

MY CONVERSION.

The Struggles of a Soul in Search of the True Faith.

The myself of nearly twenty-five years ago has become a being so distinct from my present self that I think that I can write of it without feeling that I am dissecting a living heart in public.

That myself was a girl very near her twenties who had, not long since, finished a course of study at Academy—a place very venerable in my memory as one where I learned anew that self-sacrifice and earnestness in a righteous cause are the only elements which constitute true life; and where, too, I realized, as I had never done before, that consecration to the living Christ was my very first and most essential duty. I might also gratefully dwell upon the boon conferred by our excellent teachers in insisting upon so high a standard of recitation in our classes that our whole energies had to be concentrated upon our daily work. Moreover, nearly every one of the many young men and women assembled there had in view some special avocation or profession, so they were like knights tempering their own swords for a campaign near at hand.

My body, it was said, was overworked by my brain, among these ambitious students, and consequently you find me first in an invalid's chamber, with little hope of ever using the knowledge I had acquired.

The taste for study, however, had not diminished with my physical strength, and I delighted as much as ever in revolving great questions in my own mind and debating them with my most intelligent visitors, the physician and the pastor of the Congregationalist church of which I had been for some years a member.

Like a multitude of others, even as a child I had been forced to enter the arena of conflicting beliefs, unarmed with any definite creed. In those days, happily, few questioned that the Bible is the Word of God, but in almost every household there were heated contests as to what it really teaches. The first opinion that I espoused, through the influence of my father and the religious teachers to whom he confided me, was that no one would be eternally lost. Finally, through my study of the Sacred Scriptures, I became convinced that they did not support my one dear dogma, and also that there must be some radical change in the human heart before it could enter heaven. This change I believed came to me, when about eighteen, as the result of my accepting Christ as my personal Saviour. I was then baptised, not because I thought that any grace accompanied the pouring of the water and the use of the Christ-appointed words, but because baptism was an ordained sign of inward belief which I gladly received in obedience to Him.

It was under these circumstances that I read for the first time a full statement of the distinctive tenets of the Catholic faith. What repelled me as most improbable of all was the doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Mass. I said aloud to myself, as I laid the book down: "I could not believe these." The reply of some inner voice was almost as distinct as my own had been: "What right have you to reject them without knowing the grounds on which they are believed?" I have ever felt that this was the special moment of grace, and that, had I refused to enter upon the study of Catholicity then, I should never have done so.

But how could I study the Catholic faith in the midst of a small New Hampshire village without church or priest? The Protestant clergyman, already referred to, had no book which explained, or even attempted to refute, Catholic dogmas. I did not even think of asking whether or not any information could be procured through the few Catholics in my neighborhood, so I was obliged to ask light from a long distance.

I must now tell you that immediately after my graduation I went West, to be ready to commence my work as a teacher, with the chosen friend of my last years, in Academy. We secured the positions we coveted; she was principal of a newly-founded school for young ladies in Missouri, and I was her assistant. The wife of Hon. ———, member of Congress for many years, was the foundress. It was she who looked after all the material wants of the young ladies, who exhibited her New Hampshire teachers from time to time in her carriage, and who faithfully paid our salaries.

Her greatest service to me she rendered in perfect unconsciousness. We needed a music teacher. Neither my friend nor I felt that she could, in consequence, assume that office; so Mrs. ——— ventured to ask Mrs. Judge G—— what she should do. I am sure that she must have been surprised when that lady volunteered to be herself our music teacher, saying: "The Judge is so much away that I am often lonely." I learned subsequently that she was much drawn to my attractive friend, the principal. Certainly Mrs. ——— was most happy to accept the offer of the Judge's wife, for she was a thoroughly trained musician, besides being a woman of culture and worth. On our part, we were most pleased with her as a daily companion.

I do not remember when or how we learned that she was a Catholic, but I know that we were both astounded by the fact. I ventured once to intimate that she could not believe in the Real Presence. Her reply came firm and strong: "I believe it as firmly as I believe in my own existence." This

was the only time that I made any allusion to her religion.

I saw the *Catholic World*—which since then has become so valuable to me—on her table, but think I did not read a line in it. I did read a page or two in Father Fabre's "The Creator and the Creature," and wonder now that his glowing style did not make me continue; but my prejudices were stronger than my appreciation of its beauty. Mrs. ——— took us into town to church, and once we were invited to go to Mass with our Catholic friend; but we refused, I fear, somewhat abruptly.

