WHEN ALE is thoroughly matured it is not only palatable, but wholesome.

Carling's Ale is always fully aged before it is put on the market. Both in wood and in bottle it is mellowed by the touch of time before it reaches the public.

People who wish to use the best Ale should see to it that they receive Carling's.

Its easy enough to get it, as nearly every dealer in Canada sells Carling's Ales and Porter.

CARLING LONDON.

1899 BENZIGER'S GATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL

SIXTEENTH EDITION.

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual for 1895 can now be had. Year by year its publisher have added new and additionally interesting features to this popular Annual until this year it can truly be classed as the Annual par excellence, the very best Catholic writers being contributors to its pages. It contains: Frontispiece: A Beautiful Colored Picture of the Crucifixion.

"A Christmas Carol" (Poetry). Calendar for each month. "The Impossible:" Story by M possible: 'Story by Maurice Francis With 2 Illustrations

Full Page Hustration: "Out For a Ride."
"Thoughts on the Third and Fourth Command
ments;" by Rev. Ferreof Girardey, C. SS.
R. (Prose). With 2 Hustrations.
Story: "A Winsome Maid," by Clara Muboliand. Hlustrated.
"Penance, The Key to Heaven:" a Story of
the Shvine of Our Lady of Montserrat
Adapted by Rev. Daniel Murray. Illustrated.

trated.

The Better Part" (Poetry).

The Passing of Pippa: By Marion Ame:
Tagsart. Story. With Illustrations.

The Miraculous Medal." (Prose.) By Rev.
A. A. Lambing. Illustrated.

Full Pace Illustration: "The Christening."

Our Prize Story. "The Doctor's Comprise.

By F. P. Guiffoil, Illustrated.

Blessed Gerald Majella." (Prose.)

Donatienne." By Rene Bazin. Story
Illustrated.

Illustrated. Full Page Illustration : "The Crowning of the Blessed Virgin. Blessen viscommon English Christian designification and name days.
Besides other illustrated articles, it also gives gome of the notable events of the year 1897-1888 With numerous illustration, calendars, astronomical calculations, etc., etc.

Single Copies, 25 Cents Each, \$2.00 per Dozen.

THOS. COFFEY,

INDIAN MISSIONS.

ARCHDIOUESE OF ST. BONIFACE MAN.

IT HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO appeal to the generosity of Catholics throughout Canada for the maintenance and development of our Indian Mission. The resources formerly at our command have in great part failed us, and the necessity of a vigorous policy imposes itself at the present moment, owing to the good dispositions of most of the pagan Indians and to the live competition we have to meet on the part of the sects. Persons heeding this call may communicate with the Archishop of St. Bolliface, or with the undersigned who has been specially charged with the promotion of this work.

Our Missions may be assisted in the following manner:

Yearly subscriptions, ranging from \$5 t

1. Yearly subscriptions, ranging from \$5 to \$2.0. Legacies by testament (payable to the Archibshop of St. Boniface).

3. Clothing, new or second hand, material for clothing, for use in the Indian schools, 4. Promise to clothe a child, either by furnishing material, or by paying \$1 a month in case of a girl, \$1.50 in case of a boy.

5. Devoting one's self to the education of Indian children by accepting the charge of day schools on Indian Reserves—a small salary attached.

6. Entlering a Religious Order of men or women specially devoted to work among the Indians; e.g. (for North-Westein Canada) the Oblate Fathers, the Grey Nuns of Moureal, the Franciscan Nuns (Queneye, etc.

Donationseither in money or clothing should be addressed to His Grace Archibishop Langeryin, D. D., St. Boniface, Man., or to Rev. C. Cahill, O. M. I., Rat Portage, Omt.

Indian Missionary.

100. "They are calling Ms., d'Christian name is Matthias."

"Your Caristian name, Isaf I thank Thee—then death ting. What have I said? wildering joy, the bewildering joy, the bewildering this hour! Raises me up. Supported by one she hoped ever to see again, L cended with trembling steps the precipice which had for under her feet. Isafai's findling torches and throwing their way. When they have the footing seeme sank down on the ground exists.

SCHOOLS

During the coming School Term of 1888 9 was pectfully solicit the favor of your orders for a supplying of Catholic Educational and Ter Text books, both in English and French o, school stationery and school requisites. SADLIER'S DOMINION SERIES

Sadlier's Dominion Reading Charts, 26 Reading Charts and one Chart of colors, mounted on a boards, size 234 to 234 inches.
Sadlier's Dominion Speller, complete, Sadlier's Dominion First Reader, Part I. Sadlier's Dominion First Reader, Part II. Sadlier's Dominion Second Reader, Sadlier's Dominion Third Reader, Sadlier's Dominion Fourth Reader, Sadlier's Outlines of Canadian History.

