MR. FROUDE AND SAINT TERESA.

This is, indeed, a curious blending of names, one the embodiment of a latter day sneer, the other, the latest and fairest flower of mediæval sanctity. Mr Froude, in his many wanderings into the high-way and by-ways of historic lore, lighted on the strange recital of the life and actions of Teresa de Cepeda of Avila, and was fascinated by the story. Had he confined himself to the charming narrative he has given us of this saintly woman's marvellous career, replete with heart-rending trials and heroic episodes, shining with virtues of the most exalted type and stamped with the strong impress of the profoundest common sense, allied to the liveliest imagination, he would have enriched our periodical literature with a gem of the purest ray, and merited the thanks of pious Catholics and fair-minded Protestants alike. But, true to his instincts as a fault-finder, if not a scold, he has gone beyond limits in his cavilling, and has censured where modesty would have suggested a respectful silence. That St. Teresa was a wonderful woman, Mr. Froude freely allows, and grants even that her sincerity was unimpeachable, her purity spotless, her wisdom unparalleled and her practical sense most conspicuous in an age of dreams and visions. Indeed, he delights in exhibiting this side of her character to us, and the magic of his pen vividly depicts her as a woman whose downright sense enabled her to brush aside obstacles, apparently most formidable, as mere cobwebs, and to over-ride the adverse views and judgments of persons clothed with authority, as though they were the opinions of mere children. Whoever has read the wonderful story of St. Teresa's life as written by herself cannot but be struck by her extraordinary common sense. It pervaded her whole being; it was the warp and woof of her intellectual nature and was the ferment in which her motives and actions found their vitality. She had thoroughly sounded the keynote of human nature and had run her finger over its gamut from the lowest to the highest note. And she knew how to deal with it in all its varying moods and phases. She could look into the heart chambers of her contemporaries and see there what springs were in motion, what secret recesses were being stirred, and, without revealing to them her deep intuitions, could so determine their conduct that her heaven-inspired purposes would be fulfilled. For all that she had a profound distrust in her own judgment and constantly sought to direct it by heavenly guidance through prayer. She took counsel with her Maker in all her plans, and while her words were marked by cool deliberation and by the sharpest acumen of worldly thought, her imagination was even then kindled to white heat, and her soul poured itself forth in raptures at the foot of the altar. Therein she proved herself a true child of the mediæval Church, one in whom a fervent faith was first and foremost, and gave tone and color to every fibre of her moral and intellectual being.

She reasoned with nuncios, heads of religious houses and papal commissioners, in fearless and convincing tones, and won over to her views the most obdurate listeners by her plain and matter-of-fact statements, and while her whole exterior gave evidence of a cool head and an unimpassioned heart, her soul was often either a prey to torturing misgivings, or was rapt in ecstasies of heavenly delight. Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother repaid the saint's heroic fidelity to duty by numerous consoling apparitions, and assured her that her noble and unselfish work was welcome in their sight. This part of St. Teresa's history Mr. Froude has not been able to understand, and he finds it much easier to ascribe to an unbridled imagination, or an unduly sensitive nervous system, or an irritable heart, or a disordered stomach, those mysterious communings with God, than to their true and obvious source. For if there is any one saint in the calender whose character and genius should relieve her from the suspicion of being a victim to an ill-poised mind in what she reports concerning herself, that saint is surely Teresa de Cepeda of Avila. Her judgment in all matters is so sure, so true, so direct and accurate that it is impossible to conceive her as yielding to those morbid sensibilities that characterize dreamy and ill-balanced women. And so well was she aware herself that the devil often assumes the garb of an angel of light for the purpose of making havoc with weak and sickly minds, that she constantly warns the members of her communities against giving ear to so-called revelations, and would not even permit some of the Sisters to read her own autobiography lest they should imagine they might be favored with divine apparitions and communications. "People fancy," she writes, "that to have 'revelations' implies exceptional holiness. It implies nothing of the kind. Holiness can be arrived at only by acts of virtue and by keeping the commandments. Therefore, I will not have my Sisters read my own books, especially my autobiography, lest they look for revelations for themselves in fancying that they are imitating me. The best things that I know of came to me by obedience, not by revelation. Sisters may have real visions, but they must be taught to make light of them. There is a subtle deceit in these experiences. The devil may lead souls to evil on a spiritual road." Is this the language a woman would make use of who could not distinguish between the plain and outspoken words of God poured audibly and distinctly into her ear, and the vapid imaginings of a silly fancy? It was in obedience to instructions thus communicated to her by our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother that Teresa undertook the astonishing reforms she introduced into the Carmelite rule. She tells herself, as do also her contemporaries, what a storm of opposition she aroused by an attempt to restore the ancient austerities of the order which had been relaxed by Pope Eugenius IV. She was decried as a fanatic, a heretic, a proud and arrogant woman, and a disturber of God's household. But such opposition she completely spurned, and, still obedient to the heavenly mandate imposed upon her, she went about the business with a determination that nothing could resist. She reasoned with her opponents, invoked the aid and advice of Bishops and Archbishops, won over to her views the papal commissioner, and at last received the sanction of the Pope and of King Philip of Spain for the inauguration of her cherished reforms. The accomplishment of this work required heroic efforts and ceaseless labor day and night. It required journeyings, innumerable interviews with all classes of people, frequent and voluminous correspondence, coaxings, and expostulations, and it entailed on poor, worn out and long suffering Teresa, rebuffs, insults contumely and scorn without end. But she never faltered, never winced, but went straight on to the fulfillment of her purpose as an arrow sped from the bow. Assuredly she did not act in this matter like one who was giving ear to the delusive voices of an overwrought imagination. And who can fathom the depth of that strange and beautiful character, or measure her infinite capacity for suffering! Her whole life was a prolonged mental martyrdom. She was born to suffer and the story of her woes would move a stone to tears. She had a thorough woman's heart dominated by a judgment that would have been a credit to an accomplished diplomat or commander. She was born with a high and imperious temper, which she learned to control only by dint of ceaseless and sleepless effort. Had Mr. Froude given her due credit for those qualities of heart and intellect he would not have marred his otherwise charming sketch of St. Teresa by making her the victim to physchological delusions.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

