

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XVIII.

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LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

General Intention for January.

THE FOURTEENTH CENTENARY OF THE BAPTISM OF THE FRANKS.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Fourteen centuries is a long period on which to look back even in the history 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 solemn Christmas festivals of 1896, are intended to commemorate an event which took place on the feast of Our 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 today, 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 Francos*.

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 lands.

Intrepid in battle and rapid in attack, they had time and again 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 further to the west. Years before their 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 Romans.

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, Moselle and Rhine. The rapid extension of their power was due especially to the valor of Clovis, the son of Childeric and chief of the Salic Franks, who, by his victory at Soissons, A. D. 486, over the Roman general 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 practice; for, while they held possession of the cities of Cologne, Maestricht, Tongres, Treves and Toul, not a single church was destroyed. It is, moreover, certain that Comes Arbobogastus, who ruled, perhaps in the name of the Roman Empire with sovereign authority at Treves, as early as A. D. 470, was both a Frank and a Christian. Nor was the Christian religion unknown in the royal house of the Salii, for Lautechilda and Audofleda, 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 ascribed to his friendship and good-will the victories of the Frankish Comes Arbobogastus.

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 holy mission and salutary influence in the highest veneration. An exchange of good offices followed which was pregnant in great results.

St. Remigius, struck by the noble qualities 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 renown, and 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 difficult one, for there was then living at the Burgundian court a princess, by name Clotilda, the reputation of whose virtues, whose beauty, whose sweet disposition had reached the ears of the conqueror of the Gauls.

Clotilda was the niece of Gundobald, 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. Brought up by an Arian uncle, she had clung to her religion, and the holiness of her life corresponded to the purity of her faith. She consented to marry Clovis,

but, as he was a pagan, insisted on the promise to be allowed the free exercise of his religion. They were united at 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, baptized under the name of Ingomar, threw 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 been placed under the protection of my gods." The queen only replied: "I return thanks to my God, the 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 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 occasion, in order to induce him to abandon 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 occasion, he would fulfill his intention. But who could tell when such an occasion 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 Suevo and Alemanni swarmed across the Rhine at Cologne and poured into the Kingdom of the Ripuarian Franks, over whom Siegbert held sway. Left to their own resources the latter would have been powerless to stem the tide of invasion, but Clovis armed the Salic Franks and hastened towards the Rhine to the help of Siegbert.

The two armies met near Tolbiac, now Alpbach, 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. Siegbert fought with all the intrepidity 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 finally 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 battle-axe towards heaven and cried aloud: "God, whom Clotilda worships, I have no refuge but Thee. Come to 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 courage 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 preparations 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, by 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 also appeared in the dress of Clovis and the other catechumens chosen from among the flower of the Salians.

On Christmas night, A. D. 496, all the streets were tapetried 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 Audofleda and Lautechilda, sisters of Clovis. Upward of three thousand officers and nobles of the court, all dressed in white ornaments, were going to receive baptism with their king.

Clovis, struck by the splendor of this august night, asked the holy Bishop: "Father, is this the kingdom of Christ, into which you promised to lead me?"

"No," answered St. Remigius, "it is but the opening of the path that leads to it."

The king and his royal train at last reached the baptistery, at the entrance of the great cathedral, where the vast procession halted. Standing before the font, the king begged the grace of

regeneration in this saving water. Turning towards the multitude, the king kneeling before him, and with 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 precincts, thus addressed him:

"*Mittis depono 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 baptized 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 baptized by the attendant Bishop and other clergy. Audofleda received baptism, and Lautechilda, who was already a Christian, but had fallen into Arianism, was reconciled to the Church.

Clovis, unwilling to see the rejoicings 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 rejoiced, 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 Eutychianism; Theodoric, in Italy; Alaric II., king of the Visigoths, in Spain and Aquitania; Gundobald, 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 West.

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 and the Church brings this fact out in bold relief.

It was the sword of the Franks, under Charles Martel, that saved Europe from Mahometan barbarism. It was the sword of the Franks, under Charlemagne, which consolidated the temporal independence of the Church, and freed it from the yoke of the Arian kings and peoples. It was the sword of the Franks, under the leadership of Godfrey and Tancred, which prepared for the deliverance of 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 Catholic world. What wonder, if, now that the faithful in France are about to enter upon a jubilee year, commemorative 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 Masonic 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 sets 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 lend her back, penitent, to the baptistery of Rheims and re-echo again in her hearing, "Burn what thou has adored, and adore what thou hast burnt."

When a Christian renews the promises of baptism, he vows, on the gospel, to renounce Satan and to adhere to Jesus Christ. France, struggling 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 Religions. Let her arise; let her renounce Satan, and let her return to the allegiance of her true 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.

PRAYER.
O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and suffering of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation of all sins and for

all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular that France, steadfast in the faith of her baptism, may ever prove worthy of her so glorious title of eldest daughter of the Church. Amen.

FATHER BEGLEYS RIDE.

Interesting Details of the Frontier Priest's Heroic Performance.

The details of Father Begley's wonderful ride of 170 miles through the wilds of the Cherokee strip make 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 Times* 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 days and for twenty years has been a pioneer missionary priest in the West. He now has charge of the frontier of three dioceses, those of Wichita, Oklahoma and Dallas, Texas. About six years ago a stage coach in which the priest was riding was upset and both of his legs were broken, leaving them permanently deformed. Notwithstanding this physical defect he attends to the spiritual welfare of a scope of country that is 620 miles from one end of it to the other.

A SON'S SUMMONS.
The Paladaro Ranch, in Hansford 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 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., the nearest telegraph station, where he wired for Father Begley. The priest immediately took the train and arrived at Englewood at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. There he was informed that arrangements had been made at the ranches en route to furnish him relays of horses for every thirty miles. With one hundred and seventy miles of desert country before him and an intricate trail to follow he mounted an Indian pony one hour before darkness and bravely headed for the far-off Paladaro Ranch.

In ten minutes he was in the wilds of the Cherokee Strip. At dusk he entered the Salt Plains, where for ten miles there was neither a blade of grass nor a drop of anything to drink but saline water. At 7 o'clock that night he arrived at the Stirrup Ranch, having made twenty-nine miles in two hours and five minutes. After taking a drink of milk he set himself squarely on the trail and put the spurs to a splendid cow pony. A darkness prevailed so intense that he could not see the trail, but the sound of the horse's hoofs on the beaten earth satisfied him that he was all right.

After traveling some twelve miles he came to one of the forks of the Cimarron river and found it very dry, but the quicksands were very treacherous, and he had great difficulty in crossing it. He set a bunch of prairie grass on fire, so that he could find the trail at the other side of the river, which he did successfully. But the fire which he kindled spread more rapidly than he expected, and he lost nearly twenty minutes putting it out, during which his horse broke loose from him and started to recross the stream, which it would have done had it not been for the quicksands. This was the only time the priest lost his nerve, and when he regained his horse he never let go of the reins again.