Sadier's Outlines of Canadian Histor Sadier's Grandes Lignes de l'Histor anada. Sadiler's Outlines of English History. Sadiler's School History of England, with lioted maps.

ier's Ancient and Modern History, with Sailier's Abecent and swotert History, wite illustrations and 23 colored maps. Sacilier's Edition of Butler's Catechism. Sailier's Child's Catechism of Sacred His-tory, Old Testament, Part I. Sailier's Child's Catechism of Sacred His-tory, New Testament, Part II. Sailier's Catechism of Sacred History, large Sailier's Catechism of Sacred History, large

Sadlier's Bible History (Schuster) Illus trated. Sadlier's Elementary Grammar, Blackboard lier's Edition of Grammaire Elementaire Robert. er's Edition of Nugent's French and h, English and French Dictionary with

r's (P. D. & S.) Copy Books, A. and B

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.

CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS. 123 Church St., | 1669 Notre Dame St., TORONTO. ONT. | MONTREAL. QUE. PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION Can be Seen at our Warerooms DUNDAS STREET.

SMITH BROTHERS Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers, LONDON, ONTARIO. Sole Agents for Peerless Water Heaters, Telephone 338.

LAURENTIA;

Story of Japan in the Sixteenth Century.

By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER V.-CONTINUED.

Laurentia had not closed hereves all that

night. The earthquake had not taken her by surprise—from the moment that the subterranean sounds had been heard she had felt a presentiment that some great disaster was at hand. She had not gone to bed, but remained on her knees, her face buried in her hands, as if she could find no refuge from a great suffer-ing or a great fear but in the act of cease-less, ardent prayer. The courageous maiden who had so often given proof of invincible constancy when the periodical persecutions (to which the Christians were ever liable in Japan) had been raging, had grown timid now. There seemed a heavy burden on her heart; and when a heavy burden on her heart; and when the fatal catastrophe took place there was an expression ofdeepair in her face which ill agreed with the fearless faith and pions courage which had hitherto marked he She rushed out of her apartment and inquired of the attendants who were running about in wild affright, where her brother was. She clung to them with a kind of terrified pertinacity. "My brother," she kept repeating; "My brother Matthias, the painter; tell me, in mercy tell me, where he degree." tell me, where he lodges.

e heeded her. She wrung her hands and went out into the darkness, calling on her brother in tones of the deepest an-guish. She did not take heed of the yawning chasms; she stumbled over the crumbling ruins; she heard the dreadful cries of the dying, and clasped her hands to her head, as if the anguish of that search was more than she could bear.

The earthquake was over; but the internal convulsions were still going on, and

the soil kept opening in different places and forming awful precipices under the wanderer's feet. The darkness increased the danger. As Laurentia was pursuing her hopeless, agonizing search—for such it seemed to be, and she had spent in it several hours of the night—she suddenly felt the ground giving way under her feet, and sank into a pit, from which there appeared no means of escape; she fell against a rock and bruised her head. Feel-ing very faint, she clasped her hands and ourmured, " Now, my God, it is all over; I can do no more, I must lie down here and die, but Thou, O my God, do Thou save him, save him, save him!" she cried, as if her whole soul was in those words. "Matthias!" she cried again, after a moment's silence, "Matthias!" "Who is calling me?" answered a voice which thrilled through her heart.

"I am faint and dreaming," thought the maiden. "Where did that voice come from? I have been told that sometimes at the moment of death strange appari ions haunt us; but I want to think only f God and Matthias now." "Who names Matthias," said the same

voice again, and it sounded much nearer than before; "I am here, I am coming,"
"Who are you? Where are you?
murmured Laurentia.

murmured Laurentia.

"I am here," and now the speaker was quite close to her, and the moon shone out just then between two dark clouds, and its rays fell on a face which was a fell on the speaker and its rays had become a fine paracher. bending over the chasm, as if in search of Again she thought it was a delubut the name of "Isafai" burst from her lips.

Laurentia, dear Laurentia, is it you "Laurentia, dear Laurentia, is it you?"
"Isafai," she again faintly said. He had descended into the pit, and was gently raising her from the ground.
"Matthias, where are you?" cried some voices in the distance.
"Oh!" exclaimed Laurentia, with a sort of cry, "they are seeking for him too."

