HALF HOURS WITH THE SAINTS

Saint Apollonius.

6

New Worll.

THE HUB.

Saint Apollonias. WORLDLY AND SINFUL PRUDENCE.— Apollonius, one of the most learned and eloquent Roman senators, had been con-verted to the faith in consequence of his communications with the Pope, Saint Eleutherius, and by a profound study of the Holy Scriptures. Religion at that time, namely, under the reign of Commodus, was blessed with but little repose. Appollonius devoted himself without fear to Christian deeds; he was denounced by one of his slaves, and cited to appear before the Senate. The informing slave was bound to the wheel, in accordance with a decree of Marcus Aurelius, which forbade, under pain of death, any denunciation of the Christians. Apollonius, far from seeking to screen himself, took advantage of so noble an opportunity, to make before the whole Senate an impassioned defence of Chris-tianity. The senators were shaken in their Senate an impassioned defence of Chris-tianity. The senators were shaken in their opinions, and religion gained the victory; but the prefect, Perennis, hastened to pass sentence against him by virtue of the edicts bearing on persecution, which had not been abolished, and from a fear lest where a compute might include rolling. not been abolished, and from a fear lest such an example might involve political results too important. Apollonius was accordingly condemned to public torture and put to death: the very pagans were filled with indignation at such an enormity.

MORAL REFLECTION .- Such false prudence, leading inevitably to crime, has been pointed out by the Apostle in these words: "Be not wise in your own con-ceits."—(Rom. xii, 16)

Saint Leo IX.

Poor.-Humility well beseems true great-ness, and is ever merclful. Bruno, Bishop of Toul, and of the illu-trious family of the Counts of Aspurg, was elected Pope at the Diet of Worms in 1049. Never was choice more happy, for the pontiff elect possessed all the virtue and wisdom, pati-ence, courage, and grandeur of soul, needfect. ful to restore peace to the Church and re-establish discipline. He alone accoun-ted himself unworthy, and did everything in his power to demonstrate this to the assembly. Being forced to give way in their presence, he appealed from them to the people and clergy of Rome, present-ing himself before them barefoot and in the humble garb of a pilgrim, hopeful of being rejected. The general voice declared in his favour. He answered in all things in his favour. He answered in all things to what had been expected of him. One day he placed in his own bed a leper who had begged hospitality. The leper disap-peared, and it is piously believed it was Jesus Christ himself that had appeared to him under that guise, as formerly in the case of the illustrious St. Martin. Leo died in 1054, after having held the pontifi-cate most worthily for five years. MORAL REFLECTION.—Let us hold in honour "those me of mercy, whose cody

honour "those men of mercy, whose godly deeds have not failed."-(Eccles. xliv.

Saint Theotimus.

WISDOM UNTO SOBRIETY. St. Theotimus. bishop of Thomis in Scythia, has been trained in the learning and philosophy of the Greeks; into Christianity be imported that wise philosophy recommended by the Apostle, which attempers zeal while en-lightening it. Hid away, so to speak, in the midst of a barbarous race, oftentimes errored to the convirue race, oftentimes exposed to the exactions of princes and kings who deemed him rich because of his alms-giving, and dwelling amongst a popful, because God had grantea much of miracles, he stood in need of as much prudence as zeal, and of wisdom equalling his ardour. But it was especially at the council of Chalcedon, convoked by St. Epiphanius for the condemnation of the writings of Origen, that he showed to what a degree moderation reigned in his mind. a degree moderation reigned in his mind. I more I may be. And, by the way, I a mot in question now. We are discuss-ing immortal Boston Common, where they ing immortal Boston Common, where they writings whipped the Quaker ich regarded him as all-pow

teeth?