NO STOP FOR REFRESHMENTS.
After crossing the brow of a hill he saw a fire in the distance, and at 11 o'clock at night he arrived at Box Ranch, whose proprietor had thoughtfully set a haystack as a beacon light for the priest, whom he expected about that time. Father Begley did not wait for refreshments, but took the trail with a fresh horse, and at midnight crossed the line into No Man's Land, where he passed a few settlements and found a more distinct trail. At 2:10 in the morning he arrived at McKinley Bros. ranch, where he got a fresh mount, and at once headed for 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 quarter moon that had just risen. At 7 o'clock in the morning he crossed from No Man's Land into Northern Texas and arrived at Paladaro Ranch at 10:35 a. m., after completing nearly one hundred and seventy miles in seventeen hours and thirty minutes, a feat which, considering the nature of the country, the darkness of the night and the physical condition of the man, is acknowledged by all frontiersmen to constitute the greatest ride on record.

HIS MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.
Only one horse gave out under him during the whole trip, and that was what is called an American horse in contradistinction to a cow or Indian pony. This horse sprained his leg in a prairie-dog hole and walked lame for nearly five miles. This happened about 3 o'clock in the morning, and, lacking the excitement of rapids in the river, the priest almost went to sleep in his saddle. In Hansford county,

Texas, he was met in the morning by two farmers, who upon seeing him riding so fast, thought he was a horse thief and stopped him, but his priestly dress soon satisfied them of their mistake, and they not only let him pass, but offered him a fresh horse and any other assistance he might need. As has been already stated, he ate nothing during the trip and drank but once. Father Begley arrived at the ranch just an hour before Mrs. Quinlan became unconscious and five hours before she died. He was very much fatigued by his ride, but did not notice it until after the woman's soul had departed from the body, for he stayed by her bed until death took her away.

THE PRISONER AT THE VATICAN.

The following is from an address made by Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, recently on his return from Rome:

And now that I have referred to the Vicar of Christ, spontaneously I know the question will arise in many of your hearts—how is the Pope? How is Leo XIII.? Well, seeing him after an interval of four years, and these the four years between his eighty-second and 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, mentally or physically in him (cheers), and I see no reason why we may not hope that the marvelous life of Leo XIII. may be yet prolonged for many years in the Church of God (cheers). He is, as you know, a very worn, emaciated, old man. You hardly ever saw a thinner man. You might almost see through him, but the man that could do that has not been born yet (laughter and applause). But, looking at him pale in his white robes and his white face, he seems almost a being from another world, almost supernatural in his personality, and he is not on earth the Vicar of the invisible head of the Church, and has not received the keys, and to him has not the mission been given to feed the lambs and the sheep? But feeble and worn as he is, when he comes to speak his face is lit up, and his deep voice, tremulous with nervous energy, is poured forth. Then you see that there is yet, thank God, plenty of life and plenty of work for the days yet to come in Leo XIII. But, my friends, under what circumstances of sorrow and humiliation has he to do that work? For seventeen years of his pontificate he has never once had the joy that I have to-day—of putting his foot into his own city of Rome and meeting his own people face to face. During the years of his pontificate he has never once entered his own cathedral church—the cathedral church of the world—St. John Lateran. He is to all intents a prisoner in his own Vatican palace. As he pathetically said to our Irish Bishops the other day, those who have plundered him, those who have despoiled him, say he is free to move if he wishes to do so. Ah! but do you think that those who did not respect the dead body of Pius IX., which was borne in the stillness of the night to the last resting place, would respect his living successor? In my humble opinion there never yet has been waged more directly or more diabolically against the Christian religion a campaign of persecution so bad as this since the days of Julian the Apostate himself. Everything that could be done is done, not only to crush out and destroy and eradicate from the hearts of the Italian people every trace of the Christian religion—it is so bad, so irreligious, it is so utterly pagan in its character and in its works that I believe if it were known it would revolt the consciences of honest Protestants (applause) almost as much as it revolts the Catholics (applause). In the Italian army, into which the young men are compressed by the conscription, there is no chaplain. The priests of the Church have to take off the ecclesiastical garment and go as private soldiers into the ranks. There is no religious service of any kind for the Italian soldiers. In the schools of Italy the name of God is never mentioned. There is no religion 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 state of things so godless, so wicked, so heathen that the consciences not only of Catholics revolt against it, but there is no honest man in the wide world who believes in the living God but would rise up against such an abomination (applause). Is it not a hard thing for us Irish Catholics to know, as we do know, that the full weight and influence, great as it is, of the British Empire is being used to countenance and sustain that nefarious work? Of course, we must make allowances for the exigencies of public affairs and governments; but making every allowance that need be made for the peculiar circumstances of the case, I have no hesitation in saying that the countenance and the good will of the present Conservative Government of England, given to Signor Crispien's Government in Italy, is inconsistent with any religious Christian principle whatsoever (applause).

READ THE BIBLE.

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 to prove the falsity of such a charge, and to show that, far from fearing the Bible, the Catholic Church has at all times ardently recommended the reading and studying of the Sacred Scriptures to her children. Pontiffs, doctors of the Church, founders of religious 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 of Christ.

Pope Pius VI. (1778) wrote: "At a 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 its 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 recommendations 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 purifies all things." He calls the Scriptures "letters sent us from heaven."

St. John Chrysostom says: "Excuse 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. Olo, "is as if we were to refuse light in darkness, shade in the burning heat, medicine in sickness."

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 fervently?" "The Bible," he tells us, "changes the heart of him who reads, drawing him from worldly 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. The founders of religious orders made it a portion of the daily life of the members of their societies that the Scriptures 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 been in favor of studying the Word of God.

The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore speaking on this subject says: "It can hardly be necessary to remind 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 be cited to show the attitude of the 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 children. That the contrary is the case the writing of the saints and doctors of the Church in all ages and countries clearly demonstrates. And, strange though it may seem, the Catholic 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 governing 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 Jackson, an alumnus of Amherst. 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 all races, which so thrilled the heart of Wendell Phillips under St. Peter's Dome and in the Halls of the Propaganda.—Boston Pilot.

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A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

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

Louise Delmar at her brother's solicitation accepted the invitation to be Margaret's bridesmaid, and after a few 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 daughter were beyond the reach of her 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 of their friends, in which tour she 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 accompany a couple of straight-laced, Puritanical hypocrites in a solemn expedition round the world. But neither had Eugene any desire to permit her to remain after them, to indulge without restraint the follies in which she delighted; so he firmly, but respectfully informed her of his intention to withdraw all financial support from her should she refuse to make the tour, and the baffled, disappointed woman sunk down into her usual miserable position of tears.

Happy Margaret! Never had days passed so sweetly 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 courts, and that lady considered herself especially disappointed and aggrieved by the bungling and mysterious manner in which the press after a long silence spoke of that interesting gentleman. The truth was that "Roquelare" had ways of his 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 report she recorded it in her journal, while she dropped a few secret, very secret tears.

