READ THE BIBLE.

orders, and all who have spent their

lives in the promulgation of the Word

of God, have always recommended the constant use of the Bible to those who

would lead the lives of true followers

Pope Pius VI. (1778) wrote: "At a

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

General Intention for January.

THE FOURTEENTH CENTENARY OF THE

BAPTISM OF THE FRANKS.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart. tory of the Church, which has lasted nigh two thousand years. And yet the celebrations to be held this year, and which are to culminate in the olemn Christmas festivals of 1896, are

Lord's Nativity as far back as the year 496. This event may fittingly be called "The Baptism of a Nation." Remote, though it be from us Christians of to day, it has ever exercised a preponderating influence on the changes and vicissitudes of Christendom during the ages which succeeded it: nor has that influence been other

than benign for the successors on the throne of the Fisherman. So much so, that the great achievements of the nation, which was then christened, in upholding the rights and prerogatives of the Church have been passed down in history as the Gesta Dei per Fran-

We may safely conjecture that, long before the final conquest of the Gaul by the Franks, this warlike race had gained some knowledge of Christianity. Their very wars brought them into contact with Christians of other

Intrepid in battle and rapid in they had time and broken through the chain of Roman outposts along the Rhine, and, crossing, over into the frontier regions of the Empire, had laid under destruction both town and country.

It was, no doubt, their partial successes which emboldened them, later on, to aim at gaining a permanent foothold in those coveted regions lying Years before their further to the west. conversion to Christianity many had served in the regions of Rome, and they were thus brought into close and familiar intercourse with the current thought and every-day life of the

About the second half of the fifth century the Franks settled permanently in Gaul, and had split into two great branches, the Salii and the Ripuarii, the former occupying the country between the Scheldt and the Meuse, whilst the latter dwelt between the Meuse, Moselle and Rhine. The rapid extension of their power was due especially to the valour of Clovis, the son of Childeric and chief of the Salic Francs, who, by his victory at Soissons, A. D. 486, over the Roman governor Syagrius, put an end to the Roman supremacy in Gaul.

Although the Franks, during their numerous wars, had sacked and destroyed many cities, and carried desolation far and wide, there is no evidence that they purposely oppressed the Christians, or manifested any special dislike to their religion. On the contrary, it would seem that they were, if not well disposed towards Christianity, at least tolerant of its while they held posses sion of the cities of Cologne, Maestricht, Tongres, Treves and Toul, not a single church was destroyed. It is, more-over, certain that Comes Arbogastus, who ruled, perhaps in the name of the Roman Empire with sovereign author ity at Treves, as early as A. D. 470 was both a Frank and a Christian Nor was the Christian religion un known in the royal house of the Salii, for Lautechild and Audefleda, the daughters of Childeric, were Arians.

These various circumstances may serve to explain why the Frankish chieftains entertained so high an admiration of St. Ambrose, and asthe victories of the Frankish Comes

Arbogastus. St. Remigius, the most illustrious of the Gallic prelates, was at that time Bishop of Rheims, and Clovis, who was as skilful a politician as he was an intrepid warrior, made every effort to win his favor and that of the Catholic clergy to his cause, for he held their mission and salutary influence in the highest veneration. An exchange of good offices followed which was preg-

nant in great results. St. Remigius, struck by the noble adities of the barbaric king, desired nothing more ardently than to implant the true faith in the heart of a prince whose power kept pace with his reand who was evidently destined to rule the whole of Gaul.

He deemed that this could be best brought about by giving to Clovis a Christian wife. The task was not a Christian wife. difficult one, for there was then living at the Burgundian court a princess, by name Clotilda, the reputation of whos virtues, whose beauty, whose sweet disposition had reached the ears of the

conqueror of the Gauls. Clotilda was the niece of Gundebald, king of the Burgundians, who had murdered her own father. This princess and her sister were spared in the general massacre of their relatives, on account of their youth. by an Arian uncle, she had clung to her religion, and the holiness of

Soissons in 493; and from that instant Clotilda prayed incessantly for the conversion of her husband, and lost no opportunity of explaining to him the

doctrines of the Christian faith. The death of their first born, bap-Fourteen centuries is a long period tized under the name of Ingomar, on which to look back even in the history Clovis into a state of despair, and bitterly did he reproach his wife. " My son has died only because he was baptized in the name of your God. He would still have been living had he

which took place on the feast of Our Lord's Nativity as far back as the year Creator of all things, that He has not found me too unworthy to associate in the number of His elect the fruit of my womb; for I know that the children whom God takes in their white garments of baptism enjoy His beatific

been placed under the protection of my

vision. The miraculous recovery of their second son, Clodomir, from a sickness which, as far as human prevision could determine was to end fatally, made a deep impression on the father, who was obliged to acknowledge the power of the God of the Christians.

Clotilda wished to profit by this occa sion, in order to induce him to aban-don the worship of idols, but political considerations still retarded the effects of grace. Clovis feared lest in changing his religion he might alienate the hearts of his subjects. He contended himself, therefore, with promising his wife that, on the first favorable occaion, he would fulfil his intention. But who could tell when such an occa-sion would present itself? God in His wisdom was shaping events and He would provide.

The clouds of war had been long gathering on the western frontiers of the newly-acquired dominions of the Franks. On a sudden in 496, great bodies of Suevi and Alemanni swarmed across the Rhine at Cologne and poured into the Kingdom of the Ripuarian Franks, over whom Sigebert held sway. Left to their own re-sources the latter would have been powerless to stem the tide of invasion, out Clovis armed the Salie Franks and hastened towards the Rhine to the help of Sigebert.

The two armies met near Tolbiac, now Alpich, in the Palatinate. Both nations were equally brave, equally jealous of their glory and their freedom. The shock of battle was appalling, and for hours victory hovered uncertain over the rival standards. Sigebert fought with all the intrepedity of his race for his kingdom, and wherever there were signs of wavering thither would he hasten to cheer on his warriors by word and example. But fin-ally he fell wounded, and his troops were thrown into a state of disorder.

The panic was rapidly spreading along the ranks, so that even the veterans of Clovis were losing ground, when, seeing the desperate state of the Frankish cause, he raised his battleaxe towards heaven and cried aloud:

"God, whom Clotilda worships, I have no refuge but Thee. my help and I will believe in Thee. I

will be baptized in Thy name! This vow, uttered in a loud voice, rallied his scattered warriors about him. Clovis himself felt a new courhim. age within his bosom, and cheering on his Franks, rushed with headlong daring upon the enemy. In turn the invading hordes were filled with consternation and fled before the exterminating arms of the Franks, leaving

their king dead on the field of battle. On his return to his own domain after this victory, Clovis put himself under the direction of St. Remigius and of St. Vedastus, a holy priest from

the neighborhood of Toul. The Bishop joyfully made prepara-tions for the baptism of the king and of his Franks, and assisted by Vedastus, continued to instruct and to prepare them, according to the canons, some days of fasting, penance and prayer. The baptismal fonts of St. Martin's, the great church of Rheims, were magnificently adorned; the nave was decorated with white hangings the same emblematic color als peared in the dress of Clovis and the ther catechumens chosen from among

the flower of the Salians. On Christmas night, A. D. 496, al the streets were tapestried from the king's palace to the basilica; the church blazed with a thousand fires shed from richly perfumed tapers. The procession moved on towards the basilica, preceded by the cross and the

book of gospels borne in state. St. Remigius led the king by the hand; they were followed by Queen Clotilda, and the two princesses Audefleda and Lautechilda, sisters of Clovis Jpward of three thousand officers and obles of the court, all dressed in white ornaments, were going to receive bap-

tism with their king.
Clovis, struck by the splendor of this august night, asked the holy Bishop: Father, is this the kingdom Christ, into which you promised to

lead me?' " No," answered St. Remigius. is but the opening of the path that

The king and his royal train at last reached the baptistery, at the entrance of the great cathedral, where the vast the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in

uplifted hand ready to pour the water upon the brow of the royal catechumen, St. Remigius, in a tone which could be heard by all within the sacred pre-

cincts, thus addressed him: "Mitis depone colla, Sicamber, adora quod incendisti, incende quod adorasti. (Bow down your neck in meekness, great Sicambrian prince; adore what you have hitherto burnt,

and burn what you have adored.)' Then, having received from him the profession of his belief in the Holy Trinity, he baptised him and anointed him with holy chrism. The three thousand officers and soldiers who accompanied him, besides a great number of women and children, were then baptised by the attendant Bishop and other clergy. Audefleda received baptism, and Lautechilda, who was already a Christian, but had fallen into Arian ism, was reconciled to the Church.

Clovis, unwilling to see the rejoic ings of so happy a night, marred by the tears of the unfortunate, ordered the release of all captives and made costly offerings to the churches.

That Christmas night, which lighted the birth of the Franks to the true faith, has always been dear to France as a family festival.

" Noel !" was ever the cheer and the battle cry to her warriors.

The news of the conversion of Clovis was hailed with joy throughout the whole Christian world. Pope Anastasius I. was more than all the others overjoyed, when it was announced to him, for he hoped to find in this new Christian prince a powerful protector of the Church. Clovis, in fact, was the only true Catholic sovereign then reigning. In the East, the Emperor Anastasius was given up to Eutychiansm ; Theodoric, in Italy ; Alaric II., king of the Visigoths, in Spain and Aquitania; Gundebald, king of the Burgundians in Gaul; Thrasimund, king of the Vandals, in Africa, were all, without exception, Arians. Both the Pope and St. Avitus, Bishop of Vienne, wrote long congratulatory letters to the new Constantine of the

The hopes that both these latter prelates centered in the nation of the Franks were not doomed to disappointment, nor were their prayers for her prosperity and glory without result. The subsequent history of Christendom

bold relief. magne, which consolidated the temporal independence of the Church, and together with it, and through it, the freedom and independence of all Christian kings and peoples. It was the sword of the Franks, under the leadership of Godfrey and Tancred, which prepared from afar the deliverance of the Western nations from Moslem

heir name illustrious throughout the Catholic world. What wonder if, now that the faithful in France are about to enter upon a jubilee year, com-memorative of an event that made that kingdom Catholic for all time, our sympathy should go out to them? that we should join in thanking God with them for the gift of faith? that we should mingle our supplications with theirs that the eldest daughter of the Church be rid of the degrading Ma-

sonic yoke that oppresses her? Surely long since would she have been up and doing, at the sight of the aged Pontiff, a captive in his own palace, were it not that the vampire sects are draining her life blood and little by little destroying the vigorous spirit of her early Christian days.

Oh! that the Sacred Heart of our Lord take pity on France, and lead her back, penitent, to the baptistery of Rheims and re-echo again in her hear ing, "Burn what thou has adored, and adore what thou hast burnt.

When a Christian renews the promises of baptism, he yows, on the gospel, to renounce Satan and to adhere to Jesus Christ. France, struggl ing so long in the toils of secret societies, is to arise, and this year of 1896, is to go in pilgrimage to Rheims. There, before the tomb of her first Apostle, she will again pronounce the solemn vow of chivalrous and Christian fealty. The Masonic sects are even now devising means to crush her in the person of her Religious. Let her arise; let her renounce satan, and let her return to the allegiance of her

rue Suzerain, her Redeemer, her God. We ask all our Associates of the Apostleship to unite their prayers with those of the Associates in France that the Jubilee of Rheims, in 1896, may be for the children of Clovis the dawn of their country's regeneration.

of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers,

of the Church. Amen.

FATHER BEGLEY'S RIDE.

Interesting Details of the Frontier Priest's Heroic Performance.

the wilds of the Cherokee strip make and five hours before she died. an interesting and thrilling narrative. The subject has been widely noticed by was briefly referred to in the Catholic 'imes of last week.

The hero of the story is Rev. J. Begley, who is stationed at Kingman, in the Diocese of Wichita, Kansas. He was born in Kansas in the territorial pioneer missionary priest in the West. He now has charge of the frontier of three dioceses, those of Wichita, Okladays and for twenty years has been a homa and Dallas, Texas. About six to the spiritual welfare of a scope of of it to the other.

SON'S SUMMONS.

Paladaro Ranch.

that he was all right. the Western nations from Moslem tyranny. It was the piety of the Franks, more resistless even than their sword, which, in the person of St. Louis, triumphed over his conquerors by his very misfortune.

The zeal of the Franks and of their princes, down to our own day, for the propagation of the faith, has rendered their name illustrious throughout the last resting place, would respect the fire which he kindled spread more rapidly than he expected, and he lost nearly twenty humble opinion there never yet has been waged more directly or more he expected, and he lost nearly twenty ninutes putting it out, during which diabolically against the Christian rehis horse broke loose from him and ligion a campaign of persecution so started to recross the stream, which it would have done had it not been for Apostate himself. Everything that the quicksands. This was the only et go of the reins again.

NO STOP FOR REFRESHMENTS. At 2:10 in the morning he arrived at kind for the Italian soldiers. resh mount, and at once headed for never mentioned. There is no re-

e northern line of Texas. the northern line of Texas.

He crossed the Adobe Walls trail on the Canadian river at 5 o'clock in the morning, and ten minutes thereafter secured a fresh horse, being guided during the last hour by the light of a tion of Italians. And that, I say, is a fine taught in the Italian schools: it is a systematic paganism for the express' purpose of rooting out the knowledge and love of their holy faith from the rising generation of Italians. And that, I say, is a

HIS MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

but, as he was a pagan, insisted on the promise to be allowed the free exercise of her religion. They were united at Soissons in 493; and from that instant of the promise to be allowed the free exercise of her religion. They were united at uplifted hand ready to pour the water of her baptism, may ever prove worthy of a horse thief and stopped him, her so glorious title of eldest daughter of the Church. Amen. them of their mistake, and they not only let him pass, but offered him a fresh horse and any other assistance As has been already he might need. stated, he ate nothing during the trip and drank but once. Father Begley arrived at the ranch just an hour be The details of Father Begley's arrived at the ranch just an hour be-ronderful ride of 170 miles through was very much fatigued by his ride, an interesting and thrilling narrative.
The subject has been widely noticed by
the secular press of the country and
was briefly referred to in the Catholic
was briefly referred to in the Catholic death took her away.

THE PRISONER AT THE VATI-CAN.

And now that I have referred to the vears ago a stage coach in which the Vicar of Christ, spontaneously I know priest was riding was upset and both of his legs were broken, leaving them hearts—how is the Pope? How is Leo permanently deformed. Notwith-standing this physical defect he attends terval of four years, and these the four years between his eighty-second and country that is 620 miles from one end eighty-sixth year, it is a wonder and it is a delight to be able to say to you that I perceive no trace of failure, The Paladaro Ranch, in Hansford mentally or physically in him (cheers) county, in the Panhandle of Texas, is owned by a young man named Quinlan, whose mother went recently from New York to see him. While visiting years in the Church of God (cheers). the ranch she was taken suddenly ill, and, feeling that she had but a few hours to live, desired a priest. Her son sent his foreman on the swiftest steed in the ranch to Englewood, Kan., steed in the ranch to Englewood, Kan., where the nearest telegraph station, where born yet (laughter and applause). But he wired for Father Begley. The looking at him pale in his white robes priest immediately took the train and and his white face, he seems almost a arrived at Englewood at 4 o'clock in being from another world, almos the afternoon. There he was informed that arrangements had been made at is not a supernatural person, for is he Both the ranches en route to furnish him not on earth the Vicar of the invisible relays of horses for every thirty miles. With one hundred and seventy miles of desert county before him and an intricate trail to follow he mounted an tricate trail to follow he mounted an and the sheep? But feeble and worn and the sheep? indian pony one hour before darkness as he is, when he comes to speak his face is lit up, and his deep voice, trem-Aladaro Ranch.
In ten minutes he was in the wilds forth. Then you see that there is yet, of the Cherokee Strip. At dusk he entered the Salt Plains, where for tentered the Salt Plains, where for the Salt Plains is the Salt Plains is the Salt Plains in the Salt Plains in the Salt Plains is the Salt Plains in the Sal and the Church brings this fact out in miles there was neither a blade of But, my friends, under what circumcrass nor a drop of anything to drink stances of sorrow and humiliation has It was the sword of the Franks, under Charles Martel, that saved Europe from light he arrived at the Stirrup Ranch, years of his pontificate he has never Mahometan barbarism. It was the sword of the Franks, under Charlemagne, which consolidated the tember of the state of the on the trail and put the spurs to a to face. During the years of his ponsplendid cow pony. A darkness pre-vailed so intense that he could not see the trail, but the sound of the horse's church of the world—St. John Lateran. hoofs on the beaten earth satisfied him He is to all intents a prisoner in his own Vatican palace. As he pathetically After traveling some twelve miles he came to one of the forks of the Cimar those who have plundered him, those

> could be done is done, not only to crush time the priest lost his nerve, and out and destroy and eradicate from when he regained his horse he never the hearts of the Italian people every trace of the Christian religion-it is so bad, so irreligious, After crossing the brow of a hill he utterly pagan in its character and saw a fire in the distance, and at 11 in its works that I believe if it were o'clock at night he arrived at Box known it would revolt the consciences Ranch, whose proprietor had thought of honest Protestants (applause) almost fully set fire to a haystack as a beacon as much as it revolts the Catholics (ap light for the priest, whom he expected about that time. Father Begley did not wait for refreshments, but took the night crossed the line into No Man's Land, where he passed a few settle-ments and found a more distinct trail. There is no religious service of any McKinley Bros. ranch, where he got a schools of Italy the name of God ligion taught in the Italian schools

been waged more directly

quarter moon that had just risen. At state of things so godless, so wicked, 7 o'clock in the morning he crossed from No Man's Land into Northern only of Catholics revolt against it, but Texas and arrived at Paladaro Ranch there is no honest man in the wide at 10:35 a. m., after completing nearly world who believes in the living God one hundred and seventy miles in but would rise up against such an seventeen hours and thirty minutes, a abomination (applause). Is it not a feat which, considering the nature of hard thing for us Irish Catholics to the country, the darkness of the night know, as we do know, that the full and the physical condition of the man, weight and influence, great as it is, of is acknowledged by all frontiersmen to the British Empire is being used to constitute the greatest ride on record. countenance and sustain that nefarious work? Of course, we must make Only one horse gave out under him allowances for the exigencies of pubtrip, and that was lic affairs and governments; but makwhat is called an American horse in ing every allowance that need be controdiction to a cow or Indian pony. made for the peculiar circumstances of This horse sprained his leg in a the case, I have no hesitation in saying O Jesus, through the most pure Heart prairie-dog hole and walked lame for that the countenance and the good will nearly five miles. This happened of the present Conservative Governabout 3 o'clock in the morning, and, ment of England, given to Signor lacking the excitement of rapid rid- Crispi's Government in Italy, is inconlife corresponded to the purity of her faith. She consented to marry Clovis, the font, the king begged the grace of Mass, in reparation of all sins and for his saddle. In Hansford county, principle whatsoever (applause).

What Popes, Bishops, Saints and Others Have Said. One of the favorites of the many charges made by the Protestants against the Catholic Church is that she fears and hates the Bible, and does all she can to keep it a closed book." It requires but little research o prove the falsity of such a charge, and to show that, far from fearing the Bible, the Catholic Church has at all times urgently recommended the reading and studying of the Sacred Scriptures to her children. Pontiffs, doctors of the Church, founders of religious

The following is from an address

time when a great number of bad books are circulated among the unlearned you judge exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Bible, for this is the most abundant source which ought to be left open to every one to draw from it purity of morals and of doctrine." Pope Pius VII. (1820) urged the English Bishops to encourage their people to read the Bible. Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., made the study of the Sacred Scriptures the subject of a recent encyclical This study he calls a "noble one." The doctors and fathers of the Church are unanimous in their recommend ations to read the Bible. "To be ignorant of the Bible," says St. Jerome, "is to be ignorant of Christ." And again, ' Full of delights is the word of God from it everyone draws what he needs."
St. Augustine tells us that "The earnest reading of the Scriptures puri-fies all things." He calls the Scriptures "letters sent us from heaven." St. John Chrysostom says: "Excuse

of Christ.

not thyself from reading by saying I have a trade, a wife or a family. Thou hast all the greater need of the consolation and instruction of the Gospel.

"To neglect the reading of the Bible, "says St. Odo, " is as if we were to refuse light in darkness, shade in the burning heat, medicine in sick-

Says St. Gregory: "The King of heaven, the Lord of angels and of men hath sent you letters to be your life, and do you neglect to read them fer-vently?" "The Bible," he tells us, changes the heart of him who reads, drawing him from wordly desires to embrace the things of God.

"To think over the accounts given in the Holy Gospel is alone sufficient to inflame a faithful soul with divine love," says St. Alphonsus Liguori.

And so through the writings of all the fathers of the Church we find the same exhortations and admonitions regarding the Sacred Scriptures. founders of religious orders made it a portion of the daily life of the members should be read, discussed and meditated upon. In fact, the principal occupation of the monks of the Middle Ages was to study the Bible and multiply copies of it. In our own country the admonition of our Bishops has always

The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore speaking on this subject says: you that the most highly valued treasures of every family and the most frequently and lovingly made use of should be the Holy Scriptures, i. e., the Bible. We trust that no family can be found amongst us without a correct version of the Holy Scriptures.

