

"Baby Patrick."

"So they've christened the baby Patrick! What a name to give their boy! To be laughed at on the playground. And with their father's name, I say, it sounds so all over Irish. That's what I like about it. Or 'Patrick' is 'Patrick'!

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

The hand is the symbol of the people; the sword, of the lord; the barracks, of the king; and the ironclad of the emperor. If there were any higher means of centralizing force, there would be a rank still higher than imperialism. But when the tree of Force has reached its full growth, it must flower, and fall in seed. The flower of force is the jewelled crown of an emperor, and the seed of the gaudy flower, with its roots in the follies of the millions, is the most disastrous and rebellious. —John Ogilvie O'Reilly.

Let us, then, learn that we can never be lonely or forsaken in this life. Shall they forget us because they are "made perfect?" Shall they love us the less because they now have the power to love us more? If we forget them, shall they not remember us with God? No trial, then, can isolate us, no sorrow can cut us off from the Communion of Saints. Kneel down, and you are with them; lift up your eyes, and the heavenly world, high above all perturbation, hangs serenely overhead; only a thin veil, it may be, floats between.

Shelly says, our Mother is a mirror, in whom, as in the splendor of the Sun, all shapes looked glorious which thou gaze on; and every Catholic soul will understand the following words of Robert Browning: There is vision in the heart of each. Of an inner Wisdom, Tenderness To wrong and pain, and knowledge of their cure. And these imbedded in a Woman's form. That best transmits them pure as first received. From God above her to mankind below!

RESPECT FOR ONE'S POWERS. We should always be learners, gladly welcoming every help and respecting every personality. But we should also respect our own, and bear in mind that, though the universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to us but through our own thought being first to deprecate our own powers. It is our faculties because some one else's were more vigorous, to shrink from doing what we can because we think we can do so little, to hinder our own development and the progress of the world. For it is only by exercises that any faculty is strengthened, and only by each one putting his shoulder to the wheel that the world moves and humanity advances.

THE CLEAN OF HEART. Looking out on the green, happy earth, the wide, laughing water, so far up into the blue, intensely blue sky, arching over all things like the dome of some vast cathedral, it is easy to be happy even without any tangible cause; easy to lose one's self in vague, sweet dreams, and vaster, sweeter fancies; easy to forget that there were such things as sin and suffering on earth that, under this hyacinthine sky, hearts were breaking, souls were uttering, curses breathed, death-grips given, souls, alike of sinners and of saints, going forth on the wings of every idle, golden minute, to face the justice of Him who, 'mid all the mad carnival of human misery, insanity, and crime, is still "patient because eternal."

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

do with your short life, that his kiss was never laid on your sweet lips, or weighed down the lids of your pathetic eyes. It was truly well, for, among all those glorious blessings and tender promises which we call "the beatitudes," what so glorious, what so full of tenderness as the one which tells us that "blessed are the clean of heart: for they shall see God?" —Christian Reid

A HUNDRED AND FORTY RELIGIONS.

The census announcement that there are a hundred and forty religious bodies in the United States, exclusive of many independent congregations, will be received with some surprise by most people whose knowledge of different sects does not embrace more than a dozen or twenty at the most. In the list as disclosed by the preliminary bulletins issued by the Census Bureau from Washington are the General Six-Principles Baptist, the Schweizerthian, the Theosophical Society, the Life and Advent Union, and others which to a majority of people will be entirely new. With a hundred and forty creeds formally adopted and "many independent organizations" with their own notions besides, the task of those who favor Church union is difficult indeed. If only the more numerous denominations existed the labor of effecting a union of Churches with regard to polity and the more essential doctrines might be easier, but what shall be said when a hundred little denominations, sturdy in their beliefs and customs, are in the field, loth to give them up!

BETTER TO TRAIN THAN TO BREAK.