"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 repose."

On one of the happy days of preparation for the wedding, Hugh Marburd



BANKRUPTCY

—of the physical being is the result of drawing incessantly upon the reserve capital of nerve force. The wear, tear and strain of modern life are concentrated upon the nervous system. The young men of our day become sufferers from nervous debility or exhaustion, nervous prostration or weakness. This may be the result of too much mental worry and excitement, or the result of bad practices and excesses, or pernicious habits, contracted in youth, through ignorance. They feel irritable, weak and nervous with such distressing symptoms as headache, dizziness, shooting pains in head or chest, sometimes indigestion. The middle-aged men, as well, suffer from exhaustion, loss of mainly power, low spirits, impaired memory, and many derangements of mind and body. The ill-used brain is morbidly wide awake when the overworked business man attempts to find rest in bed.

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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 privilege of her age. She would recount minutely all that she had suffered during the time that she had been kept from her son, how that enforced separation was the cause of the painful, tedious illness which had attacked her directly that she had been permitted to join Hugh, and owing to which illness, 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 satisfactorily the inquiries his mother used to make, because he deemed it best to keep very secret everything he himself knew, or suspected, lest it might come to the detective's knowledge.

And when everything had been explained to the old lady's satisfaction, even to the fact that the telegram desiring her presence in the city, and supposed to have been sent by Hugh, had been only another of Bernot's diabolical 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 pressing the old lady's hands, then Mrs. Marburd leaned back in her chair and with high sobbed from excess of joyful emotion.

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 was anxious for her home, from which she had been absent so long; the utmost that pressing solicitation could effect was the prolongation of their visit 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 less delightful than those making by Madame Bernot and Margaret.

Annie Corbin as Margaret's maid was to accompany the young lady on her bridal tour, and John McNamee with the anxiety of an ardent Irish lover as he was, fearing the effect of even that short absence on the affections of his sweetheart, importuned that their marriage should take place a day or two before, that appointed for Miss Calvert's. His request was warmly seconded by Hannah Moore, and the seething little maid unable to withstand 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 a number of capers on the kitchen floor, but he did not permit the temptation to interfere with his duties, and he performed all the cook's errands in so satisfactory a manner that she invariably addressed him with:

"Sam, you're a jewel!"

On the day preceding the evening on 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 in the Bernot household, and it held itself attracted by this little specimen of frail humanity, how fully it was aware of its own importance.

But the little slender legs came to a sudden stop, and the elevated head held itself very stationary, for just in front was a small crowd of streeturchins from a cracked fiddle—a pale, thin, dirty, tattered man, who played some melancholy strain, and smiled—a very ghost 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 a faint color came into his face, and putting his instrument under his arched 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 comedian. He walked after the tattered man, and touched him lightly on the shoulder, whereupon Liverspin turned, and the faint color in his face became a deep crimson.

"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 kinder 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. I 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 anyway, and after that we'll see what else we can do, forgetting everything but the present suffering of the object before him."

Liverspin shrank from the proffer. "I can't meet them—your fellow-servants—and they knowing the spy I was."

"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 arm the tattered man, who made but little more, and that a feeble resistance, the magnanimous under-waiter marched off, followed by a couple of the streeturchins, who begged for another of "Them 'ere tunes, Mister."

"Little Sam's" magnanimity extended 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 before 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 enlisted 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 Moore:

"At least sweet and clean."

He ate with a voracity 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 Bernot. 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 'Roquelare' 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 Bernot 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 Bernot, 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 starving 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 "bamboozled" the great lawyer, and he was called upon to respond in a speech, and "Little Sam" rose, trying to 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 requested the company to drink the health of Mr. Plowden, or rather Mr. Frederick Clare, to show that everybody 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 drunk.

And Kreble, whom Madame Bernot still retained, though having no essential need of her services, sang in her own language a ballad of "Faderland" hoping when she had concluded—

"Das was agreeable to de company," 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 a violin which had been procured for him, and which was not cracked, Irish airs that alternately set the feet of his listeners into uncontrollable motion, and made their hearts thrill with the exquisite memories of loved Old Ireland.

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

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

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 threatenings of a storm upon her master's face, and not caring to wait its outbreak, 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 *Referee*, 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, freezing, "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 curiosity."

"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 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

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, astounded, 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 the truth of his own words, that Mr. Quillet, who was a kind-hearted man as bottom, experienced a sort of revulsion 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 themselves 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 of him.

"Ah, well," 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. "You 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 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 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," said Mr. Quillet, wittingly. "I must wish you good day. There is the door."

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. I'll—"

"None of that, please," said the stranger, quickly interposing himself 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. I 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 word."

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 to 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 consequences. 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. He 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 manuscript and began to read, taking no notice at all of the other's sulky scowl. The fellow's voice was musical and expressive enough, Mr. Quillet was forced to admit to himself. And the tragedy—well, there was something in it, after all. At the end of five minutes the enforced listener had for-

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gott... At the end of fifteen... he was... 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 your compact.

"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 eyes and heightened color, the stranger proceeded, his deep, musical voice never missing a point nor stirring 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 tragedy. It breathed throughout an air not merely of powerful tragic interest but of genuine reality and natural consequence which hurried you forward to the fatal climax by a series of irresistible developments. Long before the end was reached Mr. Quillet, who was far from predisposed in the stranger's favor, 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 vaunted himself, would be literally extinguished by the blaze of so powerful a production.

But the wonderful strength and terrible pathos of the *dramma* 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?"

"It is 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 Theatre for your own."

"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 Theatre, 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."

"Bah!" laughed the other scornfully. "What do I care 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 butts. With my eyes open and in good faith, I make you an offer which, while it suits me, is highly advantageous to yourself. If you are too proud to accept—well, there may be others less squeamish. But you have your chance."

"Pride is not concerned in the matter," 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 energetic 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—"

"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 else where immediately. Which it it to be?"

"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."

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

"I do," replied Mr. Quillet, after some reflection. He was not prepared to reject this extraordinary 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 consideration.

"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 you?"

The stranger shook his head.

"No," he said, "with an inscrutable look. 'I'm afraid I can't. I have particular reasons for secrecy, which I cannot now explain. You shall learn more about me by and by. For the present I prefer to keep my identity concealed.'"

He rose, bowed to Mr. Quillet, and hurriedly left the room. Before the

latter had half recovered from his surprise the street door banged behind his mysterious visitor.

Mr. Quillet read the tragedy through again to himself and was more than ever struck by its wonderful power and force. It was as if his mind were to do could make up his mind to do anything. But at last he submitted the play to Billhurst, manager of the Theatre, 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 in anything I ever read. Only I don't like the very runny 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 newspapers."

"How would that safeguard us?" asked the manager.