Numberless other authorities could Catholic Church toward the Bible. The above quotations and opinions will suffice, however, to show how utterly false is the charge made by the Protestants that the Catholic Church discourages the use of the Bible among her hildren. That the contrary is case the writing of the saints and doc-tors of the Church in all ages and countries clearly demonstrates. And, strange though it may seem, the Catho ic Church surpasses all in the reverence which she pays to the sacred writings and in the zeal and care with which she promotes their study.

No Color Line in Catholic University.

The Catholic University is as broad as the Church itself in its policy govern-

ing the admission of students.

Two colored men registered on Oct 3, for the School of Philosophy, J. H. Love, an alumnus of Oberlin College, and William Tecumseh Sherman Jack son, an alumnus of Amnerst. Both were professors in the Colored High School. Many will follow the example of these, for the ambitious and cultivated among the colored youth of the South chafe under the social sentiment which calls for separate institutions for their race, and practically brands them as an inferior order of creatures.

The Catholic University of America has opened its doors for that truly Christian association of men of which so thrilled the heart of Wendell Philips under St. Peter's Dome and in the Halls of the Propaganda. - Boston

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MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll O'Donoghue.

CHAPTER XXIII.

There was not even the shadow of an obstruction in the way of the mar riage of Hubert and Margaret now, and preparations for that event pressed hastily and happily forward.

Louise Delmar at her brother solicitation accepted the invitation to be Margaret's bridesmaid, and after a ew meetings she grew to encounter Hubert without experiencing that strange, undefinable thrill which the very mention of his name had been wont to arouse.

Mrs. Delmar tried to drown in the vanity and gossip of her own select set, the fact that both son and daugh ter were beyond the reach of worldly designs, and she schooled herself to look upon them with a sort of quiet scorn which she imagined to be more effective than a perpetual storm of words, and when Louise informed her of her intention to be Margaret's bridesmaid, she shrugged her shoulders, and laughed contemptuously but when Eugene told her that he had planned a quiet European tour with his sister, directly after the marriage in which tour she of their friends, would be obliged to join, she raved once more in her olden way. She had just gathered about her the society she wished : she had no desire to accom pany a couple of straight-laced, Puritanical hypocrites in a solemn expedition round the world. But neither had Eugene any desire to permit her to re main after them, to indulge without restraint the follies in which she delighted; so he firmly, but respectfully informed her of his intention to with draw all financial support from her should she refuse to make the tour, and the baffled, disappointed woman sunk down into her usual miserable

Happy Margaret! Never had day passed so swiftly and delightfully, never had love bestowed such meed of joy before.

The wedding was to be quiet and simple; the ceremony to be performed by Father Germain at their own residence, directly after which the young couple were to take a trip to their old Louisiana home. Madame Bernot was so well that they could leave her without anxiety for a few days.

The case of Clare, alias Plowden which no one looked for more eagerly than Miss Lydia Lounes, never appeared on any calendar of the city ourts, and that lady considered her self especially disappointed and ag grieved by the bungling and mysteri us manner in which the press after a long silence spoke of that interesting gentleman. The truth was that "Requelare" had ways of its own for hoodwinking even such a potent body as the Press, and for causing a belief to become current that "Roquelare" itself had dealt summary vengeance on

the true murderer of Cecil Clare. When Miss Lounes heard that repor she recorded it in her journal, while she dropped a few secret, very secret

"They have killed him at last-that dear, distinguished lawyer who won my tender affections, and in whose grave my poor, weary heart longs to

On one of the happy days of prepara-tion for the wedding, Hugh Murburd



BANKRUPTCY

of the physical being is the result of draw-ng incessantly upon the reserve capital of derve force. The wear, tear and strain of ous system. The young men of our day beat the best and most complete and considered and most complete and the best and

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The large amount of nutritious matter renders it the most desirable preparation for Nursing Women. In the usual dose of a wineglas ful three or four times daily, it excites a copious flow of milk, and supplies strength to meet the great drain upon the system experienced during lactation, nourishing the infant and sustaining the mother at the same time.

and his mother were announced, and a joyful meeting followed.

The poor old lady was much enfeebled as if from long suffering, but

she was garrulous with all the privi-lege of her age. She would recount minutely all that she had suffered durtime that she had been kep from her son, how that enforced separ

ation was the cause of the painful, tedious illness which had attacked her directly that she had been permitted to join Hugh, and owing to w neither she nor her son had been able to call sooner on the Bernots as they had desired and intended to do. Then she would have Hugh repeat

to Hubert what he had told herself after he knew that Hubert was not guilty how, when the young men were traveling together, and sometimes in crowded hotels were obliged to occupy the same bed, Hubert had spoken in his sleep of a crime which stained his soul-how Hugh remembered that, when he saw Bernot's name appear in the first investigation of Cecil Clare's murder, and the suspicion which these two facts aroused, led him to preserve and bring home the papers which his mother had found, and which had caused her such perplexity-how, when the pretended Mr. Conyer came with his strange inquiries, and stranger communications, Hugh fancied he understood it all that Hubert was guilty of some crime, and that Mr. Conyer was a detective on his track. Hugh would not write to Hubert lest his friend should become startled, and if he had committed a crime, betray himself by his very fears, and Hugh had not answered satisfac torily the inquiries his mother used to make, because he deemed it best to keep very secret everything he him self knew, or suspected, lest it might come to the detective's knowledge.

And when everything had been ex plained to the old lady's satisfaction, even to the fact that the telegram de siring her presence in the city, and supposed to have been sent by Hugh, been only another of Bertoni's dia bolical machinations, and when the young men had warmly grasped hands and had pledged each other's friendship over brimming glasses of rare old wine, and when Madame Bernot had spoken tearfully her thanks to stanch, true Hugh, and Margaret crying and smiling in the same minute was press ing the old lady's hands, then Mrs Murburd leaned back in her chair and well nigh sobbed from excess of joyful

Madame Bernot and her son would have detained the Murburds until the wedding day, which was now hardly a week distant, but the old lady auxious for her home, from which she had been absent so long: the utmost that pressing solicitation could effect the prolongation of their visit was until the next day, but Hugh promised to return for the ceremony.

Below stairs there were hearts no less happy than those above; there were preparations for a joyful event no ess delightful than those making by Madame Bernet and Margaret.

Annie Corbin as Margaret's maid was to accompany the young lady on her bridal tour, and John McName with the anxiety of an ardent Irish lover as he was, fearing the effect of even that short absence on the affec tions of his sweetheart, importuned that their marriage should take place a day or two before that appointed for Mis Calvert's. His request was warmly seconded by Hannah Moore, and the blushing little maid unable to with stand so many entreaties, put her hand into John's great fist, and faltered 'yes," and then ran away to hide her happy, blushing embarrassment.

Madame Bernot on learning that ordered that everything should be done which could contribute to the festivity of the event, and the help were all in a state of delightful anticipation. Hannah Moore sighed only for twenty pairs of arms, that she might do twenty things at the same time; and "Little Sam" experienced constantly a most unaccountable inclination to cut un heard-of capers on the kitchen floor but he did not permit the temptation to interfere with his duties, and he per formed all the cook's errands in s satisfactory a manner that she invari

ably addressed him with: "Sam, you're a jewel!" On the day preceding the evening in which Annie Corbin was to become Mrs. McNamee, Sam was out on one of his numerous little commissions; and while his little slender legs did their duty in the way of quick, important steps, his head was no less busy. It constantly turned to assure itself that people were looking at Samuel Lewis who was such an important person i the Bernot household, and it held itself very high to assure the eyes that wer attracted by this little specimen of frail humanity, how fully it was aware of its own importance.

But the little slender legs came to sudden stop, and the elevated head held itself very stationary, for just in front was a small crowd of street urchins round a man who was playing on a cracked fiddle - a pale, thin, dirty tattered man, who played some melan choly strain, and smiled-a very ghos of a smile-on the boys who seemed to listen admiringly.

The little under waiter drew nearer and the man with the fiddle saw him he stopped playing suddenly, while faint color came into his face, and putting his instrument under his a tered coat he was moving off. Then little Sam was sure that the poor fiddler was Magnus Liverspin, and his heart was touched at the apparent poverty and distress of the once traveling come dian. He walked after the tattered man, and touched him lightly on the shoulder, whereupon Liverspin turned, and the faint color in his face became

"You're Liverspin-ain't you?" said Sam, very softly and kindly The tattered man nodded, and then

said, huskily : "Go away-I don't want to see you. -I never wanted to see you any more

after I played that game on you. "But you're poor," said little Sam, softer and kindlier still, "and perhaps

I can help you.' The tattered man turned away his head, and did not speak, and little Sam waited, repeating his last remark when he had waited a minute or more, but repeating it so softly and kindly that Liverspin broke down and wept like a

child. "It's the first word of kindness I've heard in many a day," he said; " and it's broken me down. I am poor. haven't tasted food to-day yet."

Little Sam grasped the tattered man's arm. "Come home with me and we'll give you a good meal of victuals any way, and after that we'll see what else we can do," forgetting everything but the present suffering of the object be fore him.

Liverspin shrank from the proffer "I could'nt meet them-your servants-and they knowing the spy l

"Tut, tut, man ; they'll forgive you when they know as you're sorry, and when they see your present poverty." And, linking within his own the arm of the tattered man, who made but little more, and that a feeble, resistance, the magnanimous under-waiter ance, the magnanimous under water marched off, followed by a couple of the street urchins, who begged for another of "Them ere tunes, Mister." "Little Sam's" magnanimity ex-

tended to the length of not asking a single question calculated to discover how the once jolly Liverspin came to be in his present deplorable condition. For," argued Sam with himself, "he's weak and hungry, and I'll just let him be until he has one good feed."

That generous resolution however, did not prevent him from detailing in prosy length to his dirty companion all the good and wonderful luck which had befallen the Bernot family, and his own delightful anticipations of the happy time there would be at John McNamee's wedding that evening.

Arrived at the house, he stealthily ushered Liverspin into a waiting-room while he undertook to acquaint Hannah Moore with all that had happened.

It was a little difficult at first to enlist the good woman's sympathies as readily as "Little Sam" desired to do, for her old indignation at "Divilspin," as she would persist in calling him, roused at the very mention of his name : but when the little under-waiter induced her to take a peep at the poor tattered creature warming his hands over the register, and when, after her introduction to him, he looked on the point of again breaking down as he had done under "Little Sam's" kindness, her compassion was as fully enisted as that of the little under-waiter And her kindness was not satisfied until it had imparted itself to her fellow-servants, so that Liverspin after partaking of, as Hannah expressed it "Just a bit to keep the life in him until I get him a good meal," found himself taken to a bath room, and provided with such garments from the wardrobe of the male help as seemed most suitable, so that when he returned to the kitchen he looked, in the language of Miss

" At least sweet and clean. He ate with a verocity which he vainly tried to conceal, the substantial meal Hannah had prepared for him, and when the last bit had disappeared down his eager throat, and he had washed it down with a copious draught of the servants' own table ale, he said, with a grateful air that went to the cook's heart:

"I don't deserve what you've all done for me, but I'm thankful for it, and I'll keep the remembrance of it here till my dying day," laying his hand on his heart with a pathetic motion.

"The one that ought to do it, in consideration of my services in his behalf, refused, when he found he wouldn't need me any more, and that was Bertoni. When I left the court room after giving my evidence, some strange man picked a quarrel with me and I was arrested; and after that came the things that left my health as broken down as you see it. I wish I could tell you what I went through while 'Requelare' had me, but I can't, only it was horrible "— he shuddered, and his pale face seemed to grow still paler—" and they kept me, and made me go through frightful things till they'd be sure I'd never divulge what I witnessed when they were examining Bertoni and me. They didn't make me a member; they didn't put any mark on me and that was the mischief of it; for if they had they'd be bound to help me then. When at last they let me go I was too ill from fright, and what I had undergone, to practice my old profession, and somehow, I failed to get employment at anything. I went to Bertoni, but he wouldn't see me when I sent in my name, and so things went on from bad to worse till it came to the starv ing trifles I could earn with this," touching the cracked violin that lay on a chair near him.

The most incredulous could not have doubted his story, nor the most callous-hearted fail to have been touched by the pathos in his tones; so one and all hands of the sympathetic help were extended to him, and one and all were sincere in their offers to assist Magnus Liverspin to a future course of honest industry. Their kindness even went so far as to invite him to be present at the festivity of the evening, when he rose to depart, and he accepted the invitation.

That evening-the merry, delightful evening, when true Irish mirth, and genuine Irish wit shone forth in all their simple honesty; its memory could never be effaced from their minds even when the changes of years had found them other and separate homes.

There were ardent congratulations to pretty Mrs. McNamee, and toasts and songs, and songs and toasts, and then more ardent congratulations there were pleasant tales, and pathetic tales told, the latter however, always with a happy ending, and there were witty anecdotes related, such as would have done credit to the best spirits of a

much higher grade of society.
"Little Sam" was toasted for the
manner in which he had "bamthe great lawyer, and he boozled was called upon to respond in a speech, and "Little Sam" rose, trying assume an appearance of pompous dignity, but he was very shaky about the legs, and very watery about the eyes, and after a quavering:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm proud this night to have the honor—to have the honor— I say I'm proud this night to have the honor," sank into his seat being quite overcome by his feelings. But that was nothing, for everybody applauded, and the pompous head-waiter declared that Mr. Samuel Lewis was a 'trump.

And Miss Moore sang, and then re quested the company to drink the health of Mr. Piowden, or rather Mr. Frederick Clare, to show that every oody wished even the lawyer well and then she told them how he had gone beyond the seas to be a holy monk, and for that reason alone everybody should wish him "God-speed;" and Miss Moore's heart was gladdened by the evident sincerity with which the toast was promptly

Aud Kreble, whom Madame Bernot still retained, though having no essential need of her services, sang in her own language a ballad of "Fader hoping when she had concluded-"Das was agreeable to de com

drank.

pany," upon which every one broke into renewed applause, and the broad, red face grew broader with good-natured smiles, and redder from happy blushes.

Then Liverspin performed on violin which had been procured for him, and which was not cracked, Irish airs that alternately set the feet of his listeners into uncontrolable motion, and made their hearts thrill with the exquisite memories of loved Old Ireland. But the last, last toast which was

drank, almost the last, last words that were spoken ere the happy party separated, was a repetition of the be loved names which had been the first mentioned that evening, and everyoody stood up, and everybody drank with refreshing zest to the

"Long life, happiness, and prosper-ity of Mr. Bernot and Miss Calvert, soon to be Mrs. Bernot.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A DARK DRAMATIST.

"Gentleman to see you, sir." Who is it?

"He won't give no name, sir, but he says his business is most pressin' and pertik'lar. I told him you was engaged, but he would take no denial."
"Confound the fellow," said Mr.
Quillet, throwing down his pen. "I'm busy. I can't possibly see him. Where have you left him, Jane?" " In the hall, sir."

"I say, you ought not to have done that. Ten to one he's some thieving fellow after the hats and umbrellas. But you girls from the country"-

Mr. Quillet did not complete his sentence, for at that minute a tall, dark man walked calmly into the room, and after bowing to the astonished owner of the house, with the blandest and most self-possessed of smiles, said, suavely

"I wish to see you in private, sir. Jane, the housemaid, seeing threat enings of a storm upon her master's face, and not caring to wait its out-burst, thought it discreet to take the visitor's hint. So she slipped hurriedly out of the room. Mr. Quillet and the intruder stood facing each other.

"Pray, sir, to what am I indebted for the honor of this call?" demanded Mr. Quillet, glaring at the stranger through his eyeglasses. "Permit me to explain?" asked the

other, with a smile and a bow.
"I will trouble you, sir, to be as brief as possible," said Mr. Quillet, impatiently. "My time is valuable, and I cannot afford to waste it. Now, then, what is it you want? "I see it stated in the Referce, Mr.

Quillet, that you are writing a tragedy for production at the Erectheum. May I ask you, sir, if that statement is correct? "You may ask," replied Mr. Quillet, freezingly, "but whether I give you an answer or not is another matter. I must first request that you have the goodness to explain in what way my

literary engagements concern you, sir."
"They—or rather this particular one—concern me very nearly, as I shall soon show you. I wonder now, sir, whether this tragedy of yours is yet

completed." "Upon my word," retorted Mr. Quillet, drawing himself up, "I must really decline to gratify your curios-

"Well, it is of no great moment," tragedy for the production at the Erectheum. It may be a strong tragedy; it may be a weak one. But, whatever its quality, I can put into minutes the enforced listener had for-

your hands a original work of my own compared with which yours, sir, will read as weak as pap

"You are too flattering, sir, upon my word," gasped Mr. Quillet, as-tounded, as well he might be, by the fellow's brazen assurance.

The play of which I speak," continued the stranger, disregarding Mr. Quillet's sarcasm, and producing a roll of manuscript from his pocket, " is this. I wrote it myself from first to last. And I venture to assert that it is one of the most powerful tragedies that have ever been written in the English tongue.

The stranger spoke so earnestly, and with such a genuine conviction of truth of his own words, that Mr. Quillet, who was a kind-hearted man as bottom, experienced a sort of re-vulsion in his feeling. His sense of anger at the fellow's presumption gave way to a sense of pity, mingled with contempt. It was evident that the man was one of that-alas! too numerous-band of amateurs who are bitten with the tragic muse and cheat them-selves into the belief that their miserable productions are something phenomenal. How many of this class there are-aye, and how impossible it is to disillusionize them !-only managers and dramatic authors really know.

Mr. Quillet therefore checked the withering retort that rose to his lips.

Now that he realized the class of mortal he had to deal with, and saw that he was an object for pity rather than for anger, he adopted a more affable tone. No doubt a little judicious humoring would be the quickest way to get rid

"Ah, welle" he said, "you wish me to read your play, I gather? I am very busy and cannot attend to it now, but if you will leave your manuscript here, together with your name and address, I shall be pleased to glance through it at my leisure and return it

to you with my opinion upon it. The stranger smiled knowingly and

shook his head.
"No, no!" he answered. must excuse me, Mr. Quillet, but really I know the time of day, sir. Would you look at it if I left it here? Not you. It has been to six managers and has been returned by all six as unsuitable. But not one of them had read it. That I know very well, for I gummed the sheets together here and there as a test, and when the manuscript came back the gum was still undisturbed.

"Well, look here," ejaculated Mr. Quillet, growing angry again, "what the devil do you want, sir? You don't expect me to read your confounded here and now do you?"

play here and now do you?
"No, I do not," was the urbane

reply.
"Then what in the name of heaven do you expect?' I expect you to listen while I read

the play aloud to you," the stranger returned, folding his arms and regarding Mr. Quillet with the calmest of stares.

The latter's patience was utterly

broken down by the cool impertinence of the demand. "We have had enough of this, sir," sud Mr. Quillet, witheringly.

must wish you good day. There is the The stranger drew himself up to his full height, his tall powerful frame

quite dwarfing the insignificant proportions of Mr. Quillet. "I shall decline to move, sir," he said, coolly, "until you have acceded

to my request." "This is monstrous — outrageous," gasped Mr. Quillet. "In my own house! I'll — I'll summon the police.

"None of that, please," said the stranger, onickly i as the other made a movement toward the bell rope. "Don't provoke me. I am dangerous when aroused. In this matter I intend to have my way. Come Mr. Quillet, be reasonable. offer you a compromise. Listen while I read the first act (it is very short), and if at the end you really wish to hear no more I'll take up my papers and leave the house without another

Mr. Quillet was speechless and stood panting with indignation. But the tall, devil-may care looking stranger, with his flashing eyes and determined face, frightened our nervous little friend more than he would have cared o admit.

"Come," continued the other. "Is it a bargain?

"It is absolutely scandalous," retorted Mr. Quillet, inwardly resolving to follow the stranger as soon as he left the house and give him in charge at once. "If you persist in this outrage, I'll take care that you regret it."
"I do persist," he answered with a careless laugh. "I'll chance the con-

carcless laugh. "I'll chance the con-sequences. Pray take a seat while I am reading. Act the first!" Glaring on the bold intruder with

glances of impotent wrath, Mr. Quillet sank back in his arm chair. would have summoned assistance by shouting out, but he was deterred from this by two considerations — first, that the stranger looked every inch the man to resort to personal violence; second, that it would have made himself appear in a rather ridiculous light. No; the safer as well as the more dignified course was to remain quiet for the present and give him in charge the moment he left the house. On that course Mr. Quillet most firmly resolved.

The stranger unfolded his roll of "Well, it is of no great moment," said the other. "Let me put it to you in this way: You are writing, or have written—it does not matter which—a traggedy for the production at the

was intent ar end of thirty, minated, he was Shall I leav the stranger, "c ready, you know

"Go on- go with a wave of of anger and re It was evident his face and fro that he was aliv than those pr ordinary play. With kindlin color, the strang musical voice nor slurring

representation shape-wasobv but the treatm absolutely so, o tion. It breat not merely of but of genuit ward to the fa irresistible de fore the end v who was far stranger's fav would be a fo and inwardly just complete hitherto he ha would be liter blaze of so po But the wo obliterated from

in the shape of left him only whelming ser "There!" down his pa Quillet's expr placid triump Does the piec notice, or doe "It-it's a Quillet. did tragedy.