We find the appended bit of wisdom in Harper's Bazar: "Parents have proudly told me of sickening battles with their children, will pitted against will, till at last the stronger physque gained the mastery, and the child's will was broken." Such victories are worse than defeats. Such victories are worse than defeats. I have seen a father and his little boy stand pitted against each other, with a look in each face that I could call nothing but hatred, and when I thought of the power of the one and the helplessness of the other, I could not but admire the boy's pluck. There should be no such occasions. The parent stands convicted of utter stupidity in finding himself in any such situation. There are times when it is wiser for the parent to ignore some mood on the child's part. The part of the parent should be to ever seeking the wise opportunity to impress the child with the virtue that is the reverse of some fault it falls into. Children pass through various phases, and some dragon of a fault that has been worrying over and planning against suddenly vanishes into this air and is no more. Sometimes one likes a fault by noticing it too much. The child an expression of nervousness. The child repeats a fault through an inability to pass over it. It becomes like a hard word in the spelling-book that he has met before. He recognizes the word without knowing its name, and at the same moment remembers his struggles with the fault, and the painful impression fills him with nervousness, his mind becomes confused, and he cannot control his thought. It is wise with a fault, as with the hard word, to let it go, to escape it. Omit the habit word; avoid anything to excite the habit word. Presently the child forgets the fault. It may be said that injudicious parents often create their children's faults. The writer does not advert to the powerful persuasive influence in the hands of Christian parents—especially of Christian mothers—in the correction of children's faults.

The writer once heard a distinguished non-Catholic woman lament, before a large assembly of women, the short-coming of that religion which took the Blessed Mother and her Divine Child out of nursery and school-room. Never more than in their "angel infancy" are children moved by an appeal to their supernatural instincts. To be good, like the Infant Jesus, whose pictured face on the wall is as familiar as his own in the mirror; to be good, like the dear guardian angel, whose invisible wings caress him night and day; how many a little one can be led gently along through the little tasks and small self-denials which are gradually shaping the strong, truthful and courageous man or woman of the future. The thing is to begin in time. Don't leave the little one uncontrolled and unchecked for five or six years, because he is so pretty, or so "cute" in his willfulness; or because he is the oldest or the youngest, or the only one. But begin with dawnful reason to accustom him to the household order, and to compliance with your wishes. Don't break the will. What better foundation for the grandest character than a strong will? There was never a noble and useful life built up without it. Train the strong will; guide it; enlighten it. Set the right objects for steadfast adherence before it. And of all things, teach it the nobility of yielding when one is proved in the wrong; of seeking forgiveness when one has offended, and of repelling mischief done.

Some good people have a wretched way of making the brave virtues wear mean faces. A strong natured, spirited child in such hands may get a moral twist in his nature which it will be hard to straighten out in after life. Don't browbeat a child. Don't cultivate an arbitrary manner with him. Don't refuse to tell your reasons, where it is all possible, for a command which strains his obedience. "How do you manage so large a family with so little fret; so few punishments?" was asked once of a happy mother. "I hardly know," she answered; "unless it be that I show my children I respect as well as love them; by always appealing to the highest motives, and telling them, as far as possible, the reason why." And she added: "That Holy Family over the mantle; those Patron Saints and Guardian Angels about the nursery walls have been my chief allies." We might say much about the moulding influence of example. How coax or frighten a child into truthfulness when his elders are giving him object-lessons in deceit every day? You only outrage his sense of justice; and, in the long run, the example and not the precept will prevail.

POOR LIONELLO.

One beautiful morning in the year 1853, His Holiness Pius IX. was taking his customary stroll through the garden of the Vatican. As he entered a shady walk he met a boy apparently six years old, whose little hands were filled with flowers, evidently gathered from the pontifical borders. When he caught sight of the Holy Father the little fellow hastily dropped his odoriferous harvest on the gravel path and stood still with downcast eyes and blushing face. The Pontiff smiled, and approaching the child said, in the kindest manner: "My child, where did you get those pretty flowers?" "Over there, Holy Father; I gathered them in your own garden." "Well, why did you throw them down when you saw me?" "Because mamma is over yonder, and she strictly forbade me to touch one of the flowers."