"Why, in the event of the play having been cribbed or unfairly copied, the notice might catch the eye of some person interested, who would, of course, communicate with you."

"True," said Mr. Billhurst thoughtfully. "I will give the matter my consideration."

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 way.

"But, there's money in this new piece," said Mr. Billhurst to himself, confidently, "and, I tell you what it is, 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 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 gray. On the night before the last dress rehearsal, and only two nights before the production of the piece, 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 beside 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 call-boys, thrusting his head in at the door, "here's a gent to see you."

"In busy; I'm"—cried the manager.

But the call-boy had withdrawn, and Mr. Billhurst found himself leveling these remarks at a tall, dark-complexioned stranger, who stood bowing and smiling in the doorway.

Mr. Quillet gave a start and plucked his friend by the sleeve.

"It is the mysterious author of the piece," he whispered.

"Good morning, Mr. Quillet," said the stranger. "Good morning, Mr. Billhurst. This is unfortunate news about poor Standish."

"You have heard it, then?" said the manager, eyeing him with a shrewd, interested glance.

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

"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 acting?"

"A great deal. But try me and see," said the other, confidently.

"Come, I will rehearse that scene in 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-suggested rehearsal. In five minutes the manager's rueful face was elated, flushed, eager, with new hope.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed excitedly. "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 enthusiastic favor. They called the 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 his kind as had ever been seen upon the London stage. Billhurst was in great spirits. He believed that he had hit upon a theatrical 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 which staggered him. A four-wheeled cab was waiting outside, and being forced into this cab by three burly fellows into whose arms he was struggling like a tiger, was the mysterious stranger. A gentleman stood by, apparently superintending these

operations. When he saw the manager he came forward and raised his hat.

"Mr. Billhurst?"

"The same. What the deuce does this mean?" cried the manager.

"I am Dr. X. of the Y. asylum," explained the other. "You have taken a most dangerous recruit into your company, Mr. Billhurst. He is one of our worst cases."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the manager. "You don't mean to say that the man's mad?"

"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 had murdered poor Mr. Standish."

"He?" cried the manager, his eyes wide open with dismayed astonishment. "I—I—saw that he was peculiar. But it never occurred to me that he was insane."

"No; because his particular delusion 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, 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 by the beauty of sanctity, in their Jesuit descendant, of whom it may be said that like Sir Walter Ogilvie, he was "never known to turn back."

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 1590. 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. He 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. At length, wearied by the endless discussions, that seemed to produce confusion instead of bringing light or strength, he turned to prayer as the 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 desires our salvation and heavily laden with the confidence was rewarded; and His filial confidence was rewarded; and his soul, so ardent in its quest for truth, God gave not only the gift of faith, but the grace of the priesthood, and later on the crowning favor of martyrdom.

Having clearly recognized the Catholic Church to be the only true Church, John Ogilvie made his abjuration; 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 1618, at the age of eighteen, he was received into the Society of Jesus by Father de Alberi, Provincial of Brunn in Moravia, his novitiate studies at Graz; then, philosophic literature at Vienna for three years, he was sent to Olmutz, where he studied theology, and at the same time directed the Confraternity of Our Lady. For many years after his departure from Olmutz, the remembrance of the young Scotchman remained 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 pleasure.

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, these few were so carefully concealed that Father James Gordon, Provincial of the Scotch Jesuits, knew for certain of the existence of only one priest, who was old and infirm. He determined to send two of his subjects on the desolate Scottish mission, and chose for

this purpose Father James Moffet and Father John Ogilvie. The latter ardently desired to be sent to Scotland; he had been ordained priest in Paris in 1613, 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 proceeded, the names of those days, adopted false names. Father Moffet took the name of Halyburton, Father Campbell that of Sinclair; and Father Ogilvie, perhaps 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 seaports. On landing, they immediately separated. Father Campbell went to Edinburgh, Father Moffet to the north lands; and our hero proceeded north of Edinburgh, and began by visiting his 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 Edinburgh.

The secrecy which the Catholics of those 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 their different journeys and changes of abode. We know, at least, that Father Ogilvie spent the winter of 1613-1614 in Edinburgh, under the hospitable roof of a Catholic lawyer, William Sinclair, whose testimony as to his guest's mortified life, religious virtues, and apostolic zeal is one of the most important in the process of canonization. Our hero's travelling companion and fellow-religious, Father Moffet, was arrested in the course of that same year, tried and condemned to death; but his sentence was subsequently commuted by the king into that of perpetual banishment, with pain of death if he returned to Scotland.

Toward the end of March, 1614, Father Ogilvie went to London, where he seems to have stayed for two months, on business of a very serious nature, apparently connected with the king. The martyr's biographers believe that certain words uttered by Father Ogilvie just before his death contain an allusion to this secret mission. He then said that the Jesuits had rendered the king a service greater 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 in his subsequent conduct toward the Jesuit missionary.

It is 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 testimony 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, Eglinton—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 Walker, at whose house he often said Mass, was arrested, thrown into prison, and died there of want and 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 brightness, 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 notice; and in the daytime he used to visit his converts,—patients, and the Catholic prisoners—always closely disguised, however, and under an assumed name. At nightfall he was

king a long letter. He described the Jesuit's arrest, gave a list of the articles found in his possession, and suggested that the torture called the "boots" be used to make the prisoner reveal the names of those who had received and befriended him since his arrival in Scotland. With fiendish malice he worked upon the king's naturally suspicious temper, magnifying 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 luggage, 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 Murdoch, 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 several relics, among them a packet containing the hair of St. Ignatius, which, says Spottiswood in his account, "I think was his chiefest jewel."

On the same morning, October 5, the prisoner was taken from the Tolbooth 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 bravely and resolutely."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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A RESULT OF GODLESS EDUCATION.

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 expected 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.

But we have to consider what kind of an education have the leading young men of the State of Missouri 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 Protestantism 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, and the fact of their recreancy only proves that they had the power to throw aside all the graces which they had received. If with all advantage of a religious education young men will still become irreligious, what are we to expect when no religious education is given? We can only expect exactly what has occurred in the case of the Missouri State University students, that they will grow up without any religion whatsoever, and with an inclination to infidelity. But we may also expect that they will be addicted to horrid vices, intemperance, impurity, de-

bauchery, dishonesty, mendacity, etc. They may have a fear of the laws of the land, but they will have no fear of God, and there will be no restraint to keep them from the commission of crime except the fear of detection and of legal punishment.

OUR JUBILIARIANS.

Our venerable Jubilarians 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 tribute 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 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 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 gauge its worth are ever the same, and the men of the past, who, content with simple pleasures, went their way silently and laboriously, knew more than we, with all our vaunted progress. The lives of our pioneers bring these lessons to our minds. We may not describe their labors, for they alone whose names are held in grateful benediction 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 a severe test, for people forget that even priests can become weary. One 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 hastily and enquires: "Am I too late? Where is the sick man?" "I am the sick man, your reverence," comes the reply in a rich, deep brogue, that had been tempered and mellowed by Nova Scotia fog. "You," exclaims the priest, as he beholds on a chair near a grate of antique pattern a weather-beaten veteran, hale and hearty enough to bid defiance to time and disease for many years. "Why man, you are not sick!" "Not now, your reverence, but I took a bad turn some hours ago, and I thought it best to send for you."