I was really ill when I went West to teach with my friend, but it seemed to me that I had determination enough to execute my plan notwithstanding; but others saw that I ought not to go on with my duties, and wrote to my mother to meet me in St. Louis, for my father at the time was with his regiment in New Mexico. At last my mother succeeded in bringing me back to my New Hampshire home.

Now you understand that, very naturally, it was to Mrs. Judge G—— that I turned for answers to my questions about the Catholic faith.

I wrote my queries and asked my friend, the principal, to request a reply. Dear A——! she had foreseen the result, she would have been most reluctant to do so. I do not recall now all that I asked Mrs. G——, but she answered that it would be impossible for her to respond in writing, but that she would send me a book which would give me all I sought. The book—do you know it?—was Dr. Challoner's "Catholic Christian Instruction." It was as intensely interesting to me, to use a degrading comparison, as the report of the rise and fall of stocks to the speculator; and, too, it gave me matter for conversation with all who took pleasure in such subjects.

Since it was the doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Mass which most repelled me when I first read it in Hayward's "Book of all Religions," I was most impressed by the proofs that Dr. Challoner brought that the Adorable Sacrifice in the Catholic Church fulfilled the types of the old law and the wonderful prophecy of Malachi: "For from the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place there is a sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation" (Mal. i., 10-11).

I marvelled then, and I marvel still, that I had not myself learned the truth of the Real Presence from the last verses of the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and from the description of the institution of the Blessed Eucharist by the different Evangelists.

Indeed, I am quite sure that many would reach Catholic truth through the aid of the Bible alone, did they go to it without preconceived notions. One of the truth-seekers in a class of young ladies in a Congregationalist Sunday-school, of which I was a member, remarked at one of our lessons: "It seems to me that Christ, in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, asserts that the water and the Holy Ghost come simultaneously in baptism." Our teacher, the pastor's wife, brushed the statement aside, with, "Oh, it does not mean that," and I fear the young lady submitted henceforth to what she imagined Mrs. C——'s superior wisdom. This is but one illustration of many.

To return to myself. I soon saw that the Protestant minister could make no satisfactory objection to Dr. Challoner's statements. I am also confident that he must have reported my danger to Rev. Mr. ———, some fourteen miles away, for whom I had particular respect; for he visited me, and sent me a work in which Archbishop Whately tried to "explain away" such texts as, "Whosoever thou shalt bind on earth," etc.

At last my dear parents became alarmed; for though there was, as I have already said, an atmosphere of religious controversy in my home, all agreed that it would be a calamity to have a Catholic in the family. I had frankly admitted from the outset the surprise that I felt that there was so much to show that Catholicity is not a web of superstition woven by the ignorance or the duplicity of ages, or by both combined; but I little dreamed, so slight were my own attainments, upon what a vast subject I had entered when I commenced the study of the Catholic Church; and valuable as I found Dr. Challoner's little manual, it soon ceased to be enough. Mrs. G—— was about to send me other works when she was forbidden by my mother to do so.

Then I bethought me of our Encyclopedia Americana. It helped me considerably, in spite of the antagonistic standpoint from which many of its articles were written.

Weeks and months passed by, and I began myself to think how terrible it would be should my convictions actually force me to become a Catholic; terrible because of the pain and disappointment it would cause all who were dear to me, and terrible, too, because it would place me in complete mental isolation.

Strange to say, at this time I received an invitation to teach English and continue my French at the Swiss Mission near Grande Lunge, P. Q. It was now possible, because of returning strength, for me to accept the position. I was delighted, for I said in my own mind: "Now I shall find good reasons for not being a Catholic among those who are devoting their lives to their conversion."

I used my eyes and ears most diligently at "La Mission Suisse," but, although I sat opposite an apostate priest a school year at table, I heard nothing to banish my fear that, if true

to my convictions, I must go back to the Church my ancestors had long since abandoned.

In truth Monsieur N—— said very little by way of an attack upon Catholicity. I remember now but two remarks at table, and his sermons, for now he was a Baptist minister, were not controversial.

As for poor Monsieur R——, one of the founders of the mission, I doubt whether he really knew what the Catholic Church actually teaches. I am sure that he had been told from boyhood, in Switzerland, that she is the "mother of all iniquity," and he believed it as unquestioningly at fifty as at fifteen. Monsieur P——, my instructor, was solely occupied in teaching me French and Madame N—— making us all happy.