"They are calling ME, dearest; my

"Your Christian name, Isafai? O God, I thank Thee—then death has lost its sting. What have I said? Oh, the besting. What have I said? Oh, the be-wildering joy, the bewildering misery of this hour! Raise me up. Help me to move. Help, help; I must seek him. He cannot, cannot have died to-night." Supported by one she had scarcely

Supported by one she had scarcely hoped ever to see again, Laurentia ascended with trembling steps the side of the precipice which had formed itself under her feet. Isafai's friends were holding torches and throwing light on their way. When they had gained a next when the facility seemed seems a med secure sh spot where the footing seemed secure she sank down on the ground exhausted; but clasping her hands, she looked up be-seechingly into the faces of those around her, and said, "For God's sake, for mercy's sake, help me to find my brother Mat

"Matthias?" said one of the young men, turning towards Isafai.

"Her brother is a Christian, called, like
me, Matthias," he said.

"What, the painter of that name?"

asked one of the young men, "Yes," eagerly cried Laurentia; "Mat-thias, the painter of fans." She listened

breathlessly for the next words of the peaker, who was one of the catechists of the recently arrived Franciscan Fathers at the Porziuncula Convent.

"An hour or two," he said, "before the news of the catastrophe had reached us, here arrived at the door of our house a man, pale, trembling, and almost faint-ing with fatigue. He made his way into the chapel, and straight to one of the confessionals. His sobs were audible to me as I stood in the sacristy; they seemed to as I stood in the sacristy; they seemed to convulse his whole frame. Maiden, I see a likeness between his face and yours. As you emerged from that dark pit, and the light fell on your features, it struck me at once that I had lately seen some one very like you, and I now call to mind that it was that poor young may mind that it was that poor young man who went to confession to Father Peter

sympathy in religion, in dispositions, and in tastes, became what love between Christians should ever be—the most un-Laurentia's eyes were raised to heaven selfish of friendships, the strongest stim-ulus to holiness, the tenderest upward leading by one soul of another to the point it has itself reached, and the jealwith intense thankfulness; a fervent "Deo gratias" rose from the very depths of her heart. She did not seem, strange to say, for one moment to doubt that the loved object which may raise an obstacle tween that second self and the God whom both adore with united hearts and everpenitent in the Franciscan church was indeed her brother. Peace, the deep peace of an inexpressible relief, came over her face; but as is often the case when the pressure of an intense anxiety is removed. were needed between them. It seemed so her physical strength gave way, and she fainted. The little band of Christian brothers carefully removed her to a place of shelter which had been hastily erected in a spot removed from any buildings, c as far as could be foreseen, safe from a spot removed from any buildings, as far as could be foreseen, safe from an that dangers. From thence she red do for a while, with the Empress's

permission, to her own home at Meaco. val of their intended marriage, and Laur entia was embraced and congratulated by her adopted mother, Agatha, with more than ordinary tenderness. She visited her brother at the Francis-CHAPTER VI.

THE JAPANESE BRIDES. Laurentia's health had been much affected by the sufferings of that awful night, and for many weeks she was laid on a bed of sickness; but her heart was full of a new joy and a new hope, which made this earth appear almost too bright and beautiful in her eyes. There are few, very few, even of the best amongst us, who are not selfish. It is comparatively easy to sacrifice oneself, to perform can Convent as soon as she was able to go out, for he had never left it from the time he had fled there on the evening of the 30th of August. She found him in the 30th of August. She found him in the dress worn by the catechists attached to the Spanish Friars. He had apparently renounced the world, and Laurentia seemed in no wise surprised at the change that had come over him. When they had met for the first time, the hectic color in his cheek had grown painfully deep, and he had trembled at tively easy to sacrifice oneself, to perform acts of self-abnegation, to work for others, and to be careless of one's own comforts; but to live so in others, and feel so keenly

ter in and around the Christian sanctu-

aries; and prayers had been said, and

litanies sung during the livelong night as peacefully as if the murmur of some

quietstream, or the sweet whisper of the

ummer breeze, had been accompanyin

echoes of crumbling fortifications.

city, and cries of mourning and lam

lation, and to relieve it would probabl

tense, immense joy. "Isafai had re turned, and Isafai was a Christian! Yes, during the days she had spent nea Faximi, too ill to be removed, tended by

now gently submissive to the instruction

practiced every virtue which they had been trained in at home, and maintained recollection amidst the strangest and

most seductive change of scene which

youths of their age had ever been exposed

At Rome he had beheld Gregory XIII

lasping to his breast those youthful en-

voys from a distant Church, and calling them his children; he had visited with them the old basilicas of the Eærnal City, and seen them kneel before the wooden

cross of the Colosseum—type of the tri-umph of Christian humility over the blood-stained pomp of the Roman Em-pire. He had gazed on that wonderful

land, set apart as it were for the spiritual

monarchy of the world; akin to the Church by ties which can never be dis-

severed, which every successive age has

made an attempt to unloose, and has end-ed by riveting; akin to it by the vast, shadowy, spiritual character of its beauty; the solemn impress of sorrow stamped on

its loveliness; and the tranquil, soul-sub

its loveliness; and the tranquil, soul-sub-duing screnity of its climate.