whirled away towards the unhappy town of Boston's homeless poor; those who have been hit in the battle of life, wounded, mortally wounded in the intellect, and unable to cope with their fellows, live yet on; wounded, mortally, in the soul; dying morally, in this incessant battle between good and evil; shot down early in the fight, with all the tears of manbood and womanbood wasting away there in the hospital ! Pity them; oh, pity them. Help them. Help them. Will they ever get well and come out of the hospital with their soul heald ? It is not much to be shot down physically and die there on the green grass and be buried there and so sleep forever. It is not much for a man to die in battle so. But for a woman to be wounded, morally, to be taken to this sort of hospital, to heal her soul, as it were. Pity her everybody; help her everybody that can. IN THE HOSPITAL ON PORTHOUSE. One short hour from Boston, inland, remote from the sea, but set on a little bill of land and healthy I should ever so Joachin Miller Visits the Athens of the The following letter appeared in the N. Y. Star of Sunday: Here I am at last in the Athens of the New World! What thoughts crowd upon the mind as one approaches and enters this wonderful old city of advanced thought. As we write of it, with singular and conflicting consting. and conflicting emotions, this city, which has named itself the centre of the Western

has named itself the centre of the Westera Hemisphere, the hub of the universe! This learned and illustrious city! The home of Professor John L. Sullivan; the birthplace of Jesse Pomeroy; the only city in the world that to-day has an amateur boy-murderer, who reads the Testaments in the original Greek. I do not know whether he believes in this Testament or not. But that is merely a detail : a mat not. But that is merely a detail ; a mat hot. But that is merely a detail ; a mat-ter of little importance to so learned a city as this; the only city in the world that has a Tewksbury tannery for a sub-urb. The only city in the world that has remote from the sea, but set on a little hill of land, and healthy I should say so far as good air and location could make it, and we were set down at Tewksbury Station. A little Black Maria sort of a reformer in every clime. It is said that the sun never goes down on the British flag in its circuit of the earth. It may as certainly be said that the sun never goes down on the Boston reformer. There is not a place on this earth where he is not

JESUS CHRIST IN THE PERSON OF THE

not a place on this earth where he is not to be found; if he can only make it pay, ever so little. In fact, so advanced is this city of advanced thought that it now con-verts the skins of its poor into razor strops, kid gloves, tobacco pouches, boots, shoes and bindings for hymn books. Other cities, not so advanced in thought, bury their dead and waste all this. Oh, it is a great thing for a city to have noble uni-versities and museums and great learned thinkers to lead the world and lecture the world and impress the world continuously farm, several hundred acres of tillage, stone fences, pine trees in clumps, a few oaks and many little tangles of wild grape vines in the less ambitious growth of thinkers to lead the world and lecture the world and impress the world continuously with its tremendous bigness ! Boston is not a beautiful city, in any sense. Suburbs it has of the most lovely, however; all the drives about the outside oaks and many little tangles of whild grape vines in the less ambilious growth of woods; but what I mean to say is the land is very poor, granite stones and tawny sand make up the solid earth here, without and within the Poorhouse of Tewksbury. of the great city of science and thought are a perpetual delight; the roads are per-And I found nothing here at all strange or startling, or out of line with the usual order of such dreadful places. In truth, I found those in charge of the unfortunates much more gentle and patient than the burly Englishmen who showed me over Bedlam a few years since. The place is even better ordered, although, of course, not so imposing, and even of a little different character, too, than the madhouse of Toronto, which I saw only the other day. It is a fact that all such places are sad, are simply hor-rible, if you go among the inmates. And I found nothing here at all strange fect, cool, clean, and hedged by over-reaching oaks and other well-ordered trees; while back from the road thousands of beautiful homes, perfect in arrange-ment and architecture, testify to the refinement and good taste of their owners. But the heart of Boston is horse cars; horse cars and graveyards. The streets