" I believe "It st And now I g having hear tragedy, wr produce it a "Eh-er-Mr. Quillet his ears had

written it."

stranger. I make you and out-wi vou offer i theum, in li now writin " Impossi "Common h priate your alive, do vo edy is wort

name and in Bah!"
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I have long All I desire duced. In profit, I ca " But, r " I "-" Pishbuts. Wi

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gotti J scowl. At the end of fifteen sir, will he was intent and interested. At the end of thirty, when the first act terminated, he was sitting spell-bound.

"Shall I leave off here?" inquired the stranger, "or shall I go on? I am ready, you know, to stand by our com-

"Go on - go on !" said Mr. Quillet, with a wave of his hand. Every trace of anger and resentment had left him. It was evident from the expression of his face and from his whole demeanor that he was alive to no other sensations than those produced by this extraordinary play.

With kindling eye and heightened

color, the stranger proceeded, his deep, musical voice never missing a point nor slurring light and shade. The motive of the tragedy — to wit, the representation of the devil in a human shape-was obviously far from original, but the treatment of the subject was absolutely so, differing both in details and essentials - and differing for the better — from every previous concep-tion. It breathed throughout an air not merely of powerful tragic interest but of genuine reality and natural consequence which hurried you for-ward to the fatal climax by a series of irresistible developments. Long be-fore the end was reached Mr. Quillet, who was far from predisposed in the stranger's favor, saw that the piece stranger's lavor, saw that the piece would be a fortune to any manager and inwardly confessed that his own just completed tragedy, on which hitherto he had rather valued himself, would be literally extinguished by the

blaze of so powerful a production.

But the wonderful strength and terrible pathos of the denouement soon obliterated from his mind everything in the shape of sordid calculations and left him only conscious of an overwhelming sense of tragic emotion.

'There!' said the stranger, laying down his papers, and regarding Mr. Quillet's expressive face with a look of placid triumph. "What do you say? Does the piece justify the strong measures I have taken to force it on your notice, or does it not? Speak, sir!"

"It-it's a masterpiece," gasped Mr. Quillet. "A work of genius—a splendid tragedy. There is no man living, and very few dead, who could have written it."

"I believe you," was the quiet reply. "It stands alone. I know it. And now I give you your reward for having heard me to the end. Take this tragedy, write your name upon it and produce it at the Erectheum for your

'Eh-er-I don't understand you,'

Mr. Quillet ejaculated, supposing that his ears had deceived him.
"My words were plain," replied the stranger. "My meaning equally so. I make you a present of my piece -out and out-with no reserve, except that you offer it to Billhurst of the Erectheum, in lieu of the one which you are

now writing.'
"Impossible!" cried Mr. Quillet. "Common honesty forbids me to appropriate your work like that. Why, man alive, do you not realize that this tragedy is worth money to you? It means name and fortune.

laughed the other scorn-"Bah!" laughed the other scorn-lly. "What do I want with either I have long enjoyed too much of both. All I desire is to have my tragedy produced. In whose name, or to whose profit, I care not a straw.

" But, really," objected Mr. Quillet.

"Pish-my friend, none of these buts. With my eyes open and in good faith, I make you an offer which, while its suits me, is highly advantageous to yourself. If you are too proud to accept-well, the less squeamish. But you have your chance.

" Pride is not concerned in the mat ter," replied Mr. Quillet. "But how can I bring myself to put my name to another man's work? It would be a

species of literary forgery."
"Nothing of the sort," was the ener-"The play is my own in getic reply. "The play is my own in every sense. I have an incontestable right to make it over to you. Will you take it, or will you not?

"Upon my word," was the hesitating rejoinder, "I-I-that is - in point of fact "-

point of fact "I can't wait," interposed the stranger briskly. "I must have 'yes' or 'no 'at once. If the former, well and good; if the latter, I take it elsewhere immediately. Which it it to

"Well, really, if you are bent on giving it away," answered Mr. Quillet, "I suppose I may as well profit by it as any one else.

as any one else.

"Yes, considerably better, from your standpoint. Very good! Then you accept the piece on the conditions

"I do," replied Mr. Quillet, after some reflection. He was not prepared to reject this extraordiary offer then and there, but he reserved (mentally) to himself the right of cancelling his verbal acceptance by letter, if he deemed it wiser on mature considera-

tion.
"That is right," answered the other, taking up his hat, and rising to go. "I will not detain you longer now. Probably I shall call on you

again shortly. Stay," cried Mr. Quillet. "You will leave me your name and address, in case I wish to communicate with

The stranger shook his head. "No," he said, with an inscrutable k. "I'm afraid I can't. I have

prise the street door banged behind ager he came forward and raised his nis mysterious visitor.

Mr. Quillet read the tragedy through Mr. Quillet read the tragedy through again to himself and was more than ever struck by its wonderful power and force. It was some time before he could make up his mind what to do taken a most dangerous recruit into force. It was some time before he could make up his mind what to do about it. But at last he submitted the play to Billhurst, manager of the Erectheum, telling him the extraordinary and peculiar circumstances under which he had become possessed of it. Billhurst read the play, and at once

pronounced it a trump card.
"I tell you, Quillet," he said, with
enthusiasm. "there's a mint of money in that piece. It's as certain a draw as anything I ever read. Only I don't like the very rummy way in which it has come to us. Supposing it should have been stolen, eh?"

"That is hardly probable, I think,"
was the rejoinder, "and if you think
of taking the piece in hand you might feel your way ahead a little by putting a few preparatory notices in the news-"How would that safeguard us?"

asked the manager.
"Why, in the event of the play hav

ing been cribbed or unfairly come by, the notice might catch the eye of some person interested, who would, of course, ommunicate with you."
"True," said Mr. Billhurst thought

fully; "I will give the matter my con sideration.

The manager was very much worried just then about his accounts, which showed an ugly deficit. His last venture had lost him £2,000 sterling. The current piece was not paying its

"But, there's money in this new piece," said Mr. Billhurst to himself, confidently, "and, I tell you what it is, confidently, and take all chances." I will put it on and take all chances. Having once made up his mind, the manager did not let the grass grow

under his feet. Within a fortnight the under his feet. Within a fortnight the new tragedy was in full rehearsal. It went well from the beginning. The manager was in great feather. He saw a sure and phenomenal success before him. Then an accident happened which nearly turned his hair trans. On the night before the last gray. On the night before the last dress rehearsal, and only two nights Standish, the leading tragedian, was attacked and robbed in Drury Lane, being so roughly handled that the police, who found him lying stunned on the pavement, took him straight to the nearest hospital. Here he lay in

a very precarious condition.

The manager, who only heard the news when he came down to the theatre the next morning, was well nigh be

side himself.
"Quillet!" he ejaculated, with a groan, "Everything depends on that part, and Standish's understudy will never carry it through on the first

night."
"It is a bad business," admitted Quillet, ruefully.
"Please, sir," said one of the callboys, thrusting his head in at the door

'here's a gent to see you."
"I'm busy; I'm"—cried the man-

But the call-boy had withdrawn, and

his friend by the sleeve.

piece," he whispered.
"Good morning, Mr. Quillet," said the stranger. "Good morning, Mr. Billhurst. This is unfortunate news

about poor Standish."

"Yes, and I came here at once. What do you propose to do, may I

"God knows. I'm sure the understudy will make a hash of it," groaned the manager.
"Most probably. Now, I'm going

to make a startling proposition to you. Intrust me with the part." "You?" ejaculated the manager.

"Do you know anything about act-"A great deal. But try me and

see," said the other, confidently. the third act for your benefit now!" The manager said nothing, but he and Mr. Quillet exchanged glances. Taking their silence for consent this extraordinary man started his self sug-

gested rehearsal. In five minutes the manager's rueful face was elated, flushed, eager, with new hope. "By heaven!" he exclaimed ex-citedly. "Repeat that on the stage, Mr. What's your name, and we'll make the piece a magnificent success yet !"

They did. The first night's audience received the new tragedy with They called the enthusiastic favor. performers—and particularly the new actor - before the curtain again and again. He was certainly splendid. The wonderful realism with which he played Mephistopheles was, said the next day's newspapers, as convincing a performance of its kind as had ever een seen upon the London stage. Billhurst was in great spirits. He believed that he had hit upon a theatri-cal Eldorado. When he quitted the theatre that night he felt most amiably disposed toward himself and all

mankind But at the stage door he saw a sight leagn more about me by and by. For the present I prefer to keep my identity concealed."

He rose, bowed to Mr. Quillet, and He rose, bowed to Mr. Quillet, and hurriedly left the room. Before ite, by, apparently superintending these

"Mr. Billhurst?" "The same. What the deuce does

your company, Mr. Billhurst. He is one of our worst cases."
"Good heavens!" ejaculated the manager. "You don't mean to say

"Hopelessly so. And very cunning and dangerous. This is the third time he has escaped in six weeks. From information which we have received we have little doubt that it was he who half murdered poor Mr. Standish."

"He?" cried the manager, his eyes wide open with dismayed astonshment. "I - I - saw that he was peculiar. But it never occured to me hat he was insane." "No; because his particular delu-

sion happened to fall in with your theatrical requirements, and so passed, naturally enough, for a mere stage assumption. He believes that he is the devil. And " (adding the doctor, wiping his forehead and glancing toward the cab, from which the subject of his remarks was regarding him with a truly diabolical stare) "I am half disposed to think that he must be." -London Truth.

A MARTYR-MISSIONARY OF SCOTLAND.

The Countess of Courson in Ave Maria.

John Ogilvie was the descendant of a noble and chivalrous race. His ancestors were renowned in Scottish history for their martial spirit. In the sixteenth century Lord Ogilvie, of Drummuire, was called "Magnum virum et bellicosum." Another Ogilvie, Sir Walter, who was killed in an encounter with the Highlanders. encounter with the Highlanders, was, says an ancient ballad, "stout and manful-never known to turn back." The lion-like courage and strength of will for which the lairds of Drummuire were celebrated are to be found, purified by higher motives and illumined with the beauty of sanctity, in their Jesuit descendant, of whom it may be said that, like Sir Walter Ogilvie, he 'never known to turn back." was '

John Ogilvie, whose heroism was so far to eclipse that of the warlike lairds whose blood ran in his veins, was born at Drummuire, or Drum near Keith, in 1580. His father, Walter Ogilvie, was a Protestant, but many members of his family were noted "Papists." When still a mere lad John was sent to pursue his studies abroad. visited France, Germany and Italy; and was more occupied, we are told, by thoughts of religion than by the pursuit of human knowledge. He had heard the merits and demerits of the old and the new faith vehemently discussed at home; and his earnest mind was drawn to the ancient religion, in spite of the heretical influences that had surrounded his childhood. length, wearied by the endless dis-cussions, that seemed to produce con-

fusion instead of bringing light or strength, he turned to prayer as the Mr. Billhurst found himself levelling one means of obtaining peace of these remarks at a tall, dark-complexioned stranger, who stood bowing and smiling in the doorway.

Mr. Billhurst found himself levelling one means of obtaining peace of mind. He begged God fervently to help him, and strove to calm his anxieties by the thought of Him who Mr. Quillet gave a start and plucked desires our salvation and has promised rest to the weary and heavily laden. "It is the mysterious author of the His filial confidence was rewarded; and to the straightforward and generous

on the crowning favor of martyrdom. the manager, eyeing him with a Shrewd, interested glance.

Having clearly recognized the Catholic Church to be the only true tion; and in the year 1596 we find him at the Scotch College of Louvain, in Belgium. The rector of the College Father Crichton, having been obliged, for financial motives, to diminish the number of his scholars, young Ogilvie proceeded to the Benedictine College of Ratisbon. Finally, in 1598, at the age of eighteen, he was received into the Society of Jesus by Father de Alberi, Provincial for Austria. He made his novitiate at Brunn in Moravia, his philosophical studies at Gratz: then, after teaching literature at Vienna for three years, he was sent to Olmutz, where he studied theology, and at the same ime directed the Confraternity of Our Lady. For many years after his departure from Olmutz, the remembrance of the young Scotchman re-mained alive in the hearts of the children whom he had trained to piety. His was a character well fitted to leave its mark upon all those with whom he was brought into contact. He was a model religious-obedient, devout, kind to others, ever ready to help them at the sacrifice of his own

His natural gifts were of a high order; his intellect singularly quick and clear, well fitted for controversy and discussion; his speech ready and fluent; his temper very sweet and bright. To the solid virtues of a religious he thus united the qualities that make men popular and influential. One very characteristic trait in his strongly marked individuality was his keen sense of humor. We shall see how in the midst of excruciating sufferings his quaint and irrepressible cheerfulness breaks out again and again.

In 1612 there were but few priests left in Scotland; and, as we have seen, particular reasons for secrecy, which I cannot now explain. You shall learn more about me by and by. For of the Scotch Jesuits, knew for certain notice; and in the daytime he used to

Father John Ogilvie. The latter ardently desired to be sent to Scotland; he had been ordained priest in Paris in 613, and his one desire was to win the

martyr's crown.

With the two Jesuits was a Scotch
Capuchin, Father John Campbell.
The three were closely disguised, and
had, as was the custom of the mission

aries of those days, adopted false names. Father Moffet took the name of Halyburton, Father Campbell that of Sinclair; and Father Ogilvie, per-haps in remembrance of his father, Walter Ogilvie, assumed the name of Watson-son of Wat, or Walter.

The three travellers reached Scotland safe, in spite of the Government spies that were stationed in all the sea-On landing, they immediately ports. separated. Father Campbell went to Edinburgh, Father Moffet to the lowlands; and our hero proceeded north of Edinburgh, and began by visiting a brother, who lived at St. Andrew's, and whose conversion he had very much at heart. Father Gordon seems to have regarded this proceeding with some misgiving. A long experience had taught him to distrust even the strength of family ties when religious differences existed. But John Ogilvie was not one to count the cost if he thought that his own danger might be the means of serving others. He did not succeed, however, in converting his brother; and after a stay of some weeks in the north he returned to Ed-

inburgh. The secrecy which the Catholics of hose troublous times were obliged to practise in order to escape the notice of their enemies makes it all but impossible to follow the missionaries in heir different journeys and changes of abode. We know, at least, that Father Ogilvie spent the winter of 1613-1614 in Edinburgh, under the spitable roof of a Catholic lawyer, William Sinclair, whose testimony as o his guest's mortified life, religious virtues, and apostolic zeal is one of the ost important in the process of canonization. Our hero's travelling comcanion and fellow-religious, Father Moffet, was arrested in the course of that same year, tried and condemned to death; but his sentence was sub-sequently commuted by the king into that of perpetual banishment, with ain of death if he returned to Scot-

Toward the end of March, 1614, ather Ogilvie went to London, where seems to have stayed for two months, n business of a very serious and mys rious nature, apparently connected ith the king. The martyr's biograwith the king. The martyr's biogra-phers believe that certain words uttered by Father Ogilvie just before his death ntain an allusion to this secret mission. He then said that the Jesuits had rendered the king a service reater than had ever been rendered to him by any Bishop or minister in the kingdom. If, as may possibly be the case, this "important service" was connected with the Father's embassy to London, the king, so proverbially forgetful of favors received, showed himself even more ungrateful than usual

Jesuit missionary.

It was probably during his stay in London that Father Ogilvie paid a flying visit to his Provincial, Father Gordon, who resided in Paris. We gather from a letter written by the Provincial to the General of the Society, in April, 1614, that he seems to have been somewhat alarmed at the apparent unconsciousness of danger with which the young Scotchman undertook the journey to Paris. He knew how closely watched were the movements of the Catholics, of the priests especially; and that, even in the French ports there were paid spies, whose duty it was to give notice to the Government of the arrival of any traveller whose priestly character was suspected. Absolute indifference to danger was one of Father Ogilvie's characteristics: it came to him as a heritage from a long line of warlike lairds. But if this fearlessness sometimes excited the anxiety of his superior, it served him well later on, and enabled him to defy, with a smiling countenance and a dauntless heart, the worst perils and sufferings that imagination can conceive.

In June, 1614, we find Father Ogilvie back in Edinburgh; and the tes-timony of William Sinclair, to which we have alluded, informs us that he remained there about three months during which he did much good among the persecuted Catholics whose courage and endurance he kept up by his words and example His talent as a controversialist and his sweet, winning manner enabled him to gain considerable influence even among the heretics, a certain number of whom he brought back to the Church. Among his friends and converts we find many well-known Scotch names — Maxwell,

Wallace, Eglington - together with others less known to the world, but no less glorious in the sight of Heaven. His converts seem to have caught something of his own generous spirit. A poor woman, named Marion Wal-ker, at whose house he often said Mass, was arrested, thrown into misery. Another witness informs us that just before his arrest Father Ogilvie had received five converts into the Church. Many young men came to him to be instructed: his bright ness, intelligence and enterprising spirit won their respect and affection Our hero's life during those busy months was one of constant peril. He said Mass before daybreak, to avoid

and we shall see later on how a woman who had watched him repeating his prayers in an unknown tongue, ac-

used him of practising magical arts. Early in October of that same year— 614—Father Ogilvie went to Glasgow, where he arrived dressed as a soldier If Edinburgh was a post of danger for Catholic priest, Glasgow was perhaps yet more full of perils. King James I had only recently re-established the Scottish episcopacy, according to the form of the Anglican Church. His object was to neutralize the revolutionary tendencies of the national "Kirk," whose independent theories in matters of raise. dependent theories in matters of relig ion inspired him with almost as muc fear as the profession of faith of his "Papist" subjects. The new Bishops lately appointed by the King possesse but little authority. They had re-cently been the first to oppose the re establishment of the Scotch episcopacy; and it was shrewdly suspected measure to modify their opinions on the subject. At any rate, from being violently opposed to the sovereign's spiritual jurisdiction, they were now most eager to atone for the that the large revenues bestowed up-on them by the king, with the title of Bishop, had helped in no small past by an excess of zeal in the king's service.

Spottiswood, the new Archbishop of Glasgow, was a fair example of this class of men, among whom, in return for the honors and riches bestowed upon them, James found instruments docile to his will. Spottiswood, whose morals were far from exemplary, and whose religious opinions had changed as best suited his worldly interests, was aware that the safest way to gain the king's favor was to effect a violent hatred of the Catholics in general, and of the Jesuits in particular. capture of one so remarkable as Father Ogilvie would be considered, he well new, as a striking and efficient proof of his zeal in his sovereign's service

At Spottiswood's instigation, a plot was concocted to entrap the Jesuit missionary during his stay in Glasgow. A man of good position, named Adam Boyd, consented to act a traitor's part. By feigning an ardent desire to embrace the true faith he succeeded in gaining the Father's confidence Father Ogilvie consented to meet him at an appointed place, for the purpose of giving him the necessary religious instruction previous to re-ceiving him into the Church. Boyd informed the Archbishop of the tim and place of his meeting with the un-suspecting Jesuit; and on the 14th of October, in the afternoon, Father Ogilvie, who was still disguised as oldier, was arrested on the public square of Glasgow. In his own ac count of his imprisonment the martyr has related these events and those that followed. We shall often quote his words. In their simplicity and straightforwardness, they give us a true picture of his character and demeaner. in his subsequent conduct toward the meanor.

The prisoner was then taken to the house of the magistrate. Spottiswood hastened there with a large company. 'He called me out," says Father Ogil vie. "I obeyed, and he struck me a blow, saying: 'You are an over-inblow, saying: 'You are an over-in-solent fellow to say your Masses in a reformed city.'—I replied: 'You do not act like a Bishop, but like an executioner, in striking me. Then, as though the signal had been thus given them, they showered their blows from all sides upon me; the hair was plucked from my beard, my face was torn with their nails, until Count Fleming restrained them by his authority and by main force.

The prisoner, still stunned and bleeding from the blows he had received, was robbed of his books, money and relics, and carried off to the Tol-booth prison to spend the night. The cruel treatment he had received had not broken his spirit; and the keeper of the prison observed that he was "a strange sort of man," very unlike the usual prisoners; whereupon Father Ogilvie made answer: afraid of being taken and punished, but I glory in my cause."

That night Spottiswood wrote the

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latter had half recovered from his sur- operations. When he saw the manmake his meditation. But in spite of his care to avoid observation it was difficult to escape from the prying curiosity of his Protestant neighbors; the state of the articles found in his possession, and suggested that the torture called the prisoner. reveal the names of those who had re-ceived and befriended him since his arrival in Scotland. With fiendish malice he worked upon the king's maturally suspicious temper, magnify-ing Father Ogilvie's arrest into an event of almost political importance, which closely concerned the sovereign's

personal safety and influence. Early next morning Spottiswood sent forth emissaries, with injunctions to discover the place where his prisoner had lodged. They succeeded in finding the inn where he had a room; and, alas owing to the treachery of a Frenchman, were able to lay hands on his lug gage, part of which had been carried off by one of his friends. Among his belongings were certain papers of importance - one written by Father Patrick Anderson, the other by Father Murdock, two very eminent Scotch missionaries. These papers contained a great number of names and addresses, and a list of articles belonging to the Jesuits in Scotland. With these papers, the Archbishop's messengers took sev-

to the Archbishop's palace, "I am brought up;" he writes, "ill as I still am from the blows of the previous day, and with unusual trembling upon me. Nevertheless, in spite of his physical weakness and fatigue, the confessor bore himself brayely and resolutely.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned, "THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

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The Catholic Record. Voblished Weekly at 484 and 486 Richmond street, London, Ontario. Price of subscription-\$2.00 per annum

EDITORS: REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels."

