



Although American women do not literally saw wood yet a great deal of work which is quite as fatiguing as any other...

NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

By KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XII.

Narka went straight home, and hurried up to her room, locked the door, and took out Basil's letter. It was not a long one. This is what he said: "You have not misunderstood my silence. It was not for you, and you are my first care in life. It was enough for each of us to know that the other was well. Don't lose heart. The time will not be long, please Heaven! Let this hope sustain you, as it does me. Every day I remember our last moments together. I am yours forever, through life and death."

It was a cold love letter. But Narka read between the lines all that she wanted to see written there, and the very absence of any terms of endearment had in it a strength of assurance that satisfied her. It surprised her a little that Basil should not have considered the truth about their mutual relationship to Ivan; but she quickly reminded herself that this contrast betwixt his reserve toward a true and devoted friend and his absolute trust in her was only a new proof of his whole-hearted love.

"And so have I loved you all my life," he had said to her when he was placing his mother's ring on her finger. And the memory of those words thrilled Narka with such a great joy that for the moment fear, doubt, anxiety, every feeling but perfect trust and secure happiness in his love gave way. What could Sibly and Marguerite and all the world together do against that love which had grown with his growth, and was strong enough to make him trample pride and every worldly interest underfoot? Narka kissed the letter tenderly, put it into her pocket, and made herself ready to go downstairs.

By the time she had taken off her things she was calm enough to meet her mother, and tell her of the unexpected meeting with Ivan, and the good news of his having seen Basil. This gave them enough to talk about for the rest of the day. Narka's spirits had risen suddenly to overflowing gaiety, and when that evening she sat down to the piano, Madame Larik could not have compared her voice to the crying of a soul in Purgatory. It sounded more like the singing of one of the blessed in heaven, so thrilling was its jubilation, so melting sweet its pathos, filling the whole house with melody, as the song of the bird overflows its cage and floods the surrounding air with music.

And yet, for all she was so happy, Narka slept uneasily that night. She had lain down full of sweet thoughts of Basil, but when she fell asleep she dreamed a dreadful dream about him. He came to fetch her, she thought, and they drove away together. The sleigh flew over the snow for miles and miles; at last they stopped at a stone house standing at the wilderness, with miles of snow stretching round on every side. Basil got out of the sleigh, and lifted her in his strong arms into the low roofed house, and kissed her, and disappeared. Then she found herself alone with a man in a black mask, and wearing the uniform of the police; he stood looking at her in silence through the holes of his mask, until the silent lifted her in his strong arms into the low roofed house, and kissed her, and disappeared.

It was not much to be wondered at that the emotions of the day should have been followed by an agitated night, but this dream was so vivid that it left her nervous for some time after she awoke. She dressed herself quickly, and went down to make the coffee, which she always carried up to her mother in bed. As she passed the entry into the little parlor there was a ring, and presently the maid ushered in a man wearing the hated uniform of the police. "You are Narka Larik?" he said, with the abrupt directness of a person whose business can dispense with formality. "Yes, I am Narka Larik."

"You are in correspondence with Prince Basil Zorokoff?" "No, I am not."

"You are kept informed of his plans, and he left papers in your keeping?" "He left me nothing, and I know nothing of his plans," Narka answered, meeting the sharp scrutiny of Basil's eyes.

Dr. CHASE CURES FATHER AND CHILD

Both afflicted with Eczema of a very troublesome type and cured in a remarkably short while by Dr. Chase's Ointment. "I was troubled for ten years with eczema on one leg; the itching was something terrible; would scratch until the blood came. How I came to know the value of Dr. Chase's Ointment, I have a little girl two years; when she was one year old the same disease began to show upon her face. It was a long time before her face became literally covered with it. In order to keep her from scratching it we had to bandage her hands up. I tried several doctors, but got no relief. Seeing Dr. Chase's Ointment so highly advertised I made up my mind to purchase a box, which I did from one of our leading druggists. The first application I noticed a change. It was then I began to think about myself. With four or five applications, to my surprise, I am completely cured, no sign of the disease, and my little girl's face to-day is clear of all the scabs. I am only too glad to inform any person what a blessing Dr. Chase's Ointment has proved itself."

the police officer without quailing. He seemed staggered, she thought, by her confident bearing. "Will you swear to that?" he demanded. "I am not in the habit of swearing," she replied, with quiet hauteur. "To those who know me my word suffices."

"But to those who do not know you it does not suffice," observed the officer; and he drew from his pocket a long flat case, opened it, and disclosed an image of St. Nicholas. "Swear upon that," he said, holding it out to her. "Swear by the blessed St. Nicholas that you have in your possession no papers belonging to Basil Zorokoff."

For one moment Narka hesitated. For one moment conscience staggered back from the dreadful consummation; her tongue was held, as the murderer's finger is held on the trigger before he pulls it; red lightning danced before her; then everything was a blank. She laid her hand on the icon, and said, "I swear it."

