A Climb To The Skies

Harvard - a piece of porcelain of finest finish bearing the well-known mark of that famous institution. He was tall, rather handsome, his features sharp enough to-be unmistakably those of the New Englander of pure race as contra-distinguished from all foreign admixtures. He was well aware of these excellent points, held ket, had ambitions of the sague sort, was true as steel to his friends and had every advantage which his present comrade pointedly lacked. He was strolling along the beach at a seaside resort within easy reach of Boshopeless disadvantage. Tom Macmillan favored the Scotch-Irish type, had a snub noso and irregular features, only redeemed from positive planness by a pair of daucing blue eyes and a smile few could resist.

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Worst of all, he was very lame, tho result of an untoward accident in his childhood; so that the strong difference between the two youth could not fail to atrike the observer. Yet Macmillan's good-humored face was full of content. He seemed to have some fund of inner peace to draw upon which never failed, so quietly did he take the many slights that fell to his lot. To do Denham justice, however, he was never disagreeable to Tom, but rather courted his society.

Just now the unlucky lamster was holding forth on the delights of mountaineering. He had recently returned from Switzerland, having this one adavantage over his friend Denham. whose foreign travel was still in pros-

"I could not climb as I should have liked, you see," he was good-humoredly explaining, "because of my unaccommodating leg; but the young Englishmen at our hotel in Chamounix did wondere! And you will, too, when your turn comes. They would mark splendid records on their alpenstocks, and come back, oh! so hungry. Nothing like Swiss air for the appetite. They simply devouted their French dishes at the table d'hote dinner. Those young giants were a terror to the waiters."

Denham's eyes shone as his friend rattled on, and he suddenly stretched his athletic frame. "Yes," he said, "I will try to show the John Bulls what we can do in their line-yes, before very long. Mountain work is scientific, though, and takes experience. That is what the English seem to have had every time."

"I was glad enough to see them come in safe, though, at night. I made what the French call an action de graces for them, in my beart." Denham looked up curiously.
"Why, Tom," he asked, after a mo-

ment's thought, "is it dangerous?" "More so than admitted. Accidents frequently pass unmentioned for fear of alarming visitors. A party got lost on Mont Blanc one day while I was ther, and the anxiety was universal. Crowds gathered in the public square gazing up at the mountain, to catch sight of them, if possible, while others peeped through a small telescope. The hotel people were uneasy, and it was a relief when we learned in the morning that the missing men had been found and brought in by a rescue party of guides setting out from the Glacier House. That is up on the snow line. They could not waste hours of precious time starting from Chamounix, in the valley. No, if a party does not return to the Mountain House by four in the afternoon, they go out after them."

"Why so?" asked the other, carelessly.

"Oh, stop and think, Denham! It is pure glacier ice. There is no camping possible near the summit. Too low a temperatue and rarified air. It is worse, even, than polar ice. Parties have no fuel and not even sleeping lags. If they fall asleep on that ice

they perish-that is all!" Denham's face fell. That vision of dead men, asleep forever on the crystal ice, awaiting eternal judgment. doomed up before him clear as light. Its terror startled him. How could From speak of it? he concluded, menally answering his own question.
Tom is a good Catholic, at peace with God, so nothing upsets him.' With a sharp effort he threw off the

paralyzing thought; as the English may, he "pulled himse ! together." "Well, Mac, I mean to practice mountaincering a little here in the States before I challenge Mont Blanc. Meantime, let us have a ride. There's a splendid casy Black at Smith's ataand I'll ride Brown Bess."

Macmilian gazed at him soberly. It was a sharp temptation. "We can ask Isabet to go, and Ag-

men," pursued Denham. "I love to see Imbel rise. She is magnificent on horseback, so stately and perfect in

Tom Macmillan still wore his serious look. He had an engagement with Pather Jones that alternoon to visit

Herbert Denham was a product of some poor people, lambs of the flock, awaiting sympathetic aid. Could he excuse himself and set this task aside? He murmured a word of prayer; then made quiet refusal of the pleasures before him. It he could not lead Denham at least Benham must not lead him-"that is," he whispered, "not into selfishness or wrong-doing."