A Mysterious Coincidence.

The following strange experience happened to one of the best known Fathers in the Brompton Oratory, and the accuracy of the facts stated may be relied upon. Father X. was one day urgently requested by a strange woman to come to a certain house in South Kensington to administer the sacrament to a man who lay there dying. Hurrying thither with all possible speed the worthy Father was astonished to find that there was no sick person at that address at all.

While conversing with the servant, the owner of the house came down stairs, and on learning who the inquirer was at once offered him his hospitality, while one of the attendant priests should proceed down the street and endeavor to discover the real house where the last rites of the Church were required. In the meantime his host informed Father X. that it was a curious coincidence that he should have singled out this particular number, as he was himself a Catholic, though he was somewhat ashamed to admit that he had not been to Mass since his mother died and was now afraid to go.

Father X. assured him he need have no apprehension, and finally persuaded his friend to resume his church going on the following day. The messenger at this point returned, and declared he had been totally unable to find any one lying at death's door in the neighborhood. The search was accordingly abandoned, and the Father returned to the oratory—his mission unfulfilled.

The following day Father X. was again summoned on the same errand. This time there was no doubt concerning the mansion, but the owner lay dead ere the little procession entered the portal. It was the very house where the Father had sat on the previous afternoon, and the lifeless body stretched on the bed was that of his late entertainer. Standing on a table near at hand was the miniature of his mother, and Father X. was startled and amazed to recognize in her features those of the strange woman who had fetched him to her son the day before!—*Catholic American.*

Rich Red Blood

As naturally results from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla as personal cleanliness results from free use of soap and water. This great purifier thoroughly expels scrofula, salt rheum and all other impurities and builds up every organ of the body. Now is the time to take it.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy, yet efficient action. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture

Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner Than a Man") to LEVER BROS., Ltd., 43 Scott St., Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising, and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market, and it will only cost 1c postage to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

Restored to Health.

DEAR SIRS,—For years I was troubled with indigestion, but being advised to try B B. B., I did so and find myselt quite restored to health.

HOWARD SULLIVAN,
Mgr. Sullivan Farm, Dunbar, Ont.

BURDOCK PILLS give satisfaction wherever tried. They cure Constipation, Sick Headache and Biliousness.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

THOUGHTS FROM LACORDAIRE.

You believe not, and you conclude from this that faith is impossible; for my part, I conclude that you do not do what is necessary in order to arrive at faith, and I will prove it in a few words.