The officer deliberately closed the case and put it back into his pocket. "Another time I will take your word," he said, with a cruel smile. "You have perjured yourself, and you are my prisoner. Come!"

CHAPTER XIII.

The de Beaurillon was at Naples. M. de Beaurillon had gone for a cruise in a friend's yacht, and Basil, who was staying at a hotel close by, had come to accompany Sibly and Marguerite in their afternoon ride. Just as the party were about to start, however, Sibly was seized with a shivering fit, and said she had taken a chill, and would stay at home. Marguerite declared she did not in the least mind giving up the ride, and was quite ready to stay with her; but Sibly scouted the notion of this, and insisted on her going for her ride with Basil. Marguerite, reluctant to leave her, and shrinking a little from the long tete-a-tete with Basil, gave in, as everybody did to Sibly, and the two set out together.

Sibly watched them from the window as they mounted and rode away, and said within herself, impatiently, "If he has any sense he will have decided his own future and Marguerite's before I see them again."

Basil suspected that the chill had been invented in order to provide him precisely with this opportunity, and it annoyed him. Sibly had done her utmost to induce him to pay his court to Marguerite, and cure her of the silly delusion about her call to be a Sister of Charity; but Basil had positively refused to make any such attempt. "If she has set her heart on a grand ideal," he said, "I am not such a fool as to imagine I could turn her from it by making love to her."

His manner toward Marguerite was perfect—a mixture of chivalrous respect and brother-like familiarity—and it irritated Sibly the more because she could not find any fault with it. It had seemed to her, however, that within the last few days Basil showed signs of falling, unconsciously perhaps, but unmistakably, under the spell of Marguerite's charm, and she was determined to give him every opportunity of becoming hopelessly enslaved. To day, however, the chill had been an honest chill, though it served her purpose.

But the manoeuvring did not further her designs. The ride was a success as a ride, but an absolute failure as an opportunity for flirtation, or even conversation. On returning to the hotel they found that Sibly was in her room. She had grown rapidly worse, and the doctor had been sent for, and ordered her to bed at once. She sent word that Basil was to stay and dine, and she hoped after an hour or two's rest to be better, and able to see him in the evening. This was all very clever, but Basil was not duped by it; it annoyed him, and he would have gone back to dine at his hotel if he had not been afraid it might have seemed to Marguerite rude or stupid. So they dined alone. After dinner Sibly's maid came to say that Madame la Comtesse had a frightful headache, and could not see either of them.

Basil went away about 9 o'clock. It was the end of January, but the weather was as balmy as if it had been September. The sky was deep blue, and full of stars, Orion prominent, striding across the zenith with his glittering belt and his sword and his dogs. Basil wondered whether he was shining more brilliantly in the Northern skies at Yrakow than here at Naples, and whether Narka was looking at the same constellations from her window amid the snow. He thought a great deal about Narka. Since Marguerite's arrival she was seldom out of his mind. The loyalty of his nature was in arms to protect her rights from the peril of Marguerite's presence. He said to himself a score of times a day, "She is a noble woman, she loves me, and I owe her my life." Narka might have looked into his heart all the day long and not detected one disloyal throb there. And yet, if she could have seen how sternly his honor was mounting guard over her image, it might have pained her more, perchance, than a passing infidelity, for which a warmer love would have quickly atoned.

He was loath to go in-doors, the night was so glorious. He sauntered along the Chiaja, listening to the angry growl of Vesuvius, and watching the blue waters of the bay, so calm that they reflected the stars like a second sky. It was past midnight when he went back to his hotel.

Next morning he was dawdling over his coffee when a servant knocked at the door of his room, and said there was a gentleman outside wanting to see him. Basil, surprised at so early a visit, desired him to be shown in. He uttered a loud exclamation of pleasure on beholding Ivan Gorff, grasped his hand, and pushed him into a chair, laughing and rejoicing. But Ivan, instead of responding in his usual quiet way, remained ominously silent.

"What is the matter?" said Basil, in quick alarm. "My father?" "He is well. I saw him four days ago. But there is other trouble. Narka Larik is in prison."

Basil sprang to his feet with a cry, and then dropped back into his chair. "Ivan told the story that we know. It was a providential chance that I heard of the arrest at all," he added. "I was to have left early next morning to catch the first train from X., but I overslept, and missed it, so I went out to see the Lariks, and heard what had happened an hour before. It was pitiable to see the poor mother; she was half mad with grief. I went straight to St. Petersburg, and told the Prince. He was terribly distressed. He could not have been more shocked if Narka had been his daughter. He went off at once to the police to learn where she was, and then to the Minister, and set every engine at work."

"Where is she?" "Ivan hesitated. "Well," he said, "you will have to know. She is at Kronstadt."