So Denham went up alone to call on Isabel Moore, and the party was arranged. A pang of envy did assail himself high in the matrimonial mar- Macmillan in his own despite as he saw them gallop off. Being on horseback almost did away with his lameness, placing him on an athletic plane also to his Aima hister. In short, he where he could compete with othersso he loved to ride But his purse was not a horn of plenty, and Father Jones would show him bitter need of charitable gifts before their rounds were over "Denham can afford it," ton, and the young man with him, he murmured, with a sigh, "but I poor fellow, stood by contrast at a cannot. He has his uncle's checks to back him.

Another face also looked wistfully at the gay cavalcade as it flashed by. Agnes Macmillan, Tom's cousin, had not received Herbert's projected invitation. Somehow Icabel Moore had driven the notion out of his mind. The brilliant heauty had no disposition to brook a rival, so one or two of her own friends had been asked to complete the party.

The patter, which had fallen like a gray shadow over the sensitive face as Denham disappeared, told but half the story of this little St. Agnes. Despite her piety and the fact that Herbert Denham was a man who "cared for none of these things," her liking for her cousin's friend had grown into deep affection. The slight of his present newlect hurt her like a blow; yet she net ed herself to meet it, and taking her little crucifix, stole into the Lady Chapel of the neighboring cathedral. But she strove in vain to formulate a prayer. How, should she win strength to say adieu to a lost love and a lost lover?

Gradually, in the silence, that strength came. The cry of her heart became that wondrous one of St. Francis of Assissi, "Oh, my God and my All! I beseech Thee to let the most sweet and ardent force of Thy love absorb my soul from everything beneath the heavens; that I may die to the world for love of Thy love, Who for love of my love didst vouchaste to die on the wood of the Cross, my God and my Alli"

It was no mere form of words, this cry from the deep of her heart, but a renunciation of earthly love and earthly joy.

As Herbert Dneham swept along in his gay mood, proud of himself, proud of his beautiful mare, Brown Beas, and, above all, proud of the graceful rider at his side, a little quiet comment was exchanged between two quiet old gentkmen who saw him pass. One was his uncle, Philip Denham, an aged barrister, whose wealth enabled the young man to gratify every reasonable longing. To the lonely, childless man his nephew had grown very dear. He was appreciative of the yet a shade of worry now and then alloyed his satisfaction. That shade fell over him now.

"Gay lad, that!" muttered the other man, a retired stockbroker, and Isabel Moore's guardian. "My ward makes a fine show on horseback; but her fortune shrinks a little, I am sorry to say. I do my best with it, but values will depreciate. I hope she will marry soon, and marry well." This last was punctuated with a

keen glance at Uncle Philip. "Girs and boys are an anxiety." returned the other. "I am worrying about Herbert. He has spent far too much money of late."

"Yes, he is ford of wheeling, golf and polo; gaming, too, wine suppers and the like. Cut down his allowance, Philip, and do it at once. Then we shall see what stuff he is made of."

"He is ambitious enough, Ralph. if that is what you mean. He will have money and position one of these days. though on the way he will find mountains to climb. That's his notion now. - the Alps. He does not know life yet. What is that poet line, Ralph? Yee, I have it:

Across the Alpine summits of great Lieth thine Italy."

The apeaket's dreaming eyes seemed looking into a land of remembered sortows. He was a sensitive man, more like Herbert himself in many ways

than either was aware. The ride that day was so delightful that the young fellow could not resist the temptation to go again; so next morning he mounted Brown Bess for a solitary canter Tom could not go this time, cither, for he had to help balance the books at his father's store. So Herhert flew over the recky road, fancying himself on the high Alps, enjoying the birdlike swiftness of his horse and pitying poor Tom, hard at work in his father's counting-

room.

