

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XIV.

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"She and He."

"She is dead!" they said to him; "come away; Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!" They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair; On her forehead of stone they laid it fair; Over her eyes that gazed too much They drew the lids with a gentle touch; With a tender touch they closed up well; The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell; About her brows and beautiful face They tied her veil and her marriage lace, And drew on her white feet her white silken shoes— Which were the whitest no eye could choose— And over her bosom they crossed her hands, "Come away!" they said, "God understands." And there was silence, and nothing there But silence, and scents of eglantine, And jacinths, and roses, and rosemary; And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she," And they held their breath till they left the room With a shudder, to glance at the stillness and gloom; But he who loved her too well to dread The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead, He lit his lamp and took the key, And turned it—alone again—he and she, He and she; but she would not speak, Though he kissed in the old place the quiet check, He and she; yet she would not smile, Though he called her the name she loved ere while, He and she; still she did not move To any one passionate whisper of love, Then he said: "Cold lips and breast without breath, Is there no voice, no language of death? Dumb to the ear and still the sense, But to heart and to soul distinct, intense? See now; I will listen with soul, not ear; What was the secret of dying, dear? Was it the infinite wonder of all That you ever could let life's flower fall? Or was it a greater marvel to find The perfect calm of a ready mind? Was the miracle greater to find how deep Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep? Did life roll back its records, dear, And show, as they say it does, past things clear? And was it the innermost heart of the bliss To find out so, what a wisdom love is? O perfect dead, O dead most dear, I hold the breath of my soul to hear; I listen as deep as to horrible hell, As high as to heaven, and you do not tell, There must be pleasure in dying, sweet, To make you so placid from head to feet; I would tell you, darling, if I were dead, And were your hot tears upon my brow shed, I would say though the angel of death had laid His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid, You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes, Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise, The very strangest and suddenest thing Of all the surprises that dying must bring, Ah, foolish world; O most kind dead! Though he told me, who most I believe it was said? Who will believe that he heard her say, With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way: "The truest wonder in life must bring, And an eye you, and love you, and kiss you, dear; And an angel, who was your bride, And knew that, though dead, I have never died." —Edwin Arnold.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Buffalo Union and Times.
It seems that the Bishop of Carcassonne, like the Archbishop of Aix, has fallen under the displeasure of the French Government, for having had the audacity to go to Rome to perform a spiritual duty without first having asked and obtained permission from the Minister of Public Worship. In consequence of this dreadful transgression the Bishop has been sentenced to a forfeiture of his stipend during the period of his absence from his diocese, with a view, no doubt, of terrifying with the certainty of like penalty all other prospective Episcopal delinquents. This paper would regard it as the most signal blessing that could come to the Church in France in these our days, if the Government of that country would now and forevermore absolutely refuse to give a single sou by way of stipend to any priest or prelate under French domination. We know full well that this stipend is supposed to be a sort of restitution by miserable pittance of the possessions of the Church, which were so unjustly confiscated by the State. But the Christian religion is a religion which frequently demands sacrifices where spiritual interests are concerned, and the clergy should be the first to show heroic example in this respect.

Notwithstanding the fact that Lord Salisbury pronounced the yarn about a Jesuit spy being in his household, disguised as a cook, to be an idiotic fabrication, Protestant journals on both sides of the Atlantic persist in discussing it as a serious matter. The London dailies printed the premier's denial and all sensible people laughed at the absurd and insane invention, but the weekly organs of Know-nothingism accepted the first version and proceeded to build upon it a colossal structure of secret intrigue. Even evangelical ministers in England preached sermons based upon the mythical Jesuit spy. The lie got about a day's start on its travels, and the correction, prompt and emphatic as it was, can never overtake it. Indeed, we expect to hear of its doing valiant service in Music Hall when the stock of sensationalism runs low.

It has been discovered that dukedoms can be purchased in Europe at the low price of \$10,000. This fact cannot fail to create a lively demand for coronets among the fair daughters of American millionaires. Even girls of more moderate means can purchase a title and a husband for \$10,000 and have a margin left to support the outfit. Critical people may urge that a purchased dukedom is not as valuable a patent to nobility and social distinction as the traditional article based upon a long line of ancestors growing poorer as they went. But it must certainly be far more respectable than some that had their origin in questionable transactions near corrupt courts and palaces. There are dukes in England whose ancestors were pirates, cut-throats or horse thieves; there are also those whose maternal ancestry is clouded by vague hints affecting their characters. But with all these drawbacks the old titles will be venerated by the tuft-hunters, while the newly-created ones will be regarded as spurious. Age gives tone to a title as it

does to wine. Still the pork, copper, cattle and silver kings of the bounding West will be apt to invest in the manufactured article. It will admit them and their daughters by the front doors of society. Instead of through the windows of the servants' quarters. And that is all they are seeking. The reduction in price may be said to be a recognition of a popular demand, and it cannot but stimulate trade in the foreign duke business. If the high protectionists do not put a prohibitive tariff on the article a boom may be anticipated.

Pittsburg Catholic.
True friendship is rare. The true friend will never encourage your misdoings. He is frank and courageous with you. He will not hesitate, with tact and judgment, to point out your faults, show you the right way. If you do not heed his warning and advice, he will quietly shun your companionship, lest your evil communication may in the end corrupt him.

We hear so little of Spain that most people imagine the country a forgotten spot, which once was so famous in history. A reverend gentleman, who lately travelled through old Spain, has this to say of that country: He believed in Spain, first, because it was the most temperate nation on the face of the earth, and secondly because of the great virtue of her people. Its literature excels that of any Protestant nation in the world in depth, variety, richness and splendor; its artists and architects stand in the forefront in the Pantheon of art, it possesses a body of clergy and bishops who astounded the assembled fathers at the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, by their prodigious learning in science and theology, and there is no evidence of national relapse or danger of national extinction in the land of the Cid.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart urges on all the members of the League to show their loving respect to the Divine Majesty, by refraining from the ignoble habit, so prevalent in the country, of profaning the holy name of God. From youth to age, boys and girls, men and women, speak that name with levity and impiety. In marts of business, on the highways, in public conveniences, at all times and everywhere, God's name may be heard sounded with reckless irreverence. The League is asked to pray for parents who name God irreverently before their children. This is an awful offence against the Divine Majesty; and often it happens that God's just wrath blights the homes where such disorders are rife.

Boston Pilot.
After all his nasty little flings at "Yankee" manners and customs, Rudyard Kipling is going to marry an American girl, a sister of the late Wolcott Balestier. Rudyard will not know so much ten years hence as he thinks he does now, but he will be a heap wiser.

"Unhappy wretch! With our left hand we give him the Bible, with our right the bottle," says F. Buxton, writing of England's treatment of the natives in Western Africa. The sentence aptly sums up Britain's whole system of civilizing and evangelizing the hapless heathen.

Rev. William H. Coston, an Episcopalian minister, was refused permission to eat in a Cincinnati restaurant on Christmas Eve. He went to another eating-house and was ejected and arrested on charge of "disorderly conduct," because he had asked to be served with food. His real offence consisted in his color—he is a negro—and those white Christians of Cincinnati could not be expected to let him eat with them on the eve of Christ's birthday. Mr. Coston would probably have spent his Christmas in jail had not Editor Rudd, a colored man and a Catholic, come to his relief with bail.

The charge of disorderly conduct brought against Mr. Coston was dismissed by Judge Gregg, as there was not a particle of evidence to sustain it.

Freemasonry is a menace to Protestant Christianity, because the lodge takes the place of the Church with many members. They say: "Masonry is a good enough religion for me." Consequently the great Architect of the Universe may be thought of, but Christ forgotten.

Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University, is to lecture before the professors and the students of Yale College, early this month. It is one of the good signs of the times that intelligent Protestants are seeking information from the Old Church, and are willing to listen to one of its official representatives expounding its belief.

A Buffalo priest tells of a beautiful Christmas gift given by some pious Catholics of that city to their beloved dead. They had Masses said for the repose of their souls. In making arrangements with the priest, they said: "This is the only Christmas gift we can give them now!" Fertile in expedients is affection, and sure to show itself in action. It reaches beyond the grave. It never dies.

It will be a surprise to not a few to learn that another valuable work of Thomas a Kempis has lately been brought to light and authenticated. The title is "De Vita Christi Meditationes."

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

He Writes an Able Article on the Work of the Catholic Church.

Cardinal Gibbons, in a lengthy paper published in the *National Tribune*, gives a cursory account of the work of the Catholic Church in the United States. The early workers he classes under five heads—discoverers, founders of colonies, explorers, missionaries and writers. Under these heads he writes a glowing chapter on the early pioneers of Catholicity in this country. Speaking of the conversion of the aborigines the writers say: "The whites, with their vices, undid what the missionaries, with their heroic and disinterested zeal, tried to do. Such we know is the state of things to-day in our Indian missions. The conversion of the barbarian races in the early centuries of Christianity was effected under quite other conditions. The Church has not been untrue to her mission of teaching nations, nor has she at any time failed to find apostles ready at her call; but Christian peoples and Governments, instead of seconding her efforts, have put obstacles in her way, seemingly more intent on selfish aims than on the spread of truth and the salvation of souls. On them, not on her, rests the responsibility of failure in gaining to Christianity the aborigines of this continent. Future history will count our Indian wars and our Indian policy a sad commentary on our Christian civilization.

Every Catholic in colonial days was a Whig, and Sabine's American Loyalists does not give the name of one Catholic. Indians, animated with the sentiments of their white co-religionists, and in the North as in the West, under the head of their own or Canadian chiefs, took the field against England in the cause of liberty. Canada would, undoubtedly, at the time have thrown her lot in with ours had not New York politicians, led by John Jay, drawn the continental Congress into the mistake of denouncing the Canadians and their religion for THE LIBERTY GRANTED HER BY ENGLAND.

After having sketched what the Church did for the country in the early days and in time of war, Cardinal Gibbons points out what benefits she has bestowed in the fairer fields of peace, education, industry and benevolence, in which lie her nobler triumphs and greater gifts to man.

The Catholics of the United States have grown from 25,000 in 1790 to 10,000,000 at the present time. The increase of industrial wealth, of educational and benevolent institutions was dwelt upon at some length. At the present moment statistics of the Church show the Catholics in the United States thus: Catholic Indians, 87,375; churches, 104; priests laboring exclusively among them, 81; schools, 58; pupils in Catholic schools, 3098. In the United States there are 553 charitable institutions directly under the control of the Church in the hands of men and women devoted to the works of Christian benevolence. The evils of the divorce laws are pointed out in forcible language and the doctrine of the Church laid down as the only remedy. In conclusion, His Eminence refers to the evil of intemperance and the remedies recommended by the Church. Akin more or less to all the foregoing questions intimately bound up with the observance of Sunday, with the sufferings of the laboring classes, with education, is the question of intemperance.

If he who seeks to stay and remove the curse of drink is to be accounted a social benefactor, then we may claim that attribution for the Church. The legislation of the Council of Baltimore is precise and vigorous in this matter; Catholic total abstinence and Father Mathew societies are everywhere in the land. A few years ago, in a brief address to Archbishop Ireland, the Holy Father, Leo XIII., gave his approbation, in words that cannot be misunderstood or misinterpreted, to total abstinence as an efficacious remedy for intemperance, and to total abstinence societies as being engaged in a work beneficial to the State and the Church.