"Oh, my God!" Basil stood up, then walked the length of the room, muttering to himself, "Kronstadt! Oh God! it is too horrible. Narka! Narka! why was I born to bring this horror upon her?" He dropped into a chair, hid his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

Ivan waited a moment to let the first violence of his agitation spend itself before he spoke. "You did, then, leave papers in her keeping?" "I did—curses on me for a blind fool!" Basil, with a strong effort, mastered his emotions. "Did the police find them first?" he asked, "or did they force her to give them up?" "They did neither. They turned the cottage inside out, but they found nothing; and Narka denied that she had anything belonging to you. She had stuck to that denial when I came away. They got nothing out of her after ten days in Kronstadt. The Prince—"

Basil put up his hand with a quick gesture, as if to stop Ivan from saying something that he could not bear. "I was going to say," continued Ivan, "that she has suffered nothing worse than imprisonment so far. The Prince has managed that, and he will keep on paying to prevent it."

Basil drew a deep breath. "I must at all risks go at once to St. Petersburg, and see my father, and—"

"That would be madness, and it would not help Narka," interrupted Ivan. "Listen," said Basil. And he related rapidly the history of his threatened danger, his escape through Narka's assistance, and his troth plighted to her before they parted.

Ivan's round blue eyes grew rounder as he listened. But no one could have guessed that the story excited in him any stronger emotion than astonishment. "You see, at all risks I must go," Basil continued. "I must go and stand by her; I must tell my father the whole truth, and ask him to come with me to the Emperor and obtain her instant release."

Ivan laid his broad hand heavily on Basil's shoulder. "Take care that you don't close the prison door on her irrevocably by overhaste in trying to open it. Your father is now moving heaven and earth in her interest; but do you think if he knew that as soon as she was free you meant to make her Princess Zorokoff, he would work as hard for her release? He would feel his first duty to himself and you to leave her safe where she is. He would not go to the Emperor and sue him to liberate a low-born Jewess that she might be set up at the head of the Zorokoffs. It would be a choice of sacrificing her or you. Do you think he would hesitate?"

"When he hears that I owe her my life?" insisted Basil; but there was more vehemence than conviction in the way he said it. The hard logic of Ivan's reasoning fell upon him like the blows of a hammer; his whole will rose in rebellion against it, but he felt that it was stronger than his will. "Then, in Heaven's name, what am I to do?" he cried, with the petulant despair of impotence.

"Ask Princess Sibly to go to St. Petersburg and throw herself at the feet of the Empress, and implore her to obtain an order for Narka's release. That is the only thing you can do that will avail. But trust me, keep your secret as close from the Princess as from your father; she is a Zorokoff, and it would be sacrilege in her eyes to set the coronet of her house on the head of a Jewess."

A MINISTER'S TRIBUTE.

The Good Points of the Catholic Church as Seen by Rev. F. J. Van Horn.

Rev. F. J. Van Horn, of the Dane street church, Beverly, paid a remarkable tribute to the Catholic Church in his sermon last Sunday. His subject was "The Good Things I See in the Catholic Church." The hymns and music were selected with relation to the subject of the sermons. The anthem was the "Gloria," from Mozart's twelfth Mass, the first hymn was "O Christ, Our King, Creator, Lord," and was written by Pope Gregory the Great, the author of the Gregorian chants and the octave system in music; the second hymn was "My God, I Love Thee," and was written by St. Francis Xavier, the Jesuit missionary; the third, that old familiar and always beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was written by Cardinal Newman, and the last hymn, "O Sacred Head Now Wounded," written by Bernard, a monk who was after canonized a saint by the Church. The responsive readings were the "Magnificat" and the "Benedictus."

Rev. Mr. Van Horn first traced the divine foundation of the Catholic Church and the delivering of the keys to St. Peter. He spoke of the wonderful organization of the Church, and then showed his Protestant hearers how they might profit by following the example of Catholics in various matters. He said: "I want to make a number of good points which we can learn from the Roman Catholic Church. First, they build good churches. A good church building is a good thing for the city in which it is located. It increases the valuation of property and the growth of the city. They select an advantageous location, and their church buildings are almost always of brick or stone, and this large church has a tendency to bring a larger proportion around it. Would to God that we Protestants might profit by this!"

"Another good thing about the Catholic Church is that the church is kept open seven days in the week. I don't know whether that would be a good thing for us or not, for I am afraid we could not get people to go in, but I know that the open door is an object lesson to every passerby."

"There is one of the large churches in Boston that announced that the church would be closed until Sept. 19. Do you wonder that the *Ram's Horn* came out with a picture of a church covered with placards, one of which read, 'Postpone your funerals until Sept. 19'; another, 'If you want to be converted, wait until Sept. 19.' To our shame is it."

"May God have mercy on that church that can shut up its building and stop its work for two and one-half months, for the day will come when it will be closed twelve months in the year."