The first cause of incredulity is voluntary ignorance. Faith can no more than science be acquired without a certain application of mind. When the mind is not applied, it is inert, it ceases to be a power; it is, as regards the object before it, as if it were not. What are mathematics to an intelligence which has never reflected on the laws of number, of quantity, and of motion? What is philosophy to a man who has never asked himself what is being, what is an idea, what is the absolute, the relative, cause or effect? And for the same reason, what is faith to the soul which has never seriously thought upon the necessary relations of the creature with God?

Let me ask you, at what age and what studies did you decide that religion is an error? Was it at forty? No, you decided it in the flower of your age, at the moment when, casting off the apparel of childhood, reason and passion celebrated together their joyous advent to the agitated surface of your being. Up to that time, simple and submissive, a pious worshipper of the thoughts of your mother, you had questioned nothing, denied nothing, you lived by a faith as pure as your heart. But scarcely had the double puberty of man caused its sharp sting to be felt by your sense and your intellect, when, without taking time to mature your power, and impatient of the mysteries of Nature and the mysteries of God, you became ashamed to believe, while at the same time you lost that other shame which is the divine guardian of innocence. Incapable of any act worthy of a man, you passed judgment sovereignly upon God and man; you doubted, denied, apostatized, despised your fathers, accused your master, summoned before your tribunal the virtues and sorrows of ages—in fine you transformed our soul into a desert of pride. Then, this ruin completed, you choose for your end one of the ambitions of man, the glory of arms or that of letters, are still less high, as chance led you, and every effort of your faculties was directed towards the idolatry of your future. You learn no more than to be one day the effective hero of your dreams; you sacrifice your days and your nights to this egotistical image, reserving for them but a secret and unknown part to the other egotism of man, voluptuousness. And never during this sad and checkered dream, did religion appear to you but as a futile souvenir of your early years, a weakness or a hypocrisy of humanity. You did not design to give to it one hour of study, or one desire; and if sometimes, attracted by a celebrated name, you opened a book or crossed the threshold of a basilica, you did so with the haughtiness of a mind which had judged, and had no idea of reversing its decree. O confidence of youth in error! O security of souls who have yet seen of life but the early dawn! Oh, how good God has been in not calling you away in that hour of ignorance and enchantment! For already you are no longer subject to its crude certitudes; time has brought back to you doubt and the obscure presentments of truth. You see that your unbelief was born of a puerile act, and that, for your honor and your repose, it needs a ratification.

This second labor it is, this labor of return and examen, which lays the foundation of faith in man, and maintains it in humanity. Faith is also, indeed, a gift of childhood; it strikes its roots into the soul which has just been born; but it is the slow action of life which brings it to maturity. When man has seen man during long years, when he has known his feebleness and his misery by experiences which no longer permit him to doubt, and already the grand figure of death places nearer to him the final prophecy, then naturally his gaze becomes more profound. He discerns more clearly the trace of the divine, because he knows better what man cannot do, and, moreover, the wearisomeness of present things evokes in him a relish for things unseen. Therefore it is that a writer, whose name escapes me, has excellently said: "At twenty, we believe religion to be false; at forty, we begin to suspect that it may be true; at fifty, we desire that it may be true; at sixty we no longer doubt its truth." Light and life progress with equal pace, and death, in disabusing us of all, completes the progressive revelation which commenced in our regard on the lips of our mother. The child and the woman are the vanguard of God; the man of mature years is His apostle and martyr; you, young men, you are but the deserters of a day.

The trouble with most cough medicines is that they spoil the appetite, weaken digestion, and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it gives immediate relief, assists rather than impairs the assimilative process.

A Cure for Croup.

Croup kills thousands where cholera kills tens. For this dread disease no remedy can compare in curative power with Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It loosens the phlegm, gives prompt relief, and soon completely cures the most violent attack.

The Power of Nature.

For every ill nature has a cure. In the healing virtues of the Norway Pine lies the cure for coughs, colds, croup, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup represents the virtues of Norway Pine and other pectoral remedies. Price 25c.

No other Sarsaparilla has the careful personal supervision of the proprietor in all the details of its preparation as has Hood's Sarsaparilla.

MADE THE CARDINAL HAPPY.

How A Clever Valet Pleased His Aged Master.