"This is almost like Swiss scenery," he murinured, as a turn in the road revealed a deep gorge with a brook at its hase. Just as he spoke some wild animal agrang out of a thicket by the roadside-it looked, he thought, like a wildcas - and startled Brown Bons. She gave one leap, then daubed like lightning around the sharp edge of the precipice, saving herself with swift animal instinct; but flinging off her rider in the swerve. He felt himself flying through space, then dashed with violence against a jagged rock. After this he lost counciousness. When he came to again be found

himself lying among the rocks with his face upturned to the sky, with the intense blue full- of sunshine bending down over him, it seemed, aithough so far away. He was in severe pain, badly injured, he knew - perhaps nigh unto douth - and that was heaven! He was alraid of both, and still more atraid of that unseen God, whose are the forces of life and death. Who opens or shuts the gates of Paradise. He thought, too, of the dead men on the glacier - he would also die like them. No one would find him in that lonely place! Then he would have to meet God! And what should he say? What could be kay? He had not loved Him, had now served Him. The blue oppressed his eyes like a pain. This everlasting face to face with flod! How could be bear it? Yet how had be borne it all his life? "It is no more now than it has always been, really," he murmured. What did God think of him? What had He been thinking of him all along?

His Harvard smartness was only another langle where should have been music. He thought of his classmates, the boys he know, recalling their laughter and light sneers at religion. He had done his share of this-shame covered him at the thought- and an awful fear. "If I only had religion." he cried, "a religion like Tom's! Any religion, no matter what kind! It would be a comfort now, something to cling to, something to rest upon in face of that awful sky" - he shuddered as he spoke. "It is awful, that bright, blue eternity!"

He tried to bide his face in contrition, but found he could not move his shoulder. No, he must go on gazing up into it, into the disilence, as hurt soi-

diers do on 'a battlefield. Harvard skepticism was a poor pillow now. 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!' he cried, helplessly. He could not pray; he did not know any prayers! Then a light came to him. "Yes," he cried, "I do! I know what they say in Tom's church. 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and in the hour of death!" Then the blue quivered before thim

and he fainted away. He recovered from this last swoon to feel a hand bathing his temples, a soft shadow had interposed between himnelf and the blue it was the form of a good Samaritan, in priestly garb, who was bending over him with most tenderness.

"My poor boy!" the stranger spoke in a voice like music, "I know you are badly hurt, but keep up your courage! I have sent for help. A man on the upper road found your horse," he explained, answering the suffeter's bewildered glance, "and then I found you Lie still" he added quickly, noting Herbert's uneasy effort to move and the pallor of pain it brought. "Poor fellowi lie still in God's hand! Suffer like a bero. God intends all this for the best-only say "Thy will be done!" God is all mercy and forgets the sins of youth and ignorance when we turn to Him with a contrite heart. God's Holy Mother has sent me to bein you. She will intercede for you at the throne for mercy. She knows our weakness and her Blessed Son will hear her pleading."

The comforting words fell like dew on the poor boy's soul. The priest understood his uplifted gase. "You have been baptized?" the

priest gently asked. "Yes," faintly murmured the injured man.

"Il you are penitent, my lad, and believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, He will shield you with His love and comfort you forever with His presence, 'Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the ain of the world!" And the priest held out a little allver crucifix. Herbert clasped it with his quivering fingers, as if real help came with it.

"Try to make an act of contrition." The lad's dull eye showed his lack of comprehension. "You do not know? Well, repeat the words after me; do not tire yourself;" and in feeble accents came the cry of penitence. "Oh, my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee. I detest my sins most sincerely, not only because by them I have lost the right to heaven and deserved everlasting pains of hell, but especially because I have displeased Thee, oh! my God, who art deserving of all my love, I resolve by Thy holy grace never more to offend, and henceforth to amend my life.'

Then the stately priest took from his pocket a small purple stole, placed it about his neck, and in a low voice pronounced the conditional absolution | curied of Holy Church

It was a solemn moment to the young penitent; he knew what he was doing, knew that this was a turning point in his whole life. The nolle form of the priest, standing there with his purple stole in his blazing sunshine, was full of strength It dominated his own weakness, and he was grateful The Blessed Virgin had beard his prayer, had sent a powerful deliverer—"Tom's Church" had come to his rescue. "She is my own Church now," he whispered, "and always now." he whispered, shall be."

"The good God spare your life," answered the other in soft benediction. "He has work for you, my son. May He bless and keep you! Do not weary in well-doing! Work for God!"