He had gone with them into the Cata-combs and to the Vatican, and his pride had given way at the feet of that old man, who, whether from those subterran-ean prisons or from his throne at St.-Pater's raining with so matchless a now.

Peter's, reigns with so matchless a power over the hearts and the consciences of men. "And I too will be a Christian," burst from his lips, as he feit that hand extended over his head whose weakness

s more powerful than the strength of a combined world.

He had been received into the Church

in the sanctuary which bears the sacred name of the Redeemer of mankind, and

from whence laborers go forth to the north

perpetual sufferings and perpetual success

on the other, now hallowed by perfect

ousy of the least imperfection in the be-

Through honor and dishonor: through

her approach. She spoke to him kindly and affectionately, and there was a pens-ive, humble sort of manner about him for their spiritual and temporal miseries as to lose sight of one's own feelings of joy humble sort of manner about him effected her. He begged that she and sorrow, is a very rare degree of pe would communicate to the governor of Laurentia found the beautiful city of the Empress's household, that even if the late events had not caused the disher birth half-levelled with the ground. By a strange dispensation (for it is not often, since Christ came into the world to charge of all her supernumerary attend ants, as he understood was the case, that ants, as he understood was the case, that his state of health would incapacitate him from resuming his position at Court. He could not paint; his hands trembled when he attempted it; his occupation was gone, his ambition passed away. The Franciscan Fathers had consented to let him hide himself in the shelter of their house, and he did them whether services. open and inaugurate the royal road of sorrow, that temporal blessings are vouchsaded as a mark of favor to His ser-vants,) the abodes of the Christians had there, as elsewhere, been preserved from the effects of a calamity which seemed to have been sent as a direct rebuke to the vain glory of man. Her own little abode house, and he did them whatever services stood unscathed amidst a mass of ruins. The churches of the Jesuits and of the he could; he instructed the converts and visited the sick, and he hoped to remain Franciscans were untouched, though every temple had been beaten down, and every there all his life. When Laurentia told him of Isafai's idol destroyed. Thousands of the inhal itants of Meaco, heathers as well as Christians, had instinctively sought shel-

when Laurentia told him of Isafai's return, of his conversion, and her intended marriage with him, he said, with tears in his eyes, "God be praised for it; you will have in him a good Christian husband. Your natures have been cast in the same mould. God has given you both the gift of strength—bless Him every day for it." day for it. Laurentia threw her arms round his

the solemn chant, instead of the dreadful noise of falling edifices and reverberating neck, and both wept long and bitterly "Then Isafai has the same name as have," he said at last, trying to smile.

"Yes; he choose it he says in remembrance of you, and of the pains you had There was deep suffering throughout the tion over the whole country; and Laur-entia grieved for this wide-extended deso

taken to make him a Christian. "Did I? Yes; I remember, I often spoke to him on the subject. Well, it is the name of an Apostle, he could not do amiss in choosing it but-However, that s not to the purpose. Where are you to ive when you are married?"

have given up all she possessed or all she hoped for in life; but nevertheless there was joy in her heart, irrepressible, intense, immense joy. "Isafai had re-"In Nangazaqui, the Christian city The noble Manica Ito, when he gave up his possessions and riches to enter the noviciate of the Jesuit Fathers, made some Christian women from Ozica and visited by one of the Fathers resident there, she had learnt that he had returned some generous presents to Isafai, in re-turn for his devoted services during their from Europe a fervent, earnest, devoted Christian. From his own lips she had heard the history of his conversion: how he had watched day by day the conduct ong voyage. He has given him a house near the port of Nangazaqui, close to the one which he hopes before long that the holy women from Europe will inhabit. He has told me so much of their pious lives, their ceaseless prayers, their devoof his young master, Mancia Ito, and that of the other ambassadors; their unalterable patience during the sufferings of a three years' voyage, in which they had ion to all good works. It will indeed b tion to all good works. It will indeed be a blessed thing for Japan when they set foot on its soil. Think of the joy of ministering to their wants, of sharing their labors. Isafai has some glorious plans for the advancement of religion in our poor country; you must help us with your prayers," she added. A sad and troubled averses in passed over her brother's face. experienced every vicissitude which the violence of the elements and the trial of tickness could occasion; how resigned they had been at the prospect of death of Father Valignan, who was at once their guide and their spiritual adviser; how "I!" he cried, "I help you! Sister, do not mock me. Oh! how deeply you must perfectly humble amidst the intoxicating excitement of a journey throughout Portu-gal, Spain, and Italy, which had been one long-continued festival. They never neg-lected their prayers or their studies; they

lespise me!