Author of "Mistakes of Modern Inideis."
THOMAS COFFEY.
Publisher and Proprietor, THOMAS COFFEY.
MESSIS. LUKE KING, JOHN NIGH, P. J.
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Rates of Advertising—Ten cents per line each "naertion, agate measurement.
Approved and recommended by the Archishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St.
Boniface, and the Bishops of Hamilton and Peterbero, and the clerky throughout the Dominion.
Correspondence intended for publication, as

cominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as correspondence intended for publication, as fell as that having reference to business, should e dirested to the proprietor, and must reach ondon not later than Tuesday morning.

Arrears must be paid in full before the paper

London, Saturday, Jan, 4, 1896

A RESULT OF GODLESS EDU-CATION.

Quite a commotion has been created in the religious circles of the United States by the fact that the young men of the Missouri State University have determined to invite Col. Robert Ingersoll to deliver their commencement address next June.

It appears to be the arrangement of the university rules that the students shall select the lecturers of each year, subject to the approval of the faculty, and usually that approval is given, but it has not been given on the present occasion, and the consequence is a war between the students and the professors.

Of recent years great liberality has been shown in the choice of lecturers at commencement, and among those selected during successive years were Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, and Bishop Keane. Last year the address was given by the Archbishop of St. Louis.

The fact that the invitation to deliver the annual address has been thus freely extended to learned Catholic prelates as well as to eminent Protestants, certainly shows that the young men of the university are not by any means actuated by any spirit of narrow bigotry, but the invitation to Col. Ingersoll throws new light upon the broadness of their views.

Why was Col. Ingersoll invited at all? It was certainly not because of his eminence as a lawyer, for he does not occupy a high position among the lawyers of the country, but he is regarded as the leading infidel of America, and we may say of the world at the present day. He must, therefore, have been invited in this character.

On the other hand, the State University is professedly a Christian institution. Its president is a Protestant minister, and Protestant ministers of various denominations have always occupied the principal professorial chairs. Every Sunday there is a religious service held in the university chapel, at which the students are ex pected to be present. It is therefore an extraordinary occurrence that the leading infidel of the world should be called upon to deliver the commencement address simply because he is an infidel and because he scurrilously attacks Christianity for pay.

received, whereas they have issued such an invitation. We call the attention of the noisy opponents of religious education to the fact that these young men are the product of the system of godless education which they sustain. We have always said that the result of excluding religion from the schools would be exactly what it has proved to be in the case of the Missouri State University graduates and undergraduates: it has raised a generation of infidels, and this is the result of the reformed Christianity which has been so vigorously maintained by the Protes

tantism of the last three hundred years

We do not by any means assert that all who are religiously educated become model citizens, and we admit that many Catholics who have received at school a proper training have proved recreant to the teaching given them, and have become both irreligious and dishonest. But all that is possible had been done for these young men, yet their free will could not be coerced, hastily and enquires: "Am I too late? and the fact of their recreancy only proves that they had the power to throw aside all the graces which they had reply in a rich, deep brogue, that had received. If with all advantage of a been tempered and mellowed by Nova religious education young men will still Scotia fog. "You," exclaims the become irreligious, what are we to expriest, as he beholds on a chair near a sustained by the thought of the millips of the preacher, he appreciated the given? We can only expect exactly beaten veteran, hale and hearty what has occurred in the case of the enough to bid defiance to time and be lifted up and we shall march up the but the sign of unreality and emptiness, they will grow up without any religion you are not sick!" "Not now, your whatsoever, and with an inclination to reverence, but I took a bad turn some infidelity. But we may also expect hours ago, and I thought it best to send, Great White Throne. that they will be addicted to horrid for you."

bauchery, dishonesty, mendacity, etc. They may have a fear of the laws of God, and there will be no restraint to of legal punishment.

OUR JUBILARIANS.

Our venerable Jubiliarians bear well as a rule the burden of Time. Their eyes are bright, their gait elastic, their vitality seemingly unimpaired, and one can scarcely imagine that they can look back and count fifty years of ministerial work. Yet so it is. Fifty have come and gone, silvering the hair but leaving the hearts as responsive to every call of zeal and self-sacrifice as in the days of their young priesthood. Fifty years have come and borne away with them the priceless tribute of a man's devotion to duty. And they only can tell at what cost that tribune was rendered. To be alone and unnoticed and yet to be calm and serene -to be beset by dangers and have no fear-to be confronted by obstacles and to flinch not - to look with clear eyes upon Duty and to obey her unhesitatingly and unselfishly-to do this in joy and unalterable peace for fifty long years may well be a subject for congratulation.

Every right-minded citizen recognizes that the action and presence of such men has an ennobling and strengthening influence upon the community. It is a power that uplifts us above the low ideals of an utilitarian age into purer realms, where the consciousness of duty done is the only guerdon and fidelity to principle the only title deed to true nobility.

True, we know this, but we seem to have more regard for the theory than for its practice. We talk much, dilate on our progress, have a tendency for scientific guessing, and thereby give color to the statement made by the grim philosopher of Chelsea, that the only achievement of the century is the bringing into existence of an almost incredible number of bores. Perhaps he had a fit of the blues when he penned | commander of the faithful, which laid the words, but we cannot deny that they are partly true. Our ideals have been lowered. Long ago it was the seer and the sage who held high place among their fellows, but now it is the man that can get a corner in wheat, etc. Not that it is a bad thing to have, but our admiration and fulsome praise of such achievements are indications feel, of all human utterances: 'O, enough that our standards of life are either low or false.

We affect a fine contempt for the past, and yet it would be difficult to find the reason. Our conquests in the realms of nature have indeed given rise to an intellectual activity almost without a parallel and placed us on a new earth under a new heaven. But the standards of life and the rules to guage its worth are ever the same, and the men of the past, who, content with simple pleasures, went their way silently and laboricusly, knew more than we, with all our vaunted progress. The lives of our pioneers bring these lessons to our minds. We may not But we have to consider what kind describe their labors, for they alone whose names are held in grateful beneyoung men of the State of Missouri diction can portray the hardships and privations endured by the missionary priests. Roads there were none, except, perchance, a bridle path through the forest. Their parishes sometimes extended for more than a hundred miles.

And thus, far from the amenities of life, they went their ceaseless rounds of duty and charity, upbuilding within human hearts the kingdom of God and laying thereby the foundation of an enduring civilization.

Sometimes their patience was put to severe test, for people forget that even priests can become weary. Ode whom we know very well was summoned to attend a man living at the extremity of the parish, a distance of about eighty miles. The man was dying, said the messenger, and the missionary, already fatigued, sets out on the journey, in the face of a blinding rainstorm. After some hours he arrives weary and travel-stained at the house of the dying man. He enters Where is the sick man?" "I am the sick man, your reverence," comes the

of a populous city parish, and oftimes opposition will strive to stop our prowhen the day's work is o'er he tells his the land, but they will have no fear of curates of the scenes of fifty years ago. Christ and His truth. We love to watch him as he narrates keep them from the commission of story after story, or reminiscences of crime except the fear of detection and | college-mates who are still in the harvest field, or who have dropped their tools and gone home. His eye kindles and the worn face is transfigured as he steps backwards into the realms of the past and depicts, his voice quivering with emotion, the thoughts and deeds that fashioned his career when life was for him but a story and the blood of twenty-seven years pulsing in his veins inspired him with an enthusiasm that recked little of danger, and ing the day, and he was glad that he made him look straight and fearlessly

into the future. Life is for some a hymn with betimes an undertone of sorrow, but whose dominant note is one of joy and exult ation: for others it is a threnody that wails and weeps o'er years that freighted with golden hopes and opportunities have gone out like phantom ships, leaving naught but a memory that pains. But we fancy the old priest's life must have been always one of joy, but joy that is born of loyalty to duty, As we remember his untiring energy and courage, his indefatigable zeal in creating resources, he is no longer the humble missionary but an apostle robed in all the majesty and supernatural loveliness of those who were first sent forth to sow and to garner. Difficulties and disappointments have caused him many weary hours of combat, but only to make him stronger, and his heart is as fresh and as responsive to every call of self sacrifice as when he crossed the threshold of his Alma Mater and bent himself to his work.

He has always obeyed his ecclesiastical superiors as a child would his father. This we take it is the characteristic of every good worker. "It was a deed of this absolute trust which made Abraham the father of the faith ful; it was the declaration of the power of God as captain over all men, and the acceptance of the leader appointed by him as the foundation of whatever national power yet exists in the East: and the deeds of the Greeks, which has become the type of unselfish and noble soldiership to all lands, and to all times, was commemorated on the tomb of those who gave their lives to do it, in the most pathetic so far as I know or can stranger, go and tell our people that we are lying here having obeyed their words.''

This trust was not shaken because he did not obtain recognition of his services. All good work must be done for nothing. The successful speculator jostles on life's thoroughfares the seer and the saint. with the Golden Calf," and let us kneel reverentially before it.

We have doubtless our ideas of higher things and we should scorn the charge that we are bondsmen of the Golden God. But observation seems to prove that his fetters are upon along the path of personal interest, and leading them into abysses of shame and ignominy.

We scheme and plan, and hours and empty. Many an actor who cuts a surprised at the great rehearsal in the valley of Jehosaphat.

"We know all this," you say. Yes, in a vague way. How St. Bernard would smile if he came and saw us at work! We should look askance at his russet gown and hempen girdle, and his words would sound strangely in ears attuned to the harmony of the Mart and Stock Exchange. But vincible. world upside down.

Let them who love the world's joys have them, but let us push onward with Christ and His truth, never wavering in our fidelity, never lions who serve under the same banner

gress. Mind it not, pass on with actions.

Thus bravely live heroic men,
A consecrated band:
Life is to them a battlefield
Their hearts a holy land. He tells with great gusto a story of

a sick call that came to him one St. Patrick's day. He was then in a little fishing village where the Atlantic waves cried him to sleep every night. He saddled his horse, looked to his shamrock, and started. Mile after mile went by and the fresh air and excitement of the ride banished the blues that had pressed on him heavily durwas an Irishman and a priest. Nearing his destination he was met by an unexpected obstacle. The rain fall that Spring had been so abundant that a little stream that in dry season crawled slowly along like a wounded thing through a crevice in the rocks, had been made a swollen torrent that swirled fiercely by, uprooting rocks and trees and rendering its passage impossible or at least very dangerous. Going farther up he discovered a bridge that had been erected by the villagers, and he proceeded on his way. On his return he found that the bridge was no longer visible. " Had it been swept away," he asked himself. He jumped off his horse and peered intently down the stream, but only the waves mad at play met his gaze. He was in a quandary-ten miles from home and the shadows were lengthening. Suddenly he heard laughter harshand scornful, and he beheld on the opposite side four or five individuals of a type that is fast becoming extinct, and near by a clump of trees the planks that had served in such goodly stead some hours before.

His blood was up. He measured the torrent's breadth. It was a big jump and to slip or stumble meant death.

But the horse was sound and true. and he would try it. Backwards he lead the animal for a short distance. and then with whip and spur urged him to the torrent's brink, lifted and landed him in a few seconds that seemed like eternities, safe on theother side. Rising in hisstirrups he gave vent to his exultation in a prolonged shout of "God save old Ireland," and galloped homewards.

'Tis a voice from the past, this story, but its echo rings musically in the old man's heart.

He is still active and energetic and, he boasts that he can do as much work as a young man.

He preaches every Sunday at one of the Masses, gives an instruction to some confraternity during the afternoon and always assists at the Vesper service. We have always enjoyed his ser-

mons, and indeed he imagines, and net without reason, that he has some talent in that direction.

They were always practical to the point, strong and direct expositions of the eternal realities.

Now and then, a new curate would be placed under his paternal superhis arrival be invited to preach. The curate would assent gladly, of course, and over his seminary sermon he would days brimming o'er with hard work are Sunday and the expectant congregalaid as tributes at the shrine of the tion. Perchance he wondered what world, and we wake up in the land effect his discourse, prepared with care, beyond the spheres with our hands bristling with arguments from reason, tradition, and the Scriptures, would figure on the world's stage will be have upon his auditors. But he had no doubt of its success, for the sermon had received the commendation of his professors, and what more could be desired as a sign of its perfection?

Sunday came, and with confident step he entered the pulpit. After the sermon he encountered his superior, who congratulated him upon his effort. During the afternoon, his oratorical display is criticised mildly by his the friar would make his way. Principle, pastor, and after tea he receives from backed by a fearless heart, is in- the same source some hints as to the Obstacles fly before it best method of preaching to ordinary as chaff before the wind. Make our congregations. All this disturbed ideas visible realities by our practice. his equanimity and he went to Send our life's blood through them, and bed thoroughly convinced that we who have the truth would turn the polite literature was not appreciated, and woke in the morning with the suspicion that perhaps after all his sermon was not a veritable masterpiece of pulpit eloquence. And as time went on, and experience taught that the daunted by danger, with heads bent earnest and peremptory language of low to hear command, with courage practical life was most befitting the fifteenth and last, which is "that the wise criticism of his pastor, and the de--and some day the eternal gates will sire to be eloquent, which is too often golden streets with our pennons torn, was banished forever, and brevity, travel stained and wounded perchance, simplicity and plainness became the

an incentive to high and strenuous to the satisfaction of the judges a

"He lives by the side of his Divine Master and by beginning and ordering the day with Him, he orders all the hours of the day to His service. He lives among his people and their feet wear the threshold of his door."

We wish our venerable Jubilarians every blessing of the season. The seed sown by their faithful hands has ripened, and they stand amidst the golden sun-lit grain waiting the command of the Harvester to cut it down, bind it up in sheaves, and carry it

A. P. A. IN POLITICS.

Out of the thirty-one cities of Massachusetts nineteen chose their councils during December. In most of these cities the battle was fought on the question of Apaism, the Democrats opposing the A. P. A. conspiracy and the Republicans being in alliance with it. The State has been usually Republican, but the present alliance has so far changed the political status that it is difficult to say which side has won. In some cities the A. P. A. ticket was victorious, and in about the same number it was ignominiously defeated. In Somerville the A. P. A. candidate for the mayoralty was beaten, but the Board of Aldermen has an Apaist majority. In Boston the A. P. A. was totally defeated by a very large majority. On the whole the lesson to be derived from the contest is that there is bigotry enough in the State to elect a considerable number of men to office who will thrust religion into party politics, but not enough to actually rule the State. In Pennsylvania also, Apaism has

been an issue at the elections, with a result very similar to what has occurred in Massachusetts, but though the A. P. A. has succeeded in electing its ticket in many towns, it has failed in so many others that we are justified in drawing the conclusion that the A. P. A. alliance has been disastrous to the Republican party. A curious incident in connection

with the election contest has occurred in one of the Pennsylvanian cities, namely, Williamsport. There are very few Catholics in the city, and the bigots thought they had a fine field there for the display of their malevolence. Accordingly, during the last six months special efforts were made to insult Catholics to a degree hitherto unprecedented. Several no-Popery lecturers were invited by the A. P. A. to deliver a series of anti-Catholic lectures, among them being Justin D. Fulton, of Boston, a Baptist preacher who is well known in Canada, especially from the fact of his having occupied the pulpit of Rev. J. Wilde, in Toronto, for some months, while the latter was enjoying a vacation.

Among the other lecturers must be mentioned also the well-known ranters Houser and Ruthven, both of whom are notorious for the utterance of impudent lies against Catholics.

Also, just before the election, a circular was issued to Protestant electors wrists of many men dragging them vision, and would on the Sunday after only, stating that the Democratic party in the nation had hitherto been ruled by the Catholic element, and calling upon all true Protestants to support spend the days that separated him from the Republican municipal candidates. The electors were appealed to in a most pathetic manner to oppose the Democratic party on these grounds, the circular concluding with the words: Popedom in this city and county.' It might have been expected that in a community so thoroughly Protestant as the city is, these measures would have strengthened the Republicans, but the effect was altogether the other way. On former occasions

Williamsport city and the county in

which it is situated went Republican,

the Republican majority in 1894 being

from 200 to 300, but at this last election

the Republicans were nearly all defeated by majorities ranging from 200 to 600, and only two A. P. A. men were elected to any office. After the election, Mr. Cummings, a Catholic, and one of the successful Democratic candidates, issued a strange challenge to the A. P. A., to the effect that he would undertake to prove fifteen propositions, covering the whole ground of dispute between Catholics and the A. P. A., the tenor of which may be understood from the A. P. A. and not the Catholic is an enemy of this Government, that it is a

to Christianity itself." Mr. Cummings proposes that there

curse to Protestantism, and an enemy

majority of his propositions he undertakes to fulfil the penalty, provided an Apaist shall fulfil the same penalty if a majority of the propositions be proved. The penalty is as follows:

"The one defeated shall immediately proceed to execute the following sentence, viz: He shall serve months working on the streets of the city, the proceeds of his labor to go to the public school library; four months standing in Market Square, city of Williamsport, eight hours each day. He shall wear on his breast a large placard upon which shall be written in arge letters that can be seen across Market Square any denunciation that the victor proposes to dictate. If I am beaten I shall humbly execute the sentence. If the A. P. A.'s are beaten they shall select by lot or any way the party or parties to represent them. He must be a property owner, tax payer and citizen of Williamsport.

In Boston the A. P. A. candidate for the mayorality was beaten by the extraordinarily large majority of 4,441 out of a total vote of 76,150. The A. P. A. journals themselves attribute their utter defeat to the folly of a meddlesome political parson, one Rev. Mr. Brady of the People's Temple, who on the Sunday before the election made a violent appeal to his congregation to support the A. P. A. and Republican ticket. The Boston Stand ard, one of the A. P. A. organs, thanks the meddlesome parson for the defeat, and says that such political and clerical mountebanks should be persuaded or compelled to keep silence on public questions so that every good cause may not suffer from their friendship and advocacy. It is worthy of remark, however, that it is not what the Rev. Brady said that the A. P. A. papers condemn, but his having said it inopportunely.

It is not likely that the political harangue of the Rev. Brady was really the cause of the A. P. A. defeat, but at all events the preacher is now spoken of as the Boston Burchard, in allusion to the parson to whose similar meddlesomeness the defeat of J. G. Blaine was attributed when Mr. Blaine was a candidate for the presidency.

THE CARDWELL ELECTION.

Between the variety of parties now dividing Ontario, the results of the by-elections for Parliament has been very curious and to some extent unexpected. We already recorded in our columns the result in North Ontario, where the contestants were a Liberal, a Conservative, and a Patron. Mr. McGillvary, the Conservative candidate, headed the poll, the Patron, Mr. Brandon, having second place. The contest was remarkable from the fact that Mr. Dalton McCarthy went into the constituency to aid in defeating the Government candidate, and threw all his influence into the scale, but without success, to secure the election of Mr. Brandon.

Mr. McCarthy had no candidate in the field of his own third party, but no doubt he expected that by supporting the Patron candidate he would secure for his follower in Cardwell a considerable Patron vote, on the principle that one good turn deserves another," and he undoubtedly succeeded with this ruse.

The election in Cardwell took place on Christmas eve. There were three candidates in the field here also, but they were not of the same parties as contested North Ontario. The candi-Do your duty, and rebuke the date of the Government was Mr. Willoughby, and Mr. Henry represented the Reform party, the third being Mr. Stubbs, who posed as the McCarthyite candidate.

> It is certain that at one time Mr. McCarthy's influence in Cardwell was great, and it is still considerable, nevertheless, even with all Mr. Stubbs' personal popularity superadded, he was not able to secure for his avowed follower a majority of the voters of the constituency, though Mr. Stubbs was elected in the three-cornered contest by the fair though certainly not overwhelming majority of 207.

It is right to remark that Mr. Willoughby, the Conservative candidate, proclaimed that he would support the remedial legislation promised by the Government in favor of the Catholics of Manitoba, and yet he was able to come within 207 votes of Mr. Mc-Carthy's candidate, in the stronghold of McCarthyism, which may be briefly

described as the no-Popery policy. As regards Mr. Henry, the Reform candidate, it may be presumed that he would favor the policy of Mr. Laurier, to endeavor to induce the Manitoba Government to restore by and lay down our weapons before the guiding rules of his addressess to the be Catholics, three Protestants, and deprived Catholics, so that we may inone a Jew, who shall decide whether fer that Mr. McCarthy's no Popery vices, intemperance, impurity, de The priest is now the beloved pastor, at variance with old methods, and their priestly life that was an example and and if he does not succeed in proving supported his candidate, that is to say,

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LL ELECTION. riety of parties now

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of the Province, for such Cardwell is and there is evidence that it was considered to be, though it contains a Catholic township.