Help soon arrived and Herbert Denham was borne home to his sorely agitated uncle. For many weeks he lay wavering between life and death. Besides his bruises and dislocated shoulder, some obscure but serious internal injury made his case hard to deal with. His head ached-a result, the physician thought, of spinal lesion and a tensing cough followed.

had time for much thought. Th. gentie priest had vanished like a shadow, no one seemed to know who he wax-a stranger, in all likelihood, from some distant field of labor. Denham had not even thought to ask his name but his words lingered as if written in fire.

"Work for God!" Yes, yet the first thing was to work out his own salvation. So he sent for Father Lanigan, the parish priest, who found in him a penitent of excellent dispositions Tom Macmillan reloiced sincerely over all this and was unweared in attendance upon the invalid. Agnes, too, came once with her mother to visit him, and her sweet face shore down on him like a benediction. The hritliant Isabel failed to give any sign of regard, no message from her reached the sick room, and rumor already credited her with a new cavalier September came and the cough showed ho real abatement, so the lamily

physician ordered his patient to the pino region of North Carolina, Tom Macmillan going with him as general caretaker and nurse. Here, in the health-giving air, he gained strength, and was soon equal to short rambles in the resindus woods over their slippery floors of pine needles, where the warm sunshine threw slanting ornage glows at sunset. He began to enjoy the novelty of it all. He amused himself with talking to the children of the poor "cracker" families, wondering at the universal shiftlessness and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his ef-

of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered. Well, he would be a priest - a few years of study would supplement his already fine education - and then his dreams flew on He would do wonders when the chance finally came, rise to honors and dignitaries ecclesiastic, becoming a col-lege president fiset, perhaps, then, a Bishop, and so on. Everything looked possible under that warm sky - even to climbing the rosy peaks that serrated the dim distance. His New England ambitions had merely changed form, as a serpent his skin They

Denbam's lonely strolls became times

were ambitions still. One day's experience had, indeed, made a penitent of Denham, but in no wise a budding saint.

Yet another eventful day arrived. The end of a prolonged stroll brought him afresh to the home of misery, a cabin whose dilapidation was more than wretched. An ill-omened silence hung over it, and softly peering in, he found himself face to face with death. An aged negro, neglected, untended, the pray of some frightful discase, was passing on swiftly to the Golden City of rewards and retributions. It was too late for any alms save that of prayer.

In that utter loneliness, which he felt as a physical oppression, Denham knelt to ask grace of God. A spot of blackness had shut out the wide, benignant supshine. . The miseries of God's creatures on earth, their unpitied needs, the neglect of souls, struck him with power. What if he had been left alone, a little while ago, to die in his sins? He had, indeed, been mercifully spared, but what of such as these? This poor soul was but one of thousands. "Lord, pity Thy poort" he prayed; "the outcasts of Thy bright world. Be, Thyself, their

salvation! They have only Thee!" "Not so, my son!" answered a familiar voice. "Behold the Church of Christ, sent out to minister here and now - even as once unto thee."

Looking up, he again beheld the stately priest who had rescued him in his hour of darkness The purple stole again brought its strange color into the yellow sunshine, then the solemn form entered into the shadow to administer the sacraments. When it reappeared, one story of

suffering had ended. "God rest the parted souhand receive into His Kingdom," said the priest, making the holy sign. "That poor man was a Catholic—of scapular and crosary. I was sent to him in time, thank God! But not to you, my son! Not at all. What are you doing here?"

Herbert told the facts in few words, barely hinting at his future. How could be voice his ambitious yearnings there in the awcsome presence of death. At the first word the stranger's eye began to flash and his lip

"My son, we are called to a priesthood of scarifice. You say but do not 'You say you would 'work for God 'Yes, I comprehend, but thus work in view of a Bishop's mitre, of a Cardinal's red! God pardon us all! His Blessed Son 'came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life, a ransom for many." The piercing eye turned away from

