATHER MOTHER.

JULY 3, 1886

Lake Shore Visitor. Lake Shore Visitor. Would to God we had more intel Catholics 1 A great part, we might ture to say the greater part, of our C lics are ignorant, unenlightened Cath It would, indeed, be some comfort, classes alloded to would get argry rise in their anger to resent this state and as cheering as it is for the doct hear the drowned man groan, or to the frost-bitten, after severe chaffing, plain of pain in the effected part would be a sign that all life is not and that the patient will soon arise and that the patient will soon arise apply the remedies necessary to ens

complete cure. AN INTELLIGENT CATHOLIC IS ONE

AN INTELLIGENT CATHOLIC IS ONE KNOWS HIS HOLY RELIGION, its importance and its necessity; and k ing, loves it; and loving it, practic and, if he have children will do all if power to have them thoroughly instr in it, and thoroughly imbud wit spirit aud practice. Whatever knowledge he may have, let him be greatest astronomer, chemist, geologi mathematician, or let him be emi-among the learned professions, or smart business man; keen at driving bargaine, and unsking a comfortable respectable living, it is a'l foreign to subject. He may be each and all of and yot be far from being an intelli-Catholic. How many of them can and give good solid reasons why they Catholics i

Ls not the great reason why a number are Catholics on a footing the reason given by pagans for h pagene, because father and mother -Catholics? And they think they are d. a great deal when cold and careless they usually are a great deal when cold and careless they usually are, they make what in i own eyes is a grand magnanimous dec tion, "I will never say a word again go back on the religion of my father mother." Such are Catholics, not bec the Catholic religion is the religion God, but because it happened to be religion of their father and mother. T ideas of the origin and authority of r ion mounts no higher than the authoo their early being. Had these same pe been born of Orangemen, of Method Presbyterians, or Episcopalians, would have considered it their bour duty to be the strictest and most u would have considered it their bounduty to be the strietest and most un Orangemen, Methodist, et id omme ge And in fact, they may at times, and i often enough, when in company, withere is no fear of courdication or c ciam, be heard saying, "they believe people being true to the religion in with they were born." And these are people, many of whem cannot even to or write, who will with the greatest as proper many of which cannot even i or write, who will with the greatest as ance (cheek) stand up as judges and c demn the decision of the Bishops, wi the Holy Ghost has appointed to rule Church of God, when these decisions commands are not in harmony with t exalted notions.

commands are not in harmony with th exalted notions. Another class, who are always opporto to the Catholic school, is the class wh the Catholic school, is the class wh the Catholic Review, that excellent exp ent of Catholic thought so handsom touches up in a late number under heading of "An Obvious Evil." It is class that may be looked upon as cur with wealth and influence; for indeed th is a good deal of reason for applying is a good deal of reason for applying them the fearful sentence of our Lo

them the fearful sentence of our Lo "Amen, amen, I say to you, they he received their reward." They are a c not to be counted among the work: earnest Catholics. They are a miserable, dawdling of half Catholic, half Protestant, and who worldly. They are the class whom James, the Jasias of the New Testam fittingly calls adulterers, because the hearts are prostituted to the world, tells them strongly ; Adulterers, know not that the friendship of this world inimical to God. Whoever, therefor tells them strongly ; Adulterers, know not that the friendship of this world inimical to God. Whoever, theref will be a friend of this world becometh enemy of God. This class are too high up, indeed ti seem to think themselves above the la of the Church, to mingle with their p neighbors, or to allow their children to associated with honest, respectable, pp but, oh, that banning curse, poor Cath children in Catholic schools or sodalit And these And these GLORY IN THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR GLORY IN THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR CHILDREN WITH PROTESTANTS, as the Calholic Review remarks, it is source of regret to them, that the min-ter cannot be called in to assist the pri-They will be friends and patrons of Sisters as far as sending occasional do tions to asylums and hospitals under th charge, because it is fashionable, beca-their lords and great types of proper ing, respectable Protestants and infid do so; but, to send their children to Catholic parochial school under their to ic parochial school under their c Catholic parcental school under neir of -Oh, dear no ! that would be asking of tirely too much of persons in state. Th will send their children to convents a academies—oh, because fashionable P academies—oh, because fashionable Pri testants do so. They are rich, they can dress th children in silk and satin every day in i week as well as Sundays, though i money may have been made by the m money may have been made by the m disreputable ways, by whisky selling, a so they must send their children w those who do and can dress well, and they must send their children to the p lio school. Now there are many of bu of these classes, who would not est meat Friday, and yet by their constant diso discuss the laws of the Church in series. Friday, and yet by their constant used. dience to the laws of the Church in rega to Catholic education and to the support Catholic schools, are far more guilty fore God and before his Church, than they ate meat every Friday of the ye Good Friday and all the fast days includ because the effects of their disobedier are more disastrous and more lasting, a because they disobey not only a comma of the Church, but a command of G himself. Such are the people who a the great opponents of Catholic school the great opponents of Catholic school They do not see the necessity of the and if they are established, they, we neither support them nor send their of dren to them. They do not hesitate belittle them on every occasion after the have carefully closed their purse again giving anything to enable, them to better, and after having kept their childs away from them, if they have any, it they even resort to megnifying even little defect even when unavoidable, a

fully trusting a single creature. Long, long, afterwards, people said that Father Oswald had never preached as he preached on that par-ticular 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 orato", nor did he ever preach very fright ming