If it be objected that many Catholics are delinquent in this matter to the wishes of the Church, that in fact the retail liquor business is largely in the hands of Catholics, our answer is that unfortunately the State does not CO-OPERATE WITH THE CHURCH in this important question; that laws against drunkenness and legal restrictions on the sale of intoxicants are allowed to be violated; that what is called the necessities of politics are at war with the spirit of the Church, the virtues of the citizen, the good of the social body; that this is a case which corrupt politics and the loose administration of law shelter the unfaithful or the less worthy children of the Church from her salutary influences and commands.

No constitution is more in harmony with Catholic principles than is the American, and no religion can be in such accord with that constitution as is the Catholic. While the State is not absorbed in the Church, nor the Church in the State, and thus there is eternal separation, they both derive their life from the same interior principle of truth, and in their different spheres carry out the same ideas, and thus

there is between them a real internal union. The Declaration of Independence acknowledges that the rights it proclaims come from God as the source of all government and all authority. This is a fundamental religious principle in which Church and State meet. From it follows the co-relative principle that as God alone is the source of human rights, so God alone can efficaciously maintain them. This is equivalent to Washington's warning that the basis of our liberties must be morality and religion. Shall, then, the various Christian Churches have influence enough with the millions of our people to keep them in morality and religion? No question can equal this in importance to our country. For success in this noble competition the Catholic Church trusts in the commission given her by her Divine Founder to teach and bless "all nations, all days even till the end of the world." For guarantee of the spirit in which she shall strive to accomplish it, she points confidently to history's testimony of her unswerving assertion of popular rights, and to the cordial devotedness to the free institutions of America constantly manifested, in word and in work, by her bishops, her clergy and her people.

CHURCH UNITY.

A Letter From His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster.

In answer to a request of Rev. Dr. Lunn, editor of the *Review of the Churches*, that the Cardinal-Archbishop would contribute a paper to the "Round Table Conference" of that organ on the "Reunion of Christendom," His Eminence wrote as follows: "I will not again refuse to send you a few words, but it is difficult for me to do more than to listen to the voices which are reviewing 'the churches.'"

In May, 1848, I saw and spoke for the first time with Pius IX. He questioned me at length about the Christianity of England, and about the multiplicity of good and charitable works done by Anglicans and Dissenters, ending with the Quakers and the great reformation of Mrs. Fry. He then leaned back in his chair, and said as if to himself, "The English do a multitude of good works; and when men do good work God always pours out His grace. My poor prayers are offered day by day for England."

Since that time every year has multiplied all kinds of good works in England. There can be no doubt that an especial power of the Holy Ghost has breathed and is still breathing over our people. I gladly repeat the words of Pius IX., for I rejoice over the good works which cover the face of our country. My daily prayer is for England, and, so far as it has been in my power, I have shared your good works and united with your peaceful and beneficent aims. You say: "The tendency of religion in our day is towards union." There has grown up in the last fifty years a vivid sense or instinct that division is evil, and the source of evils. The desire and prayers for the reunion of Christendom have created movements and organizations both in the Anglican and in the dissenting bodies, and your *Review of the Churches* is its latest and most resolute manifestation.

When I held back from writing as one of your contributors it was not from any slackness in desiring that all our hearts may be drawn into unity, but from unwillingness to strike a note out of harmony with you. You have many ways of seeking union. We have but one. Union in good works has indeed a constraining moral influence in bringing the most remote men together, and charity is

A WAY TO TRUTH.

"If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." This is a safe course for those who are divided from each other. Controversy repels, but charity unites. Your present action cannot fail to bring many minds into closer union of good will.

But this is neither our need nor our method. Union is not unity. And unity is not the creation of human wills, but of the Divine. It does not spring up from the earth, it descends from heaven. St. Cyprian truly describes as the raiment of our Lord, "without seam, woven from the top throughout by heavenly sacraments." It is truth that generates unity, and it can be recovered only by the same principle and from the same source from which it descended in the beginning.

Mr. Price Hughes has quoted, he says with surprise, some words of mine from a book on the "Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost." There was no need for surprise, for those words are only the Catholic doctrine of the universality of grace. And they present the doctrine of the visible Church, which has not only a visible body but an invisible soul. The soul of the Church is as old as Abel, and as wide as the race of mankind. It embraces every soul of man who has lived, or at least has died in union with God by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. Nearly thirty years ago I published all this in answer to my friend, the late Dr. Pusey, in a letter on "The Workings of the Spirit in the Church of England." This letter has been lately reprinted by Messrs.

Burns & Dates. Thus far then I can lay a basis on which to write and to hope with all your contributors. We believe that the Holy Ghost breathes throughout the world, and gathers into union with God and to eternal life, all those who faithfully co-operate with His light and grace. None are responsible for dying inculpably out of the visible body of the Church. They only are culpable who knowingly and wilfully reject its divine voice when sufficiently known to them. But I must not go on, for you are seeking union in agreements, and I have no will to strike a discordant note. You say truly "the controversies to which most of our Churches owe their rise have lost much of their interest for us; some of them are hardly intelligible."

I have two great advantages. I can hope and embrace you in the soul of the Church, and I can rejoice in all, and gladly share in many of your good works. May the Holy Ghost renew His own unity in truth!

AS A CATHOLIC WOULD TALK.

A Protestant Audience Told That Woman-kind Finds Its Ideal in Mary.

At a recent meeting of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Columbus, O., an address was delivered by Miss Mary E. Hutcheson, formerly a member of the faculty of the State Normal and Training school at Mansfield, Minn., which for Catholicity of thought and beauty of diction was most noteworthy, considering the average Protestant view of the Blessed Mother of God.

Among other things she said: "When Froebel grasped this idea, (that education should begin at the cradle) he turned from his work with school-masters and professors to women. He called upon mothers to be no longer satisfied with the lower cares of motherhood, but to recognize the higher office laid upon them by God—to remember that they were the spiritual mothers of the race, the educators for good or evil of each new generation."

As a help to the realization of this, the high destiny of motherhood, no finer ideal of the wife and mother can be found than that set forth in the thirty-first chapter of the book of Proverbs. "This picture of loving faithfulness, ceaseless industry, prudence, management, charity, thrift, wisdom and self-respect; of reverence leading from husband to God, and of motherly virtues toward children, must have kindled high aspirations in the hearts of many a Jewish wife and mother."

But, at this time, when a Christian world is keeping the blessed Christmas-tide, we may lovingly turn for inspiration to her who, chosen by God to be the instrument by which His love toward men should be made known, is the incarnation of womanly modesty and maternal dignity. No artist can depict the perfect and exceeding loveliness and pathos of the face that smiled through tears on the manger-cradle Babe of Bethlehem. No words of mine can adequately describe the purity and nobility of the character of her the most highly favored and blest among women.

"For God saw what the eye of man might never have power to see— That in all the earth there was none so pure As Mary of Galilee."

In Mary, the Virgin Mother, womanhood is ennobled to its purest ideal, and the contemplation and study of her life in its great humility, faith, gentleness, self-sacrifice, patience and love cannot fail to be a source of help and strength to all mothers who would rise to the real dignity and grandeur of their position, saying: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; the will of my God be done."

Leaving the thought of the ideal, or motherhood as it may be, let us consider for a few moments motherhood as it often is. Looking about us we are forced to admit that a state of things exists far different from what we would like to see. In our present system of educating girls no provision is made for the sacred duties which the majority of them assume, and as a consequence of this ignorance as to the real nature of the state to which they are called, motherhood is despised and we hear much about "unwelcome children," and selfish ease becomes the object of life rather than loving self-sacrifice.

A tale of unutterable woe, of motherhood disgraced and debased, is daily unfolded in our criminal reports; while in many homes where comforts abound, and in others less favored, mothers continue to live unmindful of their high duties and privileges. Faith, that most beautiful attribute of the noble mother-character, is supplanted by the unbelieving or indifferent spirit. Instead of patience there is fretfulness, irritability and complaining. Pride takes the place of humility, anger of meekness, laziness or selfish ease of ceaseless industry. Instead of the wisdom which seeks to know God and His will there is a reliance on self, leading to a life that is without prayer; self-respect is lost and reverence has no dwelling place within.

The remedy for these evils lies, first, in a better understanding of the dignity, sacredness and power of motherhood, and of the relations which exist,

or should exist, between mother and child; secondly, in a fervent desire on the part of those who are strong to hold out the hand of loving sympathy to those who need help, encouragement and protection; and lastly, in a more complete consecration of the mother's powers in training her child, not for society or that he may get on in the world, but that he may glorify God in this life and be prepared to enjoy Him forever hereafter.

A state of things which has resulted from the failure on the part of woman to take the position God intended her to hold in the work of uplifting and saving mankind can only be changed by woman herself. In this great work of reform every woman—and especially every mother—in the land should be enlisted. No woman, be her position ever so humble, is without the God-given talent of personal influence; for this reason her first effort for others should be to grow stronger and purer and better herself, that she may thus be worthy to lead the way to that which is higher and nobler. It is what a woman or mother is in her life and character, rather than what she says or does, that is her real source of power.

As a closing thought I would call your attention to the responsibilities of motherhood, viewed in the light of accountability to God; a thought suggested by the season just closed, when, in preparing for the celebration of the birth of our blessed Lord and Master, we are commanded to think also of His coming, when He shall appear in His majesty and glory to render unto every one according to the deeds done in the body.

A beautiful story is told of Cornelia, the Roman mother, justly renowned for her high birth, cultivated mind and noble character; that when, on a certain occasion, she was asked to display her jewels she lovingly pointed out to her two sons, exclaiming, "These are my jewels!"

Surely when the King of Kings shall appear, the brightest jewels in the mother's crown of immortality should be those for whose being and welfare she is most responsible. Thus may she appear before God with joy and not in fear saying, "Here am I, and the children whom Thou hast given me."

SUFFERED A MARTYR-LIKE DEATH.

Pathetic Scene on an Iowa Prairie in the Midst of a Blinding Snow Storm.

Thomas Loughlin, of Clarion, Ia., came to his death on Christmas day under circumstances pathetic in the extreme. It has been the custom of Father Egan, of Belmond, to go to Clarion, which is an outside mission, to celebrate his last Mass on the great festival day. On last Christmas Day the rough condition of the roads made this journey by wagon so discouraging that Mr. Loughlin volunteered to ride a railroad velocipede from Clarion to Belmond in order to convey Father Egan to the former place in time to say Mass. At about 10 a. m. he started to return from Belmond accompanied by the priest amidst a heavy fall of snow blown by a strong wind. The deposit of snow on the iron rails adhering to the velocipede made it difficult and sometimes impossible to move the railroad conveyance over the track. The wind continued to fall and the wind instead of subsiding increased until being almost directly opposite the weary travellers it made a forward motion doubly difficult. Mr. Loughlin labored with unremitting constancy to arrive at his destination until he became exhausted and concluded to lay aside the velocipede to undertake to go over the rest of the journey (about five miles) by foot. He had not, however, walked far when he was obliged to sit down on the railroad ties to rest from loss of strength, but was unable to rally. This was at a point on the railroad too far removed from any human habitation from which to invoke aid and Father Egan dreaded to leave him alone for the length of time it would be possible to go and call assistance lest the helpless patient would die from exposure in his absence. He lay thus prostrated on the railroad for two hours receiving all available attendance from his reverend companion, at the end of which time he expired in the arms of the priest, the only earthly witness of his pathetic end. Thus came a martyr-like death under flakes of snow and the penetrating cold of a winter's blast precluded from all human consolation save the little offered by a single companion.