Denham, as if the apealer had forgotten his presence. Its power was uplifted to the dazzling blue. All at once he moved about with a magnificent gesture, pointing to the

cabin. "Is there no work here, my son? No royal claim of sin and poverty? These are the call of God; I know no other! I till the darkest corner of His field, and bless the grace that me

there." The younger man caught his spirit. This great flery worker had been occquered by the Cross. Therefore he stood in the run, eager, commanding, consumed with a thirst for eacrifice, Life had shown Detham nothing like this. How far from all his Harvard ideals! Yet the new grandout was

Through this period of suffering he bigher - yes, impleasurably greater! He bowed in spirit before the missionary prest

"I will try to learn of you the more excellent way But consider, Father, I do not yet even know your name." "I am called Father Sebastian, My mission is to the black race, englaved for generations, degraded and pour,

of Him 'in the Beloved'" They had by this time reached a parting of the forest ways, and Father Setastian left him, not without a fervent benediction.

yet the children of God and accepted

The new idea fought its was into Herbert's heart. Yet there were times when it souned too hard for him. Must his climb to the skies begin in this lowlest of valleys? How could be renounce the higher sweetness of life? He had already sacrificed his Har haid ambitions, was he called to deeper renunciation? Has he to toil thenceforth in perpetual obscurity? Then he would again behold the Cross and hear Father Sebastian's thrilling words, "Behold the ".amb of God" Surely that sacrifice was perfect, complete, without limitation. "The servant," he normared, "is not greater than his Lord " Well, he would ask Aches He would return to New England forthwith, and whatever she said he would do.

Acting on this resolve, he soon found himself in New York, where a sharp revelation met him. His Uncle Philip had lost the bulk of his family fortune through the simultaneous failure of two New York houses. Yet he met this news with a smile. He had gained spiritual strength.

"I shall not fear the vow of poverty now," he said within himself. "God has taken this way of making it easy. ' He felt that Uncle Philip's wealth would only be a snare to him, a hindrance to his consecrated life "If I am to climb mountains, I must not be weighted down with money hags," he cried, "It is all well." Agnes Macmillan turned pale as Herbert told his story, but her answer rang clear as a silver bell

"If the Lord calls you to this work among His poor, do not falter or fail Him. The archangels serve Him in all humility; what are we, that we should refuse? I, too, have to make a climb for the skies You know the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Herbert? I am to enter there in October for my novitiate."

Herbert's agitation was clearly painted on his face. Another sacrifice, the greatest of all, bad met him truly, renunciation guarded every step of his ascent. The climb was harder than he dreamed. But a strange joy surged up in the young girl's heart. She saw how really he had forgotten Isabel Moore. The offered sacrifice would not be hers alone The answering love, the searned-for love, had come to her in the very midst of her surrender, even as she was yielding it up. But quickly she suppressed this human feeling and failing in an offering to God, whose divine promise flashed upon her, "Whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it " The young man had already found

grace to meet the blow. "Then, Agnes, we shall be together still" - he spoke bravely, though with quivering lips - "one in our work here and together at last, if God so wills, in His eternal and glorious kingdom.

The die was cast, and Herbert Denham went into training for work among the lowlest of the lowly.

It was a strange, unworldly success that he achieved. Father Sebastian found him a man of great power and wonderful versatility. The greatness came of his humility, Uncle Philip acknowledged it in his

way. "Strange about that boy," he would say. "A Roman Catholic Well, I cannot help that. He has thrown away everything — money, education and prospects — but, after all, I was never so proud of him as I am this day." Tom Macmillan, too, remarked to

Father Lanigan, years after, in his modest way: "I could not enlist myself, you see, because of my lameness. But I brought you in a splendld recruit." And the answer came heartily: "Yes,

Tom, that you did!"-Caroline D. Swau in Dominicana.

PORTRAITS OF OUR LORD. (From The Ave Maria.)

In 1702 a fine brass medal bearing a portrait of Christ was discovered in Angelsea, Wales It is fully authenticated by a liebrew inscription upon the reverse side, which declares the portrait to be that of "the Prophet Jesus." The Workmanship is of the first century, and the features bear an extraordinary likeness to those cut upon the emerald by command of the Emperor Tiberius This last-named portrait is, with the exception of the so-called "napkin portrait" of St Veronica, as well known as any in existence, and has the merit of extreme antiquity as well as the cachet of many careful critics. It was preserved in the treasury of Constantinople, but fell into the hands of the Turks; and about 1483 was given by the Sultan to Pope Innocent VIII. as a ransom for the Turkish monarch's

HOW TO CLEANSE THE SYS-TEM. - Parmalec's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the discetive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the Liver and the Kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and boundcial.