"Another good thing is that the rich and poor meet in this Church on a level. There are churches in America, and some of them are Congregationalists, too, where the poor man is not wanted. Some of these old family churches, for one family only, would find fault if their church were crowded as this one is to night. May God have mercy on such churches! We have this to learn from our Catholic brethren."

"Secondly, the Catholic Church knows how to raise money; if you do not believe that is a good thing, ask our parish committee. How do they raise it? They appreciate the value of the small gifts. The Catholic Church is composed largely of the middle classes, and yet they build the finest churches, and it is done by the many constant gifts of the multitude. The Catholic Church knows that it costs money to run a church, and says to every man, 'You must bear your part of the burden.'"

"Another thing, the Catholic churches build and maintain hospitals. In western cities, the best and largest hospitals are maintained by the Catholic Church. But you say they use them for proselytizing. Why shouldn't they? They build them. Where are the Protestants? I never heard of a Congregational hospital, did you?"

"The Catholic Church takes care of its children; it expects them at the proper age to become members of the Church. We may not accept the rite, but we must accept the principle. Do we Protestants expect our children to become members of the Church? No, we hope they will. The Catholic Church believes in parochial schools, not because they are better than Public schools, but because they teach the doctrines of the Church."

"The principle is right. We ought to insist that our Public schools are not, as some of them have been, hotbeds of vice. We ought to see to it that our Sunday school teachers are more in earnest, and that the children are taught that the Church is for them."

"Catholic people stand by each other. Some of you think, perhaps, they do too much; they bring it into politics, but we ought to have a Christian party in politics. The politician talks of the Irish vote, of the whiskey vote, but did you ever know of a politician who ever catered to the Christian? We ought to stand together."

"The Catholic Church recognizes the idea of authority. I am not sure that it is not better for a man to confess to the priest than not to confess his sins at all. Whatever the power of the key may be there is a power in the Church, I may not say to you, 'You must go to heaven or hell,' but I declare unto you the gospel of Jesus Christ, will you accept it? The door of heaven is open, will you enter? Will you

SOMETHING SIGNIFICANT.

Ave Maria.

We have never felt disposed to ridicule the Salvation Army. Say what you will, there is something about it that commands respect, even admiration. The Army Mother, Mrs. Booth, was a noble character; and the movement has elicited the sympathy of many God-fearing and God-loving men and women. It is a great mistake to suppose that the work of the Salvation Army consists chiefly in drum-beating, hymn-singing, and speech making. Two well-known prelates of our acquaintance, who happened to be present at a meeting of the directors of the organization and heard the reports of the different branches, were astonished at the amount of good effected. "This is practical Christianity," whispered the Archbishop of N— to his companion. "More power to these good people!"

Some of the methods of the Salvationists that cause them to be ridiculed, and that are denounced as clap-trap, have been employed by saints of the Catholic Church. It is related of St. Francis Solano that he used to attract an audience by playing a violin; and when a large crowd had gathered in the open air, he laid aside his fiddle and began to preach. The sainted Father Junipero Serra did the same. St. Philip Neri drew people together by means of singing; while Father Herman, the famous convert and Carmelite missionary of our own time, used to play the organ before ascending the pulpit.

Were not Leo XIII.'s efforts to popularize the Third Order of St. Francis, the new constitution of which he is said to have written with his own hand, intended to regenerate society by reviving the spirit of the Poor Man of Assisi? This is the aim also of the Salvation Army, as stated by its general in chief— "to revolutionize the world for Christ." These words occur in the introduction to a life of St. Francis "intended to help salvation soldiers to live and fight and die for God." St. Francis of Assisi is referred to as "one of the most remarkable men this world has ever seen;" and the writer goes on to say that "no serious follower of Jesus Christ can do otherwise than admire the sincerity, devotion, and sacrifice of the man. There can be no two opinions as to his having taught and manifested to the world what it means to be possessed entirely by the Saviour's spirit. The difference between our spirit and that of the subject of this memoir, I trust, very slight, although the manifestations of it are widely diverse."

We will not criticize this life of "Brother Francis," and we rejoice to see that it has passed to the third edition. Let us hope that no over-zealous heresy-hunter will be moved to have the little book put on the Index. With all its faults, it is calculated to do a world of good among those for whom it was published. Its lessons will appeal to multitudes who are not likely to receive them from any other source. Why eever uproot wheat on account of a little cockle?

In every large centre of population there is a host of strayed sheep who never darken the door of a church, to whom Christian influence is almost as remote as though they lived in Darkest Africa. The number of these sitters in darkness is on the increase. If they are not sought after they will die as they live. They resent the exclusiveness of pews, and the great majority of them have no money to give to collections. Most sermons are unintelligible to them because of their ignorance. Educated and refined people speak a language different from theirs. The music of a hand organ is more to them than the music of a harp; the drums and ditties of the Salvationists are a greater attraction than the melodies of organ lofts. Christianity has put on clothing that renders it too respectable, so to speak, to thousands who sorely need its help and comfort.