After he had believed Mr. Loughlin dead, Father Egan laid him besides the railroad his head resting on the priest's little satchel and his body wrapped up in his fur coat and ran with all possible speed to the nearest house to call assistance. Word was quickly conveyed to deceased's brothers and a young sister in Clarion who hastened, accompanied by a physician, to the place where lay the dead body of their brother. Mr. Loughlin was a young man of excellent character, a model Catholic and supremely popular in a wide circle of acquaintances.

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The Dead Son.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

The boy was in the clay. The mother was weeping still From dawn to evening grey. When stars looked over the hill. Between the dawn and dark. The night and day between. About the stillest hour of mirk. Oh, who is this comes in?

He did not lift the latch. He came without a sound. He stood within a moonlit patch. A space of holy ground: His robe was to his feet. All of the fair silk line: The gold curls were soft and sweet That she was used to twine.

But on his hair of silk There was a drift like rain: His robe, as white as milk, Did show a piteous stain. "Oh, mother, mother!" he said, "Your tears have wet me through; I am come from the blessed dead To try and comfort you."

"The other children play. But when I would rejoice, Oh, mother, I hear from far away The crying of your voice! I cannot run or leap; Oh, mother, mother, mother," he said, "I pray you not to weep!"

The red cock and the black crew, and her lamb was gone; She rose and set the widow back And welcomed in the dawn. She swept the sauced floor. And made the fire to burn. With all her weeping done and o'er. God comfort them that mourn. —The National Observer.

LILY LASS.

By JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P.

CHAPTER XVII.

BARRY LUTTRELL'S OPINIONS. As Fermanagh passed out of the enchanted rose garden and let the little gate swing behind him, the click of its latch sounding as dismally on his ear as the reverberation of the iron gates which severed Orpheus from Eurydice, he found himself almost face to face with Barry Luttrell.

Perhaps Barry Luttrell was the last man whom Fermanagh would have cared to greet at that moment. Luttrell's languid, lazy disposition was in itself a complete opposition to Fermanagh's eager, strenuous, determined nature. Besides, Luttrell had deliberately severed himself from any connection with the movement to which Fermanagh was devoted heart and soul.

He had declared that for him the unopposed exile of Mitchell ended the struggle, and he meant to keep aloof—and indeed he did keep aloof—from any share in the agitation for that moment.

There had never been much in common between Brian and Barry Luttrell, even at the time when the latter was most in accordance with the popular movement, and was working as actively as he ever worked at anything to advance its cause and secure its success.

Fermanagh did not distrust Luttrell; there was nothing in him to distrust; but he did not rely upon him, and he regarded his withdrawal from the party after Mitchell's arrest as a proof that his doubts of Luttrell's capabilities were well founded.

But even had Luttrell been amongst his dearest friends, been his most devoted colleague and companion in the common cause, Fermanagh's heart would not have rejoiced to meet him just then.

He was too much occupied with his own bitter thoughts, too terribly crushed with pain and grief to wish for any companionship. He longed only to be alone with his fighting soul, until he should have forced himself to accept his life under its new conditions, and to face as bravely as he might the new and loveless world now awaiting him.

So he nodded slightly to Barry Luttrell, and would have passed him swiftly by; but Luttrell stopped, and held out his hand, and called him by his name.

There was no help for it; so Brian stopped too, and took the outstretched hand, and waited.

The ghastly paleness of his face startled Barry Luttrell for a moment out of the bland composure upon which he prided himself. "Good heavens! man," he said, hurriedly, "how ill you look! What is the matter?" And then, as he spoke, he recognized the house from which Fermanagh had just emerged, and being kindly-hearted, he cursed his own folly for having spoken so.

Fermanagh smiled wearily. "There is nothing the matter with me," he said. "I have been a little overworked, and tired, and want rest perhaps. That is all; nothing more."

"Overwork," said Barry Luttrell, half to himself. "I don't quite see what work there is to do now. How—ever," he added, with a shrug of the shoulders, "we won't argue about that. That may be left to time, like most other things. Did you ever read a little French story about two people who parted from each other quite broken-hearted, and who met years later, when their hearts were whole again, and agreed together, in kindly recollection of their lost passion and their lost pain, to build a temple to Time, the Consoler?"

Luttrell meant well. He thought by this allusion to the consoling powers of Time to hint to his friends that he, too, might in time find consolation.

But Fermanagh was not in a mood just then for Barry Luttrell's thin philosophies. "I must be going," he said. "I have much to do. Good-bye."

Luttrell still detained him. "What is the matter with MacMurchad?" he asked, "that the bright eyes of this English girl have so completely conquered him? Let him look to himself. You are his friend, Fermanagh, and perhaps you might take chance to warn him. If I knew anything of women?"—and here Barry Luttrell smiled softly, with an expression that implied that he believed he did know a

good deal about them—"if I know anything of women, poor Murrugh may live to regret the day when he ever met Miss Geraldine. Besides, Mountmarvel is fiercely jealous. He is madly in love with the girl, himself I believe; and if what I am told is true, and you know I am not often mistaken"—here Barry smiled again, self-caressingly—"he is moving heaven and earth to get MacMurchad arrested for treason-felony. I should not be surprised"—here Barry Luttrell grew slightly graver—"I should not be surprised," he said, "if at this very moment a warrant from the Lord Lieutenant were on its way from Dublin Castle to lay our young friend by the heels, and remove that picturesque rebellious rival from Mountmarvel's path. If you see MacMurchad you might warn him upon one or other of these points, as seems best to you; I seldom see him now, as you know, and, besides, it would come better from you."

Fermanagh had made a movement to shake himself free from Luttrell when Luttrell had coupled the names of MacMurchad and Lillias Geraldine together. He was angry at the suggestion that he should interfere in MacMurchad's love affair—angry, too, because it reminded him of his own unhappiness, and the unhappiness of her who was dearer to him than life.

But when Luttrell spoke of the danger that threatened his friend he took patience, and listened, and was grateful.

So he simply said, "Thank you, Barry; I shall see that MacMurchad gets your warning. Good-bye."

Then he shook Luttrell's hand more warmly than he had done at first, and walked rapidly away in the direction of the ferryboat, which took the people from that part of the town to the busier world on the opposite side of the river.

Barry Luttrell stood in the middle of the avenue, looking now at Fermanagh's retreating figure, and now on the roses in Mary's garden.

"Poor Brian!" he murmured to himself. "Poor Murrugh! What a pair of fine madmen! There they both are, helplessly in love; and the one worships a girl who cares nothing for him, and the other woos a stranger who will break his heart; and the adorned of the one adores the other. Was there ever a more marvellous or more melancholy melody? I could laugh at it were it not that, like Sir Hugh Evans, 'I have great dispositions to cry.'"

"Lucky for you, Barry Luttrell," he went on, apostrophizing himself gravely, "lucky for you that your emotions are so well regulated, and that you are never likely to make a fool of yourself about any woman."

He paused for a moment reflectively, and flicked the dust before him with his riding-whip. Fermanagh had just disappeared from sight at the end of the long avenue.

"I wonder," he said again to himself thoughtfully, "if I am so lucky after all! If I am so much better off in my fancied philosophic security than those two brave hearts who believe so passionately, and who love so well, and can be so loyal to a flag or a watchword or a woman's face."

He shrugged his shoulders, and turned on his heel, and walked rapidly to the other end of the avenue.

Here he found two horses waiting in the custody of his English groom. Luttrell was a man of means; and although he was an Irishman, and in his way a patriot he owned some property in England, and affected to believe that Englishmen made the best keepers of horses.

He vaulted lightly into his saddle and drew the reins in his hands. As he was about to start off a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and, looking round, he addressed his servant.

"Digby," he said, gravely, "what's your opinion of woman as a factor in the problem of man's existence?"

Digby sat bolt upright on his horse, stolid, stiff, imperturbable, and did not appear to be in the least amazed by his master's question.

He paused for a moment, rubbing his chin with the butt of his riding-whip, thoughtfully, and then observed sententiously, "Women is women!"

Barry Luttrell laughed, gave spurs to his horse, and galloped off into the country, with his philosophic and misogynistic leanings behind him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MOUNTMARVEL MEANS MISCHIEF. Barry Luttrell was right enough when he gave Fermanagh warning of Mountmarvel's menacing intentions with regard to MacMurchad.

At this particular moment the young nobleman detested MacMurchad with all his heart. They had always been enemies. The old family feud, which had lived ever since the last century died in the Crown Yard, had not been suffered to die out by either of the young men; but the smouldering ashes of traditional hatred were now fanned into fury in Mountmarvel's breast with all the strength which such passions as love, rivalry, and jealousy can afford.

Mountmarvel was in love with Lillias Geraldine.

He had fallen in love with her against his will, for it had been his first thought to make her fall in love with him, and he had tried and failed—utterly failed. For almost before he knew how completely he was conquered, he found that Lillias Geraldine was dearer to him than anything else in the world—dearer than his horse, dearer than his dogs, dearer than Mountmarvel itself, or the Lord Lieutenant of the county.

All the things which up to now he had most prized and most cherished seemed well-nigh insignificant when compared with his new emotions.

For probably the first time in his life Mountmarvel's thoughts were occupied by anything besides himself.

Hitherto he had regarded himself, serenely enough, as the central sun of his little world, round which all other things must be contented to circle in an admiring orbit.

Now, however, he was painfully conscious of a disagreeable sense of inferiority. He felt sure that Lillias Geraldine did not admire him at all, and was not in the least prepared to pay him the homage to which he had been accustomed since his boyhood.

She was very pleasant to him always; she appeared to have forgiven and forgotten his folly at the meeting; but he knew well enough that she felt an interest in MacMurchad which she did not affect to feel for him.

Her very indifference, good-natured as it was, inflamed his passion. He was startled out of his equanimity to find that he was hopelessly in love with Lillias, and that his one object in life was to win her for himself.

But MacMurchad was a dangerous rival. Mountmarvel saw with all a rival's keenness that the Young Irishman was as devoted to Lillias as he was; and though he did not believe that Lillias herself was in love with MacMurchad, he greatly feared that she might become so.

A handsome young rebel, with a Velasquez face, sprung from an ancient house, was the very man, Mountmarvel admitted, to charm the romantic mind of Lillias Geraldine.

This point being given, the rest of the problem shaped itself simply enough in Mountmarvel's mental globe.

MacMurchad was Miss Geraldine's lover; Miss Geraldine's lover is in my way; therefore, MacMurchad must be got out of the way.

Such was the train of Lord Mountmarvel's reasoning; and on those thoughts he promptly proceeded to act. To do Mountmarvel justice, if he acted on the principle that all is fair in love and in war, he was also convinced that MacMurchad was a rebel was an enemy who deserved no mercy.

The first thing was to get MacMurchad, if possible, arrested; the next to get the Geraldines, father and daughter, to pay a visit to Mountmarvel Castle, where MacMurchad, even if he were still at liberty, could not possibly visit them.