The priest is now the beloved pastor

of a populous city parish, and oftentimes when the day's work is o'er he tells his curates of the scenes of fifty years ago. We love to watch him as he narrates story after story, or reminiscences of 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 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 exultation: 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 faithful: it was the declaration of the power of God as captain over all men, and the acceptance of the leader appointed by him as commander of the faithful, which laid 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 feel, of all human utterances: 'O, 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. "Up 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 wrists of many men dragging them along the path of personal interest, and leading them into abysses of shame and ignominy. We scheme and plan, and hours and days brimming o'er with hard work are laid as tributes at the shrine of the world, and we wake up in the land beyond the spheres with our hands empty. Many an actor who cuts a figure on the world's stage will be 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 the friar would make his way. Principle, backed by a fearless heart, is invincible. Obstacles fly before it as chaff before the wind. Make our ideas visible realities by our practice. Send our life's blood through them, and we who have the truth would turn the 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 daunted by danger, with heads bent low to hear command, with courage sustained by the thought of the millions who serve under the same banner—and some day the eternal gates will be lifted up and we shall march up the golden streets with our pennons torn, travel-stained and wounded perchance, and lay down our weapons before the Great White Throne.

We may have to do things in a way

at variance with old methods, and their opposition will strive to stop our progress. Mind it not, pass on with Christ and His truth.

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 during the day, and he was glad that he was 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 harsh and 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 led 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 the other side. Rising in his stirrups 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 Vespers service.

We have always enjoyed his sermons, and indeed he imagines, and not 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 supervision, and would on the Sunday after his arrival be invited to preach. The curate would assent gladly, of course, and over his seminary sermon he would spend the days that separated him from Sunday and the expectant congregation. Perchance he wondered what effect his discourse, prepared with care, bristling with arguments from reason, tradition, and the Scriptures, would 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 pastor, and after tea he receives from the same source some hints as to the best method of preaching to ordinary congregations. All this disturbed his equanimity and he went to bed thoroughly convinced that 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 earnest and peremptory language of practical life was most befitting the lips of the preacher, he appreciated the wise criticism of his pastor, and the desire to be eloquent, which is too often but the sign of unreality and emptiness, was banished forever, and brevity, simplicity and plainness became the guiding rules of his addresses to the people.

More we might say of the admirable

priestly life that was an example and an incentive to high and strenuous actions.

"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 home.

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 Apaism 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 it in 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 Pennsylvania 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 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 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: "Do your duty, and rebuke the Pope-don 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 fifteenth and last, which is "that the A. P. A. and not the Catholic is an enemy of this Government, that it is a curse to Protestantism, and an enemy to Christianity itself."

Mr. Cummings proposes that there shall be six judges, of whom two shall be Catholics, three Protestants, and one a Jew, who shall decide whether the propositions are proven or not, and if he does not succeed in proving

to the satisfaction of the judges a majority of his propositions he undertakes to fulfil the penalty, provided an Apaism 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 four 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 large 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 mayoralty was beaten by the extraordinarily large majority of 4,411 out of a total vote of 76,150. The A. P. A. journals themselves attribute their utter defeat to the folly of a meddling 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 Standard, one of the A. P. A. organs, thanks the meddling 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 inopportunistly.

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 meddlingness 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 candidate 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. McCarthy'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 its own act the rights of which it has deprived Catholics, so that we may infer that Mr. McCarthy's no-Popery policy is sustained only by those who supported his candidate, that is to say,

by a majority of the Catholics who considered the Catholic position.

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NEW Y AND In this 1896 we New Year same. It has nations pr brate the cause of vividly to view the hopes for thought wing of a we have whether v way most if not, to the year v resolution merely to temporal in busine with grea in the p words of first Chris God in the to men of

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by a minority of the electors in one of the most ultra-Protestant constituencies of the Province, for such Cardwell is 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 the likelihood of this third party being called upon to form a Government is very remote, and we do not for a moment imagine that the general 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.

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 same.

It has become customary with all nations possessing a calendar to celebrate 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 opening 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 with greater reason toward advancing in the path of virtue whereby the words of the angel addressed on the first Christmas day to the shepherds of Judea may be fulfilled, "Glorify to 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 solicitous 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 bearing the trials and afflictions we may encounter, purity and a strict attention to all the duties required by our holy religion.

The Catholic festival celebrated on the first day of the year, however, has no special reference to the beginning of the year. The Church in establishing festivals has always in view the great work of our salvation, and its feasts commemorate some important event in connection therewith, as will be easily remarked in the character of all the ecclesiastical feasts; and though an important event in the work of Redemption occurred on this day, the octave day of Christmas, it would seem that its occurrence on that particular day was, in the beginning, rather an obstacle than otherwise to its religious celebration as a festival, the reason being that on the Kalends of January, by which name the first day of the month was indicated, a great heathen festival was celebrated by the Romans with much rioting and licentiousness.

In the beginning, therefore, the 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, and to guard the faithful against being led astray by any participation in the 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 without any reference to its sacred character.

This is a return to ancient 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 important feasts of the Church at a very

early date, after the danger we have already indicated had passed away, and there is evidence that it was observed in many localities as early as the middle of the fourth century, and that its celebration was general in the 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 at a much earlier period than the time of Moses, as we find that Abraham submitted to the rite with all his family, 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 importance, and is observed with great solemnity.

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 friends throughout the country—and they are very many, and sincere—this intelligence will cause a pang of grief. As a priest the deceased was a model of holiness, and his every effort tended towards winning 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 ask our subscribers, one and all, to 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 draw their revolvers upon each other on the slightest, and sometimes without any, provocation. It is a land where we see the result of godless education in all its glory, but we were scarcely in expectation of learning that the shotgun would ever be brought into the pulpit as a means of preserving order in a meeting for religious purposes, yet things have come to such a pass that this has actually been done.

Two young preachers, whose eponymous names are given as Rev. Jake Faigley and Jack Padgett held a protracted meeting in the school house at McKinney for several nights in succession by permission of the trustees, but a number of those in attendance created a disturbance, and one night a general fight occurred in consequence of the preachers reproving those who 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 at hand when required; the trustees, however, came to the conclusion that serious trouble might well be anticipated 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 China and Turkey would find barbarians enough of our own who need to have the gospel preached to them!