"So, my child, you disobeyed your good mother; that was wrong, very wrong indeed; but I know you are sorry, for I see the tears in your eyes, so I forgive you this time, for her sake and for myself. Should you not like to place some more pretty flowers?" "O yes, Holy Father, I should. I do love carnations and lilies," said the boy, quickly forgetting the past. "Well, my son, I give you full permission to take them. But look at these handsome roses; should you not prefer one of them?" "O thank you, Holy Father, I should like to have that large open white rose. My mamma loves the Pope, and I should like to offer it to her in memory of you; she would keep it always."

"What is your name, my little one?" inquired Pius IX., cutting it for him. "Lionello, Holy Father." The Pope asked the child several other questions, to which the latter replied, the candor of his age, and then gave him the blessing. A shade came over Lionello's countenance, as if something else were wanted. The mute petition was quickly understood by the saintly Vicar of Christ, who, like his Master, made himself humble with the lowly. "What is it, my son—do you want something else?" "Holy Father, you blessed me though I was spilling your garden," replied the boy. Then in words that seemed to be inspired, he added, "Perhaps you will bless my father, too, although he fought against your soldiers?" "Lionello, my child, I bless him with my whole heart, my child."

"Then he is no longer an enemy of the Pope, if you bless him, is he?" "I pardon him as I do all my rebellious children."

"O, how happy my dear mamma will be!" cried the child. "Well, now, Lionello, go to your excellent mother; try to be a good boy; obey your parents in the Lord, as you will bless my father, too, although he fought against your soldiers?" "The boy ran to his mother, and the Pope, followed by his chamberlain, continued his morning walk. Years have rolled by and we find our- selves in the month of November, 1869. A numerous army, made up of hired assassins, secret societies, revolutionists, freethinkers, atheists and godless meddles, fell upon the spot of earth which had fallen upon the spot of what is most holy and right here below. For a moment the Pope, followed by Garibaldi's horde, had been rescued by the heroism of the Pontifical Zouaves and the French battalions. A few days after the battle of Mentana Pius IX. paid a visit of charity to the ambulance, in which there were several wounded soldiers. In passing through the wards he stopped at the bedside of a young man dangerously wounded, said the infirmarian in an undertone: "He refuses all spiritual aid, although he will surely die."

"Poor young man," murmured Pius IX., going closer; then, having looked attentively at him, he exclaimed: "Lionello! it is Lionello!" The youth started, opened his eyes, and a deep blush suffused his countenance. "My son, do you not recognize me? Do you not remember the white rose I gave you in the garden of the Vatican?" "Ah, I can never forget it; it always haunts my memory," said the dying Garibaldi, trying to cover his face with both his hands; "then I was a happy child." "True, and now you are unfortunate, suffering and unhappy." "I have not a single friend left on earth." "Do not say that; am I not your friend, your father?" But I have offended the Sovereign Pontiff; my whole life is but a career of crime." "God forgives all who truly repent, my son; and who am His representative on earth, am also ready to forgive. You do repent, I trust. Do you not, my Lionello?" These words, so full of tenderness, touched the heart of the young Carbonaro, and he shed abundant tears. After a while he said to the Holy Father: "Now I see I was wrong. I was led on by false friends and I thought that by a few remaining drops of blood in your righteous cause! Would to God that I had followed the advice of my mother!" "Where is your good mother?" "Alas she is no more. How wretched it would have made her if she had lived to hear that I had fallen, that I had died from a wound received in a sacrilegious combat." At these last words remorse seized the soul of Lionello; something like despair was depicted on his features, he seemed no longer to understand how to ask pardon or how to atone for it, and in the height of his mental torture, his face became livid, and he suddenly carried his hands to his bandaged wounds; from his chest the blood gushed in a stream. His eyes then met those of Pius IX., regarding him with fatherly compassion, and he found strength to cry, "Holy Father, forgive Lionello once more, as in former days you forgave him in the garden."

The Pope bent low over the penitent; a short supreme conversation was held and then the potent hand of Christ's Vicar

was raised over the dying penitent. An hour later, the Carbonaro, saved by a souvenir of childhood, preciously retained, yielded up his soul, while calling on the sweet names of Jesus and Mary.—The Mariana

HOW SOULS ARE CURED.