Then, I thought that I should not say much to them of my interest in Catholicity, lest I should make an unnecessary discord in the house, since I could not tell but what I might yet remain a Protestant. Madame N—— gave me "Father Clement" to read. It did not have the effect I desired, so that when, at the close of the school year, I went to Montreal, I was as full of the desire to study Catholicity in the concrete as I had even been in the abstract.

The friend whom I visited at Longueuil, just across the St. Lawrence, from the city, was the noblest and the dearest of the women who had taught me. I spoke to her at once of the quest in which I was engaged, and she, in her truth-loving zeal, became my companion in my researches. Those researches were, no doubt, less thorough than they would have been had we had a single Catholic friend or acquaintance to aid us.

We began by visiting the churches, which certainly are open treasures upon the beauty of the Catholic faith. We went to the parish priest of Longueuil with some of our questions. Among other things, we asked him if Catholics are obliged to ask the intervention of the Blessed Virgin and the saints. The concise reply of the old priest was: "The journey to heaven is so great an undertaking that we need in it our small as well as our large coin."

We were very careful to note the presence or absence of devotion in Catholics as we saw them in the churches. One Sunday we were at High Mass in the Jesuits' Church. I listened most attentively to the sermon upon "The adoration of the Eucharist," and then, since I could not follow the ceremonies which were being carried out in the sanctuary, I took to observing two young ladies near me. The whole bearing of one showed me that she felt that she was in the presence of awful mysteries; the restlessness and the vacant countenance of the other proved that she realized nothing but what the eye revealed. I learned then that charity to our neighbor requires that we should carefully keep the appearance of reverence of well as nourish its soul.

Afterwards we visited the College of the Jesuits. There Father Merrick was sent to us, and he gave us good reason for ceasing to style the deuterocanonical books apocryphal. I remember that he remarked to us: "I see that you are cut adrift from your old moorings." Perhaps he recalled us afterwards at the altar, and that thus one was brought to a safe harbor. The other, far the worthier of the two, still drifts, and is known to her circle in Washington as the wife of a Protestant clergyman.

Finally, Catholicity in the concrete completed what Catholicity in the abstract had begun, and at the end of my visit I knew that there was no help for it—that unless I was a despicable traitor to my conscience I must become a Catholic, at whatever cost to others and myself.

How could I accomplish it? The only Catholic friend I had was beyond the Mississippi, and with her I had held no communication for more than a year. I must teach, and where could I when my Catholic convictions became myself, until I took the final step, with Congregationalists and other sects as a Sunday-school teacher? I wrote asking the old priest at Longueuil to decide for me. He answered: "You may do so during a certain time, provided that you reject with all your force what is contrary to the faith."

My first catechism was given me by a nun in Longueuil, to whom this kind priest had spoken of me. I had procured for myself the little "Imitation" which lies just at hand this moment, with its appended "Priore" and "Pratique." I had also heard of the "Devout Life of St. Francis de Sales," and this I purchased also. I did not know, at the time, that I could not have secured two more helpful books had I been familiar with the whole range of the soul's literature.

May no one of those who read this sketch ever experience the misery of concealing his or her deepest convictions, even for a time! After all these years I look back with a shudder upon the hours I sat in the services of the Congregationalist church in Massachusetts, where I taught in the Peter's High school after my return from Canada; but yet I could not bear to withhold my influence for religion in some form.

I was yet thirsting for more Catholic books, and so I ordered Cardinal Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua," and also the whole series of excellent tracts which the Catholic Publication Society was then issuing. The "Apologia" was invaluable to me, and, like thousands, I found in the great Cardinal a guide that I followed with entire confidence, not so much on account of his masterly intellect as

because of his perfect candor in calmly weighing all that his opponents could object.

I take up the "Apologia" now as I write and turn to the "General Answer to Mr. Kingsley." Passage after passage is marked, and thus instructed I do not wonder that the claim of the Church to be infallible became to me at once her greatest attraction, and one of the strongest proofs that she was from God and that God abides with her. "A pre-eminent, prodigious power, sent upon the earth to encounter and master a giant evil," a provision "for retaining in the world a knowledge of Himself so definite and distinct as to be proof against the energy of human scepticism," and, I would add, the obvious corollary of his love.