"Hush, hush! Matthias, do not speak so, my dear, dear brother; it was a moment's weakness, an indeliberate act." "If I could only believe that, I should be stronger another time. If I did not feel that fatal, horrible weakness at my very heart's core. The trial was slight compared to what others have had to en-Oh, Laurentia, I despair of myself It was but the other day that I wished to do public penance in the church for my sin, and I asked Father Baptiste for permission to do so. He looked at me a moment, and then said, 'My child, you do not really wish it; do not attempt more than God requires of you.' His words and his looks were kind, but they cut me to the heart. He had read my inmost soul. No sooner had I made my petition

than my frame began to tremble and my heart to falter; it is a dreadful trial." Laurentia wept in silence and then looked up to him earnestly and tenderly. looked up to him earnestly and tenderly. "Brother, it may be that this peculiar and great trial, this intense humiliation, has been sent to you for a special purpose, to sanctify you in a way most trying to nature, most humbling to pride. Depend upon it that God, our good God, will never forsake you if you put your trust in Him. Dearest brother," she gently added, "you were not so sorrowful, not so desponding, the last time we spoke together, and ah, how much safer you are now than you were then! Be spoke together, and ah, how much you are now than you were then sure, be sure, that as you now feel, Goo will never send you a trial too hard for your strength."

Matthias sighed deeply, and they parted. As she was walking away from parted. As she was walking away from the convent, a boy of five or six years old came running up to her with bound-ing steps and joyous face.

"Have you seen," he cried. "Anselm the musician? I hear he is in town, and

and to the south, to the east and to the west, bearing that name of power as the symbol of their mission, the pledge of the musician? I hear he is in town, and I want him so much to play me a tune on his flute. Where do you think he is?"
"I don't know," said Laurentia smiling; "I have not seen him yet; but who are you, my child?"
"I am Augustine."
"Whose son are you?"

infamy and good name; as seducers and yet speaking the truth; as unknown and "Whose son are you?"
"My blessed mother Mary's son," answered the child with a bright smile. yet known." From the moment that Isa-fai became a Christian, his natural stubbornness of disposition gradually changed into a vigorous firmness of purpose, which And where do you live? can only spring from the soil of a strong Why at the College, of course. character. He applied himself with un wearied perseverance to the correction of his faults, the cultivation of his mind, and

"Then what are you doing here?"
"I am going to play with Anthony and
Lewis, the acolytes of the new church The affection which had existed between him and Laurentia as children, and developed into a deeper feeling as they advanced in age, which had been made sad and bitter to both by the Brother Paul Michi brought me here just but I remained at the door looking t for Anselm. out for Anselm."
"How comes it that you live at the College? What is your business there?"
"I learn my lessons, and I serve the Rectors Mass, and I run messages for the brothers. I think brother John Gotto struggle between her faith on the one side, and his blind and proud prejudices

yould go out of his mind sometimes, if I did not help him to light the candles and to gather flowers for the altar."

"No doubt you are a very useful person-

age," said Laurentia, laughing; "but how long have you been in the convent?" "How long? I think the Fathers say I am almost six years old.

am almost six years old.

"And you have no father then?"

"God is my father," answered the child, looking reverently up to heaven. "But, lady, I must not stay here to ong, for at 4 o'clock we are to go back to

called?" Laurentia asked, more and in-terested by the boy's countenance and manner.

"The Children's Confraternity of Mar"The Children's Confraternity of Marshining golden fruit, and all the loveliness
tyrs,," answered the child. "Francis
Ucondono is cur president; and Lewis
under the bright lowers and the

and Anthony are our secretaries; and the sons of the Princess Justa, and almost all the Christian little boys in Meaco, belong o it, and I am the treasurer.'

to it, and I am the treasurer.
"What are your rules?" asked Laurentia. She belonged herself, like almost all the Christians of Japan, to a confraternity of martyrs, who observed a rule of life, and met at certain times with a view to prepare themselves for death in the cause of Christ, but she did not know that the hildren had banded themselves togethe

or the same purpose.