I know few words harder to the heart of a priest than the words "I cannot!" uttered coldly by a soul of whom God asks a sacrifice of the will, necessary to accept a position, or a manner of living which thwarts our taste, or destroys our projects of self-love. "I cannot!" the soul answers. Then again, it may be a sacrifice of the heart, the renunciation of an affection already culpable, or about to become so, and which charms and allures. "I cannot!" the soul answers. Oh, with a soul which resists like this, and entrenches itself, so to speak, behind double bolts with the cold, icy words, "I cannot!" what is to be done? Yet his salvation is at stake; and he is being led by this disobedience to a superlative which has a right to command, or by this sensual affection which gradually destroys the candor and reserve which made it so beautiful in the eyes of angels.

One day a young girl, kneeling in the confessional before a priest, continued insensible to the earnest words of her spiritual father, who begged her to sacrifice a guilty affection. There was at the beginning of a struggle in her conscience, but she stilled it with the words, "I cannot!" "My child," said the priest, "be frank: is it I cannot, or I will not?" Silence. "Tell me, my child, have you the courage to say to me and to say to the good God, 'I will not?'" Grace began to do its work; the young girl, more moved than she would appear, could hardly restrain her tears. "Oh I wish I could!" "Father, but I cannot!" "My child, will you do what I am going to ask you in the name of our Blessed Lord, or rather what Jesus Christ asks you through me?" "Father—"

"Say simply yes or no." "Yes, Father." "Then, go before the Blessed Sacrament, and holding your beads in your hand repeat these words slowly, enunciating each syllable. 'The good God, my Master and my Father, wishes me to renounce this affection which leads to my ruin, I say that I cannot; but in reality I will not.' These words, which you feel as true, repeat slowly twenty times at least on your beads, pausing each time a few seconds to let them gently sink into your soul. Then, with the same slowness, repeat twenty times more all things, words: 'My God, who cannot do all things, have pity on me; do not punish me! and give me the will to do strength and the means to renounce what displeases Thee.' As between the first words, pause a few seconds each time after you have uttered them. Then twenty times more and still more slowly, say: 'My God, who hast been so long calling me, awaiting me, urging me, and whom I ever resist! My God, pardon me the pain I give Thy dearly loved heart, and make me docile.' At the end of this third invocation, ask the intercession of Mary, 'Mother, and making the Sign of the Cross, as if receiving God's blessing, quietly retire. During all the week let this be your morning and evening meditation. Go now, my child; God bless you!"

Before the end of the week the poor child returned with a sore, but generous heart. "Father," she said, unconscious that she was repeating the words of the Apostle concerning the grace, "Father, will you tell me that I do?" She was told her duty, and she did it.

O priests of Jesus Christ! Let us remember the sweet, gentle, but strong and penetrating power of submissive, humble prayer. Let us remember that about the Holy Eucharist is a divine atmosphere formed of graces infinitely powerful, first, soft, then penetrative, and finally transform souls. Send them your potent remedies as useless. Yes, dear souls who cannot overcome your habits, who have not the strength to be resigned, to submit, to accept what is sent to you, go to Jesus in the Eucharist; gently pour out your heart to Him in a short prayer slowly repeated; and let the merciful power of Jesus, drop by drop, penetrating your soul. The continual dropping of water upon a stone always tells upon it in the end, and it is woe away.

Don't Feel Well.

And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from doing so for fear you will alarm yourself and friends. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in cases like yours.

Fathers and Sons.

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Caught in a Shaft.

A frequent source of accident is found in shafting. Great care should be used and in case of wounds, bruises, sprains, lacerations, or sores, it is the promptest pain reliever obtainable. JOSEPH RUSAN, Percy, writes:—"I was induced to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for a lameness which troubled me for three or four years, and I found it the best article I ever tried. It has been a great blessing to me."



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THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Our separated brethren should be consistent Catholics, while accepting the Bible, and respecting all its propounds, yet maintain that God never intended it to be the sole and exclusive guide of faith. We maintain that our Blessed Redeemer confided His teaching orally to the Apostles; and that part only of what had thus been revealed was reduced to writing. We contend that it was not the design of God, in inspiring the Holy Apostles and Evangelists to write the various portions of the New Testament, to replace by their writings, oral revelation. We, therefore, hold to Tradition and holy scripture, as constituting together the Body of the New Law.