Mr. McCarthy has made several desperate efforts to increase his following in the House of Commons, and he has at length succeeded in getting a companion for the hitherto lonely member for Muskoka, but from all appearances election which must soon take place will swell the third party to any greater proportions than it has now attained. Ontario is not now to be carried by fanatical appeals to the prejudices of race and religion, and, if we leave out Manitoba, no politician would dare to make such appeals in any other Province of the Dominion. Even in Manitoba we imagine that the success of such appeals is but the passage of a transient storm. After the grievances of the Catholics are redressed the Province will soon settle into a calm, and harmony will once more be restored.

NEW YEAR'S DAY AS A SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL.

In this our first issue for the year 1896 we wish all our readers a happy New Year, and many returns of the

It has become customary with all nations possessing a calendar to cele brate the new year with festivities, because of the thoughts it brings so vividly to the mind, leading us to review the past and to entertain bright hopes for the future. A natural thought which occurs to us at the open. ing of a new year is to reflect whether we have prospered in the past, and whether we have spent the year in the way most conducive to our welfare, and, if not, to determine to do better during the year we have just begun. These resolutions should have regard, not merely toward being more careful in temporal matters to ensure prosperity in business, but should be directed friends throughout the country-and with greater reason toward advancing they are very many, and sincerein the path of virtue whereby the this intelligence will cause a pang of words of the angel addressed on the grief. As a priest the deceased first Christmas day to the shepherds of Judea may be fulfilled, "Glory to every effort tended towards winning God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will."

The resolutions taken in the beginning of the year should for these reasons include the resolve to be more faithful than ever to our obligations as Christians, more charitable to the needy, more kind to those of our own household, and more solicitious than ever for the general good of our neighbors. They should include also the firm purpose of practicing those virtues which concern us individually, such as temperance, fortitude in bear draw their revolvers upon each other ing the trials and afflictions we may encounter, purity and a strict atten- any, provocation. It is a land where tion to all the duties required by our holy religion.

the first day of the year, however, has shotgun would ever be brought into no special reference to the beginning the pulpit as a means of preserving of the year. The Church in establish order in a meeting for religious puring festivals has always in view the poses, yet things have come to such a great work of our salvation, and its pass that this has actually been done. feasts commemorate some important Two young preachers, whose euphonievent in connection therewith, as will ous names are given as Rev. Jake be easily remarked in the character of Faigley and Jack Padgett held a proall the ecclesiastical feasts; and though an important event in the work of Re- McKinney for several nights in sucdemption occurred on this day, the octave day of Christmas, it would seem that its occurrence on that particular created a disturbance, and one night a day was, in the beginning, rather an general fight occurred in consequence obstacle than otherwise to its religious of the preachers reproving those who celebration as a festival, the reason being that on the Kalands of January, by which name the first day of the month was indicated, a great heathen festival was celebrated by the at hand when required; the trustees, Romans with much rioting and licenti ousness. In the beginning, therefore, serious trouble might well be anticthe Christians desired not to show any apparent toleration of such abominations by celebrating a festival on the same day, and so, even down to the time of St. Augustine, a solemn fast was observed instead of a festival, to protest against the abuse of God's gifts, | China and Turkey would find barbarand to guard the faithful against being lians enough of our own who need to led astray by any participation in the have the gospel preached to them! heathen festivities.

From this fact we may infer the impropriety of profaning the festival by celebrating it in a heathenish manner, as by dissipation and revelry, which appear to be the sole thought of those who nowadays celebrate the day with- that the shadow of the grave might ial display to prove Catholic patriotism, out any reference to its sacred charac- have tempered his language and but we presume the people themselves ter. This is a return to ancient caused him to utter something worthy were the best judges of what was pro-Paganism, and Christians should not

be beguiled into such orgies. It is certain that the festival of the Circumcision was kept as one of the im- artistic rules he was easily the greatest the calumnies which the Know-

by a minority of the electors in one of early date, after the danger we have since the days of Racine. The been particularly busy in circulating observed in many localities as early as sixth century.

The ceremony of the circumcision was practiced by the Jews, as a memorial of God's covenant with His chosen people, but it was established the likelihood of this third party being at a much earlier period than the called upon to form a Government is time of Moses, as we find that Abraham very remote, and we do not for a submitted to the rite with all his family, moment imagine that the general by command of God. The precept was renewed to Moses, and it is still carefully observed among the Jews. Some of the first converts from Judaism to Christianity insisted upon its continued observance, but it was positively prohibited under the law of Christ, and St. Paul declared "that if ye be circumcised Christ shall profit you nothing."

When Christ was born, the law was, of course, still in force, and though from His divine birth He was not bound by it, his parents through obedience submitted to it, and it was on this occasion He received His name Jesus, that name which was to be the sweetest of all names, and in which every knee must bend in adoration. For these reasons, and because of the close connection of this feast with our Lord's Nativity, the festival of the Circumcision is regarded as one of great sclemnity.

EDITORIAL NOTES. INTELLIGENCE reached this city on Saturday of the death of Venerable Archdeacon Campbell, at Scranton. Pennsylvania. Rev. Father Campbell was connected with the Archdiocese of Toronto, and for many years was parish priest of Orillia. A few years ago failing health compelled him to relinquish the active duties of the sacred ministry, and he went to reside at Scranton, where he was tenderly cared for at an hospital in charge of Dr. Thompson, the husband of his niece. To his was a model of holiness, and his souls for Christ. As a friend he was sincere and true, without ostentation. The deceased was brother of Rev. Mother Ignatia, Superior of St. Joseph's Convent, London. We

offer up a fervent prayer to the Throne

of Mercy that eternal glory may be

vouchsafed the soul of the gentle, the

pure and the good Father Campbell.

KENTUCKY has long been celebrated for the readiness with which its people on the slightest, and sometimes without The Catholic festival celebrated on in expectation of learning that the tracted meeting in the school house at cession by permission of the trustees, but a number of those in attendance created the disorders. On the next night, which was Sunday, both preachers brought shotguns and placed them close by the pulpit that they might be however, came to the conclusion that ipated where such means had to be adopted, and forbade the continuance of the services, so the pulpit was taken down, and the preachers marched off shouldering their guns. Surely the missionaries who are being sent off to

> ALEXANDRE DUMAS wrote in his testament pas d'eglise - no churchand his admirers of the infidel stripe are extolling his fidelity to principle. Poor Dumas, one might have hoped of himself, worthy of the splendid per under present conditions. It abilities with which the God whom he ignored had dowered him. Judged by intended in great measure to refute

the most ultra-Protestant constituencies already indicated had passed away, Gaulois, one of the most influa kind of philosopher who never the middle of the fourth century, and quite knew what he wanted. He was that its celebration was general in the a moralist who invented a morality for the use of those who have none and want one.

WE think that Macaulay must have had the A. P. A's in mind when he penned the following lines. Their calumnies are so antique, that we must needs wonder that they are not banished by any intelligent city. Macaulay says: "These stories are now exploded. They have been abandoned by statesmen to aldermen, by aldermen to clergymen, by clergymen to old women, and by old women to the A. P. A's. The alteration is ours.

Among the sufferers by the Turkish atrocities in Armenia, the Franciscan convent at Yenidge Kales near Marash is to be counted. The convent has been pillaged and destroyed. Five brothers are missing, and it is not known whether they were murdered by the Turkish troops or Kurds, or that they found a refuge with the Armenians at Zeitoum, where the Turks are held in abeyance by the Armenian insurgents, who are now fighting for the liberty of their country.

THE fact that the A. P. A. ticket was completely defeated in Boston at the great importance, and is observed with recent elections is an evidence that even though the American people may be entrapped into bigotry for a moment when taken by surprise, their sober second thought is entirely opposed to every manifestation of fanaticism. The A. P. A. movement will evidently soon die out, though it still has a hold upon a few of the least intelligent and most irreligious States and cities. P. P. Aism is coming to the same inglorious end in Canada. In its former stronghold and its birthplace, Windsor, where it made in the beginning a great splurge, its name has not been even openly mentioned as supporting any ticket during the election campaigns of the last two years. This is owing to the fact that it was annihilated at the polls two years ago, and now the members of the association are thoroughly ashamed of their connection with it.

THE Legislature of Manitoba has been dissolved, and an appeal made to the people to sustain Mr. Greenway's Government as a protest against the "coercion" of the Province in regard to the re-establishment of Separate ask our subscribers, one and all, to schools by the Dominion Parliament. This is simply a move of the Government to obtain a new lease of power by trading on the school question. It is understood that were it not for the school muddle into which Mr. Greenway has brought the Province, he would now be badly beaten, but he hopes to get a "snap" judgment by appealing to the vanity of the electorwe see the result of godless education supporters have issued their call for the Bible were the writings (or Scrippealing to them to "rally in the support of National schools and against coercion." The returns are to be in

by the 14th of January. A SUBSCRIBER enquires of us why the Ember days are observed by the Church with fasting and abstinence. The Ember days have been instituted as days of prayer for benefits hoped for from Almighty God, and of thanksgiving for blessings received. St. Leo the Great in a sermon on the fast days of December mentions especially the thanks due to God for His bounty in giving the fruits of the earth, and remarks that by wholesome fasting we "draw near to God, destroy the power particular places, He does not enumof the devil, subdue our passions, and erate anywhere the exact contents of overcome the allurements of vice." On the Ember days, also, ordinations usually take place, and our prayers and fasting should be offered to God in humble petition that He may grant to the newly ordained clergy the graces which will enable them to fulfil their Church.

THERE has been recently a great deal of flag-raising and patriotic speech making in Baltimore in the parochial schools. It might be supposed that in that city, the capital of the State in which the original Catholic settlers were the first to proclaim universal liberty of conscience, it was not necessary there should be any specwould appear that the flag-raising was portant feasts of the Church at a very dramatist that France has produced Nothings of the State have mer School.

of late against Catholics. Of course, ential newspapers, says that he was a patriotic display is not objectionable at any time, but it does not appear dignified to make such a display as a defence against an insignificant and cowardly association of slanderers.

> The Protestant Protective League of London, England, sent recently a memorial to the Government representing that it is contrary to the spirit of the British Constitution that an important office in the Cabinet should be held by one who owes allegiance to a foreign potentate, and that the Postmaster-Generalship is so held at the present time. As the matter pertained to the Postmaster General's Department, the document was handed over to the Duke of Norfolk to be dealt with as he deemed proper, being the official referred to. The Duke answered the that he had read it carefully, and it was entertaining and instructive, and would be duly considered. The members of the League are perplexed to know now whether they have gained a victory, and that the Duke may become a convert, or that he was merely having some quiet fun at their expense.

SALA'S CONVERSION

Circumstances Surrounding the Jour nalist's Entrance into the Church.

It is well known that Mr G. A. Sala. the author of innumerable works, and often called "the Prince of Journal ists," died a Catholic, says the London Tablet. It will be of interest to many o learn the facts of his conversion His father had been a nominal Catho lic, but brought up his son a Protest ant, thinking in that way to better the boy's worldly prospects. Mr. G. A. Sala often referred to this, and would sometimes express a feeling of regret that it had been so. Three years ago he made the acquaintance of Cardinal Vaughan; and last June, finding himvery ill, he sent to ask the Cardinal to fulfil an old promise and come and visit him. The Cardinal went at once, and Mr. Sala expressed a wish to become a Catholic. Books were given to him, and he had many conversations

on religion with Father Donnelly Subsequently, being much better in health, he went to Paris on work connected with the *Daily Telegraph*, but again placed himself under instruction on his return, and finally was received into the Church by Father Donnelly on November 3. He bore his last illness, which was attended with much pain, with great fortitude and patience, and eagerly joined in the prayers which Father Donnelly said with him several times a day. He was nursed by a Sister of Bon Secours in the house of his medical attendant, Dr. Thistle, and before his death received Extreme Unction and the last blessing of the Church.

BIBLE TALKS.

The tone and purpose of the Bible are of an essentially moral and spirit-ual character. The purpose is further emphasized by the concurrent testi-mony of all those who from the beginning have regarded these writings as sacred. The Jews ate on the school question alone. His and taught that the Old Testament of at all times and everywhere asserted conventions to select candidates, ap- tures) par excellence, which had not approval, but proseeded from the direct inspiration of the Most High. Such was the belief of every Hebrew, and for the defence of faith he was willing to lay down his life.

Now, the testimony of Christ, who proved His divinity by miracles, of which we have undeniable testimony in contemporary history, and in the grand result of the Gospel, — teaching which has changed and elevated the moral and social nature of man - is divine and infallible testimony. we accept the fact that the Scriptures are really what they profess to be—the inspired Word of God, directing man

to his destined end, eternal happiness. But whilst Christ bears witness to the inspired character of the Old Testament generally, and here and there in any of the Sacred Books. He does not vouch for every chapter and verse, much less for every word which is now accounted as part of the Bible. He does not, if we come to the New Testament, vouch for it, because it was not written until many years after His death and

glorious resurrection.

But what He Himself did not do, duties to the benefit of the whole He provided for in establishing a tribunal which was to judge of these questions and define the limits of the apostolic teaching as committed to writing in the later books of the New Cestament.

Taking the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles as simply historical records, we learn from them that Christ established such a tribunal — a Church—composed of the Apostles, but which was to last to the end of time, so that the gates of hell should not

prevail against it. From that tribunal, that Church, founded by divine mandate and endorsed with the power of Christ, who said: "As the Father sent Me, so I send you," we obtain a reliable knowl edge as to what is comprised in the body of the Sacred Scriptures and how far the divine inspiration extends in their regard. - Rev. H. Heuser at Sum- had no power to correct the broad and

THE DANGER OF SPURIOUS CON- that body. On becoming a Catholic VERSIONS.

The conversion of a soul to the Catholic faith is a wonderful work of divine grace. Faith is the gift of God, and it is ordinarily vouchsafed to those humble, earnest and obedient souls who, wearied with the uncertainty and endless controversies in which testants of every name are involved, even upon the most essential principles of the Gospel, long for certainty, for some stable ground of faith, some reliable authority to decide what to be lieve and what not to believe. a soul is sure to find rest and peace in the Catholic Church.

But there are converts who have not been truly converted. They have come into the Church without really entering into its spirit and compre-hending fully its nature, its divine organization, its supreme authority, its compact unity, its indestructible integrity especially that transcendently glorious and distinguishing feature the prerogative of infallibility communication courteously, stating in teaching faith and morals residing in that tribunal which our Lord Himself established in St. Peter and hi successors. A person may be pretty well acquainted with the circle of Catholic doctrines - with the arguments and reasons for each; he may be attracted by its ceremonial, its prestige, the external grandeur of its organization and its history and he may circulate on the circumference of the circle comprehending more or less of the beauty and attractiveness of the system without ever reaching the center and comprehending the system as a compact, unique, harmonious

Such converts, of course, cannot be counted upon as permanently reliable and faithful members of the Church. They will be subject to any adverse, adventitious influences that may arise in their experience in their new re-They may be disappointed lations. in not finding the degree of perfection they anticipated in the Church, or not finding things quite to their mind. They may be offended by scandals; they may be disappointed in their ambitious aspirations, not receiving the attention and eclat that they desired and expected, and consequently they may fall from grace and return to the weak and beggarly elements of the world.

We have rather a striking instance of this kind of fall in Rev. Walter C Clapp, a Ritualistic clergyman who oined the Church under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers. He commenced studies at their House of Studies in Washington and is recently announced as having gone back to his first love.

There is something quite remarkable in the reasons which are given for his secession. It seems that he left the Episcopal Church on account of certain Broad "tendencies which exist there, but unfortunately he found what he considered the same freedom of opinion in the Catholic Church. He was particularly exercised on the subject of the inspiration of the Scriptures. It is said: "He thought he would find certainty of faith and peace of mind by submission to the infallible authority which settles all questions and reolves all doubts.

That was certaintly a great expectaion. The Catholic Church has indeed the power and the prerogation of infallibly settling all questions and resolving all doubts in regard to faith and morals, but there are a thousand questions in theology, in science and history which she has never formally decided opon. The inspiration of the Scriptures is one of those questions, and as long as there has been no formal decision, of course, liberty of opinion to a certain extent is allowed, though not the liberty indicated by our disappointed convert. The Holy Father's recent utterance on the subject though not a professedly revelation suppose a Supreme ex cathedra decision, is sufficient to indicate that no Catholic can consist interpreter law con-

in which he undertakes to reconcile the He commanded His Apostles to go and Mosaic account of the creation with a teach-not to suggest or arguedoctrine of evolution, so as to stem the teach the truths He had imparted to tide of Agnosticism which has been the result of the Darwinian theory. He said: "On this rock I will build my also professed to be surprised to find a Church. * difference of cpinion among theolog- hear the Church let him be to thee as a ians on the validity of Anglican orders. some even holding to the validity of those orders. Now, even admitting the full extent of these varying opinions as claimed by Mr. Clapp we can truth not for the life of us see that they con stitute a valid argument against the laims of the Catholic Church. manifestly absurd to expect the Church to decide scientific questions, and as for the validity of Anglican orders though the Church has never formally decided the question yet the practice of the Church for three hundred years ought to be considered a sufficient declaration of her opinion for all partial purposes. Even admitting their validity that can never ustify Anglicans for remaining separate from the Roman obedience. necessary the Church will in due time decide this question definitely and it has this advantage over all other organizations that if at any time any writer should give utterance to opinions trenching upon the integrity of faith or morals there is the ever-living voice-the divine infallible tribunal ready to denounce the error and cause the writer to retract, as was the case with Saint George Mivart not long

our vacillating convert: he forsook the sinner in the eyes of God, whatever he Anglican communion because they liberal views which were agitating ternal righteousness."

he found that though there was, indeed, a supreme tribunal of final resort to decide all questions in dispute in faith and morals, there were certain questions which had never been formally decided though he thought they ought to have been. So he concluded to return to the organization which had no tribunal of final resort and where he must therefore, forever remain in doubt and uncertainty not only on those particular theological and scientific questions which were disturbing his mind but even the most essential principles of the Gospel. He evidently failed to appreciate, or else, chose to ignore, the great fundamental difference be tween the Catholic Church and the Anglican communion, and therefore he failed, through the influence of some secret and unexplained motive, to find that rest and peace which he expected to find in Holy Mother Church. The more's the pity. - Catholic Review.

DOGMA AND MORAL.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. "An Hour With a Sincere Protest-

ant" is a small pamphlet of fifty pages, containing a statement of Catholic doctrine and considerations why a sincere Protestant should become a Catholic. It is an excellent little book for a Catholic to hand to his Protestant neighbor. It is a common saying among non-Catholics that it does not matter what a man believes, provided he does what is right. This is a sophism of those who deny the existence of a living authoritative teaching Church. Thrown back on their own private judgment, they learn by sad experience that it leads to confusion, cord, and, ultimately, to a denial of revealed truth, dogma or doctrine, and, in despair, they adopt the hypnotic of conscience that it makes no difference what one believes if he only does what is right. This dictum is deceptive and will not stand analysis. To do what is right one must know what is right. An act is right or wrong according as it corresponds with right principles or truths. Then, to regu-late one's conduct—do what is right it is necessary to know these truths with which one's acts must, to be right, correspond. These truths, when formulated in words, are called doctrines or dogmas. Consequently a man must know and believe these dogmas before he can intelligently do what is right. Thus it will be seen that dogma is the foundation of the moral, just as mathematical principles or dogmas are the basis of practical arithmetic. Every act, to be a human, responsible act, must refer back to some principle by which it is meas-ured and its morality determined. Hence, all human acts to be meritorious or punishable necessarly suppose a knowledge of and belief in the principles or truths which give them their nature, make them good or bad. When a man says he does what is right, he assumes that he knows and believes the principle which gives the character of good to his conduct. To be logical, then, when he says it is no matter what he believes, he is bound to go further and say it is no mat-ter what he does. Thus, in making truth a matter of indifference he makes morality a matter of indifference. Dogma and morality must stand or fall together. To do what is right we must know what is right, and know what is right we must know the truth that makes it right, and we can know this truth more fully revelation. Pure reason, even of the highest order, without supernatural tell us what is right. We must then appeal to the supernatural, to revelation, and just as law or our Constitution supposes a Supreme Court to determine its meaning, so does Without this ently hold opinions derogatory to the divine inspiration of the Scriptures. Interpreter, law, constitution would be inoperative, impracticable; discord and anarchy, so-But Mr. Clapp was scandalized by cial and religious, would be the result. Professor Zahm's lectures on the subject of "The Creation and Evolution" established it for us while on earth. heathen and a publican." This Church which He commanded us to hear is the supreme court-the supreme and unerring interpreter on earth of revealed

> To regulate our conduct by revealed truth we must know with certainty its meaning. To know its meaning we must appeal to the court established permanently and for all time by Christ Himself and with which He promised never to abide till the end of the world.

In his pamphlet, "An Hour With a Sincere Protestant," Father Schleuter, J., treats of the subject we have been considering, and in the following few words makes clear the sophistry of the maxim. "No matter what you believe, providing you do right.