Augustine explained to her their child ish practices of devotion, and showed her the bag in which he collected the conributions of the infant members 'Brother Paul Michi," he said, "took care to send their mouey to the poor sick and banished Christians-O, lady," he added, "we sit and tell each other su beautiful stories about all the little chil-dren who die for Christ; and we go without our dinners once a week, and we pray every day for five minutes before the Blessed Sacrament that we may be mar-Blessed Sacrament that we may be mar-tyrs, and not cry when we are put to death, and if any of us have been naughty we kneel down before all the others and say an Our Father and a Hail Mary."
"Say one Hail Mary for me." said Laurentia, stooping to kiss the boy's fair brow, as she parted from him.

There was something singularly noble and engaging in the counterpance and

and engaging in the countenance and manners of this little boy, and the sudden hought passed across Laurentia's mind -she thought of the story which Grace Icondono had related the last day they had met at Agatha's house, and she won-dered if this might possibly be the child whom the itinerant musician, Anselm, rescued from a watery grave.

Instead of returning home, she went straight to the palace of Justo Ucondono, and asked to see Grace. She found her engaged in making preparations for a journey, but she suspended her occupa-tion in order to lead her into the garden, where the two friends sat down together in a summer-house, and held a long conversation, in which they opened their hearts to each other on various subjects of the deepest interest. Since they had met, both had become affianced wives: for Grace's marriage to Paul, the eldest son of Guenifoin, had been arranged, and the had willingly acquiesced in the con-tent which her father had given to the Governor's proposal; for Paul was fervent Christian, and as a matron sh coped to devote herself with more efficiency, if not with more zeal, than as a maiden, to the interests of the Church and the service of the poor. She knew that her intended husband, like herself, had been thoroughly trained in the principles which teach us to consider ourselves as SERVANIS; to look upon the SERVICE of God as the one busi-ness of life—the sole purpose of our crea-tion. He was also brave, generous, and kind : one that a Christian woman might look up to with love and respect. It seemed to her God's will that she should marry him, and with many prayers and redoubled acts of humility and charity she was preparing for that great change in her state of life. The news of Isafai's conversion filled her with joy, and the two friends rejoiced together with hearts overflowing with affection and hope. They indulged in bright visions, and spoke of the future as young people do even when their souls are chastened by deep and holy thoughts. They described to each other what the course of their lives was to be. Laurentia spoke of the house in Nangazaqui, with its turreted roof and its three-storied gallery, over-looking the sea; of the way in which she would sit and watch the approach of the ships which would bear the holy sisterhood to their shores, of the barques laden with merchandise, which Isafai (for she had never yet learned to call him Matthias) was to trade in, and make a fortune which would enable him to build a small church, such as he had seen in Europe in sea-port towns, dedicated to "Our Lady, Star of the Sea." This was HER dream And Grace had also beautiful projects, for her future husband had large possessions, and she would build homes for the abandoned children, and be a mother to them herself; she would have a hospital, where, like St. Elizabeth of Hungary, she might

tend the sick with her own hands; and who could tell but that as Paul was ver rich they might not raise a splendic church, such as had never before been seen in Japan.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Laurentia eagerly, "I will send you the pictures Isafai
has brought home of St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Charles at Milan, and Oar Lady the Angels at some other place, and other beautiful ones in Spain and Portugal And you will call yours 'St. Paul's.' " bright smile flashed over Grace's face, and Laurentia laughed with delight because the thought was such a joy, and her heart was overflowing with happiness.

Poor children, they were indulging in dreams; but not unblessed, nor unhallow-ed either. If never destined to be real-ized, they were doubtless the foreshadowings of even higher and better offering which they were one day to make.

"Laurentia," said Grace, after a pause,
during which both had been plucking flowers and scattering them on the gras

around them; "Laurentia, we must not set our hearts even on such hopes as these. We must not forget that SUFFER-"Ob, but we may marry; you, Paul Sa-condono, and I, Isafai; and suffer a great deal too," cried Laurentia eagerly.
Grace smiled. "Perhaps so, though at

drace similar. "Fernaps 80, though at this moment nothing might seem to us hard to bear but to give up that particu-lar form of happiness which our hearts are set upon. But, dear friend, whose soul and mine have long been so closely united, will you jain with the given a grayar bewill you join with me in one prayer be-fore we part? Will you come with me and kneel down before the crucifix in yonder little oratory, and offer to God the sacrifice of our projects and of our hopes if we might serve Him better in any other way, or if the souls of those we love might be more safely directed to heaven ander other companionship than ours?

Tears started in Laurentia's eyes : but she said, "Lead the way, beloved Grace, lead the way, as you have ever done in that upward path in which, but for your example and help, I should so often have learned behind." lagged behind."