I have now passed over a space of between three and four years. In the summer of 1871 I wrote to my Catholic friend in Missouri my determination to enter the Catholic Church as soon as I could find any way of doing so. Happily she had met M. M. G—— from Mt. St. Mary's Convent of Mercy, Manchester, N. H., and wrote to her of my desire. You who know the zeal and generosity of Reverend Mother Francis Xavier Ward, will not be surprised that in the middle of her August retreat she bade me come to the convent for my immediate preparations for baptism.

I was consigned at once to the guardianship of a religious who had embraced the faith, with none of my delays and reluctance, and who has ever since been true to my ice and light to my darkness.

On the 3rd of September, in the sanctuary of the dearest of chapels, the late venerable Father William Macdonald gave me conditional baptism. Beside personal kindness, he did me the great service of placing me under the guidance of one of the clearest and purest minds which it has been my delight and benediction to know. The study of the Very Rev. ——— became my Catholic university during seven years. Subsequent benefactors, in books and out of them, have increased my knowledge of and thankfulness for the Catholic faith, and I shall soon, with fresh gratitude, keep the twenty-first anniversary of my coming home to the soul's one true mother—the Roman Apostolic Church.

It would have been too wearisome had I recounted to you the whole course of reasoning which led me to the spot where Divine Faith took my hand. Suffice it to say that I took the circuitous path of finding out the grounds of each distinctive article of our Creed, instead of satisfying myself first that the Church is the Living Messenger of the Incarnate God, whom He left to "teach, govern, sanctify and save" His world.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

London Universe.

According to the so-called "Unionists," to give Home Rule to Ireland means to turn the tables on the Protestants of that country, that is, to subject by which, years ago, their predecessors endeavored—brutally endeavored—to extinguish everlastingly the Catholic Church. That they were, after generations of persecution, eminently unsuccessful was no fault of theirs. No wonder that modern Protestants should be nervous now that their Catholic fellow-subjects have got the upper hand. But they need not fear. Ireland has had enough of penal laws, and every intelligent person knows, and none better than the political wire-pullers, that Home Rule will be of more service to the stability of the British empire than otherwise. Could there be any better proof of the nonsense the North of Ireland opponents to Home Rule indulge in when we consider the manner in which the Catholic Corporation of Dublin exercise their power. The Catholic metropolis of Ireland has a Protestant Lord Mayor. The total salaries of the chief officers of the Dublin Corporation amount to £8,400, and half the money goes to Protestants. In the list of honorary freemen who have been admitted since 1876 there are eight Protestants and seven Catholics. We wish we could say that Belfast could boast of a similar amount of religious tolerance and political liberality.

Ave Maria.

People are often heard to say that no one is really misled in the world, but this is not wholly true. Exceptionally self-sacrificing men are never so easily replaced as to be quickly forgotten. Cardinal Lavergne, for instance, is a distinct loss. It is one thing to succeed him, another thing to replace him. The Paris correspondent of the *Catholic Times* cites the following incident to show that the missionary Cardinal was notably the right man in the right place: "About two hundred letters have been brought by Arabs and Muslims from all parts and laid on the Cardinal's grave. In these they call him the great Christian martyr. They beg him, now that he is in heaven, to watch over their interests on earth, and to draw upon them the blessing of the Great King."

Leo XIII. is the two hundred and fifty-sixth successor of St. Peter. Fifteen popes were Frenchmen, thirteen Greeks, eight Syrians, six Germans, three Spaniards, two Africans, two Savoyards, two Dalmatians; one was an Englishman, one a Portuguese, one a Hollander, one a Swiss, and one a Scandinavian. All the others were Italians. Seventy of the number have been canonized. Eight occupied the throne less than one year; twenty-two reigned from one to two years; fifty-four from two to five; fifty-two from five to ten; fifty-one from ten to fifteen;

sixteen from fifteen to twenty; and nine more than twenty. Pius IX. governed the Church the longest of all. John XII. and Clement XII. died at the age of ninety and ninety-two respectively, and Gregory IX. at the age of one hundred. According to the opinion of Novae, which is pretty generally followed, Pope St. Agatho lived to be one hundred and seven.

One of the latest of time's changes is the conversion of Mrs. Edgar Thompson, of Atlanta, daughter of the late Senator Benjamin H. Hill. It was as the Know-Nothing candidate for Governor of Georgia that her father first became prominent in politics, and her kin have been among the stoutest of the zealous Protestants of the South. And now to her this grace has been given. The families of the Senator's two daughters now belong to the very Church which he did his best to destroy. How vain are the thoughts of men! How merciful is God!