"It involves a contradiction. It implies that a man may believe things to be true and do just what is contrary ing the true Church of Christ and not submitting to her, can say that he does 'all that is right.' He transgresses willfully and continually a most important command of God by not hearing and submitting to the Here, then, is the real position of Church, and he is, in fact, a very great may be in the eyes of men, should he even rival the Pharisees of old in exEngland.

"ART THOU THERE, MY JESUS?" If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word; And our lives would be all sunshine In the service of Our Lord.

Little Stephen ran along the streets, one raw morning in November, to school. Every now and then he stopped to wipe his eyes with his blue hands or his dirty pinafore, or to give vent to a heartrending sob. When he passed by the baker's, the sob rose into a wail of despair; for Stephen's supper the night before had been but hunch of bread, and he had had no breakfast

that morning.
Stephen's father was out of work, his mother could only earn a little by going out charring, and nearly all her scanty earnings were forced from her by Stephen's father to spend in drink. And when he had been drinking he beat his wife and children; and so, besides the cold and hunger he had to bear, poor litle Stephen was sore from bruises. Altogether, he was as unfit for a morning's work in school as any

little boy can possibly be.
"Hallo, Steve," cried some one be hind him, as he turned the last corner and came in sight of the school house,

"what are you crying for?"
Stephen turned and saw Jack
Thompson, a much bigger boy than
himself, but still a great friend.

"I'm so cold and hungry," he faltered, "and father beat me last night because I cried when he hit

"No," and Stephen sobbed again, for he felt a wolf gnawing at his stomach.

"Here," said Jack, putting his hand into his pocket, and drawing thence two slices of bread and dripping, "you can have both these, for father and mother are both in work, and so we have plenty to eat just now.' Stephen took the bread and dripping

from his companion eagerly, and sit ting down on a door-step began to de "Poor old chap," said Jack, watching him with honest pleasure.
"Your father ain't done no work nigh

on two months, have he?"
"No," said Stephen. "We ain" had no fire this winter. Mother couldn't get no work last week neither, and so we have had very little to eat."

Just then the school bell rang, and

the clock struck 9. "Oh, I say now," cried Stephen, who had only just eaten his first slice of bread.

"Never mind, I'll wait for you, and we'll go in late together. "All right, but don't you get into trouble just for me.

"Pooh," returned Jack loftily.
"What do I care? As long as I have enough to eat and drink, and a fire to warm me when it's cold, I don' care a fig for all the rest.

When at last Stephen was ready, and they went into school, the master was chalking up the names of the late-comers on the blackboard for punishment.

"John Thompson," he said frowning on Jack. "The third time this week you have been late for school. I shall cane you to-day, sir. Stand by my desk. As for you, Stephen Grey, you are as naughty a little boy of years old as is to be found in London. Go and stard on the dunce's stool in

the corner, with the dunce's cap on your head." And so on, until all the culprits had been called over, and a punishment given to each.

out his hand bravely. looking over at Stephen and winking at him as he saw how the poor little boy was distressed at his being caned through his fault. Indeed, he tossed his head and glanced round with such an air of cool contempt that the master struck him smartly on the head with

Every bone in poor Stephen little body ached, so that he could hardly stand upright, and he could not keep back the tears which flowed down his face.

"Do you want to wash your face? sneered the master. "You might do that before coming to school, I think."

He looked round at the boys, ex pecting them to smile at his wit, but they were sorry for Stephen, for most of them knew what it was to be very cold and very hungry too. most of them looked sulky or indifferent, and not one smiled. This made he master more angry, and he went up and slapped Stephen's face.

Poor little Stephen, the unkindness hurt him far more than the blow.

At 12 o'clock he went out into the streets to wander about until afternoon school. He dared not go home, for his father could not bear him, his mother herself did not love him half as much as his little brother of four

He cried again a little, for a wolf was gnawing at his stomach very piti-lessly, and his hands and feet were quite numb with the cold.

"What is the matter, my little man?" asked a kind voice suddenly, while a gentle hand caressed his bare head and tangled curls.

Stephen sobbed out: "I'm so cold and hungry, and it's

such a long time to wait. "Have you no home to go to?" asked the gentleman so gently that Stephen looked up at him, and saw a kind, holy face. It was a Dominican kind, holy face. It was a Dominican Father, who had been out visiting the

it from his mother."
"Don't wait! for Jack, then," said the priest. "Come home with me, and I will try to find you something warm. Come along, and don't be afraid. But how is it that you have nothing to eat

" Father's out of work, and mother too; and there's so very little, and I have a little brother, and they must feed him first because he's only a baby.

"Poor little chap, and how old are you? But here's the house. Come in and we'll see what there is to eat first. A younger man in a white habit opened the door. He smiled when he saw the little boy, and taking him by the hand led him away to a little room, where he washed his face and hands and feet in warm water, and giving him a chair by a little table near the fire, brought him in a nice bowl of soup, and afterward a plate of meat and bread, such as Stephen had never

eaten before. After he had finished, the kind priest came in and asked him if he had enjoyed his dinner, and where he lived, and a great many other questions. "Now, my boy," he said finally,

morrow you may come at 7 o'clock with as many other little companions as you like to bring, and we will give you as much bread and butter as you can eat, and perhaps a little plum cake into the bargain.

Stephen's eyes brightened as he looked up at the kind, smiling face, and tried to thank the Father. He could only stammer out a few words, but his bright eager eyes where far more eloquent.

II.

The next evening Jack and Stephen, with some of their picked companions, who they were sure would not be "cheeky," put their heads under the pump in "Pine Apple Court," where they lived, and set off Court," where they lived, and set off for the house in Green street. They arrived before the church about o'clock, and loitered about, and played few games until the clock chimed 7. Then, each pushing the other to the front, they crowded round the

door, and Jack timidly rang the bell. Father Gregory, the priest who had found Steve the day before, opened the door, and with a kind smile of welcome said :

"Ah, here you are! Come in, come in; there's room for you all, and many more too, both in our hearts and in our room."

The boys crowded into the large room prepared for their reception, in which there was a blazing fire. long table was spread with plates of bread and butter and cake, teacups, and a steaming urn. Two more priests and a brother came in to wait on them, while Father Gregory poured out the tea.

At one end of the room was a crucifix, at the other a statue of the Blessed Virgin with her divine Child in her arms. Round the wall were hung pictures of the life of our blessed Lord, of His childhood, His public life, and

His sufferings.

There were also book shelves containing old and new books, which had been given the priests for their mission to the boys of East London. After the boys had eaten as much as they could, and pocketed unlimited slices of cake for the next day, Father Gregory gathered them round him, and talked to them, and listened to their tales of misery, for they were all children of very poor parents. He then told them why he wished to make friends with them, and asked them so lovingly to always look upon him as their friend, that he won their hearts at once.

"You all know what it is to suffer, to bear pain and hunger and cold," he said. "Now, I want to show you he said. how to be happy in spite of all these things.

Then he spoke of Jesus, of His love, and of all He suffered for us, and of how His presence makes every hard-ship sweet and every burden light. He told them of the birth of Jesus in the manger, and though some of them had been sometimes to Sunday-school, they never realized till they heard these words of burning love that Jesus had done all this for love of them-for each one of them, moreover.

They promised gladly to come again, indeed they would have come every night of the week, but Father Gregory with foresight and wisdom, judged that it would be better to let them come twice a week only, that they might not grow tired afterward.

III. Some time passed away, and the boys attended the evening classes pretty regularly. Stephen was especially eager; his mother, strange to say, had taken some interest in the evening classes, and had given Father Gregory permission to baptise him, and also his little brother, who received the name of Aloysius. She noticed how much gentler little Stephen was through the priest's influence, and how bravely he bore his father's bad temper, and how much he tried to help her in cleaning the little room where they lived, and to

run her errands. It was very near Christmas, and though Stephen's father was still out of work, and the only good meals the little boys ever had were given them by the Fathers, his heart was full of joy, for on Christmas Day he was to walk in a procession in honor of the infant Saviour.

His old friend, Jack Thompson, was to be in the procession too. Jack had corresponded to the graces offered to him with his noble generosity of heart; and Stephen and he were bound by a closer tie than their old friendship now.

Jack said he would try and bring me a tized on the same day; and after bit of bread and cheese if he could get Christmas they were both going to leave the school of the unkind master, and attend the school of the Fathers. which was quite free.

> They were now also being taught for the first time of holy Communion, and the great love of their most sweet Lord in the Holy Sacrament of the altar. boys drank in every word breathlessly at last arose the cry in their erst lone hearts, "We have found a friend ever present, the same to day, to-morrow, and forever."

Every day they went together to pray in the little church, and to ask Jesus for all they wanted, and to tell Him that they loved Him dearly.

Stephen was a little apostle, and was teaching little Aloysius all he learned. He took him to church every day, when it was fine.
One morning, just before Christmas

week, Stephen came running to Jack, between morning school and dinner time; he was all out of breath, and

could hardly gasp out:
"I say, Jack, I can't find the little
one; what shall I do?" "Perhaps he's gone home without

you, or perhaps with another boy where did you leave him?" "Just on the doorstep at No. 19.
I ran to ask mother if we were to go

home to dinner, or if I was to bring it here. "Phew," whistled Jack, rather frightened himself. There were so nany dangerous crossings, and Aloy

sius never would sit still for five min utes at a time. "Why, of course," he burst out suddenly, a gleam of hope lighting up his face. "You haven't looked in church for him, have you?"

"Oh, no. How stupid, to be sure!" answered Stephen. "Come quick, let's

go and see. The church was dark, the windows being all painted, and one side being overshadowed by the wall of a house. For a minute the boys could see noth

ing on entering, but they soon heard a little baby voice speaking aloud: "Art Thou there, my Jesus?" They heard a little tap, they crept on tip toe toward the choir, and saw Aloy sius sitting on the altar tapping at the little golden door of the tabernacle They saw Father Gregory come out of his confessional; he, too, as well as they, wgs about to go up to Aloysius when a sweet, gentle voice that fell on their ears like music from heaven an swered:

"Yes, my little child, I am here What do you want of Me?

"Dear Jesus, I want father to get ome work, and not to drink and beat mother and Steve any more. Will you make him, dear Jesus, please? And take care of dear Father Gregory? And make mother grow fat, and leave off crying? Dear Jesus, I love You very much, more even than father and nother and Steve.

" Dear child, go home and tell your father that I want him to love Me, again answered the Saviour, who stenderly loves little children. "Tel him he must love Me, and that I will always be his friend.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, dear Jesus!" cried the little boy gleefully. Dear, dear Jesus, good-by.

He got down from the altar by mean of a chair, which he had dragged quite close, and came running down the church. Then he perceived his brother and the priest, together with Jack, kneeling in adoration of their divine Lord. "Come, Steve," he said, "come

quick, and tell father."
"Go, my child," said Father
Gregory, as Stephen looked up to him, go, and God will not fail to bless

His eyes were full of tears; his hear was full of gratitude and love, for these were the little children whom he had gathered together for Him who sald, "Suffer the little children to

come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The two little brothers rap off home A half-fear just crossed Stephen's mind that perhaps his father would be in the public house. But no, he was at home crouching over a miserable fire, which the mother had made to do some

washing she had obtained. "Daddy," said little Aloysius, caressingly patting his father's face, "Jesus sent us to tell you He wants you to love Him.

He kissed his father again and again, and said :

You will love Him, daddy, won't you? Then He will be your friend and give you some work; and we will be so happy together. Come, now, and let us go together and tell Him you are going to love Him with me.

What was it but the grace of God that touched the man's heart, that made him press his little child to his breast, while the tears ran down on the little curly head?

The touch of Him who healed the blind, the deaf, even the leper, is as powerful now as then, and did we but trust in Him "our lives would be all sunshine in the service of Our Lord.

The father rose, and, taking his hat, said simply:
"Come, then, my lad, I'll go with

Just as he was, in his ragged working clothes, he let his little boy lead him to the church, and he knelt with Steve and Aloysius before the altar, and even as they prayed once more the heavenly voice fell on their ears:

"Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will

poor all the morning.

They were to make their first confession on Christmas Eve, and to be bap.

They were to make their first confession on Christmas Eve, and to be bap.

the little boys lead him to Father Gregory, and he begged himself to be brought into the fold of the Good

By Christmas day a place was found for the father with good wages, the mother had some work in the Christmas preparations, and all their better clothes were out of pawn, so that they were quite clean and tidy

And though they thanked God for all these benefits, and the good food that replaced their dry-bread dinners, their chief joy arose from their happiness at being present together at kneeling by the manger-the thought that Jesus was born in a stable, a lowly infant, outcast by the world for their sakes, and to be their Saviour and their friend. From that time the family prospered.

The father was never out of work ; he was so steady and capable that he rose to be foreman in the large factory in which he worked, and never knelt down at night to thank God for the blessings of the day without special gratitude

to Him that giveth the victory."
The mother no longer went out to work; in fact, in a few years they were able to move from the East End to a comfortable cottage at Sydenham, with a nice little garden, where they quite looked up to and respected by all the neighbors.
Stephen and Aloysius both obtained

the grace of a vocation to the priest-hood. Aloysius went as a missionary to the lepers of Japan and died a mar-tyr, killed by those to whom he had been a ministering angel.
Stephen labored on in London, and

died after having brought many to the faith of Jesus and saved many from the demon drink.

Jack Thompson, whose father sud-denly came into a large fortune, founded an orphanage for boys; and his old life having given him much experience in the ways of boys, he had such a knack of winning their confidence that the most deprayed came of their own free will and submitted themselves to the discipline which he was very strict in maintaining. He was never tired of telling them about his old friends, Steve, Father Gregory, and above all the wonderful story of little Aloysius, and kindness of Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar,

TO BE CONTINUED.

Wake up, Young Men!

It is too bad our young men do not emulate our Catholic young women in the matter of self-cultivation. We are forced to admit that, as a class, the latter are making the far greater strides in the way of true artistic cul-ture. Of course, much of this difference is but a natural result of difference in temperament and education. But it is sad to see so many of cur fine young men almost entirely indifferent to this matter of self-improvement. As we meet them on the street we cannot but be impressed with the great possibilities of their bright, generous natures. But only too often this very brightness and generosity serve them as a mere stimulus to take the downward path. The reason of it all is, that they fail to cultivate true ideals, and consequently do not attain to any great results. There is nothing that will ennoble one sooner than th tering in the mind of truly great ideals. Their realization must, at least in a measure, be a necessary and glorious consequence. — Buffalo Union and

Love at Home.

We ought not to fear to speak of our love at home. We should get all the tenderness possible into the daily household life. We should make the morning good-byes as we part at the breakfast table kindly enough for final farewell. Many go out in the morning who never come home at night; therefore, we should part, even for a few hours, with kind words, with a linger-ing pressure of the hand, lest we may never again look into each other's eyes. Tenderness at home is not a childish weakness; it is one that should be indulged in and cultivated, for it will bring the sweetest returns.

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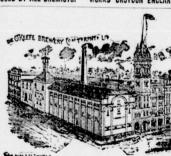
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JANUARY .

FIVE. MINI

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Man's Great Drunkenness! I enemy of the Stat with criminals, aln pers, hospitals with and death, and fo graveyard at the haunts the streets, and sends insane v It fills liquor dens ruffians and gambl the time of courts, county treasuries th toil, and this stater fill the recital of its

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Hood's is V

No less than wond accomplished by Hood after other preparations scriptions have failed, is simple. When the purified, disease disappreturns, and Hood's Strue blood purifier. Hood's Pills are prodo not purge, pain or g

do not purge, pain or g Mrs. Celeste Coon, Sy "For years I could n food without producing ing pain in my stomacl Pills according to dire of 'Dyspepsia or India tirely cured me. I ca choose, without distress These Pills do not cause should be used when a

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AILOR reet. pwards. The

First Sunday After Epiphany.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

DUTIES OF CHILDREN TO PARENTS. " And was subject to them."

The idea of subjection, of any one being really subject to any one else, is one which is very repugnant to the feelings of people in this age of the world, and especially in this country.

Each turning round a small, wee face, As beautiful as near, Because it is so small a face We will not see it clear. It is against all our principles. Why, the Declaration of Independence, which Americans consider as at least of as much authority as the Gospel, says that all men are created equal, and that they are endowed with cer-tain inalienable rights, one of which is liberty. Now, of course, liberty, as we understand it, is the right of doing just what one pleases. If, then, one person is going to be subject to an-

other, what becomes of liberty?

A few years ago, it is true, the fact that a good many Americans were slaves seemed to be rather inconsistent with the Declaration of Independence. But then that was explained by their not being white. Of course when that document said men, it meant white men. Now, however, there is no trouble on that head. Nobody is a slave now, at least among us ; everybody has liberty, we are all sovereigns; there is no one whom any one need regard as his superior or master. But how about children? Ah

there is a division of opinion on that point. The parents do not fully believe in the Declaration of Independ ence when it is applied to children. The children, however, do; and their opinion is the one which is gaining ground. They think, as soon as they are old enough to think anything, that they are just as good as their parents, if not a little better; that they know as much as they do, if not in fact more; and that if anybody is going to be subject, it ought to be their parents to them, and not they to their parents. So they make up their minds to have their own way, and their parents generally let them have it; and the parents at last really begin to believe that the children may be right after all, and that the Declaration of Independence covers their case too.

Now, of course, all this is a great mis-take. So far from there being no such thing as subjection, we are all subject to the authorities which God has established; and we make fools of the founders of our Republic if we imagine them to have meant by liberty the right to do what we please. That lib-erty no one can have till his will is in union with the will of God. If any one loves God perfectly he can cer-tainly do what he pleases; but only be cause what pleases him will please God

And it is not only that we must be subject to the authorities placed over us because that is the most convenient arrangement for ourselves. No, it is because God has given them the power and the right to command us, and we cannot refuse to be subject to them without refusing to be subject to Him. Now this was one of the great lessons which God Himself came on earth to teach us. He took on Himself the form, not of a ruler, but of a servant; He became obedient, even unto death; and as the Gospel of to-day tells us. He remained as long as possible entirely subject to Mary and Joseph. Far be-yond the time at which ordinary children are free from their parents, the Creator of heaven and earth kept Himself in subjection, having, as it were, no will of His own. Most of His time on earth was spent in teaching us this esson of subjection and obediencethis lesson that proud human nature is

deluded by it, when he sees his God in the form of a servant, in subjection and perfect obedience. Think, my brethren, of these words which you have heard to-day, "He was subject to them," when tempted by the world's false promises of happiness in what it calls freedom.

Be subject to God, as He has been to man for your sake; and for His sake be; subject to those whom He has placed over you; children to your parents, servants to those whom you serve; all to those authorities in Church and State whom He has placed over you. In subjection, not in rebellion, is the way to true liberty.

Man's Greatest Enemy.

Drunkenness! It is the greatest enemy of the State. It fills with criminals, almshouses with paupers, hospitals with disease, accidents and death, and follows these to the graveyard at the public expense. haunts the streets, defiles dwellings and sends insane victims to asylums It fills liquor dens with broils, riots, ruffians and gamblers and consumes the time of courts, and draws from county treasuries the hard earnings of toil, and this statement does not fill the recital of its wrongs .- Ex-Chief Justce Daniel Agnew of Pennsylvania.

Hood's is Wonderful. No less than wonderful are the cures accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla, even after other preparations and physicians' prescriptions have failed. The reason, however, is simple. When the blood is enriched and purified, disease disappears and good health returns, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true blood purifier.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Why do we heap huge mound of years Before us and behind, And scorn the little days that pass Like angels on the wind?

And so it turns from us and goes Away in sad disdain; Though we could give our lives for it It never comes again.

How Willie Saved the Train. BY K. C. BARRETT.

The old kitchen clock gave a pre minary gasp, as if taking breath; and then it struck solemnly six times.

Mrs. Dugan pushed back the pan of sausage which she was frying, moved the griddle to the front of the stove, and crossing the room, opened the

door leading to the stairs. "Willie!" she called gently,

"Yes, mother," came in sleepy boyish tones from the floor above.
"Come down, son, come down at once," said Mrs. Dugan, "its after

o'clock."
"Yes, ma'am, I'm coming," said the voice, which now sounded as if its

owner was wide awake.

Mrs. Dugan went back to the fire and began baking buckwheat cakes for breakfast, and a few minutes later, a bright-faced, ten-year-old boy came running down the stairs and into the "Good morning, mother," he said:

and added, "I tell you that sausage smelt good up stairs."
"Did it dear?" said his mother;

well hurry now, and get ready for

Willie went out into the little entry, and, taking the bright tin dipper and basin from the nails, ran out to the corner of the house and filled his basin from the rain-water barrel, on which there was a thin coating of ice. The boy scooped the bits of ice out of the basin and coming back into the entry gave his face and hands a thorough washing.

His father soon came in from the barn, and Mrs. Dugan, having dished up the buckwheat cakes and sausages,

the family sat down to breakfast.

"Hasn't our boy slept it out this morning?" said Mr. Dugan. "Now, when I was his age, if I had got the chance to go to a fine new school I'd have been up before the lark." ".Why, father, there aren't any

larks around here just now," said Will, who was at the most literal period of his life. "Well, maybe not, son," said his father with a smile, "but there are plenty of blue birds, and they were

around bright and early this mornir g."