The two maidens knelt before the image

of their dying Lord, and made to His Sacred Heart the full and entire sacrifice the College. Our confraternity meets to day."

"What Confraternity? what is it should surrender it for His sake. When they rose from their kneesthey embraced each other, and walked in the sunshine, and amidst the bright flowers and the

\$ Then Grace told her friend that she was about to return for a short time to the Court of the King of Arima.

"Not to that dreadful place," exclaimed Laurentia, "where, if report speaks truly, your life was but lately in danger."

JUNE 17, 1899

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHY "MOTHER OF PERSEVER. ANCE ?"

A common designation of the Blessed Virgin Mary is Mother of Perseverance. The question is a very natural Why is the Biessed Virgin Mary called the Mother of Perseverance? The question deserves a satisfactory answer for the benefit of Catholics as well as of outsiders.

To appreciate the reason and full significance of the title of Mother of Perseverance it is necessary, first, to consider the intimate relations that exist between Mary and her divine Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our Ra deemer and Saviour. We must try to realize, if possible, what is involved in We must try to the fact that the Blessed Virgin Mary was the Mother of Jesus Christ.

The great difficulty with our Protestant friends is that they do not really appreciate and cordially accept the doctrine of the Incarnation. They have a sort of half Arian feeling that makes them revolt at the idea of the Mother of Jesus being called the Mother of God. whereas, the whole intent and significance of the grand scheme of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is embraced in that one expression. If she was not the Mother of God she was the mother of a mere man, and that at once changes the whole character of the Gospel. No matter how great, or excellent, or how superior to all other human beings, the denial that He was really God with one fell swoop brushes away all claim to the supernatural and with it all our high hopes of a glorious immortality beyond the grave.

Yes, Jesus Christ is God, and Mary is His Mother. He was miraculously conceived in her immaculate womb, and thus He became bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. This fact conferred upon her a dignity and an importance in the great scheme of redemption which it is difficult to estimate at their true value. The fact is that the Blessed Virgin Mary was from all eternity chosen by Almighty God to be the medium through which divinity was to be united to humanity, that humanity might be elevated to the divinity, and she may thus be considered an efficient agent in co operation with divinity in the great scheme of redemption. It was not an outside, collateral, incidental work that she performed; she was intimately united ith her divine Son during His whole life on earth. It was her life work. work. She sympathized with Him in the accomplishment of the object for which He had come into the world. She labored with Him for the salvation of souls. She suffered with Him and made sacrifices for Him. She nursed Him to manhood, She followed Him in His journeyings, and she stood at the Cross when He was crucified. Her influence with Him is indicated at the wedding feast, where she induced Him to perform a miracle to supply the deficiency of wine.

ceased to take an interest in the accomplishment of the great scheme of edemption, or that her influence with her divine Son has been in any manner lessened? The supposition is impos sible. She is still intimately associated with Him, and certainly not less influential with Him than when on earth. She is ready to plead for all who ask her intercession; and think for a moment of the power of that inand the Son loves His Mother, and we can not conceive of anything more beautiful or more powerful than the pleading of that Mother for a s'ncere We have only to commit our client. case to this powerful advocate of sinners o be sure of a successful issue. But there is one other thought-she

Now, is it possible to suppose that

that the Blessed Mother of Jesus has

is the model of all virtues, especially purity—and purity is one of the most important essentials as it is one of the greatest securities in the work of our salvation. Impurity is perhaps the greatest obstacle to the salvation of the reatest number. Impurity slays its millions, while there is no more powerful motive to the practice of puritypurity of thought, purity of intention and purity of action-than devotion to the Immaculate Virgin Mother of Jesus. This is the secret of the saints This, too, is the secret of sanctity, of integrity, of genuine piety and devotion in common life. We need not be afraid of honoring Mary too much so long as we look to her as an advocate with her Son. Keeping this in view, and committing our case confidently to her, we shall certainly find that she is indeed the Mother of Perseverance .-Sacred Heart Review.

THOROLD CEMENT.

THOROLD CEMENT.

Dunnville, Ont., Nov. 1, 1898.

Estate of John Battle, Thorold, Ont:
Dear Sirs,—It is with pleasure that I testify
to the good qualities of your Thorold Cement
for building purposes. During the past summer I have built a barn 38x50 feet, with basement walls nine feet high, and with cisters
under driveway 8x19x7 feet high. I also put
concrete floors throughout, for cow stables as
well as horse stables. I consider both wall
and floors to be much better and cheaper than
if they were built of any other material.

Sincerely yours,
William Patton.