His plans for carrying out the first project were soon found and acted upon.

He made up a little compilation of MacMurchad's recent speeches and writings, and sent them to the Viceroys in a letter expressing his own opinion, as Lord Lieutenant of the county, that MacMurchad's immediate arrest was essential for the peace and well-being of the district.

He supplemented this manifesto by various private epistles to Castle officials, friends of his own, in which he made it quite clear that the prompt arrest of MacMurchad was of the greatest importance for the safety of the locality, undetermined as it was by sedition.

He knew well enough that his official friends had vast powers of persuading any viceroy to adopt their views, and he hoped for the best results for his little manoeuvre.

He did not know that Barry Luttrell had a friend, too, in the stronghold of English rule, and that he generally knew as much about what was going on in the Castle as the Viceroy himself, and often knew a great deal more.

Mountmarvel's other scheme for getting the Geraldines to visit him seemed to promise even more feebly.

They had both been to the Castle to lunch, and Mr. Geraldine had looked with a scholar's eager eyes at the stores of Oriental manuscripts which the young lord's father had collected.

But they were too many for Mr. Geraldine to obtain even a passing glimpse of their contents and value. Mountmarvel offered to let him take away any he liked for closer study; but even to make a selection of any service to him would have taken Mr. Geraldine a considerable time.

Mountmarvel had then suggested a visit to the Castle for a few days, and Mr. Geraldine had seemed much pleased at the suggestion, and promised to accept when some other personal business, about which he had come to Ireland, should be concluded.

That business Mountmarvel had reason to believe was now of Mr. Geraldine's mind, and he determined to lose no time in getting him and his daughter to come to Mountmarvel Castle as his guests.

Under his own roof, and out of the dangerous proximity of MacMurchad's rivalry, Mountmarvel hoped for the best for his own suit.

He accordingly wrote a formal and courteous invitation to Mr. Geraldine, and despatched it by one of his own servants on the very morning on which Barry Luttrell and received his warning of the danger in store for MacMurchad.

CHAPTER XIX.

MACMURCHAD'S WARNING.

On the evening of the day on which the events we have already described took place MacMurchad quitted the Crown Inn, and walked slowly through the streets of the city in the direction of the river.

The young leader's face wore an air of more than usual gravity, and he walked with the lingering, uncertain pace of a man who is revolving many thoughts in his mind, and who is striving to decide upon the wisest of many ways of action that lay before him.

MacMurchad had been spending a large part of the day with the Geraldines. He had accompanied them on a little expedition to the ruins of a familiar old historic castle and abbey which stood some miles outside the town, and he had seen them back to the inn, and had taken a brief farewell of them there.

As he was quitting them, Lillias, whose interest in the Young Irishman appeared to deepen every day, asked MacMurchad to come in again in the evening if he had nothing better to do, and the Young Irishman had eagerly accepted.

Now, as he was walking slowly through the streets, he was asking himself if should obey at last the imperious commands of his own heart, and should on that very evening tell Lillias in words what he could hardly doubt she knew already indeed, that he loved her.

Yet there was much in the circumstances in which he was placed which rendered the saying of these simple words a matter of exceptional gravity.

Had he the right, with feverish, impatient iterance, had he the right to offer this fair young girl the love of a poor, almost proscribed man, to ask her to share with him his ruined fortunes and his desperate future?

The cause itself, too. Was he serving the cause truly in allowing his thoughts to stray from it at all in pursuit of any other passion, no matter how ennobling or honorable.

Up to this time the cause had been his one consuming purpose. He had given all the years of his young life to it. He had thought of nothing else; he had worked and hoped and struggled for it, and it alone. Now for the first time wholly new and singular emotions were awakened in his breast, and were causing a cruel conflict there.

Could he be as loyal, could he be as useful to the cause, he asked himself, if he allowed the passion which was preying upon his heart to take definite shape and purpose? That passion once confessed would, like the genius in the "Arabian Nights," break from the compass of his own control and overshadow his life with its giant influence.

Had it not already done so? What spell was there, what power, like that lurking in the seal of Solomon in the Arabian legend, which could conjure down and conquer this rebellious passion?

It would be idle to deny that his love for Lillias lay deep in his heart and permeated his whole existence. All he asked now was whether he could be true to her and true to the cause in declaring himself her lover, and in seeking for her love in return.

Thus musing, thus wrapped up in melancholy meditation, MacMurchad's steps led him half unconsciously, to the steep and narrow street in the distant part of the town which led down to the little landing place where the ferry plied between the two banks of the river.

That ferry-way was a familiar one to MacMurchad. The opposite point of landing lay just below the long poplar avenue on the other side of which Mary O'Rourke dwelt.

MacMurchad had been accustomed to consult her on all questions that ever troubled him since his childhood, and it was in obedience to a natural impulse that he found himself now standing on the little landing-place, resolved to cross over and pay Mary O'Rourke a visit. He had no definite intention of telling her the thoughts that troubled him, but he felt a kind of vague trust that somehow he must obtain good counsel from her lips.

The ferryboat was not at the landing-place. Glancing across the gleaming river, MacMurchad saw that it was close to the opposite bank, to which it was making in order to take on board a solitary passenger who appeared to be waiting for it.

The river is not very wide at this ferry-way, and MacMurchad's keen eyes saw that the man who was standing on the opposite shore was Brian Fermanagh. Brian Fermanagh at the same moment recognized MacMurchad, and waved his hand and shouted some words which MacMurchad could not hear, and got rapidly on the ferryboat.

A few vigorous strokes brought the wherry to where MacMurchad was standing, and Fermanagh leapt on shore and caught his friend by the hand. MacMurchad was not so much engrossed in his own pains and perplexities as to fail to perceive the marks of strong and bitter emotion on his comrade's face.

"What is the matter?" he asked involuntarily, much the same as Brian Luttrell had asked some half-hour previously. This time, however, Brian Fermanagh had a reason to give his questioner.

"You are in great danger, MacMurchad," he replied hurriedly, as they moved away out of earshot of the ferryman. "I have received sure warning that a warrant has been issued from Dublin for your arrest for treason-felony. It may be in the city at this moment!"

Master of himself though he was, MacMurchad could not refrain from an involuntary start at these tidings. He had believed all his recent actions in connection with the movement to have been so securely secret that hoodwinked authority had no suspicion of his plans and purposes. Such a danger, therefore, at such a moment was indeed a fatality.

He caught Fermanagh eagerly by the wrist. "How do you know this?" he asked, anxiously.

"I met Barry Luttrell not half an hour ago," said Fermanagh, "and he gave me the warning most explicitly."

MacMurchad dropped his friend's hand and shrugged his shoulders. "Barry Luttrell!" he said, scornfully. "I thought you were speaking seriously."

"I am speaking very seriously," Brian replied. "You may not admire Barry Luttrell, but his warning is worth relying on. You know as well

as I do that, somehow or other, he gets information of what is going on at the Castle; and though he is not a very impassioned patriot, he is a good enough friend to be trusted in this matter."

MacMurchad made a gesture of impatient dissent, and Fermanagh perceiving it, continued.

"Take my advice, Murrugh," he said. "If you will not take Barry Luttrell's. Keep out of the way for to-night, and if needs be for the next few days. You know how fatal it would be to our purposes if you were to be arrested at this moment. For the sake of the cause, if not for your own safety, therefore, I conjure you to run no risk. Even if Barry Luttrell is wrong, you will do no harm by being careful. If he is right, you will have done great harm by rejecting the warning. Believe me, the danger is serious. It comes from Mountmarvel. He has applied for your arrest."

CHAPTER XX.

"IN THE NAME OF THE LAW."

Late on the evening of the same day MacMurchad emerged from the doorway of Brian Fermanagh's house and stood for a moment on the threshold, holding his friend's hand tightly grasped in his.

"To-morrow," said Brian, in a low tone; and "To-morrow," MacMurchad answered, in a yet lower tone.

Then the hands unclasped, and the friends parted. Brian went back into his dwelling, and MacMurchad walked rapidly away, at a pace of feverish impatience, in the direction of the Red Tower.

Brian lived almost in the suburbs of the city, so it was some little time before MacMurchad found himself in that part of the town where he lived. As MacMurchad made his way rapidly through the complicated network of dim streets his mind was so much occupied by his troubled thoughts that he was unaware of certain eccentric phenomena which marked his course.

As he walked through street after street mysterious forms rose up, one after another, from the dusk behind him. From dark doorways, from the gloomy recesses of deserted arches, from lurking-places at the corners of sombre alleys, from the faintly-lit entrances of small and forbidding public-houses solitary figures emerged, and proceeded noiselessly on the track of the Young Irishman.

These curious and ominous phantoms glided in their pursuit with the utmost caution against observation. They skirted the walls in their deepest shadow; they seemed, like the doomed youth in the great tragedy, desirous to encounter darkness like a bride. Cautiously, furtively they stole, these fantastic shadows, on MacMurchad's heels. Every successive street swelled their silent number, added one more to the company of stealthy pursuers.

Before MacMurchad had reached his destination he was dogged by some half a dozen of these strange satellites. They took no notice of each other's presence; their only thoughts appeared to be to keep their quarry well in sight and to keep well out of sight themselves, while zealously preserving the original distances between themselves and MacMurchad, and between themselves and their colleagues in the chase.

The Young Irishman, wholly unaware of his grim followers, strode on rapidly, his brain burning with a thousand wild and perplexing thoughts. As he turned into the archway which led into the dismal quadrangle where the Red Tower stood he did not notice how the little units of pursuit huddled together in a comprehensive group at the mouth of the entrance and stood there silently peering into the darkness after him.

Murrugh knocked lightly at the door of the Tower, and in a moment it swung wide open. The knot of watchers in the archway, craning their heads forward, saw, for a single second, MacMurchad's tall form black against the lighted square of the aperture, a stately silhouette. Then MacMurchad stepped across the threshold, the great door swinging back swallowed up the light with a kind of snap as of the descent of a giant jaw, and all again was darkness and silence in the space about the Red Tower.

Noislessly the synod of shadows about the archway detached itself again into individual shadows. Softly they glided through the archway into the quadrangle. One drew into each corner of the quadrangle and waited there; the two remaining apparitions waited near the door of the Red Tower, in almost voiceless consultation.

Then one of these two quitted his fellow, flitted through the archway

earlier come by the door, spread themselves out into a circle girding the Red Tower.

The ancient building was completely enveloped. The figure standing by the door shifted the weapon he held from his right hand to his left, and, advancing, grasped the rusty knocker, and knocked loudly.

The clanging echoes died away into silence without awakening any signs of life in the Red Tower.

There was a moment's pause. Then the man knocked again yet more noisily, and called out in a loud, clear voice "Open, in the name of the law."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Deserving Poor."

Dives and I on crowded street. An aged beggar chanced to meet; Dives passed by with sterile frown. And said, to argue conscience down: I treat all such with rule unwavering. How can one know when they're deserving?"

"You're right," I cried, with nodding head I sold for Dives for my bread; But since the mind is heaven-born. And earthly fetters hold in scorn, I thought, "That wretch and many more Starve through those words, 'Deserving poor.'"

And then, because I haply knew How Dives rich and richer grew. I sneered (in thought), "Such careful aims, Such nice, discriminating qualms, Should be observed in rule unwavering. But by the rich who are deserving."