We regard the Salvation Army, with its devotion to the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi, as a happy sign, however faint it may be, of the dawn of that blessed day when there shall be one fold and one shepherd. If these men are doing any good in God's world which the Church, whether from over-organization or the lack of it, or because of stagnation among her members, is not doing—anything to remind those outside the influence of parishes that they have souls to save,—then more power to the Salvation Army, say we.

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Buried.

We stand upon the churchyard sod and gaze into the grave of our beloved dead.

We hear the solemn words of prayer and praise:

We mark the yew trees waving overhead;

We see the sun-disk flicker on the grass—

The green grass of the graves—and daisies white.

Adown the lane the village children pass,

And shyly pause to watch the holy men

Deep in the earth upon the coffin lid.

Lies the last gift despairing love could make.

White, scented blossoms, that must soon be hid

With all we loved, from eyes and hearts that ache.

Love strong as life, was powerless to save;

We can but strew fresh flowers on the grave.

Yet in this grave, fresh moistened and new made,

Where we must leave the happiness of years,

May not a worthier sacrifice be laid

Than even our fairest flowers or wildest tears?

It would be hard to say the pure white bloom,

A cherished folly or a secret sin.

It might make honor the silent tomb.

Deepen the peace the dead lies folded in.

Oh, mate, cold grave! that doth receive our

lost.

And with our lost, the offerings of our love,

Take these things also: We do count the cost.

And, God in heaven doth, looking down, approve

Such offering; sleep; pray God that dies with thee

Which might have parted us eternally.

BE TRUE TO YOUR CONVICTIONS

All well to do Catholics will not be able to attend the Summer School at Plattsburgh. Even if all, in this part of the country, desired to do this, they could not find accommodations, for the most extensive summer resorts have been built up. But those who do not go to the Summer School will go elsewhere. They will have opportunities of exhibiting the faith that is in them in various places along the coast and inland, and it is to be hoped that they will not neglect these opportunities. Not that we would have them aggressively demonstrative in their display of their religious training and belief. They can show that they are good Catholics, without making themselves bores, by setting a good example, in going to Mass, even when it seems inconvenient, and by other little practices of their religion which may be made plain enough without being ostentatious. At all events, we should hope that they would not try to hide entirely the fact that they are Catholics, for no matter how hard they try, this attempt will be a failure. A person can not put his past behind him, no matter how hard he works to do so. There is always some one turning up at inopportune moments, to tell what they know or what they have heard about you. If you are a Catholic and endeavor to conceal it, you will only meet with contempt when the true state of the case is revealed. No one likes men and women who are ashamed of their faith. Their society may be endured for the sake of policy, but if these shufflers could hear the comments passed upon them when the gossip gather on the shady side of the piazza, they would speedily learn, to their chagrin, in what slight estimation they are held by the people whom they have tried to impress with their importance.

"Don't shilly-shally, Wendell," said the devoted wife of the late Wendell Phillips when he was about to make a speech on the anti-slavery question, and similar advice may be given to Catholics, when they go from home to mingle in the company of our separated brethren at summer resorts.

Catholics must be straightforward and uncompromising in the expression of their faith when they are called upon to give an opinion on religious matters. They must not, smiling, put the question by, like the chancellor sedate and vain in the poem. They have nothing to be ashamed of in the grand old Church which has come down through the ages teaching ever the same eternal truths, and thus saving the world from utter corruption and decay. Its roll of saints and martyrs and eminent men and women ought to make them proud of their association with all that is great and good in religion, science, literature and art. They do not date back a few hundred years to the sinful days of an apostate monk, or a licentious monarch, but far, far beyond that time—to the days when Christ and His apostles walked the earth in meekness and humility.

But the Catholics who fail to frankly acknowledge their faith are hardly more despicable than the so-called "liberal Catholics," who pretend that they do not believe all the Church believes and teaches, although in their innermost hearts they know they are giving false testimony. These people lack backbone; and one might almost say that, like spineless things generally, they have no brain power. Their actions certainly give color to this assertion. They accept of what is said in defamation of the Church with an apology, as if the holy Mother needed any defence from any one, and least of all from creatures of such limp character as these "liberal" Catholics. They do not dare to say decidedly that they believe in hell. Such an unfashionable place they banish from their conversation, except when it is thrust upon them by some persistent debater who does not believe in eternal punishment, and who wants to know, "don't you know," what Catholics really think on this subject. He will not get much information from "liberal Catholics," who are afraid to say that their souls are their own, for fear they may be thought bigoted. Frequently they are too lazy to post themselves on the points which would enable them to carry on an intelligent controversy, and so they let matters drift, and give utterance to a lot

THE FOOLISH GREED FOR MAN'S INHUMANITY AND THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

There may not appear to be the remotest connection between man's inhumanity to man and the immortality of the soul, but as a matter of fact they are so closely joined that it is unreasonable to separate them.