ALEXANDRE DUMAS wrote in his testament *pas d'eglise*—no church—and his admirers of the infidel stripe are extolling his fidelity to principle. Poor Dumas, one might have hoped that the shadow of the grave might have tempered his language and caused him to utter something worthy of himself, worthy of the splendid abilities with which the God whom he ignored had endowed him. Judged by artistic rules he was easily the greatest dramatist that France has produced

since the days of Racine. The *Gaulois*, one of the most influential newspapers, says that he was a kind of philosopher who never quite knew what he wanted. He was 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 columns are so antique, that they 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 aidermen, by aidermen 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 Zetoun, 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 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 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 electorate on the school question alone. His supporters have issued their call for conventions to select candidates, appealing 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 of the devil, subdue our passions, and 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 fulfill their duties to the benefit of the whole 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 special display to prove Catholic patriotism, but we presume the people themselves were the best judges of what was proper under present conditions. It would appear that the flag-raising was intended in great measure to refute the calumnies which the Know-Nothing of the State have

been particularly busy in circulating of late against Catholics. Of course, 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 communication courteously, stating that he had read it carefully, and it 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 Journalist'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 Journalists," died a Catholic, says the *London Tablet*. It will be of interest to many to learn the facts of his conversion. His father had been a nominal Catholic, but brought up his son a Protestant, 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 himself very 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 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 spiritual character. The purpose is further emphasized by the concurrent testimony of all those who from the beginning have regarded these writings as sacred. The Jews at all times and everywhere asserted before the direct inspiration of the Most High. Such was the belief of every Hebrew, and for the defence of that 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. Since 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 particular places, He does not create anywhere the exact contents of 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, 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 Testament.

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 knowledge as to what is comprised in the body of the Sacred Scriptures and how far the divine inspiration extends in their regard. — Rev. H. Houser at Sumner School.

THE DANGER OF SPURIOUS CONVERSIONS.

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 Protestants 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 believe and what not to believe. Such 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 comprehending fully its nature, its divine organization, its supreme authority, its compact unity, its indestructible integrity especially that transcendentally glorious and distinguishing feature the prerogative of infallibility in teaching faith and morals residing in that tribunal which our Lord Himself established in St. Peter and his 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 whole.

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 relations. They may be disappointed 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 *celat* 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 joined 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 resolves all doubts."

That was certainly a great expectation. The Catholic Church has indeed the power and the prerogative 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 upon. 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 *ex cathedra* decision, is sufficient to indicate that no Catholic can consistently hold opinions derogatory to the divine inspiration of the Scriptures.

But Mr. Clapp was scandalized by Professor Zahn's lectures on the subject of "The Creation and Evolution" in which he undertakes to reconcile the doctrine of evolution, so as to stem the tide of Agnosticism which has been the result of the Darwinian theory. He also professed to be surprised to find a difference of opinion among theologians on the validity of Anglican orders, some even holding to the validity of the full extent of these varying opinions as claimed by Mr. Clapp we can not for the life of us see that they constitute a valid argument against the claims of the Catholic Church. It is 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 justify Anglicans for remaining separate from the Roman obedience. If 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 since.

Here, then, is the real position of our vacillating convert: he forsook the Anglican communion because they had no power to correct the broad and liberal views which were agitating

that body. On becoming a Catholic 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 essentially failed to appreciate, or else, chose to ignore, the great fundamental difference between 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 the pity. — Catholic Review.

DOGMA AND MORAL.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

"An Hour With a Sincere Protestant" 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, discord, and, ultimately, to a denial of revealed truth, dogma or doctrine, and, in despair, they adopt the hypothesis 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 regulate 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 measured and its morality determined. Hence, all human acts to be meritorious or punishable necessarily 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 matter 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 to know what is right we must know the truth that makes it right, and we can know this truth more fully by revelation. Pure reason, even of the highest order, without supernatural data, cannot tell us what is right. We must then appeal to the sacred Scriptures, to revelation, and just as law or our Constitution supposes a Supreme Court to determine its meaning, so does revelation suppose a Supreme Court to determine its meaning. Without this interpreter, law, constitution and revelation would be inoperative, impracticable; discord and anarchy, social and religious, would be the result. This court is not wanting. Our Lord established it for us while on earth. He commanded His Apostles to go and teach—the truths He had imparted to them. To leave no doubt about it He said: "On this rock I will build my Church. * * * He that will not hear the Church let him be to thee as a 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 truth.

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 to abide till the end of the world.

In his pamphlet, "An Hour With a Sincere Protestant," Father Schleuter, S. 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 to what he believes. Besides, 'doing what is right,' includes also 'listening to the Church.' Hence, no one, knowing 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 Church, and he is, in fact, a very great sinner in the eyes of God, whatever he may be in the eyes of men, should he even rival the Pharisees of old in external righteousness."

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, discord, and, ultimately, to a denial of revealed truth, dogma or doctrine, and, in despair, they adopt the hypothesis 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 regulate 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 measured and its morality determined. Hence, all human acts to be meritorious or punishable necessarily 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 matter 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 to know what is right we must know the truth that makes it right, and we can know this truth more fully by revelation. Pure reason, even of the highest order, without supernatural data, cannot tell us what is right. We must then appeal to the sacred Scriptures, to revelation, and just as law or our Constitution supposes a Supreme Court to determine its meaning, so does revelation suppose a Supreme Court to determine its meaning. Without this interpreter, law, constitution and revelation would be inoperative, impracticable; discord and anarchy, social and religious, would be the result. This court is not wanting. Our Lord established it for us while on earth. He commanded His Apostles to go and teach—the truths He had imparted to them. To leave no doubt about it He said: "On this rock I will build my Church. * * * He that will not hear the Church let him be to thee as a 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 truth.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

First Sunday After Epiphany.

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. 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 certain 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 another, 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 to 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 Independence 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 to them, it ought to be their parents, 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 mistake. So far from there being no such thing as subjection, we are all subject to the authorities which God has established; and we make for ourselves the founders of our Republic if we imagine them to have meant by liberty that liberty to do what we please. That liberty no one can have till his will is in union with the will of God. If any one loves God perfectly he can certainly do what he pleases; but only because what pleases him will please God also.

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 placed the power and the right to command us, and we cannot refuse to be subject to Him, 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 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 before 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 lesson of subjection and obedience—this lesson that proud human nature is so unwilling to learn—in showing us that if we would ever really be free, we must give up what we call freedom.

Man's Greatest Enemy. Drunkenness! It is the greatest enemy of the State. It fills prisons with criminals, almshouses with paupers, hospitals with disease, accidents and death, and follows these to the graveyard at the public expense. It 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 country treasuries the hard earnings of toil, and he that statement does not half fill the recital of its wrongs.—Ex-Chief Justice 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. Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient and do not purge, pain or grip. Mrs. Celeste Con, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the head of 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."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Years.

Why do we heap huge mound of years Before us and behind, And scorn the little days that pass Like angels on the wind? Each turning round a small, wee face, As beautiful as near, Because it is so small a face We will not see it clear.

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 preliminary zap, 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. "Willie!" "Yes, mother," came in sleepy, boyish tones from the floor above.