The Girl of the Passing Year.

Have you given glory to God, in word, in deed and in look? Have you made life about you so joyful that peace and good-will have come down and shed fragrance over all? Has the hasty word, the angry look, the petulant reply been counted as of nothing? How much good-will have you shown to the erring brother or sister? How much and how often have you put out a helping hand and the word that should go with it, the word that says "Be of good cheer, you are among us and you are with us, the little Child born so many years ago makes no distinction between the sinners and those who are not, and He came into this world not to save those who had already made a place for themselves, but to show to the sinner the way to joy and happiness, and to make life better and easier for him."

Pat's Request.

In days when flogging was in vogue as a punishment in the Navy, a Scotchman and an Irishman on the arrival of their ship in harbor obtained leave to go ashore for a couple of days, and having indulged in a drop too much they overstayed the period of leave granted them. When they did put in an appearance they were ordered fifty lashes each. On the day of the punishment a parade was ordered to witness the infliction of the flogging. When all was ready, the Scotchman asked, as a favor, to be allowed a piece of canvas on his back while he received his flogging. The captain granted his request, and turning to the Irishman, asked him if he required anything on his back, while he was being flogged, to which he replied: "If ye please, yer honor, I'd loike to have the Scotchman on my back if ye wouldn't mind."

The great popularity of Ayer's Pills as a cathartic is due no less to their promptness and efficacy than to their coating of sugar and freedom from any injurious effects. Children take them readily. See Ayer's Almanac for this year, just out.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil. This great internal and external remedy always allays all pain. It is a specific for croup, and promptly cures coughs, colds, sore throat, sprains, bruises, burns, rheumatism, cuts, wounds, etc. Good for man or beast. Stands all tests. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents. Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

Cutloden Cullings. GENTLEMEN.—In 1888 I was severely afflicted with gravel of the kidneys from which I suffered great pain. I was recommended to take Burdock Blood Bitters, which I did, finding great relief, and after taking a bottle can truly say I am cured and have not since been troubled. I highly recommend it.

PETER WEST, Cutloden P. O., Ont. A Prompt Result. DEAR SIRS,—Two years ago I was very ill with jaundice and tried many medicines which did me no good until I was advised to try B. B. B. when, after using half a bottle, I was effectually cured.

CHARLOTTE MORTON, Elphinstone, Man. Coming Events. Coming consumption is foreshadowed by a hacking cough, night sweats, pain in the chest, etc. Arrest its progress at once by taking Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which never fails to cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., and even in confirmed consumption affords great relief.

Six Year's Suffering. DEAR SIRS,—I was troubled for six years with erysipelas, and two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters entirely cured me. I keep B. B. B. constantly in the house and think it an effectual cure for all diseases caused by bad blood.

MRS. M. DOWSETT, Portland, Ont.

MRS. WARD'S HUMILIATION.

I will relate Mrs. Ward's story of her first humiliation. She told it in a circle of young Catholic mothers who were conversing together respecting the discipline required to train children in Catholic habits. "It is the story of my own humiliation and discomfiture that I will expose," said Mrs. Ward as she began. "I was just fourteen when my parents, influenced by our family physician, determined to send me into the country to spend my summer vacation at Uncle Tobin's. This uncle had been my mother's favorite brother until he turned farmer by marrying the widow of a land owner, who chose to remain on her own estate. This sufficed to convince my parents that she was an unrefined, ignorant country woman, and that uncle, who had been unfortunatly in business, had made a fool of himself in order to repair his losses. All intimacy ceased; uncle would not venture to bring his wife to our house, and would not come without her. He often, however, invited us to visit his family, and sent us as presents the choicest products of his farm. Gifts of equal or greater value were scrupulously returned, and there the intercourse ended until real anxiety for my health induced the proposed visit.

At that budding age, as was natural, I had a head full of city notions and manners full of city airs. I thought country people little above the Hottentots.

It was on a Wednesday that my father placed me on the cars to make the journey, and I was received by Mr. Tobin and Alice, who was near my own age. Determined not to be pleased, I was still surprised on reaching the carriage to see such fine horses and elegant turnout, but Alice was very unlike my city companions, and persuaded of my own superiority, I thought this an occasion for exhibiting my city manners and that in strict justice my visit should be recognized as a real condescension.

Aunt Tobin came to the carriage to welcome me and with great cordiality led me into the house and from the first made me feel that home feeling which is so essential to happiness, neither keeping me at a distance by reserve and neglect in offering such small attentions as all strangers, however nearly related, require to place them at their ease, nor petting me with affected and extravagant kindness. My manners must have been very disagreeable, but no apparent notice was taken of them. By Sunday, then, I was thoroughly a part of the household, moving about complacently like the little princess I believed myself. The church, which had been erected and furnished principally by Aunt Tobin's exertions, was a mile and a half distant and the weather was so sultry that on rising I concluded no one would venture out—I had yet to learn the Catholic heart of the presiding angel of this farm house. Aunt, at the breakfast table, remarked to uncle that she thought all walk to church by starting early and walking leisurely and save the trouble of harnessing the horses to stand so long in the sun. Uncle appealed to me and I was willing to walk if I had to go; so we were all sent to prepare ourselves and come to the sitting room. I was the last at the rendezvous and aunt was speaking about the offering at Mass. Every child held an open purse in its hand when I entered, but aunt smiled and praised my taste and neatness in the arrangement of my attire and when I was seated she went on calling the name of each child and asked what amount was set apart—she wished the offering to be given willingly and not at her dictation. Finally she turned to me and asked, "Adelaide, and what will you offer?" I blushed crimson, for never in my life had I given a penny in church. I had no money and no purse. Mama had told me there would be no possible use for money in the country. Tears of shame flowed with my blushes; my city manners did not fit well in this place. I could do nothing but cry. Then my aunt patted me as she had not done before and sweetly comforted me, and I loved her ever afterwards. She said that my not carrying a purse was all right, that my father contributed for the family instead of our making separate offerings, but that she wished all her children to form the habit and never forget the strict duty of supporting the Church. What they offered they had earned. The gift represented a personal sacrifice.

The eldest, Alice, crocheted articles of use in the house that aunt purchased; the youngest kept a certain garden plot free of weeds. Sometimes she paid for diligent study or specially good behavior. "Think," aunt said, "how Jesus Christ died in agony on the cross in order to establish the Church for the benefit of the whole world and can we be so thoughtless as not to contribute towards its support; besides the offering at the Mass makes the one who offers a share in a special way in its benefits. So, Adelaide, she continued, while you are with us if you want to do as Alice and the rest do, you too shall earn your money. We made a bargain; I was to do some fancy work for the altar, she would furnish material and give a fair price for the work and, in advance, she gave me fifteen cents, as Alice had signified her intention of offering a dime at Mass and five cents at Vespers, adding that I should do as I wished about giving the whole. But I did wish and was never so happy as when I received the loan and resolved to be diligent at my work and carry a purse of my own. Alice, with a delicacy of refinement admirable in city or country, took fifteen cents from the contents of her purse and tied it in the corner of her handkerchief and re-

THE BELLS.

How Edgar Allan Poe's Famous Poem Came to be Written.

Raphael S. Payne has told how Poe wrote "The Bells," that wonderfully melodious production that is attempted by more readers than should dare it. Mr. Payne says: It was in the winter of 1849 that a young lawyer who had recently been admitted to the bar in Baltimore, was sitting late one evening before his cheerful fire in his office indulging in a reverie, when he was suddenly aroused from dreamland by a loud knock at his front door. The lawyer arose and went to the door. As he opened it and looked out he observed a gentleman wildly gesticulating, who appeared to be talking to himself. "Did you knock?" inquired the lawyer. "Yes, sir," was the reply, in a pleasant tone, "and I trust you will pardon me for disturbing you at so late an hour. I should not have done so had not some thoughts come to me as I was passing along which I very much desired to put upon paper. Seeing your light, I ventured to obtain permission to enter your office, where I might, through your kindness, be allowed some paper on which to jot them together."

MOZART.

A Devoted Son of Holy Church.

Mozart was noted for his devotion to religion. In that interesting work, "Music and Morals," by the Rev. R. H. Haweis, the author remarks: "Mozart, born in 1756 at Salzburg, was a man of the most singularly well-balanced character. His natural disposition seemed all good, his affectional instincts all healthy, and his religious life earnest and practical." The following passage out of one of his letters to his father in 1782 will give a better idea of the man's rare simplicity and feeling than pages of eulogy: "Previous to our marriage we had for some time past attended Mass together, as well as went to confession and Holy Communion together, and I found that I never prayed so fervently nor confessed so plainly as by her side, and she felt the same. In short, we were made for each other, and God, who orders all things, will not forsake us." Farther on the author says: "Contrasted with these lighter moods, it is striking to observe a deep undertone of seriousness, as when he assures his father of his regularity at confession, and exclaims: "I always have God before my eyes. Friends that have no religion cannot long be my friends. I have such a sense of religion that I shall never do anything that I would not do before the whole world." We recognize the loving, unspoiled heart of the boy Mozart in his words. "Next to God comes papa." The greater number of his Masses were written before his twenty-third year. Mozart died at Vienna, in the year 1791. There is something very touching in the circumstances of his death. His sweetest son was the last he sang—the "Requiem." He had been employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspirations of the richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his "Cyrean strain," he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter awoke him. "Come hither," said he, "my Emilie. My task is done—the 'Requiem'—my 'Requiem' is finished."

"Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him, with tears in her eyes; "you must be better—you look better; for even now your cheek has a glow on it. I am sure we shall nurse you well again—let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father, "this sweet form can never be restored by human aid. From heaven's mercy alone do I look for help in this, my dying hour. You spoke of refreshments, my Emilie—take those my last notes—sit down to my piano here—sing with me—let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solace and delight." Emilie obeyed. As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then, turning for the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still and joyous spirit left—with the seal of death upon those features.

A Grand Old Catholic.

Sir Edward Kenny, in whose veins, there never coursed a drop of bigoted blood, and who died quite recently at Halifax, N. S., left a will in which these items appear: To Mother Kenny of the Sacred Heart Convent at Marysville, in St. Louis, \$2,000, and to his three sons, who are priests—one a Benedictine and another a Jesuit—\$3,000 each. The remainder of his large fortune was divided among his children and charitable institutions. His son, Thomas C. Kenny, is a member of the Canadian parliament. Mother Kenny has two sisters, one the wife of Admiral Fane of the British Navy, and the other the wife of the governor of Nova Scotia. What a proud record!

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Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

Advertisements must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, January 16, 1892.

FANATICISM REBUKED.

The Orangemen of Detroit, who are for the most part an importation from Canada, feel very sore over certain Catholic religious processions which have recently taken place in that city.

On the 13th ult. a church was dedicated by the Right Rev. Bishop Foley, and he was accompanied to the new church by a procession in which the Knights of St. John, the Catholic Cadets and other Catholic societies took part, besides some bands of music.

Several of these organizations have handsome uniforms, and some of them bear arms, and are skilful in military manoeuvres. On this occasion they applied their training to add eclat to the demonstration in honor of the opening of the House of God.

The Orangemen took offence at this, and inaugurated a movement to prevent such demonstrations in future. The demonstrations were perfectly harmless, and highly commendable, and certainly they were not intended to give offence to any one, as they were purely of a religious character; but several religious banners were displayed by the processionists.