are the narrowest in America, if we except those of Quebec, and the street cars the longest, broadest and biggest. And these longest, broadest and biggest. And these horse cars seem to be as countless and omini-present, as are the Boston women at twilight along the doubtful margin of Boston Common. These narrow, crowded, arooked and ugly streets are dirty, dirtier a great deal than are the streets of New York. And that is putting them down as pretty dirty. A hot day here, the horse cars blocked by hundreds, the narrow, slippery pavements packed, a dreary driz-zle, a graveyard on either side of you, and I tell you your enthusiasm for this city of rible, if you go among the inmates. But the kitchen here and all its appointments is a work of perfection. Better bread I never ate. In fact, I be-lieve if I had the regular Tewksbury fare instead of what I now get I should weigh more. And it is hard to conceive that with this kitchen—for the new order of things could not have introduced that, or put up the perfect buildings either—there could have been any real suffering for the I tell you your enthusiasm for this city of science and advanced thought oozes out

could have been any real suffering for the necessaries, or even the delicacies, of life at Tewksbury. And, in truth, the com-plaint has mainly been about the bad treatment of the dead, not the living. Bunker Hill monument, questioningly. THE "COMMON." Let us pass hurriedly through the quarter of a mile of cots with the sleeping, groan-Read of it, love it from afar off, but ing, moaning, dying old men; worn out, the inevitable awaits them. They are don't come to see it on a hot summer twilight. For at that season and that hour it is "Common" indeed. I tell you that they did not burn all the witches in the certainly as comfortable as it is possible to old days on Boston Common, or were their ashes scattered, as traditional dragons'

certainly as comfortable as it is possible to make so many poor wretches in so small a space. Physically comfortable. But mentally ? I wonder if they are thinking about being cut up by the students of Harvard in their instructive devotion to science ? They know this awaits them. The law of the great State of Massachu-setts gives the bodies of these old men to the students of Harvard. The whole row, ab civilized distinguished Protestant Coming directly from Quebec, a Gatholic city, with the biggest part of a hun-dred thousand souls, where there is not a single house of doubtful fame-stick a single house of abultin fame-stick a peg here and remember this-I was simply appalled at the immorality of this great city and centre of American culture. Mark you, I am no saint. Born and bred far away from Boston, I have had little ah, civilized, distinguished Protestant world, has not been about that at all. To To world, has not been about that at all. To put it briefly, the question has not been as to whether they should be cut up, but as to how they should be cut up. I wonder if these dying old men take so very much interest in that question of how as the politicians? And I wonder if that honest old Swedish sailor, C. J. Eckland, who had had the cross and body of Christ tettened in India isk can bid burned the witches, whipped the Quaker and roasted the negroes till the Council forbade it, and put it on record that "the burning of the negro set a smell upon the of Christ tattooed in India ink on his breast, did not think this all over as he lay dying there? I wonder if he did not pray and hope and pray again that the Cross of Christ might keep his body some-how sacred when dead? Well, poor old Christian Erkbard and the transmission has town like unto roast pork, and must not be done more." Of course Boston Com-mon, where the trees are, away down further in the newer part, too, where the flowers are, where nature is, God is, the place is perfect; but here where man is, or Christian Eckland whatever you may have hoped or prayed as you lay dying here in this awful place, that cross and image of Christ did not protect you. On the contrary, it was a precious prize to the rising medical students of Harvard. They skinned off the cross and image of Christ from above your heart in the interest of rather where woman is, this muddy, dirty margin of the river of humanity-this mail: It is a market. It is a shareless market of shame, this peopled part of Boston Common at twilight. I think there is nothing quite so bad in all the world. And I have seen the bad side as science and advanced thought. They sent that cross and image of Christ, cut and worked in your skin, to the tanner and well as the good side of almost every city on this earth worth seeing. True, the best had it tanned, in the interests of science had it tanned, in the interests of science and advanced thought, your name and all on it, poor Christian sailor dying here in a strange land; and they said it looked beautiful, and they boasted of it, and they people are out of town at this season and may be some of these women are rovers like myself. Anyhow, it is awful! What is our religion here? Protestants, are you not? Well, I was brought up strictly so; showed it about until it and other like things became the talk of the country. Let us pass on quick from this scene and and by the strictest Protestants, too. But this subject. But let me tell you this, siudents of Harvard: I have a profound you it is time to see if there is not something wrong in it; or something of the sort. For, Quebec, your Catholic neighbor, not 24 hours away, has not one reverence for learning. I have always felt like lifting my hat to a Harvard man when I met him. Hereafter I shall never pitiful woman of shame within her walls Angry to be told this? Well, it is my duty meet a Harvard man without an irresistible desire to lift my foot. to tell you. Farious, are you? None of my funeral? But it is, and I weep at it. Speaking of funerals, let us go to