Willie may be more pleased with the new school to night than he is this wentle mother.

"Oh, mother, I'd like school well enough," said Willie, "if I could only learn something about railroading there.

"Well," said his father, "isn't that just what you will learn? Won't your geography tell you where the places are that the freight comes from and the passengers go to? And won't you learn about figures in your arithmetic: and you ought to know that being able to do sums well will be very useful in railroading."

"I used to do sums at this school," said Willie, "but Miss Yeazel never let us cipher any further than fractions.

so far to walk.

"Well, eat up your breakfast, now. said Mrs. Dugan, who was afraid that the discussion would have a bad effect on their appetites.

"Won't you cat something yourself, Jane?" said Mr. Dugan. "Won't "I'm not hungry just yet," said the

pale-faced mother; "Ill eat some thing by and by."
"Will you let me make you a slice of toast, mamma?" said the boy, who

was very fond of his mother. "No, no, dear," said Mrs. Dugan, go on with your own breakfast and don't mind me.'

After the meal was finished, Mrs. Dugan and Willie prepared to leave home; and after the boy received some money with which to buy the needed books, they took up the tin dinner-pails, which the mother had filled early in the morning, and set out to perform the duties of the day-the father going to the tool house to get out the railroad tools and handcar, and the boy repairing to the station, where he was to take the 7 o'clock train to the young city, five miles away, where the school, which Mr. Dugan had spoken of, was situated.

"Blessed is the man who has found his work," says the philosopher; and thrice blessed is the boy who finds his calling early in life. Willie had found his work even before he had reached his tenth year — he was going to be a railroad man. Of course he hadn't decided just yet what department of the service he was going to enter; but he had certainly placed no limit on the height to which he was to climb in that profession. His father was only a section foreman, whose duty it was to keep a few miles of track in good

out for the "fine new school," where his father expected him to learn so much The Years.

under the care of the Christian Brothers. For Willie's experience of schools, or rather of the one little district school which he had hitherto at tended, and over which Miss Yeazel presided for one hundred days of each year, was of a kind which led him to believe that schools in general were created for the purpose of torturing small boys, by making them sit still all day and then not learn anything

This was usually hard on the active boy, who was willing to acquire all kinds of useful knowledge; but the district was poor, the children few, and the teacher, in consequence, inefficient.

However, Willie endeavored to make up, during the other two hundred and sixty-five days, for the time wasted in school: he knew his catechism thoroughly, and was able to answer every question between the covers; and by asking numberless sensible questions in a polite manner, he had managed to gain a great deal of information re-garding the nature of trees and plants, and the habits of beasts and birds, and thousands of other things which can only be known to a boy living in the country.

But during the past year he had

devoted all his spare time to studying the track work in which his father was engaged, and had learned the why and the wherefore of the working of that department to a surprising ex-

tent.
"Willie knows more about the track work now than any man I have," said his father one day to old Captain Rudd. "If I was off for a day I think could trust him to take my place."

"Mark my words," said the old river captain, "that boy will make a name or himself when he grows up."

Willie overheard this remark and wondered: the phrase was new to the boy's ears. Make a name for himself? boy's ears. Make a name for himself? Why, he had three names already — Willie Joseph Dugan! And they were good enough names for him. Oh, he new now: Captain Rudd meant that if he worked very hard in the railway service, they'd name a locomotive after him! As some of the locomotives in those days were named for the presi dents and superintendents of the roads to which they belonged, while others were named in honor of the great men of the State and nation, we can see the form which Willie's idea of his future greatness assumed; and the boy thought it would be worth his while to work hard for a great many years, if in the end he became so distinguished.

But the train carried him off to the new school, where he of course arrived long before it was opened for the day; and when Brother Joseph came Willie presented himself before him for examination. The careful and thorough way in which the good Brother conducted this examination was a surprise to the small boy; and he began to be-lieve that there might possibly be a difference between schools, and that a boy might be able to learn something with a teacher like that. And when he was told that he might join a class of boys much older than himself, if he thought he could keep up with their studies, his respect for Brother Joseph increased ten-fold, and he felt that he was surely on the way to make a name for himself

Then, at "recess" and during the noon hour, the city boys were very civil to the strange lad, and taught him a number of games which were new to him; and Willie repaid their kindness by telling them a thrilling story of the muskrats on his father's so unwilling to learn—in showing us that if we would ever really be free, we must give up what we call freedom.

Away, then, with this false gospel of so-called liberty! Let no Christian be so far to well: "

Story of the muskrats on his father's section, that had bored under the rail-road track in the night-time to escape a flood, and when the next train had come along, the rails had sank under its weight, and so caused a weight. ts weight, and so caused a wreck, in which a brakeman was killed! And he told how he had set a trap and had caught some of those very muskrats and had sold their fur to a dealer for enough money to buy himself a pair of skates and a four-bladed pen knife. And when he produced the knife in evidence of the truth of his story the other boys decided that the new-comer

was a very valuable addition to the school By the time that school was dismissed at 4 o'clock the boy had come to the conclusion that Brother Joseph knew more in a day than Miss Yeazel knew in her whole life; that he wouldn't have a bit of trouble in keeping up with the older boys, and that it was the best place to have fun, at noon and re-

cess, that he had ever struck. But neither his pleasure at the sports or his satisfaction with the studies prevented him from remembering that his mother was ill that morning, and had eaten no breakfast - his poor mother, who had never enjoyed good health since the awful time when diphtheria had come down along the river and had carried off three of her little ones in a day. Willie had been too young at the time to remember much about this sad event, but his father had often impressed on him, that, as he was the only child spared, he must be all the kinder to his mother and the boy, who was very manly and affectionate, took pleasure in obeying

this command. Therefore, before setting out on his five-mile tramp for home, the boy spent the change, which remained after paying for his books, for some



section; and soon came to the place where Mr. Dugan and the men were busy shovelling mud off the track, which the recent rains had loosened and washed down from the bank.

The boy remained for a few minute talking to his father, telling him of the new school and of the studies which he was going to take up; and

then he started for home.

"Willie," said Mr. Dugan, calling after him, "just stay in the long clay cut, like a good boy, until the express comes by; and if any mud comes down on the track; should it all." on the track, shovel it off.' "Is there a shovel there, father?"

asked Willie. "Yes," said his father, "John came down from there just now and left a shovel. It was all right when he came

away, but its a bad place, and needs watching. So Willie hurried off, glad to be of service to his father, who was over-worked at this season of the year by

freshets and landslides, and found it

difficult to keep his section safe for traffic. The track in the clay cut was all right, however, and the boy walked slowly through, looking at the stones which jutted out from the face of the bank. He had noticed the cabinet in the school-room, which contained a great many specimens of stones and ore, and he meant to bring some queer stones which he had often seen along the river, to Brother Joseph, in order to find out what they were composed of. He had passed out from the cut and was just stooping down to pick up one of these stones when he heard the whistle of the express blowing a crossing signal a couple of miles away and at the same instant a dull roar from the bank behind him caused him

to turn around in affright, as an

enormous mass of stones and mud came

rushing down over the tracks, bury

ing them deeply out of sight. For a moment the boy was too frightened to move; then, as the frightened to move; then, as the danger to the approaching train flashed over him, he started to run towards the train at the top of his speed, knowing that if he got around the curve in time and made the engineer understand his signals, there might be time to stop the train before it reached the obstructed spot. In case that the train wasn't stopped in time he knew that there would be a terrible wreck and that many lives might be lost.

So he ran along over the ties, feeling the rails vibrate from the ap proaching train, and soon rounded the curve, where he could see the train bearing down upon him. waved his hands, in one of which he still clutched the little dinner-pail, frantically toward the engine; but the engineer was not keeping a sharp lookout and the train came rushing along to its doom.

Willie gave a wail of despair when he saw that his signals were un-heeded; and then looking quickly around, he ran back a few feet and climbed a little knoll close to the track. and, swinging his pail, with its weight of oranges, about his head, he ent it crashing through the window the cab as the engine rushed by !

There was a sharp whistle for brakes nd the engineer reversed his engine and "gave he sand;" then as the speed slackened he and the fireman imped clear of the train as the locomove and tender piled up on the mass of nud and stones. The engineer was tunned and bruised by his fall and heir seats.

As the people got off to find out the use of the accident Willie came running up, crying as if his heart would break, and knelt beside the prostrate ngineer.

"Is he much hurt?" he cried to the rowd who soon gathered about.
"I think not," said a gentleman,

who had the appearance of a doctor. "Oh, but he must have been hurt y the broken glass!" sobbed the boy. The engineer wasn't hurt, however nd soon regained consciousness, and when Willie told where his father was orking a brakeman was sent to bring him to clear the track, while a essenger was sent in another direct ion for a wrecking train, and the assengers congratulated themselves

their escape from injury.

Willie's remark about the broken glass, however, had aroused the uriosity of the gentleman whom he had addressed; and when he ques tioned the engineer and found that was to the courage and quick wit of the boy that the trainmen and pass engers owed their lives, he suggested that it might be well to show the lad that his conduct was appreciated, by giving him a substantial sum of

HEALTH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAYS PILLS & OINTMENT

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless. The Colly The Colly

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 NEW OXFORD ST. (LATE 533 OXFORD ST.), LONDON.
And are sold at 1s, 1jd., 2s, 9d., 4s, 6d., 11s., 2s, and 33s, each Box or Port, and may be had
of all Medicine Vendors, throughout the world, and may be had
Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes.
is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

At first Willie failed to understand what it all meant; he hadn't supposed that he had done anything which any other boy might not have done in his place; but when he found that the large roll of money was really intended for him, he took it without a word, and rushing back to his father, shouted:

"Oh, father, the gentleman gave me all this money and now we can pay the mortgage off the house !"

The father was leaning on a crow-bar, with which he was prying a large stone off the track, but he stopped long enough to clasp his brave and unselfish boy to his heart, while a hearty cheer rang out from the bystanders for

the honest father and noble son.

So Willie "made a name for himself" sooner than he expected, for the very next locomotive built for that particular line, bore the name "William J. Dugan" in bright gilt letters on its tender. And when the boy had received the boy had received a good, substantial education at the Brother's school, he was given a place in the tion, a general office of the company, where relieve he worked so well, that although he Pills. hasn't as yet reached his fortieth year, he has become the president of one of the largest railroad systems in the country, and is beloved and respected throughout the land for having shown

life and property which he showed on the day he saved the train.

in all his actions, the same regard for

Weep no More. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those who rest Asleep within the tomb.

A few more struggles here; A few more partings o'er, A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.

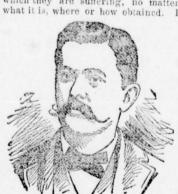
A BROAD-MINDED DOCTOR

Relates Some Experiences in His Owr Practice-Believes in Recommend-ing Any Medicine That he Knows ill Cure His Patients-Thinks Dr Williams' Pink Pills a Great Discov-

"Akron, Pa., April 24th, '95. Williams' Medicine Co. Gentlemen, - While it is entirely

contrary to the custom of the medical profession to endorse or recommend any of the so called proprietary preparations, I shall, nevertheless, give you an account of some of my wonderful experiences with your preparation, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The fact is well known that medical practitioners do not as a rule tunned and bruised by his fall and he passengers were flung about in heir seats.

recognize, much less use, preparations of this kind; consequently the body of them have no definite knowledge of their virtue or lack of it, but soundly condemn them all without a trial. Such a course is manifestly absurd and unjust, and I, for one, propose to give my patients the best treatment known to me, for the particular disease from which they are suffering, no matter



was first brought to prescribe Dr. Wil liam's Pink Pills about two years ago after having seen some remarkable re Hod's Pills are prompt and efficient and do not purge, pain or gripe. 25c.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N.Y., writes:

"For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, exeruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmeles of O'Dyspepsia or Indigestion." One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least.

These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

To to to reman, whose duty it was to keep a few miles of track in good order; but then, his father had begun that his mother might be able to eat one of these of a morning, when she couldn't eat anything else. So swinging his pail and whistling merrily, the boy walked along on the railroad track the track, was called up to receive it. The gentleman made a little speech, praising the boy's courage and fore thought in saving the little dinner-pail, and he hoped that his mother might be able to eat one of these of a morning, when she couldn't eat anything else. So swinging his pail and whistling merrily, the boy walked along on the railroad track toward his home, there being no train which stopped at that village until late at night.

These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and string his pail and whistling merrily, the boy walked along on the railroad track toward his home, there being no train which stopped at that village until late at night.

After a time he reached his father's people and the property of the comsults from their use. Reuben Hoover,

pany, and then handed the boy the paralysis of the entire right side of the body. Electricity, tonics and massage, etc., were all given a trial, but nothing gave any benefit, and the paralysis continued. In despair he was compelled to hear his physician announce that his case was hopeless. About that time his wife noticed one of your advertisements, and concluded to try your Pink Pills.

"He had given up hope and it required, a great deal of begging on the part of his wife to persuade him to take them regularly.

"He, however, did as she desired, and if appearances indicate health this man one would think he was better than before his paralysis. ""Why, says he, "I began to improve

why, says he, I began to improve in two days, and in four or five weeks I was entirely well and at work.' "Having seen these results I con-cluded that such a remedy is surely

worth a trial at the hands of any physician, and consequently when a short time later I was called upon to treat a lady suffering with palpitation of the heart and great nervous prostration, after the usual remedies failed to relieve, I ordered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was simply astonish-ing. Her attacks became less frequent and also less in severity, until by their use for a period of only two months, she was the picture of health, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, as well as ever, and she has continued so until to day, more than one year since she took any medicine. I have found these pills a specific for chorea, or as more commonly known, St. Vitus' dance, as beneficial results have in all cases marked their use. As a spring tonic any one who, from overwork or nervous strain during a long winter, has become pale and languid, the Pink

spirits, bringing roses to the pallid lips and renewing the fountain of youth.

Yours respectfully,

"J. D. Allright, M. D."

Pills will do wonders in brightening

the countenance and in buoying the

The Children's Enemy. Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized in swellings, abscesses, hip liseases, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs. In this class of diseases Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

icine.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

sia.

THE BEST is what the People buy the most of. That's Why Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sale Of All Medicines.

has the largest sale Of All Medicines.

Had La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two mouths when I bought a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric OII. and used it both interally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expression of which time I was completely cured.

When all others care preparations fell.

When all other corn preparations fail, try Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses great curative value. You should try it.

thinness

The diseases of thinness are scrofula in children, consumption in grown people, poverty of blood in either. They thrive on leanness. Fat is the best means of overcoming them. Everybody knows cod-liver oil makes the healthiest fat. In Scott's Emulsion of

cod-liver oil the taste is hidden, the oil is digested, it is ready to make fat.

When you ask for Scott's Emulsion and your druggist gives you a package in a salmon-colored wrapper with the pict-ure of the man and fish on it—you can trust that man!

50 cents and \$1.00 SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Belleville, Ont.

C. M. B. A.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Barrie, Ont., Dec 28, 1895.

At the regular meeting of Branch 51,
Barrie, held on Monday, Dec. 9, 1895,
it was moved by Bro. Sevigny and seconded by
Bro. Coffey that:
Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death our beloved Brother. Wm.
Guilfoyle, after a lingering illness, borne with
Christian fortitude, be it therefore
Resolved that we, the members of Branch 51,
do hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved wife and children, and
trust that our Heavenly Father, who has promised to care for the widow and orohans, will enable them to say: "Not my will, but Thine be
done," And, further, be it
Resolved that this resolution be entered on
our minutes and that copies be forwarded to
the Canadian, the Catholic Repister and the
CATHOLIC RECORD for publication.
Signed on behalf of the Branch.
Robt. Crossland. Rec. Sec.

Election of Officers.

Spir. adv. Rev. E P Slaven, pres. O Cooper, first vice-pres. F Guyett, second vice-pres. R Barrett, rec. sec. P Radigan, asst. sec. E Barrett, fin. sec. B Maurer, treas. E Radigan, mar. W Housemann, guard Jas. Hanlon, trus. John Haller, Jas. S Kelly, Thos. Barrett, B Maurer, O Cooper, rep. to grand council B Murer, alt. E Radigan.

A. 0 H.

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 19, 1895.
At the last regular meeting of Div. 3, A. O. H., held on above date, the following resolution was adopted:
Whereas Almighty God in His Infinite wisdom has been pleased to remove from this life Michael Murray, brother of our esteemed Brother, Thomas Murray, Resolved that we, the members of Div. 3, deeply sympathize with Brother Murray and the members of his family in their sad bereavement, and earnestly pray that Almighty God will enable them to bear their loss with Christian resignation. That a copy of this resolution be sentito Brother Murray, and published in the CATHOLIC RECORD and Catholic Register.

Hugh McCaffry, Sec.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

When Father Brady, the pastor of St. Lawrence church, Hamilton, was in Rome last summer, he was fortunate enough to procure a precious relic of the bones of St. Lawrence the martyr. It is enclosed in a large cold case or monstrance and studded with jewels. Father Brady exhibited it for veneration on Sunday, Dec. 15th, on a repository beautifully decorated with lights and flowers. In the evening of that day Father Brady sang Vespers, and His Lordship Bishop Dowling preached a very instructive sermon on the Advent season, the preaching of St. John the Baptist, the veneration of relics, and particularly the life and martyrdom of St. Lawrence. He then presented the relic to be venerated individually by the congregation. Over fifteen hundred people came forward and kissed the case enclosing the part of the martyr's bone, and the choir, in the meantime, rendered very appropriate music.

On Sunday, Dec. 22, His Lordship was again present at St. Lawrence church at Vespers, and he preached, to an immense congregation, on the advisability of receiving holy Communion at Christmas time, and on the necessary preparation required therefor.

THE YOUVILLE INSTITUTE.

Ottawa, 23rd Dec., 1895.

To the Editor—Dear Sir, Thinking some particulars of the founding of a Catholic Institution in Ottawa for the training of nurses may be of interests to your readers, I send you the following:

The Lady Stanley Institute for trained nurses was established in this city some two or three years ago, but it is found that it is practically closed to Catholics. While the authorities of the Institute do not raise any objection to our people being admitted, Catholics are not eligible for positions in connection with the Protestant hospital—the Ottawa hospital, served by the Institute nurses. The result has been that Catholic women who desired to become trained nurses were obliged to go abroad for the necessary training. Under these circumstances, the Catholics of the capital decided that the time had come for providing opportunities for such training nearer home; and, as the Sisters in charge, as well as the medical staff, of the General Hospital are willing to give their services gratuitously for this purpose, a public meeting was held on Sunday, the 22rd instant, in the Water Street Convent, when it was resolved to establish the Youville Institute for trained nurses. It is understood that the preliminary expenses will not exceed \$600 or \$500 per annum, and it is proposed to raise the necessary funds by means of subscriptions. Twenty five dollars qualifies for life membership, and \$2 is the fee to be paid annually by members of the society. The meeting, at which the Hon. R. W. Scott presided, was attended by a large number of representative Catholics, thirteen of whom at once became life members, and a larger number gave in their names as annual subscribers.

scribers.

The number of lay nurses attached to the hospital will be limited to twelve, and it is the intention to provide free nurses to the poor of the city. The affairs of the society are to be conducted by a board of management, to be composed of two representatives of the Grey Sisters of the General Hospital, and ten trustees to be elected annually by members of the society; such board having power to elect from among themselves a President, Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer.

President, Vice President and Secretary-Treasurer.

Short speeches in favor of the work, and explanatary of the ways and means to be adopted, were made by Hon. R. W. Scott, Sir James Grant, M. D., M. P., Dr. Freeland, Dr. Valade, Rev. Father Campeau, Dr. J. A. MacCabe and Ex-Alderman Heney. Dr. J. A. MacCape and Heney.

The meeting was adjourned until Sunday next, when the trustees of the Institute wil Yours truly, L. Sanders.

Yours truly E. L. Sanders.

CHRISTMAS DAY AT ST. MARY'S.

The festival of Christmas was duly observed with becoming solemity at St. Mary's. Three Masses were celebrated by the pastor, Rev. Father Brennan-at 8 and 9 o'clock and High Mass at 11 a. m., when Rosewig's Mass in E flat, was sung by the choir, under the direction of Miss Grace, organist, Miss McKeough assisting with the accompaniments. At each of the Masses the rev. gentlement preached appropriate sermons. In the evening musical Vespers were given. After the "Magnificat" Father Kealy, of Mitchell, delivered an impressive discourse on the Nativity of our Lord. The service concluded with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, when Holden's "O Salutaris" and Millard's "Tantum Ergo" were rendered. The altars were beautifully decorated for the cocasion. The Jerry of the Calzia, S. J., his first teacher. "I am sorry," he says, "there is no mission in this country for my people,"

NOTICE.

pone the drawing of prizes until the 19th OF MARCH, 1895—the anniversary of the consecration of His Grace Monseigneur Langevin. D. Guillet, O. M. I. Winnipeg, Man.

A CHINESE CONVERT.

Dr. Chan, of Cleveland, When he Forsook the Teachings of Confucius Be-came a Methodist — His Inquiries About Catholicity Answered by Mis.