In view of the inequalities of individuals, the injustices practiced, the frauds perpetrated and the sins committed, life is inexplicable except through denial of the existence of God or by affirmation of a future life wherein the wrongs of man towards man shall be righted.

To the reflecting mind there is no cruelty like that which, in all ages and in every corner of the globe, man shows to his fellow-mortals. Can we look complacently upon the world's doings and then be satisfied with the thought that death ends all? There must be retribution, or there is no God who created, governs and directs us.

Look at life's picture for a moment. The abuses arising from present social conditions are appalling. The world is an arena of strife and contention where brute force becomes the victor. Unwise laws give the few superior positions of attack, while the multitude is ground down in the effort to live. The reader of the daily items of news is shocked at the number and frequency of robbing and thieving and murdering. The weak are crushed under the iron heel of the strong. We listen to the most glaring acts of injustice committed in every quarter. Look at the world of business. Honesty is unknown. Dealers in imitation, adulteration and shoddy reap rich harvests while the straightforward merchant is forced to the wall. Those who deal in damnation spirits, immoral literature and indecent pictures grow opulent while the dispenser of truth fails. Companies are formed and schemes set on foot for no other purpose than to rob the simple and ignorant and fill the pockets of their promoters. Swindlers prowl through the earth with a boldness and arrogance begotten of hell.

Look into another department of life. See how men slander and kill the helpless, or ruin the virtuous, and then leave their victims alone and forsaken on the king's great highway. Prisons and penitentiaries there are, of course, but the worst criminals never stand as accused before a court of justice, and thus escape the clutches of the law. They rove through the world at large, and inflict injury on the good by the loathsomeness of their presence. They are exalted for their wickedness by being made leaders of society, the promoters of the public welfare, the framers of laws and the counsellors of the nation. They grow prosperous and influential while the worthy are doomed to disappointment and pass unnoticed.

Look at another part of the picture. See how the "sweater" grows on the fat of the land, and the "sweated," who alone is entitled to the increment of his labor, spends his day in poverty and want. Go through our factories and behold these skeletons of workmen by the lurid glare of the fiery vomitings of forge and foundry and turn away their vital forces. Inspect the department store, the basement shops, the book-binders, the manufacturing plants and their likes, and you will come in contact with the boy, the young lady, the man, who are wearing away their lives for a mere pittance, while their proprietors dress in Prince Alberts, and ride in victorias, and dine in luxury.

The vast array of the laboring class sweat and toil that others may enjoy the fruit of the earth—generally the wicked, for they are prosperous, while the good are not. What injustice prevails over the whole world! Consider the pale, delicate artisans of the loom "wan and frail as the flax they weave," the sickly weavers of fine linen, the men poisoning their stifling undergarments, or slowly dying of steel dust in their lungs or livid with phosphorus flames, inhaled to get daily bread—men who die like so many shoals of netted herrings that the Juggernaut of trade may roll on. Consider these and the many others that the merciless Thor of commercial cupidity crushes under its sledge-hammer beating gold out of their bruised flesh. Contemplate the myriads who, from birth to the grave, are pent up in factories and sheds and garrets, in gas glare and crowded alleys and dens of squalid vice, with the whirl of machines ever on their ear and the dead weight of smoke over in their breath." Such are some of man's inhumanities to man.

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Place alongside of this picture that of the rich and prosperous. They do not labor, neither do they spin. They sip the sweets of life, indulge in pleasures till they become distasteful, and wallow in what money brings. Gay votaries of the hour, giddy admirers of fashion's goddess, arrogant boasters of superiority, the world is theirs to have and enjoy till the chilly call of death takes them hence. Do they imagine things would be different if they felt the keen scourging of infinite justice? Perhaps.

But enough. Pessimism, do you

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.

Feeble and faltering, vague and indefinite, was the brief allocution of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, addressed to the motley gathering assembled in the grand old Catholic Cathedral which in ages past echoed with the tones of saintly prelates who spoke with no uncertain sound, like that voice which speaks from the Vatican *urbis orbis*. His grace was discreetly vague and deprecatingly mild. He was careful to intimate that the conference did not grow "out of any feeling imposed by authority," that it did not come "from any chief, but from the body itself," and that they were not "met together to impose a yoke upon any." How different this timid and tentative language from the *magisterium* stamped upon every sentence of an authoritative utterance by a Catholic Pope or Primate!