skinning the dead and tanning their skins, I look upon him merely as an informer-one who has turned State's evidence against his fellows in crime. For he must have known of this all the time. And with his great power and capacity, his health and legal ability, he could at any time, as a sovereign citizen, do all this before waiting to become governor. How-ever, he has shown himself to be about the best man in the State of Massachu-setts. But this is saying very little for Butler as things stand now. JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

MORE LUTHERANISM.

London Weekly Register, August 25. Among the Lutheran relics exhibited the other day at the British Museum was

one of the very documents, commonly one of the very documents, commonly, called Indulgences, which Tetzel sold, or, as we prefer to say, gave by way of re-ceipt for certain alms offered to God. Our Protestant friends may be supposed to know by this time that an Indulgence does not deal with the spiritual guilt of does not deal with the spiritual guilt of sin—still less gives license to commit sin; but only recognizes and chronicles the truth that man may lessen, by special acts of faith and of charity, the temporal pun-ishment which sins, duly repented of, may still deserve. That Tetzel did his work in a clumay manner—that there was some-Station. A little Black Maria sort of wagon, driven by a kindly old man who would accept no fare, drew us half a mile up to the top of this barren hill of sand and stone and we were led into the stoutly picketed poorhouse, by a one-armed por-ter, to the Superintendent. But do not get into the impression that the place or its surroundings are barren or bare. Many trees stand in the inclosure of a few acress with the houses making a circle about the outer edge of it. And there is grass here, too, and some flowers. And then on the outside there is a healthy and well-ordered farm, several hundred acres of tillage, and his comrades proclaimed that anybody who gave the alms towards the building of St. Peter's which entitled him to a copy of this document. won also the right to of this document, won also the right to enter Heaven. If it is so easy, even in the political life of these days, when fifty reporters are taking down your words, for partisans to misinterpret and to misrepresent one another, the danger of such con-fusion must have been a thousand times greater in those stormy times, and among

men who were neither scrupulous nor frank-if they were men like Martin alms they collected that vulgar thing which permeates modern commerce—a commission—was the cause of scandal to pious Catholics. It was, therefore, easily made a ground of complaint against the Court of Rome by monks who, like the Augustinians at Wittemberg, began by be-ing merely jealous of Tetzel's official suc-cesses, and were led almost insensibly on into opposition to Catholic truths; as well as by men who were eager for any excuse to quarrel with a creed which im-posed upon their passions so many irk-