N. Y. Catholic Review.

For the second time in the history of the United States Senate, Catholic funeral services were held on January 12 at the Capitol in Washington over the remains of the late Hon. John E. Kenna. The President, the Vice-President, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Chief Justice and associated justices of the Supreme Court, seven members of the Cabinet, the chief representatives of the diplomatic corps, almost all the members of Congress and a large assembly of other distinguished persons, assembled in the Senate chamber to be present at the solemn function. Very impressive were the services. Almost all the priests of the district assisted at the ceremony; the Right Rev. Bishop Keane preached the funeral sermon. May the soul of the dead statesman, and the souls of all the faithful departed, rest in peace!

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Margaret Caughlin, New York City.

Her many friends in Ontario will be grieved to learn of the death of Margaret, beloved wife of Mr. Cornelius Caughlin, which took place in New York City on the 24th ultimo. Deceased was a daughter of the late Mr. P. Brady of Yorkville, and sister of Rev. M. Brady, P. P. Woodstock. Her many noble traits of character had endeared her to all with whom she was acquainted. A fervent daughter of Holy Church, she was given the privilege of passing into a better world surrounded and fortified by all its sacred rites. To the members of her family and to her friends, sympathy. The funeral will take place from the church of the Holy Trinity, on Friday, 2nd inst., at 11 o'clock a.m.

From Kinkora.

It was with a painful shock that the people of this neighborhood heard the startling news that Henry Collins was dead. It was known that he had been seriously ill, but the impression had gone abroad that he was recovering. His death, therefore, was entirely unexpected. He was sick only ten days. Previous to that he had been in the pink and bloom of health, and it was hoped that his vigorous constitution would stand him in good stead. But his Heavenly Father willed it otherwise. He needed him, and he responded to the call. After a short but terribly severe illness he obeyed the summons on Wednesday, the 25th Jan., at 6 p.m., and he now slumbers in the "city of the dead." His loss is universally deplored. He was looked upon as one of the leading young men of the parish. Ever kind and thoughtful, he was beloved by his immediate friends and admired by all. His gentle nature, the index of his sanctity of character and purity of heart, commanded respect in whatever company he found himself. Above all the unassuming and scrupulous directed his religious duties upon him the regard and esteem of all who knew him, while it is a source of great consolation to those who feel the desolation of his loss. The hearts of all go out to the bereaved mother, who is now weeping for the loss of a second son, having been deprived of another only a few years before. He was only in his twenty-fifth year. R. I. F.

Bazaar in aid of Hotel Dieu Hospital, Windsor, Ont.

LIST OF THE WINNING NUMBERS.

21005	658	551	13159	15808	5892	5875
785	7079	5519	3578	688	8095	19257
5840	21052	3222	8743	15926	14852	8347
6071	1234	1476	3552	1914	1882	
15289	30162	8048	20776	1495	12591	591
5786	28417	20827	5891	1712	515	5541
4102	741	4590	1545	21053	15130	190
1982	1542	4493	5002	18200	601	748
5693	12987	1920				

The amount realized is \$1,000.

The good Sisters of the Hotel Dieu beg to present their sincere thanks to all persons who have contributed to the success of the bazaar.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

The following address was presented to Rev. Father Brennan, P. P. Forosa, on the 23rd ult., by his parishioners. At the same time was presented a beautiful cheque for \$50.00. Formosa, Jan. 23, 1893.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—Permit us to express our deep feeling of love and esteem towards you inasmuch as we are convinced that you are guided by the grace of God, because you are a man of God, and we have, principally, next to God, to attribute to your good will and unflinching faith, that peace and harmony which reigns all over the parish. In church you are a true spirit of Father, who knows how to guide us after the will of God. Further, you are always caring for the secular welfare of each one, as you assist with advice and deed; and thus the love of our neighbor is promoted. We have also to mention your punctuality, as you are always at the proper time in your place. Permit us, in addition, to remark that you have made many improvements in and around the church, and this without creating a debt. Finally, we can assure you that the love and esteem of the congregation towards you has essentially increased. Therefore we pray to the loving God that He may long spare you in good health, and that it may please His Lordship the Bishop to leave you as administrator in our midst for a long time. In order to show our love and esteem towards you we pray that you may accept this small present.

ON BEHALF OF THE CONGREGATION.

REV. F.