They have no faint-hearted fears about the "ultimate judgement" of a Council, even when they have to confront, not a few distrustful dissenters, but a whole world arrayed in hostility to them, for they know that "the gates of hell cannot prevail against the Church founded upon Peter and governed by his successors, who derived their power not from below, but from above, not from men but from God, and who do not occupy their positions on sufferance. Dr. Temple laid stress upon unity, and no doubt he desires it in all sincerity and earnestness, but a lasting unity is not to be secured by implicitly conceding to everyone the right to hold views utterly at variance. "If we are to promote it all over the earth," he said "we must begin with ourselves." Quite so. Let Anglicans and Nonconformists, therefore, begin by formulating a common creed or symbol which shall be accepted as expressing their united belief. How many confessions and creeds have been manufactured since that of Augsburg and what have they led up to? Is there the most remote likelihood of unity within the Church of England, leaving out of account the American and Colonial Bishops who have been invited to the Lambeth conference to give it a deceptive appearance of universality? Scan the pages of the *Church Times*, the *Rock*, the *English Churchman*, the *Guardian* and the *Methodist Times* any week and endeavor to reconcile their views. What is the use of crying "Peace, peace!" when there is no peace and "Unity, unity!" when no such thing exists or is within measurable distance of being reached?—The Monitor (London).

Tired, Nervous, Sleepless

men and women—how gratefully they write about Hood's Sarsaparilla. Once helpless and discouraged, having lost all faith in medicines, now in good health and "able to do my own work," because Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to enrich and purify the blood and make the weak strong—this is experience of a host of people.

Hood's PILLS are the best family cathartic and liver incense. Gentle, reliable, sure.

It has tried it. Mr. John Anderson, Kinross, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I knew of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

Rich red blood is the foundation of good health. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier, gives HEALTH.

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But enough. Pessimism, do you

WANTED NEW PHILOSOPHERS.

Mr. Artemus Ward used to say that Shakespeare would have failed as a newspaper reporter because he lacked the requisite imagination. If instead of "newspaper reporter" the genial humorist had said "scientist," he would merely have stated the sober truth.

"What do I know about substance or matter?" asks Cardinal Newman; and he answers: "Just as much as the greatest philosopher, and that is nothing." But your modern scientist is nowise embarrassed when he comes to the end of his knowledge.

Tyndall wrote an elaborate essay on "The Scientific Use of the Imagination," and sought to establish his thesis by a method which is all imagination and no science. The mere man of science candidly admits that he knows nothing of the ultimate nature of matter, but the imaginative scientist is cocksure that mind and matter are one and the same thing. Accordingly Mr. Tyndall tells us: "Not alone the more ignoble forms of animal life, not alone the exquisite and wonderful mechanism of the human body, but the human mind itself—emotion, intellect, will, and all their phenomena—was once latent in a fiery cloud."

At the present moment all our philosophy, all our poetry, all our science, all our art—Plato, Shakespeare, Newton, Raphael, — are potential in the *fires of the sun*. And Huxley, indulging, likewise, in the fine frenzy, gives us this dazzling bit of the new science: "The existing world lay potentially in the cosmic vapor; and a sufficient intelligence, from a knowledge of the properties of the molecules of that vapor, could have predicted, say, the fauna of Britain in 1839 with as much certainty as one can say what will happen to the vapor of the breath on a cold winter's day."

Alas for the gentle art of minstrelsy! The poets are dead or have turned scientists. Pegasus chumps in his stall, abandoned and ungramped; and the unfaithful birds make "science" instead of odes and epics.

The real mischief is that our century has been notorious for fine writing and loose thinking. Father Gagnor, referring to Tyndall, Huxley and Darwin in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, states the case admirably in these words: "The strength of these men lies in their familiarity with the natural sciences. They dazzle the ordinary reader with illustrations, analogies, generalizations, etc., from these sciences. Their misleading theories are decked out in a bewildering array of the most beautiful facts of nature. Their knowledge appears prodigious. The heavens and the earth seem to them an open book, out of which they read such marvellous lessons that the bounds of fact and fancy become confused, and speculation passes for science. Wonder follows wonder, linked by glowing sentences, until the common things of earth are so clothed in mystery and beauty that they almost begin to seem not quite unworthy to take the place of God."

A favorite weapon of the imaginative scientist is false analogy—an argument based on insufficient resemblance between two processes. "Their formula for conclusion by analogy would seem to be: when two things resemble each other in one or two points, they may be at once assumed to be altogether alike. Thus crystalline force is structural, and so is vital force; therefore these are like in kind and differ only in complexity. It would, of course, be equally reasonable to say that because a bodman hoists brick and so does a steam crane, man and crane are machines identical in kind and differing only in complexity." Many of the conclusions put forth in the name of "modern science" rest on no stronger base than this.

The urgent need of the times is a return to accurate thinking. Outside of the Catholic Church there seems to be no philosophy, and philosophy is indispensable to advance in thought. Science, as Brunetiere said, started out to explain the universe, and failed brilliantly. It is bankrupt. What we need is not a new philosophy, but new philosophers—men who speak the language of the age, who can interpret the Church to the age and the age to itself.—Ave Maria.

You and Your Grandfather

Are removed from each other by a span of many years. He travels in a slow going stage coach while you take the lightning express or the electric car. When he is sick he is treated by old-fashioned methods and given old-fashioned medicines, but you demand modern ideas in medicine as well as in everything else. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine of today. It is prepared by modern methods and its preparation brought the skill and knowledge of modern science. Hood's Sarsaparilla acts promptly upon the blood and by making pure, rich blood it cures disease and establishes good health.