posed upon their passions so many irk-

ome restraints. And that the Reformation gave the populace what it wanted by way of license, we know on the testimony of those who looked on, sometimes with dismay, at the work of their own hands. But what about the leaders of this motley throng-did they really fall into the corruption into which their followers fell? One act alone disproves, at once and for ever, the hol-lowness and the hypocrisy of their agitation against Indulgences-we mean the granting by Luther himself of an Indul-gence of the kind which Protestants of gence of the kind which Protestants of the old school believed all Catholic Indul-gences to be, but which no Catholic Indul-gences to be, but which no Catholic Indul-gence ever was—a permission to sin. It happened in this wise. Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, one of the greatest friends of Luther, had married Catharine of Saxony —a princess who was both accomplished and beautiful, but who did not win the constancy of her fickle lord. After pro-ter the state of the sector of constancy of her fickle lord. After pay-ing doubtful attentions in various quarters, Philip formed an intimacy with Mar-guerite de Stael, which he had not the moral courage to dissolve. How he could moral courage to dissorve. How he could continue it, and yet be a good Lutheran, was the difficult—yet not, after all, so very difficult—problem which he had to solve. The most decent way, he thought, would be to call both the ladies his wives. would be to call both the ladies his wives. And in a letter to Luther he supplicates the Protestant Fathers to make things pleasant for him. Moreover, he makes liberal offers—more liberal than any which ever delighted Tetzel's ears. "Let them grant me," he says, "in the name of God what I ask, so that I may be able to fend it. I engage to perform, on my part, all that may be required of me in resson, whether as regards the property of the Gospel, and be more ready to de-fend it. I engage to perform, on my part, all that may be required of me in reason, whether as regards the property of convents, or matters of a similar des-crimtion." And the Protectant Destart And the Protestant Doctors ription." of Divinity, as they were called, did not think they were condescending when they stooped to the infamous transaction. continued for a week. No sooner was the last page finished than he took his copy-book to his grandfather, and in a few minutes returned, carrying in both Bucer conducted the negotiation. Mel-Bucer conducted the negotiation. Mel-anchton drafted the reply: and Luther approved it. "If your Highness is deter-mined," they tell Philip, "to marry a second wife, we are of opinion that it ought to be done secretly"—wherein we have the origin of the tradition, still vial in certain phases of Perdestation that hands a bag containing the fifty louis. His bright face was suffused with blushes as he gave it into the tutor's hand, saying "Here are my wages. Please accept them. I only worked that I might give them to you." in certain phases of Protestantism, that a sin is sinful only when it is found out. The Reformers are frank in this at least in the betrayal of their want of frankness In the betrayal of their want of irankness, This secrecy, they say, will save scandal; and, even if runnors of the incident fly about, "the most enlightened of the com-munity will doubt the truth of the story !" That boy with a cigar in his mouth, a swagger in his walk, impudence in his face, a care for nothingness in his manner. Moreover, a pious interpolation assures Philip that "we ought not to care greatly Stop him! he is going too fast, he does not know his speed. Stop him before tobacco shatters his nerves; before pride ruins his character; before the loafer mas-ter the norm here work in a start of the start of the start too the norm here work in a start of the st for what the world will say, provided our own conscience is clear !" Thus it was that the espousals of Philip and Margaret de Stael took place in the Castle of Rothters the man; before ambition and youth enburg-an event concerning which his ful strength give way to low pursuits and brutish aims. Stop all such boys! They are the disgrace of their towns, the sad and unfortunate wife might have forestalled Madame Roland's apostrophe, by crying from the depths of a broken heart, "Oh, olemn reproaches of themselves.

Young Merchants.

sider how many a man, now foremost in the mercantile ranks, came to this city with all his personal effects in one bundle, and with but few dollars in his pocket. Write then, as the motto of your business while then, as the motio of your business life, "Honest Perseverance!" Quash every disposition to make changes, except where they tend to moral benefit, or knowledge of business. "It is ill trans-planting a tree which thrives well in the soil," Dismiss from your mind all belief in the divinity of modern pagans, called luck, and stake nothing on sudden windfalls. Under the general determination to succeed, beware of early disgusts, whether towards persons or work. All whether towards persons or work. All new trials are burdensome; all beginnings are hard and vexatious. He that ascends the ladder must take the lowest round. "An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind."

The behind." To consider anything menial, which be-longs to the career of training, is to be a fool. The greatest merchants and the greatest financiers have passed through trank—11 they were men like Martin greatest inaucters have passed through Luther. It remains, however, that the activity of Tetzel and hissfollowers, who overflowed from the churches into the market-places, and who gained on the alms they collected that vulgar thing of repose, when the mighty oppressive hand of the giant Business is let up, it will be none the less sweet, for your having taken a genuine satisfaction in your work as you went along. You will not make the journey better, if, like famous pilgrims to Loretto, you put peas in your shoes.

A Labor of Love.