Along with the Catholic banners, it has always been customary to display the flag of the United States, which, in that country is, of course, very proper. It may well be supposed that this is one of the objections which the Orangemen have to such demonstrations, but their indignation is chiefly directed against the display of Catholic banners. The violence, however, which they have frequently employed in Toronto and elsewhere in Ontario in order to effect their purpose would not suit the atmosphere of Detroit, and so they were obliged to content themselves with passing resolutions against the Catholic demonstrations on the plea that they obstruct the use of the streets by the citizens generally, and that those who are worshipping in the various churches are interrupted in the due observance of the day.

The Orange resolutions ended in smoke, as they deserved, but they succeeded in enlisting some of the Baptist preachers on their side, and at a small meeting of these ministers held on the 21st ult. resolutions were passed declaring that they were much pained at the "conduct of so-called religious processions in our city on the Lord's day, these parades often taking the form of a military display of men in arms." A deputation was then appointed to wait on the Mayor to ask him to take steps to prevent such demonstrations hereafter.

The delegation waited on Mr. Mayor Pingree, and presented their petition in accordance with their resolution; and they were courteously informed that he would consult the legal advisers of the city council on the subject. He accordingly sent the resolution to Judge Speed, who, after duly considering the matter, gave his opinion in writing, and the document was published by the Detroit papers.

The judge states that the city council has no authority to prevent such displays as the ministers complained of. It has no power to enact laws dictating the manner in which the Sabbath is to be observed. It is not forbidden that men in arms shall parade to church, even when accompanied by bands of music, if they conduct themselves in an orderly manner; and it is not pretended that the Catholic young men were otherwise than orderly and well conducted.

As to interfering with public travel, the judge pointed out that in modern cities processions of large bodies of men frequently take place, and it is not considered that they interfere seriously with the public convenience. He, therefore, declared it to be his opinion that the courts would regard as invalid any ordinance forbidding such processions.

There was, in fact, a case decided by the Supreme Court of Michigan which applies directly to the present case. The Judge said that the Supreme Court refused to admit the

claim of the municipal authorities of Grand Rapids to prevent the marching of the Salvation Army on Sunday. He also quoted the opinion of the Chief Justice who said, when delivering judgment:

"All persons who resort to cities must accept the inconveniences with the benefits which attend such communities. Those things which must be expected must be endured if they are within the bounds of propriety."

We are informed that the Baptist ministers are very indignant against the mayor and the judge for having treated them discourteously; but they have only themselves to blame for the ridiculous position in which they placed themselves by becoming a catspaw for the Orangemen. We witnessed a somewhat similar display of spleen on the part of the Ontario ministers who received a like snubbing from the Governor-General, Lord Stanley, when they similarly interfered in matters which did not concern them on the occasion of their presentation of a petition to the Quebec settlement of the Jesuit Estates disallowed. The pent-up rage of the bigots of this province was then let loose against Lord Stanley and his advisers, but they might as well have "bayed the moon," and the Baptists of Detroit are in the same position. The event may teach them to mind their own business, and in that case it will be of great benefit to them. It is a lesson they needed very much.

RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR EDUCATION.

The late Dr. Brownson, who passed through so many grades of Protestantism, including Universalism, and even through Spiritualism and Infidelity, before he found in the Catholic Church a haven of rest secure from the various winds of doctrine by which he was tossed about, was well qualified to tell of the secret springs whereby these bodies caused their ideas to be set in motion and promulgated among the American people. He was endowed with extraordinary mental powers; his energy was commensurate with his learning; and he was both ardent and earnest in promulgating his views, in whatsoever company he chanced to be at the time.

He has told us that the system of secular, or Godless, schools was sprung upon the people of the United States by agreement of an Infidel association, or committee which recommended it for the express purpose of preparing the way for the diffusion of their principles of negation in religion, and we know by the results, which have transformed that country almost into a nation of unbelievers, that the scheme was wonderfully adapted to attain the object for which it was inaugurated.

It is not surprising, then, that the Infidels of Canada, especially those earnest ones who interest themselves in propagating Infidelity, should be enamored of the scheme, and should endeavor to have it regarded here as the only plan which is deserving of Government support.

Mr. Allen Pringle, of Selby, Ont., is one of the propagandists we have described. He has written pamphlets with the express object of undermining or destroying Christian faith, and he is not merely a deist, but he has aimed in his writings at raising in Canada a crop of Atheists. In this respect he goes beyond even Bob Ingersoll and Tom Paine. Col. Ingersoll does not profess to deny the existence of a God; but he pretends to have a higher conception of the nature of God. "If there is a God," than that which is given in the Bible. Tom Paine expressly declares in his "Age of Reason," that he believes in a God, and that God's existence is proved by His works. But Mr. Pringle's pamphlets pretend to prove that from such premises God's existence cannot be inferred.

It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that Mr. Pringle should advocate, in a letter which appeared in the columns of the Mail a few days ago, the complete secularization of the schools as the only method of education suitable to the people of Ontario. In fact, he regards secularized schools as the most efficacious means for the propagation of his Atheistic principles, and so far he is in the right. There is no surer method to raise a generation of Atheists than entirely to exclude religious teaching from the schools.

Mr. Pringle's letter may possibly have one good effect. It may bring the Protestants of this Province to understand why it is that there is one class of people who are in earnest in the advocacy of secular education, pure and simple. A letter which appeared in the Mail of the 7th inst. from Mr. Clare L. Worrell, of the Kingston Mil-

tary School, proves that some Protestants penetrate Mr. Pringle's purpose. Mr. Worrell, who seems to have been an experienced teacher of Ontario, says:

"His (Mr. Pringle's) article is throughout a piece of special pleading on behalf of secularism, while the true subject for consideration is left untouched. There is certainly a difficulty in 'teaching everybody's religion to everybody,' but I deny that it is impracticable. On the contrary I assert that no solution of the school question will ever be reached until its practicability be fully demonstrated. The great majority of people on this continent are Christians, and as such believe that the perfect man does not consist of body and mind alone, but that he has a spirit as well, and therefore there is no complete education so long as the spiritual part is not developed equally with the physical and intellectual."

There appears to be some confusion in Mr. Worrell's ideas in the notion that the mind and spirit are two distinct parts of human nature, but his argument that the spiritual in man should be developed, in a complete system of education, is irrefragable. The object of a State school in a mixed community should not be to rear all children in Mr. Pringle's creed, which ignores God; but it should assist parents in affording to their children a complete education, doctrinal and moral, as well as secular. Thus Mr. Worrell maintains:

"Those who are responsible both to God and man for the proper bringing up of a child have surely a right to say on what principles he is to be trained—provided always he does not demand what would be reasonably likely to produce evil results."

But Mr. Worrell argues only for the rights of the majority: "the rights of the majority should be respected." This is very true; but minorities have rights as well as majorities; and it is the more necessary to respect rights of minorities than those of majorities. The majority is able to maintain its own rights, but the minority depends much on the good will and equity of the majority, who ought on that account to be all the more considerate to their weaker fellow-citizens. Mr. Worrell, notwithstanding his advocacy of religious education, declares that "Separate schools have too many attendant evils to be desirable." The very fact that he desires religious education to be necessary demonstrates the necessity of Separate schools for Catholics. We could never consent to have Catholic children taught such religion as teachers hostile to their faith would impart. There is no common religion which might be taught by Protestant teachers of different creeds to Catholic and Protestant alike, and as we are convinced that Mr. Worrell means well, we think he would himself see the justice of the Catholic claim to Separate Catholic schools in which the religion of Catholic parents would be taught, if he would only consider the logical consequences of his own reasoning.

PRESBYTERIANISM vs. UNITARIANISM.

A young Japanese named Mr. Tozo Ohno is studying in Knox College, Toronto, for the Presbyterian ministry, which he proposes to exercise in his own country in due time. He is now being indoctrinated with the theology of Calvin, which it appears he readily accepts as the revealed truth of God, notwithstanding the fact that Presbyterians themselves are calling out loudly for a revision of their standards which will exclude from their creed those distinctive doctrines which render Calvinism so odious to the Christian sentiment which pictures God as a Being infinitely holy and incapable of the injustice which strict Calvinism attributes to Him in His dealings with the reprobate.

When the revision of the Presbyterian doctrine will be concluded, there is no doubt that the chapters of the Westminster Confession which teach that God has passed by a large portion of the human race, in the distribution of His grace, to such an extent that it may be truly said of them that they were created for perdition, will be expunged, or changed so as to be brought more into accord with the belief of modern Presbyterians, who, as it is well known, do not believe this doctrine.

The Unitarianism of to-day is undoubtedly the outcome of Presbyterianism, though it must be admitted that the teaching of that sect which includes a denial of the divinity of Christ dates back to a much earlier period than the days of Calvinism. This teaching is similar to that of the Arians, who had propagated their error to an alarming extent even before the assembling of

the Council of Nice in the year 325. But the unmistakable terms in which the divinity of the Son of God was declared by the council in the famous Nicene Creed was a death-blow to the dangerous error, which, though it was still maintained with pertinacity for a considerable period by many, finally died out, and was not revived until the reaction took place in Presbyterianism against the doctrines promulgated by John Calvin.

Unitarianism and Universalism are practically the same thing under two different names. The chief difference between the two consists in this, that the former system gives more prominence to the doctrine that Christ is only a man, while the latter insists more upon the final salvation of all mankind. These two sects, however, maintain both of these doctrines. Convinced of God's justice and mercy, they preferred to believe that all men are finally saved, rather than adhere to the doctrine which they had practically been taught by their Presbyterian parents and ministers, that God had created some men for the purpose of damning them eternally, and that such were shut out from the benefit of redemption, not by any want of good will on their part, but because God did not give them grace sufficient to preserve them in the paths of justice and rectitude.

Notwithstanding the fact that Unitarianism and Universalism thus owe their existence to the grafting of a truer conception of God's mercy and justice upon the erroneous Presbyterian theory, these sectaries are held in great horror by orthodox Presbyterians; and Mr. Tozo Ohno has inherited this horror. He has considerable ability, and has many times lectured in English at missionary meetings, especially those which had for object the conversion of Japan to Presbyterianism.

At these meetings Mr. Ohno has several times deplored the divisions which exist among Protestants as being one of the chief obstacles to the conversion of the country. In this he is undoubtedly correct, as the astute Japanese mind naturally leads to the enquiry whether Christ has revealed all the contradictory doctrines which are being taught by the missionaries of the various sects, and the enquirers are very slow to embrace any of them when they find that these inconsistencies all arise from the doctrine of private interpretation, which is almost the only thing they agree in teaching.

But Mr. Ohno finds another obstacle in the spread of infidelity under the form of Unitarianism. It is evident, therefore, that he has been carefully instructed in Knox College, to the effect that the Unitarians are not Christians. But why should a Presbyterian college thus teach its students to regard as un-Christian, or anti-Christian, a sect of which Presbyterianism is the undoubted parent?

After all, the Unitarians naturally and logically deduce their doctrine from the doctrines of Presbyterians, and considering that we have of late heard so much of exercising Christian charity by having the sects recognize each other as working for one object, notwithstanding their diversity in creed, we cannot understand why the Unitarians, who claim the right to put into practice the great Protestant principle of private interpretation of Scripture, should be thus unceremoniously treated as non-Christians.