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. To-night, however, his discourse was unexpect-edly interrupted. In the midst of it, a man fell to the ground in some sort of a fit, spreading consternation amongst the congregation, and compelling the preacher to pause. In a tew minutes the sufferer had been rapidly carried into the chapel-house, close at hand, and Father Oswald, who hastened to his aid, found himself standing over the unconscious form of his old friend, Beryngton.

"I know that. I hope I have faced it. But what can I do? For all the gold in the mines of Golconda a man can't deliberately risk the loss of his sou!. I have come to the spot where the two roads part, and I must choose either."

"Then choose the safe one, the old, familiar beaten track," broke in Beryngton engerly. "Atter all, one can't be certain, absolutely certain, as one is about a mathematical defin ition. To change one's religion is always a plunge in the dark, a wandering forth into the howling wilderness. Hang it all! It is too hard. Can't you follow the old French ence." lady's example, and 'pour plus de surete, faire votre Pardis dans ce Who knows? Perhaps monde you'll find it turn out just as well in

"Perhaps. Yes, that is just it. But how can a sane man run the risk? No, Beryngton. I feel that I am in for it !

His companion made no reply, and as if by a tacit mutual understanding, the two young men seized their oars, and pulled steadily and silently against the stream, down which they had been so easily gliding, and had, in a few minutes, reached the landing place. They were dear friends, and had been close companions, yet now both were aware that a yawning gulf had opened between them, and they each stood apart, powerless to reach or help the other. They had both passed through the same phases, been touched by the same inyou see.

fluences, been impressed by the same causes, and had been confronted with the same i-sues; yet one had the courage of his convictions, while the other feared to face them. One was powerless to resist the overwhelming flood of grace, while the other. seeing perhaps as clearly, was yet a coward at heart, and unable to make the sacrifice which these convictions demanded, felt his friend's example to be an eloquent, though silent reproach.

thinking of making such a change. You talk of conscience. Surely your conscience ought to tell you that him, your first duty is to the girl who had promised to be your wife, but who The word "gentleman" considers herself completely released from that promise, if you persist in doing a thing that will incense not only all your own relatives but hers also. Dear Reginald, I entreat you

tween fifty and sixty, whose hair was to listen to reason, to honor, to your just turning to grey, and whose fig-ure was fast developing into corpufriends. Give up this mad scheme. Put it entirely out of your head, and lenev. promise me never to think of it Without any ceremony, scarcely acknowledging the s again. On that condition, and on

that alone, can I remain your Florwith which the priest greeted him, the visitor at once announced his "Well," Beryngton said after a business : "I am, 'Mr. Beryngton,' " he said.

pause, as he deliberately folded the paper and handed it back to his friend. "Well. What?" Carruthers re-

plied, slowly lifting his head, which he had buried in his hands. tioned during your visit here. As "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 fact, 1 may say, I own the entire town of -Father Oswald bowed his head

slightly and courteously. "Indeed," he said quietly, and with a rather curious glance. "In What a fearful responsibility!" a choice, it seems. Well, stick to your first choice, marry Florence, and don't let yourselt be disinherited Mr. Beryngton stared, not disconby your crusty old uncle. Probably certed, but immensely surprised. that's where the shoe pinches. In "Responsibility ?" he repeatedstead of being a rich man, as your

Well of course it is a kind of respon friends had a right to expect, you'll be a poor one. It makes a difference sibility, though at present my principal care connected with the that the responsibility should not form a complete ruin to me-in other

Carruthers winced under the taunt which a certain suspicion words, that the fearful depression made him think was not quite uninwhich is playing the mischief with tentional. all of us business men in England,

With a great effort he pulled himshould not utterly swamp the entire self togother. place, inhabitants and all. However,