Three Years of Suffering Before a Cure Was Found-All Credit

Given to DR. CHASE'S

Before reading Mr. Gallant's letter, which is quoted below took over these symptoms and see if your kidneys are in a healthy condition Scores of people attribute their the:ings to stomach troubles or indize . tin, when the real came of the disconduct is in the fadure of the hid-

neys to properly filter the blood When poisonous impurities are left lurking in the system, disease of the most painful and dangerous) and 1. bound to show itself soone or later It is possible that you have kidney disease and have not recognized it as such

The symptoms are, pain in the back. and over the kidneys, sediment in the urine after it stands for 24 hours, unusual desire to urinate, pain in passing water, gradual loss of fiesh and weight, pains in the limbs, not unlike rheumatism, dry itching skin and brittle hair, fulness under the eyes and dropsical awelling of the legs, sleeplessness, indigestion, and constipation.

If you have any of these indications of kidney disorder, it is time for you to begin the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the most thoroughly reliable treatment for kidney and liver disorders that is known to science. Many of the best people in the land take a pleasure in recommending this great remedy of the famous doctor, because it has cured them when other remedies failed.

Mr Ellis Gallant, Paquetville, Gloucester Co., N. B., writes: "I feel it my duty to write you, as I have received much benefit from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I was taken three years ago with a pain just below the ribs of the left side, and right over the kidney. At first it did no cause me much suffering, but a year ago the pain, at times, was very severe.

"After hearing repeatedly of value of Dr Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I decided to make a trial, and after using two boxes the pain has completely disappeared and I am well, thanks to this remedy. I have also used Dr. Chase's Ointment and found it worth its weight in gold. You may publish this letter if you like, as it may induce some other sufferer to profit by my experience." You cannot possibly make a mistake

in using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for detangment of the kidneys, liver, and bowels. It has proven itself worthy of the most hearty endorsement of thousands of people. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

KUBELIK'S VISIT TO THE POPE. The musical world is just now in raptures over Kubilk, the young Bo-

bemian violinist. Although but twenty-one, Kuhelik's march through Europe, England and America has been one of triumph-a triumph that be continued here. Speaking of his visit to Chicago The New World says:

Every performance has tested the seating capacity of the Auditorium to its very limit. At each recital many were forced to stand The young Bobemian artist left our city with nearly \$22,000 for his four concerts and declares it the best city be ever visit-

His heart is set on making his fortune in the next lew years and returning to his native land. He has long planned to establish some sort of an institution in which the atrusgling musician will be encouraged, and he says that Chicago has belped him more in his plan than any other city he has played in.

And yet this brilliant young artist prizes above all honors paid him his interview with Pope Leo XIII. He was only twenty when it took place and in spite of his experiences as a favorite artist it is not surprising that this hour passed in the Vatican should seem the most wonderful of his

"We were shown into a small room and there waited for the Holy Father. After awhile the doors opened and a tall spare figure in white walked in. "Ilis wrinkled face was lit up by a friendly smile. His two kindly eyes. almost gleamed with the light of his religion This was the great Pope Leo XIII A powerful impression was made on me by this good man

" I know you, my dear Kubelik, as "Il Paginini Redivito," ' were his first words. He spoke in Italian, with a thin, far-away toice Cardinal Laszary asked for a Knight Commandership of the Order of St. Gregory for you,' he went on, 'but it seemed to me you were too young to merit such a distinction and I put him off; Vaszary answered that you were young in years, but not in art. So I resolved to grant you this decoration with my best wishes for your success in the career you have started and I hope you will continue to be an honor to your country and your art."