The Comte de Chambord was always noted for amiability and kindness of heart, and was never embittered by the changed prospects of his life. At six years of age he was the little Duc de Bordeaux, grandhe was the fulle Duc de bordeaux, grand-son of Charles X., and the hopes and ex-pectations of France were fixed upon him. Like many other robust and easy-tempered children, he considered lessons a terrible hardship, and particularly disliked writing. His copy-books were blotted and scrawled over dreadfully, to his grandfather's great displeasure and the despair of the unfor-tunate tutor whose task it was to teach him caligraphy. But the child was so even tears in the old man's eyes; and though the little Duc de Bordeaux asked over and over again what ailed him, he could obtain no answer. After lessons, however, a servant told the boy that his tutor was responsible for a debt of one thousand francs incurred by his son, and

"Stop That Boy."

SEPT. 28, 1888,

The Way to Make out a Bill.

Young Merchants. No man can calculate the mercantile disasters arising from the preposterous wishes of young men, without experience, ability, connections or capital, to rush in to business for themselves. Wise delay in such cases is promotive of success. The number of principals is far too great in proportion. It is not every man who is formed to be a leader, and some are clearly pointed out for subordinate posts as long as they live. But as these are often the very persons who will be the slowest to recognize the truth, let it be the maxim of all to adventure no sudden tons of opportunity and discretion; and above all to play the man in regard to the unavoidable annoyance of a subaltern place. The the young man with such aspira-ting to be successful and honorable. He should firmly determine, at the hazard of much weariness and smart, to pasco-tentedly through the appointed stages and to become a thorough merchant. Con-sider how many a man, now foremost in the mercantile ranks, came to this is portion to the then, as the motto of your busines if e, "Honest Perseverance!" Quash and with but few dollars in his pocket. Write then, as the motto of your busines in the mercantile ranks, came to this is portion. The way to Make out a Bill. The Way to Make out a Bill. If a plumber was called to do a five silling job on the cistern, it would be a to be out a badder, and some are to become a thorough merchant. Con-sider how many a man, now foremost in the mercantile ranks, came to this tip set in the there, as the motto of your busines in the mercantile ranks, came to this is pocket. Write then, as the motto of your busines and with but few dollars in his pocket. Write then, as the motto of your busines and with but few dollars in his pocket. Write then, as the motto of your busines and with but few dollars in his pocket. Write then, as the motto of your busines and with but few dollars in his pocket. Write then, as the motto of your busines and with but few dollars in his pocket. Write then, as the mo

temperature, at sixpence per spit, one shil-ing; getting up once to go to work, one shilling; returning to recumbent position on inverted tub, two shillings; solder used on one job, one penny; solder lost in pipe, two shillings; putting out fire, one shil-ing; going up twelve steps from the base-ment, threepence per step, three shillings; packing tools back to shop, ten shillings; time lost on account of reluctance to go to work, five shillings; making out bill, five shillings: tearing the same on account temperature, at sixpence per spit, one shilfive shillings; tearing the same on account of items being left out, eightpence; making out correct bill, two-and-sixpence; to thorough revsion of last bill, made out, so as to prevent any mistake, ten shillings; to receipting same, two shillings. Total, three pounds twelve shillings.

Wouldn't Stay Put Off.

One day as conductor Jones was running from Elmira, on the Erie road, he found among other passengers, a boy who had no money, who told him he was poor and wanted to go out West where he thought he could do better than he could at the East. The conductor of course, told him that he could not ride unless he paid hi that he could not ride unless he paid his fare, "and," sail he, "when we arrive at the next station, Corning, you must get off." The boy promised that he would do so. On his passage through the cars, after leaving Corning, the conductor came across the boy again. "Did I not tell you to get off at Corning." "Yes sir," said the boy, "and I did get of; bnt I got on again." "Well, sir," said the conductor, "when we get to the next station. I want "when we get to the next station, I want you to get off and stay off." Again the boy promised; but shortly after leaving the station, who should the conductor find but the boy. "See here, sir, I thought I told you to go off and stay off." The boy acknowledged that the conductor told him so; "and," said the boy, "I did get off and was going to stay off, but just as the train was starting you said 'all aboard,' and I thought you meant me as much as any

It is perhaps needless to say that the conductor acknowledged himself beaten, and gave the boy a free ride to the end of the route.