'Thank you for your counsel, Beryngton," he said a lttle coldly. that is a wide question which need not be discussed here," he went on, "No doubt you mean it kindly. I'll think over it," he added with a rapidly : "The particular business in hand, on which I wished to see you vague, dubious smile. "Yes, do, my good fellow. Where

is this," producing a paper from his pocket—"a kind of petition, begging

carefully trained soldier, he rose at once and followed the messenger to I mean. Good evening, sir. We the chapel house, where, as he was understand one another perfectly, I told, a gentleman was waiting to see am sure. No doubt you are animated

by the best motives," he concluded with a patroniz ng farewell salutarather aston shed Father Oswald, whose tion, as the peculiar smile which hovered on Father Oswald's pale lips visitors were generally of another kind. He had, however, little time made him hesitate for a moment. to speculate, and in a moment found "But I assure you my advice himself confronted with a man bes best. Don't let yourself be imposed upon and taken in. Ia your position it is far better not to listen

salute

"Indeed

place

to all these begging stories. Good evening, sir; good evening." And he

was gone. But on looking at his watch, Mr. Beryngton became aware that he had still half an hour to spare before it was time to dress for the late dinner

at Baddersly Park, and in passing in a tone of importance, and with a the open door of the little church a pompous wave of his hand. "You sudden curiosity prompted him to have doubtless heard the name menenter it. It was already nearly full, and in the fading light he soon found you are perhaps aware, I am the principal landlord about here, in hind a pillar. For worlds he would not have been recognized by any of the congregation, but, above all, by the preacher, who was already step-ping into the pulpit, and whom, in spite of his vigorous denial, Mr. Beryngton knew perfectly. No! he could not mistake the voice, the gentle persuasive smile, which long ago had made him love his friend Carruthers. Ah, but how long ago ! and what memories, painful, burning memories had this chance meeting aroused ! What twinges of remorse

and shame did it not cause! Well, to be sure, it was an old, old story now : how he had married the woman who had been engaged to his triend, stepping in all too eagerly to replace the man who had sacrificed fortune, love, and every worldly prospect for conscience sake. And then he had grown careless of his friend, dropped him, lost sight of him, and had been only too glad to hear no more about him, for the mere men-

asy, useless—any further discussion, the Church, which had just so merand in which he had so long and secretly believed, though he had lacked the courage of his convictions, marvelled at the mercy which tions, marvelled at the mercy which had overtaken him, and wonderfully Alas! even is abhorrence of celibacy has

passed peacefully away.

Not Based on Christian Principles.

We have spoken briefly of the state of misery, want and degradation in which vast nultitudes of our poor are living, in order to point out to you that this is the outcome of modern civilization, a civiliza-tion which is based on so called politica-tion which is horible, unnatural, and un-Christian. Unless that condition of society can be altered, and reformed upon Caristian principles, which since the time of the Reformation have been abandoned, it will continue to generate ever-increasing it will continue to generate ever increasing misery, to ruin the souls and bodies of whole generations, and probably will end in some fearful and ruinous revolution. The Catholic Church of Christ alone holds in their fulness and purity those principles which are the only true basis of

principles which are the only true basis of human society. She alone embodies those principles in institutions, and enforces them by laws; she alone can efficationally teach them, and it is to her only that we can look with any hope of their being again so applied in England as to be able to any if from win to save it from ruin The Christian principles of which we

speak are the Divine precepts of justice and mercy, and the Evangelical counsels of poverty and large alms giving.—Bishop Banshare

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. HUNDREDS OF BOTTLES PRESCRIBED.

Dr. C. R. DAKE, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have prescribed hundreds of bottles of it. It is of great value in all forms of ner-vous disease which are accompanied by loss of power."

Five Years of Torture. "Yes, do, my good fellow. Where is the use of knocking one's head against a stone wall? After all life is long, and one has plenty of time, is long, and one has plenty of time,

of men's souls cannot be banished by other than foul schnot be banished by other than foul means. The Advocate makes a bast in a recent number of the educated and cultivated

and pious children which Protestant minhad overtaken him, and wonderfully asked Father Oswald how he deserved it. The good priest only smiled, and prayed the more. The sound of his gentle voice was the last earthly sound which fell upon Beryngton's ear, as with a sigh he passed peacefully away.

tyrannies are going to pieces on the rocks of liberty. There do not seem to be any rocks of liberty. There do not seem to be any rocks fitted to break up the spirit-ual tyranny of Rome.—Catholic Review.

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. About half a year before his death his condition became still more grievous from the fracture of a leg. He was surrounded with loving care to the hour of his death. After the body had been put in the grave a friend of the

hour of his death. After the body had been put in the grave a friend of the family came to the head of the house and said to him : "You must feel grateful, indeed, that the Lord has at last relieved you of this great cross of your household." "Not at all," replied this excellent man, "the old cross I was well able to bear, it never weighed too heavy upon me; whether I shall be able to save the same of the new one, I know not. For no sconer whether I shall be able to say the same of the new one, I know not. For no sconer has one cross been taken away, than our Lord comes with another. That is the way in this world, and it ought not to be way in this world, and it ought not to be otherwise. It is only through the cross of this life that we except the cross of etern-ity." Surely it ought not to be hard to choose between the two.

A Lady's Secret.

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." "There is no secret about it,' was the reply, "Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cleansed my blood, and when that was done, my skin, which was worse than yours, began to look smooth and healtby, as you see it now."