"Come down, son, come down at once," said Mrs. Dugan, "its after 6 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 room.

"Good morning, mother," he said; and added, "I tell you that sausage smelt good up stairs."

"Did it dear?" said his mother; "we'll hurry now, and get ready for breakfast."

Willie went out into the little entry, and taking the bright tin upper 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.

"Hurry our boy slept it out this morning?" said Mr. Dugan. "Now, when he was his age, if he 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 Willie, 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 morning."

"Willie may be more pleased with the new school to night than he is this morning," said his 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."

"Well," said Mr. Dugan, "I hear that Brother Joseph is a fine hand at figures, and he told me that he'd take a great interest in you, because you had 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 eat something yourself, June?" said Mr. Dugan.

"I'm not hungry just yet," said the pale-faced mother; "I'll eat something 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 order; but then, his father had begun that kind of work late in life, whereas Willie intended to begin on his work the very hour he was allowed to leave school.

out for the "fine new school," where his father expected him to learn so much 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 attended, 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 regarding 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 extent.

"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 I could trust him to take my place."

"Mark my words," said the old river captain, "that boy will make a name for 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? Willie had three names already—Willie, Joseph, Dugan. And they were good enough names for him. Oh, he knew 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 presidents 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 carried away a distinguished name.

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 believe 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 section, that had bored under the railroad 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 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 1 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 recess, that he had ever struck.

But neither his pleasure at the sports nor 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 very nice oranges, which he put into his 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.

After a time he reached his father's 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 minutes 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, 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 it's a bad place, and needs watching."

So Willie hurried off, glad to be of service to his father, who was overworked 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 great, 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, burying them deeply out of sight.

For a moment the boy was too frightened to move; then, as the danger to the approaching train, flashed over him, he started to run toward 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 was 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 approaching train, and soon rounded the curve, where he could see a train bearing down upon him. The boy 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 unheeded; 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 set it crashing through the window of the cab as the engine rushed by!

There was a sharp whistle for brakes as the engineer reversed his engine and "gave the sand," then as the speed slackened he and the fireman jumped clear of the train as the locomotive and tender piled up on the mass of mud and stones. The engineer was stunned and bruised by his fall and the passengers were flung about in their seats.

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

"Is he much hurt?" he cried to the crowd who soon gathered about.

"I think not," said a gentleman, who had the appearance of a doctor.

"Oh, but he must have been hurt by the broken glass," sobbed the boy. The engineer wasn't hurt, however, and soon regained consciousness, and when Willie told where his father was working a brakeman was sent to bring him to clear the track, while a messenger was sent in another direction for a wrecking train, and the passengers congratulated themselves on their escape from injury.

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY

HEALTH FOR ALL HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS. THE OINTMENT Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal. FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Colds, Glandular Swellings and all skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 NEW OXFORD ST. (LATE 538 OXFORD ST.), LONDON. And are sold at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 35s. each Box of Pills, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors, throughout the world. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

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 in appearance indicated health, and in this manner one would think he was better than before his paralysis. "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 concluded 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 astonishing. 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 Pills will do wonders in brightening the countenance and in buoying the spirits, bringing roses to the pallid lips and renewing the fountain of youth. Yours respectfully, "J. D. Allright, M. D."

Relates Some Experiences in His Own Practice—Believes in Recommending Any Medicine That he Knows Will Cure His Patients—Thinks Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Great Discovery. "Akron, Pa., April 21st, '95. Dr. 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 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 what it is, where or how obtained. "Oh, but he must have been hurt by the broken glass," sobbed the boy. The engineer wasn't hurt, however, and soon regained consciousness, and when Willie told where his father was working a brakeman was sent to bring him to clear the track, while a messenger was sent in another direction for a wrecking train, and the passengers congratulated themselves on their escape from injury. Willie's remark about the broken glass, however, had aroused the curiosity of the gentleman whom he had addressed; and when he questioned the engineer and quick wit of the boy that the trainmen and passengers 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 money. The others agreed to this at once and a purse was made up, to which everybody gave generously, and Willie, who was now working as hard as he was able in shovelling the mud off the track, was called up to receive it. The gentleman made a little speech, praising the boy's courage and forethought in saving the lives of the people and the property of the com-



J. D. Allright, M. D.

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, by the picture of the man and fish on it, you can trust that man! 50 cents and \$1.00 Scott & Bownes, Chemists, Belleville, Ont.

IC AUAL. EVERY CATH. t and Enter- Family. 1896 is come up with new cover. It contains illustrations and ratings in the from the best patients are at- OF ITS DNS. Jerusalem, by the of the Three of Pompeii. 1775 Gift. A the Vatican. er Thirds. A er. A story of nson in pas- sion claim. resting il- es we eel," "Greater Hat," "The and Eleanor." al is not a vol- then three in- inent place in- it will be d. Five Cents. and you will get that is neces- 25c. in postage with double the it will find it London, Ont. our travelling HEADACHE S LINE. RAL MEANS NO HEALTHY. RESHING. BROOKLYN ENGLAND. Toronto, Ltd. in Hopped Ale! n. J. G. Gibson, Sec-Treas. 25c BELL'S PUREST BEST. GENUINE BELL-METAL. IN PRICES FREE. MANUFACTURING CHIMES AND BELLS. 1000 N. YORK. LE. SONS. CHES. & SON. LE, SONS. AILOR. END DER.

C. M. B. A.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the regular meeting of Branch No. 11, held on Monday, Dec. 29, 1894...

A. O. H.

At the last regular meeting of Div. 3, A. O. H., held on above date, the following resolution was adopted:

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.

THE YOUVILLE INSTITUTE.

To the Editor—Dear Sir, Thinking some particulars of the founding of a Catholic institution in Ottawa...

CHRISTMAS DAY AT ST. MARY'S.

The festival of Christmas was duly observed with becoming solemnity at St. Mary's church, St. Mary's.

NOTICE.

We wish to inform our friends who have been kind enough to take part in the aid of our schools, as well as all those who may be willing to help us further in this good work...

done the drawing of prizes until the 19th OF MARCH, 1895—the anniversary of the consecration of His Grace Monseigneur Langlois.

A CHINESE CONVERT.

Dr. Chan, of Cleveland, Ohio, 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 was born, he tells in his history, in Macao, Portugal, but was reared in Chung Wah, and was a follower of Confucius, whose religion teaches man to serve men, first, by the practice of five relations.

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.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

A Presbyterian Pastor Tells His Flock She is Much Underrated.

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 came to the Central Kingdom.

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 Chung Wah's people so that they may come to Thy 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 believe 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!"

HUMBUG, SAYS J. J. ROCHE.

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 army which have recently appeared in the newspapers as a good joke.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

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?"

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 regretted to admit, in too many cases approached a spirit of antagonism to the Mother of Christ.

Rev. Mr. Roberts has been reading the works on education of Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, and expressed his delight with them. As an evidence 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 that 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.