From the Catholic point of view, it is easily understood that we should be on our guard against those who, rejecting the infallible authority of the Church of God, teach a gospel different from that which has been handed down from the Apostles; but Presbyterianism, which repudiates the existence of any unerring living authority, seems to us to be very un-maternal in rejecting fellowship with a Church which is one of its own children by logical inference.

We may also remark here that as the Japanese Presbyterian Church has already adopted what may be considered a revised creed, shorn of extreme Calvinism, it will be necessary for Mr. Ohno to change his creed when he will return to Japan, otherwise his teaching will not be acceptable. Of course the Knox College professors taught him full blown Calvinism; for they had to bind themselves so to do in order to be Presbyterian clergymen. Should they not have anticipated revision by teaching Mr. Ohno the future instead of present Presbyterianism, in order to fit him for his work? Doing this might not have been very consistent, but it would have suited Mr. Ohno's circumstances better than what seems to have been done in his regard, for he may find it difficult

to understand that what is true doctrine in a Toronto Presbyterian pulpit, will become false if preached in Yeddo or Tokio.

We observe that a Unitarian correspondent in the Mail of the 5th instant is very justly indignant at the manner in which Unitarianism is treated by Mr. Ohno's professors.

OLD TESTAMENT PROPHECIES.

The case of Rev. Dr. Workman, a Professor of Victoria University, Cobourg, which in 1890 and '91, created so much excitement in Methodist circles, has been once more a subject of debate between the regents of that institution. It will be remembered by our readers that the Doctor was the Professor of Old Testament exegesis in the theological department of the university, a position very similar to that which Prof. Briggs holds in the Presbyterian Union Theological Seminary of New York. The resemblance between the two professors does not stop here; for Professor Workman gave utterance to views, not indeed precisely the same with those expressed by Dr. Briggs, but which tend to destroy the force of one of those strong evidences to which the defenders of religion have always confidently appealed as demonstrative of the truth of Christianity.

In a lecture delivered first in the university, and afterwards in Elm street Methodist church, Toronto, the professor set forth the view that there is no prophecy in the Old Testament which had actually Jesus Christ in view as the Messiah who was to come on earth for the redemption of mankind, and no fulfillment of any prophecies in the New Testament, in the sense that passages of the Old Testament which foretold persons or events, found their accomplishment in the New.

In May, 1891, the Regents of the university called the professor to account for this heretical teaching, and as he occupied two positions, one in the theological and the other in the arts department, he was dismissed from the theological chair, though permitted to retain his arts professorship.

The Doctor was dissatisfied with this decision, so he requested the Board of Regents to reconsider it, and for this purpose they met on Wednesday, the 6th inst. After a warm discussion, which lasted till 2 o'clock a. m. on Thursday, it was decided by a vote of 10 to 8 to adhere to the previous resolution of the Board, whereupon Dr. Workman, considering the decision to be a slur upon his teaching, resigned his position, and his resignation was accepted on the same vote.

While we certainly do not recognize any authority in the Methodist Church to decide controversies of faith, inasmuch as it is but a human institution, and is itself in a state of rebellion against the one Church which Christ instituted, and which has continued without interruption to the present time, we prefer that the sects of Protestantism should adhere to those doctrines of Christianity which they still retain, rather than that they should decline into utter infidelity, as so many among them are doing. We therefore freely say that the action of the Cobourg Regents compares most favorably with that of the Faculty of the Union Theological Seminary, and the Presbytery of New York, in sustaining Dr. Briggs, whose teachings were still further on the down grade than that of Dr. Workman.

At the time when the Dr. was dismissed from his theological position we gave some instances of prophecy which had clearly their fulfillment in Christ. We shall here state only one fact, that Christ Himself frequently appealed to the Old Testament prophecies as being fulfilled in Him; as when at Jerusalem He said to the unbelieving Jews: "Search the Scriptures, for you think in them to have life everlasting; and the same are they that give testimony of me." (St. Jno. v. 39.) This passage of itself is sufficient to refute completely Dr. Workman's theory, and to make it a matter of surprise that any one should profess to believe, as Dr. Workman does, that Christianity is a Revelation from God, while denying a truth so plainly and frequently proclaimed as this is, by Christ and His Apostles.

It is not a good omen for the perseverance of Methodism in sound doctrine, that the adherents of Dr. Workman were able to make the vote so close on a question so vital to Christianity.

It is not the good we intend to do to-morrow, but that we are doing to-day, that the devil is afraid of.

POPE PIUS IX. AND THE FREEMASONS.

The statement made by Mons. Floquet, the President of the French Chamber of Deputies, during the debate on the Concordat with the Pope, regarding Pope Pius IX., has renewed the discussion of an exploded calumny which the Freemasons many years ago circulated against that illustrious and holy Pontiff. When Paul de Cassagnac arraigned the Freemasons for their persistent attacks upon religion, Mons. Floquet called him to order saying, "I will not permit any one to insult the Freemasons, for I am one myself, just as Pope Pius IX. was."

It is no wonder that Mons. de Cassagnac was indignant that this barefaced falsehood should be repeated by one from whose position we ought not to expect an unproved, and much less a notoriously false, statement, and, advancing toward the President's chair, the resolute Bonapartist said: "Mr. President, in the name of my political friends, and in the presence of this Chamber, I say that you are a liar."

The reply was not in the style we would wish to see preserved in the debates of a respectable deliberative body; but it is certain that M. de Cassagnac had truth if not politeness on his side, and in the heat of debate, under great provocation, we can palliate, if not entirely excuse, his bitterness.

It is difficult to conceive why the Freemasons are so anxious to make it appear that Pius IX. was a member of their organization. If it were true, it would be an evidence of his folly and insubordination when he was a young man, that is to say, at the time of his becoming a Mason; and we might reasonably infer from his subsequent strong condemnation of the society that he had repented of his folly and had abandoned it when he discovered for himself the evils inherent in the organization.

The story concerning the late Pope's connection with the Freemasons originated in the Italian Freemason papers about thirty years ago. It was stated that he had joined the lodge of the "Endless Chain" in Palermo in 1839, and a document was published which purported to be the diploma granted to Giovanni Mastai Ferretti, which was the Pope's name before his election as Head of the Church. Another story was to the effect that in the same year as mentioned above—1839—he became a member of a lodge in Philadelphia, and it was said further that there were some documents in possession of one of the lodges of Philadelphia in which the name of Jeano Marie Mastai Ferretti figured as a Freemason.

Both of these stories were investigated at the time when they were published, and were proved to be untrue. It was found that there was no such lodge as the "Endless Chain" in Palermo in 1839; and as to his having been initiated into a lodge in Philadelphia, it was proved that though he had been seen by Gregory XVI. on a mission as Legate to Chili, the Holy Father was never in North America. It is also said that he was never in Palermo. The Pope himself denied that there was any truth in either of the statements, though he never thought it worth his while to issue any official denial on the subject, as the statements were beneath his notice. But an investigation was made by Mons. Caubet, once chief of the Paris police, and a high Masonic official, into the statement concerning the Palermo initiation, which he found to be an impudent fabrication without foundation in fact.

The Philadelphia fabrication was exploded in 1865 by the Grand Master of Pennsylvania, Hon. Richard Vaux, and the Grand Secretary, John Thompson, who published a letter with their signatures in the *Monde* *Maconique*, stating that the name of the Pope was not to be found on the register of any lodge within their jurisdiction, and that the nearest name to that of the Pope was found on the register of a lodge in Havana, the name being Martin Ferrety.

The anxiety of Masons to have it believed that the Pope was a member of one of their lodges is quite on a par with their usual practice of pretending that it is a common thing for priests and practical Catholics to be Freemasons. They make this pretence for the purpose of inveigling Catholics into their ranks. But the fact is that all who join the order are excommunicated from the Church by the very act, and they cannot be absolved, except when in danger of death, until they are absolved by the Pope himself from the sentence of excommunication which they have incurred.

This penalty is inflicted by the Pope

Columbia's Flower. Upon a day in merry May, Among the buds of spring, Our country lass, Columbia, Went lightly wandering...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Hid in the Christmas Mist.

It was a narrow yard with rows of holly-hocks down each side of a grass plot and at the foot a little sand pile with a toy spade and bucket beside it.

Baby had stopped digging a well in the sand and thrown down her spade to watch something which was crawling about in the grass.

When baby's papa came home he was shown the new treasure. Baby's papa disliked creeping things, they made him shiver; but baby loved them; that was enough; so he let the caterpillar crawl over his hands.

It was Christmas. The yard was covered with snow and it looked narrower than ever, and the sandpile at the foot was a little white mound.

What Does It Mean. "Father, what does it mean to be a drunkard? Maggie Gray said you were a drunkard, and her father said so, too!"

long boots with red lacings and tassels, she had a better appreciation of the change which had taken place. Since then she has often received beautiful gifts, and always she remembers, with a grateful heart, that her father is not a drunkard.

ABOUT ALTAR BOYS.

An Open Letter from One Who Knows Them.

It is my lot—perhaps I ought to say my happy lot—to be quite well acquainted, and in fact to have a good deal to do with a certain set of altar-boys.

Sometimes I get them together—the process resembling that of getting so many little rolling balls of mercury together—and try to tell them what a real earnest altar-boy ought to be.

But at first the boys think it hard to listen, and though sometimes, when they do listen, their faces grow very serious, and you can see they are touched by what they hear,—alas! as we all know, a boy's memory is very short and presently saints and angels seem quite forgotten for the sake of some silly whisperer to a comrade, some idle laugh or wandering gaze, some foolish bit of fun.

Now if I may be permitted to speak from some ten years' experience with the race of altar-boys, the truth comes very greatly from two things. First, the boys do not recognize sufficiently the dignity of their position.

But secondly, they need systematic training in this. An altar-boy is something more than a machine to speak Latin, and carry cruets, and light candles; he is something more than an ordinary Sunday-school scholar.

Catholicity in Mexico. The following view of the position of the Church in Mexico is that of Mr. F. R. Guernsey of the Boston Herald, a Protestant correspondent intelligently bent upon writing the truth.

What the policy of the new Archbishop will be is not yet disclosed, but it is rumored that he will try to bring about a better feeling between the rulers of the land and its historic Church.

THE GREATEST OF PETITIONS.

The Essence of All Prayers Contained in the "Our Father."

Catholic Columbian.

St. Thomas says: "It is manifest that the first object of our desires is our last end; then, the means to arrive at this end." Our chief end is to desire God's glory and enjoy it.

In the third petition we ask for obedience to God's commandments. In the fourth we ask for all things necessary. In the fifth we beg God to remove from our paths of life sin, because it destroys the love of God in us.

When at peace with our neighbor, God hears us. In the sixth petition, having used the charity God gives to us in the foregoing five petitions, we humbly ask Him directly to shield us from sin by giving us the grace to withstand temptation.

Now, we also say that there is, and must be of a necessity, the most perfect harmony in the "Our Father," as a whole prayer and in each and every one of these seven petitions of which this prayer is composed.

The Council of Rome says: "Unless one knows the 'Our Father' and Apostles' Creed, retains them in his memory, believes them with his whole heart, and frequently uses these prayers he cannot remain a Catholic."