Totally Deaf.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. THOMAS ECLECTRIC OIL. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

CATHOLICS AND THE POPE.

Dr. Minot Savage, Unitarian, whose sermons are just now the wonder of New York, said last Sunday that one of phenomena of the age was the change in the attitude of Roman Catholics toward the Pope.

avowed f

infallibili

they are

about suc

soul, for

Roman C

lionth pa

there are

behalf of

dissensio

can Chui

not have

The mer

party as

crease in

Briggs?

express

opinions

that Bisl

THE

" Hav

'Is th " It is

" Are

"Nobody cares much about the Pope now except those near to him. I have heard devout Catholics say, 'It is all very well for the Pope to be the spiritual head of the Church, but when he undertakes to tell me where I shall send my children to school, I draw the line." We conceive that Dr. Savage's mem-

ory is somewhat defective.

ory is somewhat defective. Nobody cares much about the Pope now?" Not many weeks ago the whole world was reading the bulletins from the Vatican, and the question whether the Pope will be represented at the forthming Peace Conference or not is just now of international interest. Bis-marck's magnificent boast, "Wie ge-hen nicht nach Canossa," will live long in German history. And yet he went to Canossa. Leo XIII. is the successor of Gregory VII. The attention given by the secular and sectar ian press to the Pope's recent letter to the American Primate is another proof, perhaps, that the Papacy has assed into the limbo of the obso-Next Sunday-Good Shepherd not pasi lete. Next Sunday—Good Snepherd Sunday—millions of loyal Catholic hearts will be lifted up in earnest prayer that God may preserve the Holy Father, grant him length of days, and deliver him out of the hands of his enemies. We question if there ever was a time in the history of the Church when the Holy See enjoyed greater prestige than it does to-day. We should like to interview the

devout Catholics " whose sentiments Savage deems The fact is, however, that one might as well yearn to see a sea serpent or a gyascutus. A "devout Catholic" denies the right of the Pope to give him command or advice touching the education of his children is a contradiction in terms. We are afraid that the elequent divine has been taking sweet counsel with Catholics of the mugwump brand - our self-styled -the very last people in liberals the world from whom reliable information regarding Catholic belief and sentiment can be got. We have met the "liberal Catholic" — that most ridiculous figure in contemporary life -a miracle of conceit, ignorance and human respect. He goes about apologizing to Protestants and patronizing the Church of his fathers. cause he has attained to some little eminance in local politics, or holds a nice position, or has accumulated some dollars, he believes himself qualified to say how the Church ought to be runto give points to her ministers from

e Pope down to his own pastor. His creed is a farrago of modern notions imperfectly understood and some formulas of his catechism imperfectly remembered. He reads books which oppose the faith, never He reads those which explain and defend it. His religion is not the fashion in the society he keeps. He apologizes for it and minimizes it to suit the prejudices of his associates, forgetful of the practical fact that, in the eyes of earnest men, when principle is sacrificed character is lost. And these are the men who affect to pose as intelligent Catholics and to speak for the Catholic These are the men whom outsiders have in mind when they prate about the decline of Catholicis gardless of the ancient adage that one swallow does not make a summer .-Providence Visitor.

"A HOUSE DIVIDED."

ency of the Church of England.

A London cablegram to the Nev York Journal of last Sunday is as fol-Dean Farrar, of Canterbury, the

most popular divine in the English Church, made an extraordinary statement to your correspondent to-day on the critical position of the Church of England. He said :

The English Church is passing through the fire of controversy and dissensions, and deep division is being There is no distinct mode produced. of knowing where we are. A house divided will never be truer in its application than when applied to the Church of England to-day 'A Church in two sections is always

undesirable and productive of harm. A Church with two extreme parties as constitute the English Church at this moment is a struggle for life or death. God only knows whether the Church will be permanently crippled. As far as I can see, unless the ex

treme party—and by that I mean those who are practicing a distinctly Romish ritual-relinquish their practices, the inevitable end must be disestablishment or disruption.
"The prayer book is, in all con

science, liberal in its scope, but when a certain section follows Rome in worship and in all but recognition of the infallibility of the Pope, there is surely ground for complaint. The Ritualistic party must be prepared to make concessions before the English Church can again be united.

I am hopeful that from the Archbishops' Court some good may result, and that more moderate clergymen may be influenced by the decision o e Archbishops, and may confirm to Those who don't recognize it must takes place, the question will no doubt

arise again in a more serious form. 'You think, then. Dean Farrar, that there is a distinct Romanish tendency, and that it is not simply a divergence of views as to the scope of the prayer

"Many of the extreme party," re-