The attachment of master and servant sometimes deserves to be called one of the tender relationships of life, says "Francesca" in *Ave Maria.* A little story told of Cardinal Fleury well illustrates this. He possessed a valet so faithful and attached that to him were accorded many unusual privileges, which enabled him to make the Cardinal's life more pleasant and peaceful.

One day the master, now grown very old, addressed Barjac, the servant, in a somewhat disconsolate way.

"I am ninety," he said. "I think death has forgotten me. My usefulness is over, and it cannot be but a short time before I am imbecile and helpless."

"Why, my dear master," replied Barjac, "you are not old. A little sociability will do you good. May I have the pleasure of arranging a quiet dinner for you and your friends on the approaching festival?"

"Arrange whatever you like," said the Cardinal.

"And the list—"

"Invite whom you choose. Only don't bother me about it. At my age even the exertion of selecting a dozen friends to sit at my table would be too much."

"As you please, your Eminence," said Barjac, a plan instantly forming itself in his wise head.

The festival came round and the gathered. They were fourteen in number. No one had sent a refusal. Toward the end of the dinner a large cake was brought in. It was then the custom for the youngest person present to divide that toothsome delicacy, and so the host said:

"Whoever has the fewest years must cut the cake. Barjac will hand a knife."

"He need not hand it to me," announced the guest on his right hand; "for I was ninety-two years old last January."

"And I," said his left hand neighbor, "must plead guilty to ninety-four years."

Then each one told his age; and, to the Cardinal's extreme astonishment, he found that he who thought Death had forgotten him was the youngest person present!

"Then must I cut the cake?" he asked.

"Why, certainly your Eminence!" answered all present, delighted beyond measure at their host's surprise.

"Ah, I can't understand this!" he said, plunging the knife into the triumph of the cook's art. Then, catching sight of his valet's smiling face, he saw through his stratagem, and cried: "Ah, Barjac, you dear old rascal! I am not so old that you cannot make me happy!"

And Barjac was happy, too.

Watch Your Tongue.

It is your tongue, it belongs to you, and is the only one for which you are responsible. Your neighbor's tongue may need care also, but that is his business; this is yours. See that it is properly attended to. Watch your tongue, it needs watching. It "is a fire"—watch it. It is a helm, which guides the vessel. Let the helmsman keep wide awake. It can bless or it can curse; it can poison or heal; it can pierce hearts or blight hopes; it can sow discord, or separate chief friends. Watch your tongue. No one but you can take care of that tongue. Your neighbors may hate or fear it, or wish they could bridle it, but they cannot do it.

1892, "The Cream of the Havana Crop."

"La Cadena" and "La Flora" brands of cigars are undoubtedly superior in quality and considerably lower in price than any brand imported. Prejudiced smokers will not admit this to be the case. The connoisseur knows it. S. DAVIS & SONS, Montreal.

Millions of Women use it for all purposes Laundry and Household and find it a great comfort and saver of Labor

Sunlight SOAP

Has no equal for purity, nor for cleaning and sweetening, nor preserving the clothes and hands from injury, nor for all-round general use.

REFUSE CHEAP IMITATIONS

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Y-our best remedy for
E-rysipelas, Catarrh
R-heumatism, and
S-crofula
Salt-Rheum, Sore Eyes
A-bscesses, Tumors
R-unning Sores
S-curvy, Humors, Itch
A-nemia, Indigestion
P-imples, Blotches
A-nd Carbuncles
R-ingworm, Rashes
I-mpure Blood
L-anguidness, Dropsy
L-iver Complaint
A-ll cured by

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.
Cures others, will cure you

We Live in a Progressive Age

WE AIM TO IMPROVE AND NOT DETERIORATE.

Our New Brand, the

Cable Extra

will be found to be exceptionally fine, and we respectfully suggest that smokers give this brand a trial, when our statement will be fully verified as to quality.

S. DAVIS & SONS.

NASAL BALM

It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, losing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, your have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by addressing

FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

NEVER FAILS. CURES COLD IN HEAD AND CATARRH

BENNET FURNISHING COMPANY
LONDON, ONTARIO.

Manufacturers of

CHURCH, SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue and prices.

BENNET FURNISHING CO'Y,
London, Ont., Can.

—OBJECTS OF THE—

New York Catholic Agency

The object of this Agency is to supply, at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States.

The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many, a few of which are:

1st. It is situated in the heart of the wholesale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence—

2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual prices charged.

3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge.

4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency.

5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount.

Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, entrusted to the attention or management of this Agency, will be strictly and conscientiously attended to by your giving me authority to act as your agent. Whenever you want to buy anything send your orders to

THOMAS D. EGAN
Catholic Agency, 42 Barclay St. New York
NEW YORK.

STAINED GLASS
BRILLIANT CUT, BEVELED, SILVERED, BENT, PLATE &c.
McCAUSLAND & SONS 72 KING ST. TORONTO

DR. WOODRUFF, No. 185 QUEEN'S AVE. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throats. Eyes tested, glasses adjusted. Hours 12 to 4.

JUST RECEIVED.

Supplementum Breviarii ad Usum Provinciarum Quebecesi; Marianapolitan et Ottavien, in Regione Canadensi, size 4 x 6, gilt edges, per set, net, . . . 50c.
do, size 4½ x 7, gilt edges, per set, net, 60c.

Lithograph of Rev. Father Dowd, size 22x28, price, ... 10c.

The Two Chiniquys—Father Chiniquy vs. Minister Chiniquy. Price, . 10c.

Any of the above mailed free of postage on receipt of price.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.
Catholic Publishers, Church Ornaments and Religious Articles.

1669 Notre Dame St. MONTREAL. | 123 Church St. TORONTO.

EDUCATIONAL.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, Ont.—The studies embrace the Classical and Commercial courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, $150 per annum. For full particulars apply to REV. D. CUSHING, C. S. B.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE,
BERLIN, ONT.
Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses,
And Shorthand and Typewriting.
For further particulars apply to
REV. THEO. SPETZ, President.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, TORONTO, Ont.—In affiliation with Toronto University. Under the patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers. Full classical, scientific and commercial courses. Special courses for students preparing for University matriculation and non-professional certificates. Terms, when paid in advance: Board and tuition, $150 per year; half boarders, $75; day pupils, $28. For further particulars apply to REV. J. R. TEEFY, President.

Ottawa Business College
For a sound, practical Business Education this school is in the front rank. Special terms to students from a distance. Send for Catalogue and terms.
33 O'Connor Street, Ottawa. JOHN KEITH, Principal.

WONDER IN WELLAND!

A Representative Farmer Speaks.

MR. C. C. HAUN.

The following remarkable facts are fully certified to as being undeniably correct in every particular. Mr. Haun is well known in the vicinity, having resided here over fifty years, and is highly respected as a man of the strictest honor, whose word is as good as his bond.

As will be seen from his letter, four physicians had attended him, and it was only after he had given up hope of cure that he decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters on the recommendation of a neighbor who had been cured of a similar disease by its use. Mr. Haun writes as follows:

DEAR SIRS,—I think I have been one of the worst sufferers you have yet heard of, having been six years in the hands of four of our best doctors without obtaining permanent relief, but continually growing worse, until almost beyond hope of recovery, I tried your Bitters and got relief in a few days. Every organ of my body was deranged, the liver enlarged, hardened and torpid, the heart and digestive organs seriously deranged, a large abscess in my back, followed by paralysis of the right leg, in fact the lower half of my body was entirely useless. After using Burdock Blood Bitters for a few days the abscess burst, discharging fully five quarts of pus in two hours. I felt as if I had received a shock from a powerful battery. My recovery after this was steady and the cure permanent, seeing that for the four years since I have had as good health as ever I had. I still take an occasional bottle, not that I need it but because I wish to keep my system in perfect working order. I can think of no more remarkable case than what I have myself passed through, and no words can express my thankfulness for such perfect recovery.

C. C. HAUN,
Welland P.O.

In this connection the following letter from T. Cumines, Esq., a leading druggist of Welland, Ont., speaks for itself:

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been personally acquainted with Mr. C. C. Haun for the last 20 years, and have always found him a very reliable man. You may place the utmost confidence in anything he says with regard to your medicine. He has on many occasions within the last four years told me that it was marvellous the way the Burdock Blood Bitters had cured him, and that he now felt as able to do a day's work as he ever felt in his life. Although quite well he still takes some B. B. B. occasionally, as he says, to keep him in perfect health.

Yours truly,
THOMAS CUMINES,
Welland, Ont.

The steadily increasing sale of B. B. B., the length of time it has been before the people, and the fact that it cures to stay cured, attest the sterling merit of this monarch of medicines, the people's favorite blood purifier, tonic and regulator.