But, with our Protestant brethren it is different. They repudiate tradition, and stand up for the Bible as the only rule of faith. Holding this as a fundamental principle, they have no right to do anything which Holy Writ says should not be done, or to omit performing what Scripture declares should be performed. But, in practice, do they hold to this? If they do, how happens it that our Divine Lord's injunction against divorce is so generally disregarded among them? How is it that, as a rule, their ministers do not hesitate to tear asunder those whom God has joined together, by marrying separated spouses to other men and women? How is it that, though our Lord has positively enjoined that the churches to which we belong, in Holy Writ itself, fasting and penance, they will have nothing to do with either? Finally, if there is one thing upon which Holy Writ speaks plainly it is the question of women's filling the pulpit. And yet, wherever there is found an ambitious Protestant woman, yearning to hear herself within church walls, why she finds no difficulty at all in skipping over the Scriptural prohibition, and receiving her license. There are now two hundred regularly ordained women preachers in the United States, where forty years ago there was only one.

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Keep Nothing from Me

They sat at the spinning together. And they spun the fine white thread. Our face was old and the other's young and a silver head. At times the young voices sweet. That was wonderful a while ago. And the mother's heart beat. For her joy was not less. There was many a holy lesson. Interviewed with silent prayer. To be to be gentle, listen. As they two sat spinning. "And of all that I speak, my Father from my older head. God give me one last thing. And with it then shut my eyes."

FATHER HECKER'S SIONARY

The installment of the Hecker, by the Rev. appearing in the Catholic April, is devoted to the Redemptorist mission. Father Hecker returned early in 1851, in company Provincial, Father Barn Kennel, and Fathers V. Sheer, Kittell, Dold and were welcomed to New John and George Hecker, McMaster, and took up Redemptorist house in another American convent. Augustine F. Hewly, a Father Hecker's student of his apostolate, was in line with what he felt. It proved to be the for it. It was simple according to the spirit of the matter, whose call is especially of penance and the Catholic. "A mission," writes a season of renewal of among the people, a course of spiritual exercises, principles of religion, conduct, and by emotional nature is for stin, love of God, happiness. Father Hecker often never assisted a case. He was not profusely in of hardened sinners, however much he might of some, will result of missions, a quickening of faith, supernatural motives, restitutions made, families united, the worshippers, alone Hecker never thought too dearly bought. ever changing relations, strange places, nor nerve troubles which subject to, from brain and over again in mission preaching, not think the privilege dearly bought even of his proper ag. He schooled "The mission of the Catholics he already recollections of his from that of his brook, farm and his of his knowledge of the R. Idempert's his; jurn in E. people, public, a similar knowledge of the average local Catholics America viewed of morality were very mixed people were wise than to expose Father Hecker in well for meeting one in the rushing grants then pour missions, a learning, what people had made for they walk of soul. "Nor can one alone as an evil public itself of Catholicity over all people like or written evidence. valid as the changes had met people will accept and from Scripture kind they were of the Power shows a Christian and an easy energetic, calmness for good, most sublime of a man. And it uniform victory over that non Catholic the pioneer was to remove the men who courage, late discipline, and the indomitable to bear them. And it is to be before day-b after work- ences or of known to the comment in nutes to pre-

TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tenders for Works," will be received until noon on Monday, 23d of May inst., for the following works:— Two asylum cottages at Milton, three cottages at Orillia Asylum, and alterations in Assembly Hall of Education Department, Toronto. Plans and specifications can be seen at the Asylum for Idiots, Orillia, and at this department, where forms of tender can also be procured. The tender for the cottages, Milton, to be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque for two thousand dollars, and for the works at Orillia and Toronto for one thousand dollars each, the cheques to be payable to the order of the Commissioner of Public Works, Ontario, on condition of being forfeited if the contractor fails to enter into a contract based upon the tender when called upon to do so. Where tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The bona fide signatures of two sureties for the performance of the contract to be attached to each tender. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender. C. F. FRASER, Commissioner. Department of Public Works, Ontario, Toronto, May 16, 1901.

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