A Chinese physician, Dr. Joseph P Chan, has just written a book in which he tells the story of his conversion from the belief of Confucius to the religion of Christ. Dr. Chan, who is the only Catholic Chinaman in Cleveland, Ohio, catholic Chinaman in Cleverand, Onlo, is a graduate from two celebrated medical colleges, and a regularly qualified, registered physician of Ohio. His conversion to Catholicity was the result of a long struggle, first with the creed held by his forefathers for centuries, and then with the religion professed by members of the Methodist Church, which he first joined. The Columbian of Columbus, has seen the manuscript of Dr. Chan's book, and from it has pre-faced an interesting article.

Dr. Chan was born, he tells in his

history, in Macao, Portugal, but was reared in Cung Wah, and was a follower of Confucius, whose religion teaches man "to serve men, first, by the practice of five relations. There is no priest or minister, merely-schoolmasters and government.' teacher until his arrival in Portland, Oregon, in 1882. Shortly afterwards he was introduced to one of the Method ist ministers who had charge of the Chinese missions there and who succeeded in overthrowing his Pagan be-liefs, and later he himself assisted with missionary work among his people. But Christianity, as he found it professed by his Protestant friends, did not satisfy his soul. He tells how, when in Santa Cruz, he entered a Catholic church and was forcibly im-pressed by a figure of Christ on the cross. He asked his minister about the Catholic Church and received this in formation in reply: "They informed me that Catholics worship the Pope, who is a Roman, their religion being therefore called Roman Catholic; and, also, that they worship the Virgin Mary, the mother of Jesus, and regard her superior to Jesus Christ," and as he was already somewhat inclined to the Catholic doctrine, it is not to be wondered at that after receiving such information he says he was in "a quandary;" and he seems to have abandoned the thought of becoming a Catholic until his meeting with a Sister in San Jose. While she spoke on religion he says "the true light seemed to dawn upon me then and there, as it did on St. Paul at Damascus." She answered his questions and explained away many of his doubts, and, later, he Father Calzia, S. J., who greatly assisted the poor struggler for the

When his Protestant friends heard that the learned Dr. Chan was turning his attention toward the Catholic Church, they assailed him with their old calumnies and illogical arguments. This is the answer that the Chinese made to the charge that Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible: "The Bible is holy and contains the mysteries of God, and it should not be given to every one. Christ said, 'Give not that which is holy to dogs, neither cast ve your pearls before swine, lest perhaps they trample them under their feet.' I have often seen the Bible trampled upon, for it was not under-stood. Although our own writings in the Flowery Kingdom in the books of Confucius, I have studied over some of the dogmas for years, and still would the dogmas for years, and still would not understand one out of a hundred; and how much more mysterious is the Scripture, the Word of God. The Scripture, the Word of God. The Holy Scripture was the most venerated by the Jewish people, though they were forbidden to read certain portions of it until they had reached the age of thirty years. And our Saviour did not tell the Jews to read the Scripture or to take it for their guide, and He did not command His Apostles to write the Bible. I do not believe it is to be our sufficient guide. However, I have seen Catholic families who have the Holy Scripture, and they read and study it and the priests do not prohibit

Catholic Church consists almost wholly of Irish," and the Chinese scholar re "Blessed are they, the Irish, for they shall be called the children of for when the Holy Catholic Church was rejected by those who esteemed themselves the wise and great of the earth, the people of Ireland believed in it and clung to it, despite

mission in this country for my people, and to those who told him money was being raised to establish missions in We wish to inform our friends who have been kind enough to make an offering in aid of our schools, as well as all those who may be willing to help us further in this good work, that the drawing of prizes cannot possibly take place on the 31st of Dec., as was originally intended. There is a large number of tickets throughout the country which have not yet been returned; and many persons holding those tickets have requested us to prolong the time until the end of January at least.

Moreover, it is only just now that we are beginning this work in the Province of Manistoba. We have, therefore, decided to post-

China, but dates from the time of the Apostles. During the year 636 A. C. or the ninth year of Chin-Kwan, dynasty Tong, Catholic missionaries dynasty Tong, Catholic missionaries came to the Central Kingdom, and winning the influence of the Emperor, the erection of Catholic es. This fact is further borne churches. out by the discovery in the following century of a marble slab of an altar, in the ancient capital city of Shun se. the sixteenth century, the last of the dynasty of Ming, our members were not only to be found among the poor and lowly, but also among the noblemen and prime ministers of the courts. Our cathedral in the modern capital city of Peking was completed in the year 1671, the fifty third year of Kang-Hi the dynasty China. The Emperor contributed embellishments in the way of pendant inscriptions such as "The true fountain of the Almighty," "Who is without begin-ning and end," which are still extant.

Protestant missions in China were not inaugurated until the year 1843. Some people appear surprised that there is such a person as a Chinese Catholic. In the Flowery Kingdom there are over two millions of them, and some six hundred Chinese Catholic priests.

The following prayer for his people appears in Dr. Chan's history:

"O Almighty God, Creator of heaven and earth, of all that is visible since all men inherited original sin from our First Parents, they ought to perish indeed: but Thou who lovest mankind gavest Thy only begotten Son, Who became Man, Who died on the cross for the redemption of mankind, so that whoever believeth in Him may not perish but have life everlasting, vouchsafe to lead Ching Wah's people so that they may come to our Saviour.
They are in the darkness, and unless
Thou givest them the light with which to guide their footsteps, they will continue to love worldly things and never know Thee, O Lord. If they do not know Thee how can they be saved? Whilst they are idolaters how can they worship Thee? Whilst they are taught to be superstitious and be-lieve the powers of darkness, how can they listen to the instructions of Thy missionaries, those brave men who are ready to sacrifice everything to guide the stray sheep into the fold of the True Shepherd? O my God! I beseech Thee to have mercy on them! Lead them out of the darkness. Give them light that they may know the truth!"
And to this earnest prayer for the conversion of the children of China,

every Catholic will say a fervent Amen. HUMBUG, SAYS J. J. ROCHE.

Editor of The Pilot Takes no Stock in the Clan-na-Gael Army.

James Jeffrey Roche, who succeeded the late John Boyle O'Reilly as editor of the Boston Pilot, looks upon the stories of an Irish-American which have recently appeared in the newspapers as a good interviewed on the subject he exhibited the following editorial article on the subject, which is to appear in the next issue of the Pilot:

"The startling news comes from New York that 'an Irish-American army ' of formidable proportions has been organized and will be drilled with the best modern weapons-all in the deepest secrecy, of course. The members must all be 'Catholics and Clan na Gael men.' In order to avoid public notice, and to preserve absolute secrecy as to their movements, they will wear a striking uniform and will march in a body to attend Mass on St. Patrick's day. If these precautions noon.

"It looks very much as if somebody is playing a practical joke on the news papers, or possibly another Le Caron or McDermott is trying to earn a fee from the British secret service fund by imagining the new army.
"But about these statements that

thousands of Irishmen are drilling herein Boston?" was asked. "All a humbug," said Mr. Roche.

"You treat the whole thing as a

joke, then? Yes; it is not to be dignified. It

is nonsensical on the face of it.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

A Presbyterian Pastor Tells His Flock

At Temple Presbyterian Church, Franklin and Thompson streets, on last Sunday evening, Rev. William Dayton Roberts, the pastor, delivered a sermon entitled "How Much Should We Esteem the Virgin Mary?" insisted that she was very much underrated by many and gave reasons why his hearers should love her. He called attention to her heroic virtues and also to her intellectual force as manifested in the "Magnificat, which he said exceeded the master-

pieces of the Psalms. Her resolute courage in sharing the sorrows of her Son and supporting Him under them, her noble fidelity, her humility in going quietly to her home after experiencing the dignity of her position, her inward pondering contrasted with worldly boasting and

Blessed Virgin by Catholics, his sentiments toward her are stronger than those usually manifested by Protestants, and particularly by those of his own denomination, which, he re-gretted to admit, in too many cases approached a spirit of antagonism to the Mother of Christ. He expressed a wish that Catholics and Protestants would come together more frequently, in order that they might obtain a bet-ter understanding of each other's tenets, and cited a Princeton professor under whom he studied who asserted that there was much in Catholic doctrine to admire.

Rev. Mr. Roberts has been reading the works on education of Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, and expressed his delight with them. As an evi-dence of the liberal spirit which pervades his congregation, he said that he did not believe there were more than three of them, if there were tha many, who would not be displeased were he to attack the Catholic Church from his pulpit, and personally he felt that Christians should be engaged in the warfare against the common enemies of Christianity rather than in an internecine strife. — Philadelphia Standard and Times.

DAVITT ON SALISBURY.

HE SAYS THE ENGLISH PRIME MINISTER IS A BULLY, AND WILL SURELY BACK DOWN.

Michael Davitt, M. P., founder of the Land League and Home Ruler, arrived in San Francisco last Thursday from Sydney, Australia, on the steamer Alameda. In an interview on his arrival Mr. Davittsaid:

"Salisbury is a big bully. It is time something was done to check him in his wild career. England has been going around the world for years and imposing upon little countries. Now, if she is to be allowed to become more and more tyrannical and unjust in the carrying out of this policy among the republics of the Western World, it is absolutely necessary that some powerful nation here shall assume the task of doing police duty, so to speak, of standing up between the oppressed and the would-be oppressor from abroad and saying 'hands oft."

"It strikes me that the Monroe doctrine,

off. "It strikes me that the Monroe doctrine, carried out, places the United States in just such a position as I have suggested it is necessary for some powerful government to fill. I rejoice to see the country recognize her own power and dignity and duty, and I am further pleased to hear that president, legislators and people are all so well in accord on the subject.

"But there will be no war. If the American government remains firm, Salisbury will give way."

SEPARATE SCHOOL SECTION NO. 3,

HIBBERT.

The following is the report of the recent review examination held in Separate school No. (1) 3. Hibbert, and the names of those who be tained the highest number of marks some fourth-Angeline O'Connor. Junior Fathor Bittana O'Connor, Maggie Jordan, Minnie Coulogue, John Brennan, Third-Artie O'Con nor, Annie Brennan, Hannah Jordan, Tessie Maughan, Willie Wall. Senior Second—Ettie Shea.

ADDRESS AND PRE-ENTATION.

Maughan, Willie Wall. Senior Second—Ettle
Shea.

ADDRESS AND FRE.ENTATION.

A number of the parents and friends of the
pupils assembled at the Separate school No. (1)

3 Hibbert, on the Aternoon of December 20
ult., to witness the Aternoon of December 20
ult. to witness the Aternoon of

address was read in a very becoming manner by Mr. T. Brennan, and was as follows:

To Miss M. Kelly:

Dear Teacher—We, the gunils of the Separate school No. (1) 3, Hibbert, on this the eve of our separation from you take this opportunity of thanking you for the kind and painstaking interest you have ever shown us, while under your tuition. We are sure the school could not be under better supervision, as your work with us has been faithfully and practically performed; and your manner has been ever kind and courteous. Each pupil has, we believe, found the time spent here both pleasant and profitable, and we sincerely trust that every one shall go forward feeling helped and encouraged by the valuable assistance you have given. As a tangible expression of the high esteem in which we hold you permit us to present you with this token we cherish for you. We hope you may sometimes let a stray thought steal back to the short time we passed together as teacher and pupils. Hoping that God may ever guide and protect you in the future as in the past and wishing you every earthly blessing.

Signed on behalf of the school, J. J. Brennan, J. Roach, J. Shea, Ettie Shea, Annie Brennan, Artie O'Connor and Norman O'Connor.

Brennan, Artie O'Connor and Norman O'Connor.

REFLY.

Though taken completely by surprise, and deeply moved by the kind and tender words of the address, Miss Kelly made the following short, but pleasing speech of thanks:

My dear pupils—Soon the ties which bound us so closely together must be severed. I am indeed very grateful for this tender mark of your affection, and I shall ever carry with me a pleasant memory of the time spent in this succo. Having happily spent together the passant memory of the sines pient in the succo. Having happily spent together the passant memory of the sines pient in the succo. Having happily spent together the passant memory of the sines pient in the succo. Having happily spent together the passant memory of the sines pient of the succondition o

On Friday afternoon the pupils of Port Lambton Separate school met in the school-room to bid farewell to their teacher, Mr. Jas. P. Hickey. As a token of their appreciation of his work in their school for the past two years they presented him with a beautiful cuff and collar box and necktic case. The following address was read by Jos. Moran:

Dear Teacher—It is with unfeizmed feelings of great regret that, at the close of this year, we, the pupils of the Port Lambton Separate school, are forced to say farewell to you.

We have had many teachers in our school, with whom our relations were of the pleasant-est, but none of them can lay claim to so much esteem and love which is so much shared by us and our parents, who with us feel equally the loss of a teacher so faithful, devoted and kind. Before separating allow us to congratulate you on the honor and praise you have merited from our distinguished inspector, Mr. White. With such high recommendation from this gentleman our words of praise seem out of place. Let us assure you, however, that you will always find in the hearts of your pupils a cherished spot for the many noble qualities by which you endeared yourself to us.

In token of our regard, please accept this souvenir of the happy days we spent here as teacher and pupils, and believe us always Pupils of Port Lambton Separate School.

Mr. Hickey replied, in a few appropriate words, expressing his sincer thanks for the

Publis of Port Lambton Separate School.

Mr. Hickey replied, in a few appropriate
words, expressing his sincere thanks for the
kindness he always received from the people of
Port Lambton, and assured them that the present which he just received would always serve
as a link to bind his affections to the people of
that section.

Prizes were then awarded to the following
pupils by Rev. Father Aylward, for regular

attendance: Nora Cain, Agnes Moran, Richard Conlin, Frank McCarron, Vincent Moran and Joseph Reedy.

MRS. MARY KELLY WATERBURY CON.
Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Mary Kelly, relict of the late John Kelly, sister of Mr. Luke King, agent CATHOLIC RECORD, who died 15th Dec. last, at her residence, Waterbury, Connecticutt, U. S.

MARKET REPORTS.

London, Jan. 2. — Wheat, 63c. per bushel.
Oats, 23 2 5 to 24c per bush. Peas, 43 to 51c per bush. Barley, 31 1 5 to 33 4 5c per bush. Buckwheat, 23 2 5 to 28 4 5c per bush. Peas, 43 to 51c per bush. Borley, 31 1 5 to 33 4 5c per bush. Peas, 31 5 to 44 4 5c per bush. Corn. 36 2 5 to 39 1-5c.
Beef was easy, at \$1 to \$5.50 per cwt. The average price for medium beef was \$4,50 per cwt. Lamb 69c a pound by the carcass, Dressed hogs advanced to \$1,50, \$4.90, and a few choice prime light sold at \$1.75 per cwt. Turkeys advanced to \$1,50, \$4.90, and a few choice prime light sold at \$1.75 per cwt. Turkeys advanced to 8 cents a pound. Geese, a pound. Ducks 60 to 80 cents a pair. Fwis. 45 to 60 cents a pair. Good roll butter, 15 cents a pound. Presh eggs 20 cents a dozen. Apples \$2.5 to 89 per barrel. Potatoes 25c a bag. Hay \$14 00 to \$15 a ton.

Toronto, Jan. Toronto.

Toronto, Jan. Toronto.

Toronto, Jan. 2. Wheat; white, 71 to 72c.; wheat, cod, 88c.; goose, 50c.; barrey, 53 to 44gc.; rye, 47c.; buckwheat, 57gc.; ducks, spring, per pair, 40 to 60c.; chickens, per pair, 25 to 40c.; cesse, per lb. 5 to 6c.; butter, in 1 lb. rolls, 20 to 21c.; eggs, new laid, 20 to 21c.; onlons, per bush, 39c.; turnips, per bag, 20 to 26c.; apples, per bush, 39c.; turnips, per bag, 20 to 26c.; apples, per bush, 39c.; turnips, per bag, 20 to 26c.; apples, per bush, 30c.; turnips, per bag, 20 to 26c.; apples, per bush, 30c.; turnips, per bag, 20 to 26c.; apples, per bush 40 cele; vent, per lb. 3 to 62.

PORT HURON.

Port Huron. Mich. Jan. 2. —Grain—Wheat

PORT HURON.

Port Huron. Mich., Jan. 2. — Grain—Wheat
—White, 60 to 62c; No. 2 red, 60 to 62c; oats
white, 16 to 18c; rye. 33 to 35c; peas, 30 to
35c; buckwheat, 25c; barley, 60 to 65 per 10

Sto ibuckwheat, 25c; barley, 20 to 65 per 100 lbs
Produce.—Butter, 15 to 17c per lb.; eggs, 18 to 20c per doz.; lard, 8 to 9c per pound; honey, 10 to 129 per pound; cheese, 10 to 129 per pound; hay, 812,00 to 813,00 per ton; baled, 812 to 813 in Vegetables and Fruits.—Potatoes, 15c per bushel; carrots, 15c 20c per bushel; or 20c; cabbage, 20 to 30c per doz.; apples, 55c to 81.25 per bushel; apples, dried, 4 to 5c per lb.
Dressed Meats.—Becf, Michigan, \$4.50 to \$5.00 per cwt. Lftve weight, 82.50 to 83.00 per cwt. Chicago, 85 to 86 per cwt.; pork, light, \$4.00 to 84.50 per cwt.; live weight, 83.00 to \$3.25 per cwt; mutton, 85 to \$5.50 per cwt; spring lamb, dressed, 85 to 86 per cwt; live weight, 83 to \$4 per cwt; veal, 86 to 87 per cwt; chickens, 7 to 85 per pound; gessed, 85 to 86 per pound; spring ducks, 85 to 10c per pound; urkeys, 7 to 8c per pound; gesse, 6 to 7c per pound; spring ducks, 8 to 10c per pound; turkeys, 7 to 8c per pound; gesse, 6 to 7c per pound; Hidss—Beef hides, No. 1, 5c per lb; No. 2, 4c, per lb.; sheep skins, 30 to 60c, each; tallow, 3 to 4c, per lb.
Latest Live Stock Markets.

tallow, 3 to 4c. per lb.

Latest Live Stock Markets.
TORONTO.
TORONTO.
TORONTO.
TORONTO.
Toronto. Jan. 2.—The receipts consisted of eight loads, and a little strangiling buying went on, but at very low prices, quotations ranging from \$1.75 to \$3 per cwt. and 13 cattle, averaging 700 lbs., sold at \$5 per cwt. and 50ca head back. Lambs are worth 3c a pound, and shipping sheep are nominally \$2 to 3c per pound. Good calves are worth from \$4 to \$6 each. Not more than 405 hogs came 10, and prices are a little better; for choice hogs, weighed off cars, \$5.60 per cwt. was paid; light fetched \$5.57\frac{1}{2}; and fat \$5.50 per cwt.

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C. M. B. A.

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Finished His Studies.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., August, 1893. It is about three years since I had the first attack of epilepsy, for which several physicians treated me unsuccessfully, but advised me to discontinue my theological studies. I was not disappointed by Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, as after using it I finished my studies and am now assistant. I know also that a member of my congregation was cured by it. n was cured by it. TH. WIEBEL, Pastor, 357 Central Av.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Discusses and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.

This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, III. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5 Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

In London by W. E Saunders & Co. See That You Get the

CATHOLIC **ALMANAC** OF ONTARIO.

. The Calendar of this Almanac is an accurate guide to the Feasts, Fasts, Saints' Days, etc., as observed in Ontario. It is complied by the Rev. J. M. Cruiss, editor of the Ordo used by the clergy and religious of Ontario. No other published calendar supplies this daily guide.

In addition to a handsome Calendar, showing Feasts and Fasts, etc. observed in Onatio, color of Vestments worn, etc., there are Meditations suitable to the different months. Other articles are:

Manitoba School Question. Roman Catholic Hospitals in Ontario, illus-

Roman Catholic Hospitals in Ontario, illustrated.

A New World Calvary.
Father Stafford, with portrait.
A Story in Three Farls.
Catholics in Ontario's Parliament, illustrated.
In G. d's Temple.
The Rev. E. McD. Dawson, with portrait.
Grandma's Levite, illustrated.
In G. d's Temple.
The Rev. E. McD. Dawson, with portrait.
Grandma's Levite, illustrated.
The House of Prayer.
Catholic Societies in Ontario: St. Vincent de Paul; C. M. B. A.; I. C. B. U.; C. O. F.
E. B. A.; A. O. H.; Knights of St. John; Young Ladies' Literary Society.
Church in Ontario: Directory of Parishes, etc.; Religious Orders and Branches in On'ario.
Figures for Parents.
Some Events of the Year, with illustrations.
Ciergy List.

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THE JANUARY NUMBER FULL OF COOD THINGS.

FRONTISPIECE—By J. T. M. Burnside.
CANTERBURY CATHERRAL—Prof. Wm.
Clark, D.C.L.
THE EVOLUTION OF TWO OF MY PICTURES—G. A. Reid, R.C.A.
SHAKESPEARE'S TRACEDIES.—I. Macbeth
—T. M. Melntyre, Ph.D.
POEM (Decorated)—Chas, G. D. Roberts,
THE CANADIAN "SOO" CANAL—Chas,
Gordon Rojers,
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