DAVID T. SALISBURY.

HE SAYS THE ENGLISH PRIME MINISTER NEEDS A LITTLE, AND WILL SURVIVE BACK DOWN.

SEPARATE SCHOOL SECTION NO. 3, HIBBERT.

The following is the report of the recent examination held in Separate School No. 3, Hibbert, on the 28th of December, 1894.

My dear pupils—Soon the ties which bound us so closely together will be severed. I am indeed very grateful for the interest and affection, and I shall ever carry with me a pleasant memory of the time spent in this school.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.

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.

Prizes were then awarded to the following pupils by Rev. Father Aylward, for regular attendance: Nora Cain, Agnes Moran, Richard Connors, Frank McCarron, Vincent Moran and Joseph Reedy.

OBITUARY.

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

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. London, Jan. 2.—Wheat, 68c. per bushel. Oats, 28 1/2 to 29c. per bushel. Peas, 40 to 41c. per bushel. Barley, 31 1/2 to 33 1/2c. per bushel. Buckwheat, 25 1/2 to 28 1/2c. per bushel. Rye, 29 1/2 to 31 1/2c. per bushel. Corn, 36 1/2 to 37 1/2c. per bushel. Beef, 15 to 16c. per lb. Pork, 18 to 19c. per lb. Lard, 10 to 11c. per lb. Butter, 18 to 19c. per lb. Eggs, 18 to 19c. per doz. Hides, 10 to 11c. per lb. Tallow, 10 to 11c. per lb. Potatoes, 20 to 21c. per bushel. Apples, 10 to 11c. per bushel. Pears, 10 to 11c. per bushel. Grapes, 10 to 11c. per bushel. Currants, 10 to 11c. per bushel. Raisins, 10 to 11c. per bushel. Prunes, 10 to 11c. per bushel. Walnuts, 10 to 11c. per bushel. Almonds, 10 to 11c. per bushel. Pistachios, 10 to 11c. per bushel. Dates, 10 to 11c. per bushel. Figs, 10 to 11c. per bushel. Citrus fruits, 10 to 11c. per bushel. Miscellaneous, 10 to 11c. per bushel.

PORT HURON. Port Huron, Mich., Jan. 2.—Grain—Wheat, 90 to 92c. No. 2 red, 89 to 90c. No. 3 red, 88 to 89c. No. 4 red, 87 to 88c. No. 5 red, 86 to 87c. No. 6 red, 85 to 86c. No. 7 red, 84 to 85c. No. 8 red, 83 to 84c. No. 9 red, 82 to 83c. No. 10 red, 81 to 82c. No. 11 red, 80 to 81c. No. 12 red, 79 to 80c. No. 13 red, 78 to 79c. No. 14 red, 77 to 78c. No. 15 red, 76 to 77c. No. 16 red, 75 to 76c. No. 17 red, 74 to 75c. No. 18 red, 73 to 74c. No. 19 red, 72 to 73c. No. 20 red, 71 to 72c. No. 21 red, 70 to 71c. No. 22 red, 69 to 70c. No. 23 red, 68 to 69c. No. 24 red, 67 to 68c. No. 25 red, 66 to 67c. No. 26 red, 65 to 66c. No. 27 red, 64 to 65c. No. 28 red, 63 to 64c. No. 29 red, 62 to 63c. No. 30 red, 61 to 62c. No. 31 red, 60 to 61c. No. 32 red, 59 to 60c. No. 33 red, 58 to 59c. No. 34 red, 57 to 58c. No. 35 red, 56 to 57c. No. 36 red, 55 to 56c. No. 37 red, 54 to 55c. No. 38 red, 53 to 54c. No. 39 red, 52 to 53c. No. 40 red, 51 to 52c. No. 41 red, 50 to 51c. No. 42 red, 49 to 50c. No. 43 red, 48 to 49c. No. 44 red, 47 to 48c. No. 45 red, 46 to 47c. No. 46 red, 45 to 46c. No. 47 red, 44 to 45c. No. 48 red, 43 to 44c. No. 49 red, 42 to 43c. No. 50 red, 41 to 42c. No. 51 red, 40 to 41c. No. 52 red, 39 to 40c. No. 53 red, 38 to 39c. No. 54 red, 37 to 38c. No. 55 red, 36 to 37c. No. 56 red, 35 to 36c. No. 57 red, 34 to 35c. No. 58 red, 33 to 34c. No. 59 red, 32 to 33c. No. 60 red, 31 to 32c. No. 61 red, 30 to 31c. No. 62 red, 29 to 30c. No. 63 red, 28 to 29c. No. 64 red, 27 to 28c. No. 65 red, 26 to 27c. No. 66 red, 25 to 26c. No. 67 red, 24 to 25c. No. 68 red, 23 to 24c. No. 69 red, 22 to 23c. No. 70 red, 21 to 22c. No. 71 red, 20 to 21c. No. 72 red, 19 to 20c. No. 73 red, 18 to 19c. No. 74 red, 17 to 18c. No. 75 red, 16 to 17c. No. 76 red, 15 to 16c. No. 77 red, 14 to 15c. No. 78 red, 13 to 14c. No. 79 red, 12 to 13c. No. 80 red, 11 to 12c. No. 81 red, 10 to 11c. No. 82 red, 9 to 10c. No. 83 red, 8 to 9c. No. 84 red, 7 to 8c. No. 85 red, 6 to 7c. No. 86 red, 5 to 6c. No. 87 red, 4 to 5c. No. 88 red, 3 to 4c. No. 89 red, 2 to 3c. No. 90 red, 1 to 2c. No. 91 red, 0 to 1c. No. 92 red, -1 to 0c. No. 93 red, -2 to -1c. No. 94 red, -3 to -2c. No. 95 red, -4 to -3c. No. 96 red, -5 to -4c. No. 97 red, -6 to -5c. No. 98 red, -7 to -6c. No. 99 red, -8 to -7c. No. 100 red, -9 to -8c. No. 101 red, -10 to -9c. No. 102 red, -11 to -10c. No. 103 red, -12 to -11c. No. 104 red, -13 to -12c. No. 105 red, -14 to -13c. No. 106 red, -15 to -14c. No. 107 red, -16 to -15c. No. 108 red, -17 to -16c. No. 109 red, -18 to -17c. No. 110 red, -19 to -18c. No. 111 red, -20 to -19c. No. 112 red, -21 to -20c. No. 113 red, -22 to -21c. No. 114 red, -23 to -22c. No. 115 red, -24 to -23c. No. 116 red, -25 to -24c. No. 117 red, -26 to -25c. No. 118 red, -27 to -26c. No. 119 red, -28 to -27c. No. 120 red, -29 to -28c. No. 121 red, -30 to -29c. No. 122 red, -31 to -30c. No. 123 red, -32 to -31c. No. 124 red, -33 to -32c. No. 125 red, -34 to -33c. 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