My dear reader, you may say: Why, Father, you make the Lord's Prayer like a sacrament? Our Lord has made the "Our Father" what it is, and it is like a sacrament, with this exception: A sacrament produces its effect when the work is done, but the effect of the "Our Father" comes through the correspondence with grace of the person reciting it.

Never permit the system to become run down, as then it is almost impossible to withstand the ravages of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand at the head of all medicines as a blood builder and nerve tonic, correcting irregularities, restoring lost energies, and building up the system.

A PRIEST WITHOUT HORNS.

An Amusing Incident in the Early Days of Kentucky History.

The following anecdote is authentic, and the young priest who was the principal actor in the episode was Rev. Stephen Hyacinth Montgomery, who, fifty years ago, was president of the Athenaeum, on Sycamore street, Cincinnati, and who afterwards retired to a home at the first chapel erected in Covington, Ky.

In olden times there was much simple credulity manifested by the uneducated pioneers of the West. They were an honest race, and believed implicitly all they heard.

It was a summer's evening, and a light shower having just fallen, the tavern of the respectable village of P. was more than usually blessed with visitors.

Various and sage were the remarks passed upon the newcomer. "He is a parson, and no mistake, that's sartin," said one. "Then coats as he wears was made for parsons," said another.

"Why are you weeping, my child?" said a nun. "Because I die to die, the other answered, 'and die with empty hands.' The nun at once undid the crucifix from around her own neck, and placing it between the clasped hands of the dying woman, said sweetly:

"I reckon you are a stranger in these parts?" was the preparatory interrogatory. "Reckon I am," was the laconic rejoinder.

"You're a buckeye," continued the inquisitor, nothing daunted. "I calculate you are mistaken." "You belong to Virginia?" "Not exactly."

"No, sir." "Ax your pardon, sir; I mean Presbyterian?" "No, sir." "Congregationalist, mayhap?" "I am a Catholic priest, sir!"

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The Children Saints.

See, 'mid the saints of heaven, How the little children stand, Some crowned with brightest glory, Some with palm-branches in the hand!

How true they were, and loyal In every deed and word! And now, like precious jewels, They are ever near our Lord.

And shall not we, dear children, Be faithful, too, and brave, Keeping the laws and counsels That our dearest Master gave?

Yes, we will walk with courage, Though the weary spirit faints, For Paradise awaits us In the footsteps of the saints.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Second Sunday After Epiphany.

PROFANITY.

To-day, my dear brethren, as you know, the Church celebrates the festival of the Holy Name of Jesus: of that name which is above all other names, at which every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess the glory of Him to whom this great name belongs.

Yes, the holy Church does indeed reverence this holy name, and we, her children, do not fail to honor it. Following a pious custom, we bow the head when it is mentioned, and it is to be hoped that we also make at the same time with our hearts an act of homage to Him who bears it, and thank Him for all that He has done for us.

And yet, strange to say, some of these very Christians who pay to the name of their God and Saviour, at least outwardly, this tribute of honor on certain accustomed occasions seem to take at other times a pleasure in trampling it, if I may so speak, in the very dirt under their feet.

Do I say this is strange? Ah! that is far too weak a word. To one who will stop and consider, even for a moment, it seems incredible, impossible that a Christian, one who believes himself to have been created by the great God whose name he bears, and to have been redeemed by Him from the power of the devil, at the cost of His own Precious Blood: who has knelt in prayer before Him: who has received from Him the pardon of his sins: who has received Him in His real and true Presence on his tongue in the sacrament which He has instituted with such infinite condescension and love—I say it seems impossible, intolerable, inconceivable, that this wretched worm of the earth, on whom so many and such surpassing favors have been showered by the Divine Goodness, should, with this very tongue on which His God has rested, outrage and insult the name of this God, and that the name which above all others tells how good and merciful He has been.

But you may say it is a habit you have got; that is the excuse which seems good to you, and which you seem to think that God ought to accept. Suppose you had a habit of spitting on your neighbor's face or clothes by preference to any other place, how long would he endure it? It is a habit, yes; but it is one which you can amend and get rid of altogether, and which you are most urgently and seriously bound to get rid of, if you would not have to answer for it at the bar of Him whom this insufferable habit outrages and defies. Take care, take care, take care, I warn and beseech you, for God's sake, for the sake of those who hear you, and for your own sake, that this habit come to an end. Watch, keep guard against it; punish yourself should you even inadvertently fall into it, that your offended God may not have to take the punishment into His own hands.

THE POOR IN SPIRIT.

They are Blessed by the Lord, While the Avaricious Rich are Condemned.

"And seeing the multitude He went up into a mountain, and when He was set His disciples came unto Him, and He opened His mouth and taught them, saying: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'"

These, according to St. Matthew, are the first recorded words of Christ, and how pregnant of meaning and how beautiful of utterance they are! The multitude followed Him to the mountain. It was a multitude made up of the poor and oppressed. Probably in all that multitude there was not one even well-to-do in the world's goods.

The rich and well-born of that day, as of this, did not seek Christ, nor were they sought for by Him. He had said in the synagogue on the Sabbath day: "The spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and the recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those that are bruised."

Blessed words, that after all the centuries come to us now as fresh as when uttered!

"As dew is to the drooping flower, As sunlight to the sea, To my sad heart, oh! gracious Lord, Are Thy dear words to me."

He was known to be poor, and they had followed Him to the mountains. The strange magnetism of His beautiful presence, the sweet, wise utterances had gone to their hearts, and as trustingly as sheep are led by the shepherd, these poor creatures went to their Saviour and gathered about Him, listened, amazed, to the first kinds words given them through all the ages. Their redemption was at hand. The curse of God, put upon Adam and all his race—that by the sweat of the brow should their bread be earned—was turned to a blessing.

Let us realize the condition of humanity at that time. Take from us all that Christianized civilization had done for toiling millions; wipe out the intelligence that has spread to the many; make life a struggle for a bare subsistence, scarcely one remove from the condition of brute—nay, worse, for the brute has its master interested in its health and strength—and our wonder is that His words reached such deadened hearts, and so awakened them to life that they were not only received but treasured. They were so treasured that for over three hundred years these hearts were the only tablets on which they were written. All that the divine Master taught on earth were passed from parent to child, with not a word lost nor a truth misstated. What greater miracle than this!

Nor does the miracle end here. Sunlight science has sent the heavens off into the unfathomable immensity of space. It has taken from us the sun, moon and stars. It has made a note of our earth and atoms of humanity. It has taught us to know that we know next to nothing, and that all the boasted powers of the intellect touch only one little point of a great circle, whirling beyond our poor comprehension into never-ending space and through all eternity. But it has not taken from us our Christ, and to the learned as well as to the unlearned there is comfort and refuge in His love, in His protection, in His wisdom.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

These poor toilers without hope, who saw only between the cradle and the grave hard, unrequited labor, degradation and abuse, and beyond the grave nothing—brutes in human form, brutes with undeveloped manhood in them, possessed only of a strange longing for some better life and higher living—they were spoken to, not by earthly prince or potentate, by no prophet, poet or philosopher, but by a God whose words awoke life in the dead—the dead through thousands and thousands of years—and so He gave sight to the blind, healing to the sick, and deliverance to the imprisoned. He gave them their manhood; he breathed hope into their deadened hearts; He taught them that that which had been their curse should hereafter be their blessing. The sweat of the brow was no longer to be the badge of slavery, but the rain of heaven, that would develop all our being into health.

Since then servitude is the better process to a higher manhood. The masters pine and wither and disappear, the slaves grow strong, and in time become the masters. The brave races now on earth, who have conquered rough nature and made the earth a pleasant abiding place, came up from servitude. It is but a few centuries since our ancestors wore iron collars about their neck and labored under the whips of their masters. Christ was loved and worshiped by the poor and crucified by the rich. He is to-day forgotten by the one and loved by the other. So long as human nature remains as it is, as it was and as it promises ever to be, money-getting will be its curse, its great sin. It deadens the moral nature, destroys the taste, and so hardens the nature that the divine command of "love one another" is impossible. This was the one sin Christ could not easily forgive, the one sinner whose repentance He made almost impossible. To the frightened cry of the rich man, "What shall I do to be saved?" He responded sternly, "Give all thou hast to the poor and follow Me." Fear, not love, dictated the question; justice rendered the answer. Christ demands done impossibility. The leopard could as well change his spots as the rich man his nature. Our Saviour commiserated other sorts of sinner. He consorted with the wicked, looked affectionately upon the Mary Magdalene, forgave the woman caught

A BRAVE BROOKLYN FIREMAN.

Henry Maloney Rescues Three People From a Burning House.

Walter Motteran and his two children would have perished in a burning tenement house in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Dec. 22, but for Henry Maloney, of Truck No. 10, who at great personal risk rescued them in the nick of time.

When the flames had ascended to the roof. Great excitement prevailed among the people who had quickly collected, as it was known that there were several persons in the building whose escape apparently was cut off. Suddenly Motteran, who resided on the third floor, appeared at a window with his two children. He was paralyzed by fear, and made no effort to save himself or little ones by the fire-escape on the front of the building. It would have been a difficult feat anyhow. Smoke, thick and stifling poured out of the windows. A few moments more and the three must have been suffocated.

The spectators were horror-stricken as they gazed; then they gave a wild shout as brave Henry Maloney, adjusting a smoke nozzle to his face to aid his breathing, placed a ladder against the front of the building, and with the agility of an acrobat ascended to Motteran's floor by the fire-escape. He caught up the children, a girl of three, and a boy of five years, and rushing down the ladder, deposited them upon the sidewalk. Up he went again, through flame and smoke, to the window which the flames were already beginning to lick, and taking the dazed father by the hand, half led, half carried him to the street. As both touched the ground, cheer after cheer for the heroic fireman went up from the throats of the multitude.

When Instituted.

The institution of Christmas as a regular festival of the Church is attributed, by decretal letters, to Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D. 188. In the beginning it was the most movable of feasts, being confounded and celebrated with the Epiphany until the year 325. About this time, St. Cyril of Jerusalem became convinced of the importance of finding the exact date of our Saviour's birth, and at his instance, John, Archbishop of Nice, induced Pope Justin I. to make inquiry into the matter. After an extended and careful investigation, the theologians of the East and West, relying chiefly upon the tables of the censors in the archives of Rome, agreed upon the 25th of December. The Greek Church, however, observes it on the 6th of January.

A Remarkable case.—Mr. Walter Wheeler, of the Washington Mills, Lawrence, Mass., for two years afflicted with varicose veins, accompanied by a troublesome eruption, was completely cured after taking only eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

A HAPPY HINT.—We don't believe in keeping a good thing when we hear of it, and for this reason take special pleasure in recommending those suffering with Piles in any form, blind, bleeding, protruding, etc., to Berton's Pile Salve, the best and safest remedy in the world, the use of which cuts short a vast deal of suffering and inconvenience. Send 50 cts to the Winkelman & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order for you.

To invigorate both the body and the brain, use the reliable tonic, Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine.

IN A DAY. LAWRENCE, KANS., U.S.A., Aug. 9, 1888. George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using ST. JACOBS OIL. He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M.D. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

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Table with 2 columns: Prize number and Prize amount. 3134 PRIZES WORTH \$52,740.00. CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00. TICKET \$1.00. 11 TICKETS FOR \$10.00.

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