"He talked of other matters and reminded me that the Bobemians had the youngest Cardinal at Prague. He said he was sorry I hadn't brought my violin and told me that Cardinal Parsonhi had heard the great Pagin-

A LENTEN STREET The seventeen car are post. Re Herrick, preached bittle featon mon in verse, at 1 lib we think gentle rentader to our twepfieth tury Catholio.

Is this a fast - to loop The larder is a And characters From fat of we board deep

Is it to gult the d b Of flesh, yet will To fill the platter high

Is it to fast an . Or ragged to ... Oc sho A downcast loo

Not tis a fast to a h The shelf of the And no Units the hunge

It is to fact for From old de 14 And h ! --To circumcise the 1

To starve to the Not bir .. An that's to keep the Lent ----

To show a heast of the '

DR. LITTLEDALE AND THE JESUITS.

(From The London Catholic Time Dr. Littledale, in the rincyclope Britannica." and Mr. Cartwright, his work on the Jesuits, quote a Ji uit author, Father Louis Wagemat as laying down the maxim, "Finis c terminat probitatem actus" - "t end determines the righteousness of ; action," which they both interpresmeaning that the end justifies i rocans. Father Pollen, S J, in t current issue of The Month, explin. how the two authors came to miss present Father Wagemann They I lied on a second-hand authority. compilation published by an Catholic" and an enemy of the Jesui at Cells in 1874 But even the "O Catholic" fatimates that the phrain question occurs only in the inde at the end of Wayermann's book. It appearance there is intended to rek the reader to the section where th subject is treated Father Pollen has with some difficulty, secured a copof the work, and what it says in th text of the morality of human acts i most unequivocal "The goodness o badness of actions is chiefly to a sought under three heads-namely, th object (or action itself), the end an the circumstances. For an act to b

mark of the Jesuits, that the end he tifes the means There are three short and simple words, the hardest to pronounce in any language (and I suspect they were no easier before the confusion of tongues), but which no man or nations than can not utter can claim to have atrived at manhead These words are

good, it is required that these three

should all be good, for it to be had

it is sufficient that one of them be

bad according to the principle, 'Bon

um eet ex integra causa, matum er singulis defectibus * * * All employ

ment of an evil means is evil; but, or

the other hand, it does not follow

that all employment of a good means is actually good " This doctrine, it

will be seen, differs very widely in-

the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." as a

deed from the principle enshrined

CONSUMPTION Prevented and Cured.

"I was wrong ' - Lowell.

Pour marvolous tree semedies for al sufferers reading this paper. He cure for Tuberculosia, Concum tion, Weak Lungs, Catseris, and a rundown system.

FREE.

Do you cough?
Do your lungs pain you?
Is your throat sore and inflamed Do you spit up pidegm? Does your head ache? Is your appetite bud? Are your lungs delicate? Are you losing flesh? Are you pale and thin? Do you lack staming?

These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the stort dangerous malady that has ever devantated the earth—cons inpilon.
Consumption, the bane of those who have been brought en a the old-fashioned beliefs that this de se was hereditary,

that it was fatal, that more could recor who were once truly clasped in the relentiess grip.
But now known to be curable, sands so by the discovering of that man whose name has been give to this new aystem

of treatment.
Now known to be preventable and curable by following and practising ris teachings The new system of treatment will cure

you of consumption and of all diseas w which can be traced back to weak lung-

which can be traced DACK to weak surge as a foundation.

It is not a first system, but a system of germ destruction and body building.

Not genework, but a reve.

Not a step between, but a stude out of the old core.

The Signar System core to of how freparation wheth act muchanished and supplement each other action.

You are invited to rest of at this system will do for you, if you are such, by we are for a first and any one of the second of the core of the

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

and the Four Free Preparations will be forwarded you at each, with exempted curve tune for not.

The Slegoon System is a positive cure for Communities, that most benefits to ensect and for all Long Trushins and Descripts, completeled by Long Trushins and Descripts, completeled by Long of Flock. Carpha, Catarris, Ashina, Bremphilie and Heart Trushies.

Samply write to the T.A. Slegoon Gourdes of Company, Longitude, top King Street Work, Toronto, giving post offers and Paperus address, and the formalistic (the Slegoon Cone) will be promptly out.

Persons in Canada, noting Steeping For other in