The Bad and Worthless

are never IMITATED or COUNTERFEITED. This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy IMITATED is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medi-cine on earth many imitations spruncup and cine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff

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absolutely. St. Theotimus, urged by a love for truth, desired to have excepted whatever there was of good in these writ-ings. The council, animated in the outset ings. The council, animated in the outset by the hostile sentiments of St. Epiphan ius, ended by advocating the views of St. Theotimus. This occurred in 401.

MORAL REFLECTION .- True wisdom consists in never exceeding the right line "Be not more wise than it behoveth to be wise, but be wise unto sobriety," says the Apostle.-(Rom. xii. 3.)

Bishop England's Story of the Cincinnati See.

The late Dr. England, first Bishop of Charleston, S. C., was wont to relate a re-markable incident connected with the then vacant Bishopric of Cincinnati, for which two names whose claims seem equally bal-anced-Mr. Hughes and Mr. Purcell-had been suggested to the Holy See, and Dr. England, at that time visiting Rome, had England, at that time visiting Rome, had been urged, if possible, to hasten the ap-pointment, the importance whereof he frequently impressed upon the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, who finally con-fessed to him the dilemma of the S. Con-gregation as to choice between the two reverend candidates presented, adding: "If you, Bishop, can mention any particular, no matter how trilling, wherein one seems to you better qualified than the other I think we may come to an immediate de-I tell think we may come to an immediate decision." After some little reflection, Bishop England suggested, as a point deserving of some consideration, that the serving of some consideration, that the Rev. Mr. Hughes, being emphatically a self-made man, would perhaps be on that very account more acceptable to the people of a Western diocese than the Rev. Mr. Purcell. "Ah!" said Cardinal Fransoni, "I think that will do," and the next day he informed the Bishop, with an air of extreme satisfaction, that the ques-tion was settled: "As soon as I told the cabbie ?" Cardinals what you said relative to Mr. Purcell being a self-made man, they agreed upon him unanimously, and the nomination will be forthwith presented for approval to his Holiness." "I was about to explain the mistake," adds Bishop England, "but I reflected that it was no doubt the work of the Spirit of God, and was silent." The Cardinal never knew of his misiake.

The Catholic population of Albany, N. Y., is about 45,000, nearly half of the entire population.

GENERAL BUTLER. It is now about eleven years I reckon,

Speaking of funerals, let us go to TEWKSBURY. And mark you-the editor of this paper will testify to it, too-that I do not choose to take this trip. There are better things, prettier things to see and write about than this new industry in the shoe and leather business. But the staff of a great paper is a little army. It has its orders, and every man must obey them. "What is the fare to Haymarket station, cabbie ?" Butler pressed me to visit him, and as I was stopping with his friends, the Spof-I gets a duller from gintlemen, sur, and

conscience, what crimes are committed in thy name !"

Of all the sweets of which mortals can dream There is naught to excel strawberries and The fruit merchants' strawberries may The fruit merchants' strawperries may fill the measure; but Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry fills the measure every time in the people's requirements for an unfailing remedy for all forms of Summer Complaints. Mr. W. J. Guppy, of Newbury, informs us that he has used Burdock Blood Bitters in his family with good effect, and adds that the Rev. J. R. Smith has used it and speaks of it in high terms of praise. It is the great system-renovating tonic that cures all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys, acting harmoniously with Nature's laws. 25,000 bottles sold during the last three months.

Instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. E. Many others started nostroms put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to benames in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to be-lieve they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way con-nected with them or their name, are imita-tions or counterfiets. Person of them Touch none of them. Use nothing but gen-uine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits. merry children played under the trees: but for once he neither heard nor saw any of them, and actually accomplished a whole copy without mistake or blot. The tutor was astonished, and his amazement increased when his pupil's careful industry



THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER. There is only one way by which any disease can be cared, and that is by removing the cause-whatever it may be. The great medi-cal authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distress-ing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great rem-edy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concotions said to be just as good.

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