MY DEAR FATHER—I cannot possibly find adequate words to convey to you my deep and sincere gratitude for your very kind present, and address to me the following beautiful cheque for \$50.00. Allow me to say that I find an entire different spirit pervading this large and compact mission. Formosa, what I at first anticipated. The people are generous, kind and hearted, attached to their spiritual adviser, display a good will, and above all, give evident proof of an unshaken faith in the doctrines of the Holy Church. This is a great privilege, and I feel the burden of a priest, facilitate the work he has to perform, relieve him of the heavy load which he has to bear, and encourage him with an increased and ardent zeal in the responsible discharge of his duty. May God reward you! May He shower down His choicest graces and blessings in heavenly abundance! Permit me, further, to add that the good will you have so visibly shown me to-day will not be ignored on my part. It is my only desire to see you happy and content, and in order to obtain this end I am prepared to sacrifice my heart and soul, yes, even my

very life. Let us therefore continue to be charitable towards one another, and work together in harmony, peace and unity; then we may rest assured that our good Father in Heaven, who sees our humble endeavors, will a thousandfold reward us.

The beautiful letter with which you have so very kindly presented me shall be looked upon as a token of love and respect, and as a manifestation of your good and kind feelings towards me, and shall serve the purpose to attend and administer the last rites of the Church to your poor sick ones at home.

CHARITY SERMON.

In St. Peter's Cathedral on last Sunday evening a charity sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Brennan, C. S. B., of Toronto, on which occasion a very liberal collection was taken up for the benefit of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. From the *Free Press* we take the following synopsis of the eloquent discourse:

The reverend lecturer said he regarded the invitation to come and beg for the society in behalf of the poor of this city as one of the finest compliments that could be paid him. He had knowledge and experience of the large and generous charity of the congregation of St. Peter's, and felt confident in appealing to them. He pointed out that giving to the poor was a duty laid on every Christian by God, and that the command, "disobeyed, was a mortal sin; for no sin so grievous as mortal could cast us down from the high place of our aspirations after immortality, yet in Holy Writ were found many instances where men lost their salvation by refusing to give alms to the poor. After directing the attention of his hearers to the lessons taught in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, the Reverend Father dwelt on the grand opportunities which this new country offered to a poor man. Perhaps nowhere else in the world were the bounties and riches of nature so freely bestowed as in this country, and yet how many to the poor man who would devote his energies to the task of getting wealth. There was always work to do, he believed, and no man with health and strength ought to be a beggar. But the words of our Saviour were as true now as when they were first uttered: "For ye shall have always with you." He knew how hard it was for a poor laboring man to get along with four or five hungry children to provide for out of his daily pittance, and when sickness struck him down there was actual distress in his house. Then, also, poor, inefficient and irregularly served food was a cause of disease, and often what was only a simple cold developed into consumption, and then the father and breadwinner was taken away. He could tell of some sad and heart-breaking experiences of this kind. We were all too ready with excuses for not giving. To a male applicant we say, "You ought to go to work; there is always work for the willing man." In other cases it is, "Oh, I have been deceived and defrauded so often." Fraud was the worst enemy of Christ—the thing that went nearest to anything that severed the divine bond that connected rich and poor. Here the preacher related a couple of his own experiences, that caused a smile. In one case a poor widow was unable to pay for a coffin for her dead husband, and he accompanied some ladies of his congregation to her cabin. As they came away one of the ladies went back for her gloves, and found the corpse sitting up and counting the money that was left to buy his coffin and give him a decent burial. That the society for which he pleaded was designed to prevent such frauds. It was a careful, prudent and intelligent almoner of their bounty, and in the name of Him who went about doing good he commended the society to their consideration and asked them to be generous.

There are hundreds of thousands of Catholic families who do not buy even one Catholic book a year. How can they ever become acquainted with the treasures of Catholic literature if they never even look over a catalogue, and how can Catholic authors be persuaded to devote themselves to literary work if their books remain unsold? The Catholic home that has no library and that does not add to it in every twelve months must be poor indeed to be undeserving of censure. *Catholic Review.*

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Port Arthur Work," will be received until Tuesday, the 21st day of February, inclusively, for the extension of the Piers and Dredging at Port Arthur, Ontario, in accordance with a plan and specification to be seen on application to Mr. A. C. Hawkins, Port Arthur, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
E. F. E. ROY, Secretary,
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 20th January, 1893.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Goderich Work," will be received until Tuesday, the 7th day of February, 1893, inclusively, for the extension of the Piers and Dredging at Goderich, Huron County, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
E. F. E. ROY, Secretary,
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 3rd January, 1893.