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London, Saturday, August 7, 1897.

"LIBERAL-MINDED" CATHOLICS.

We have not much faith in the gentlemen who have for Catholicity an admiration that begets windy speeches and nothing else.

Strong haters are preferable to men with the smile from the teeth outwards.

There is too much cant about liberal mindedness; and we have been taught more than once that its policy is hypocrisy, and that when it is powerful enough it lays aside the seeming generosity and show itself in its true colors, narrow and selfish and actuated by an unreasoning desire to bind all men by its doctrines.

A man who has the truth cannot be liberal-minded in matters regarding the truth.

He will speak it, and despite the protests of the gent's souls who abhor controversy and who believe that "good fellowship" with our separated brethren is the one thing to be maintained.

Let us quote for you the words of Cardinal Newman:

"Here is another grave matter against you, that you are so well with the Protestants about you. I do not mean to say that you are not bound to cultivate peace with all men, and to do them all the offices of charity in your power. Of course you are, and if they respect, esteem and love you, it redounds to your praise and will gain you a reward; but I mean more than this: I mean they do not respect you, but they like you, because they think of you as of themselves. This is the very reason why they so often take your part, and assert or defend your political rights. . . . But we have cause to be ashamed if we gain their support by giving them a false impression in our persons of what the Catholic Church is and what Catholics are bound to be, what bound to believe, to do; and is not this the case often, that the world takes up your interests, because you share its sins.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

You have heard of Mangan. Yes, most of us have, but few of us understand why even to this day men speak of him with love and reverence.

We learned to love him long years ago when life would have been as desolate to us as a wind-swept moor.

Our upbringing was in the country, at a time when settlers were few and social life was limited to an occasional picnic and reunions on market days.

All day long we were in the fields, and many a time we allayed the fever of discontent that well nigh consumed us by the thought that the night would bring us rest and Mangan.

Ah, how well we remember it, as a boy, thoughtless, longing for the stir and excitement of what they called the city.

Our hairs are gray, and full many a time have we wished ourselves back in the old homestead where life was real and not the thing of meanness and duplicity that it is here in this over-crowded, sun-baked town; to have the sweet odor of the crops in our nostrils, and to hear the cheery voices of the men in the old kitchen.

But long ago we knew not the priceless value of the blessings that were ours. We chafed under the lousiness as a young horse under the rein.

Our mother noticed it full often and in the evening she would take us away from the house, and beyond the pasture land, and there in a quiet little nook she would tell us of Mangan.

How her voice would thrill when she spoke, time after time, of that matchless poem "My Dark Rosaleen." We have never heard it to better advantage save once, and that was on our first trip to Ireland.

Just as the steamer was nearing Moville, we noticed a tall man, with weather-beaten and tanned face, and kind, blue eyes that denoted a Celtic heart, coming up from the steerage.

For an instant he leaned upon the rail, looking upon the wild coast of Donegal. The tears coursed down his cheeks, and there, deep and mellow ringing out the words of the famous poem. Never since have we been thrilled by human voice so profoundly as we were that day, listening to an old Irishman telling all who wished to

hear, that foreign scenes had not dimmed the memory of his country's loveliness, nor had they dried up the well spring of his love and devotion.

Critics now speak as if Mangan had been forgotten, as if his memory had been consigned to a

Land of mist and cloud. Where never gleams of sunlight pierces in And mortals move in darkness pitiful."

But this is not true. His poems were never seen in boudoirs where novels by Gyp, etc., constitute the intellectual pabulum, nor were they noticed by the callous individuals who were in quest of culture with a big C.

But they were read and re-read by the peasants and by the hundreds who used to congregate nightly in the rooms of the National League.

And when a pious English Catholic—too pious, the old people say, to be wholesome—deplored, in the presence of an Irish prelate, the influence of the League on the rising generation, he was met with the caustic rejoinder: "You know as little about what the boys read in the League rooms as you do of the Brehon laws."

Therefore we assert that Mangan has not been forgotten by the people who listen to his threnody of the past or the glad hymn of the future. Nay, more, his memory is cherished more fondly than that of any other Irish poet.

When one considers the uncongenial surroundings amongst which his youth was cast and his manhood's years—a series of rainy days with now and then a gleam of sunshine—one cannot but wonder at the good work he has done, and speculate on what he might have done had Fortune been kinder to him.

"I would frequently inquire, though I scarcely acknowledged the inquiry to myself, how or why it was that I should be called upon to sacrifice the immortal for the mortal; to give away irredeemably the Prometheus fire within me for the cooking of a beefsteak; to destroy and damn my own soul that I might preserve for a few miserable months or years the bodies of others. Often would I wander out into the fields and groan to God for help. 'De profundis clamava!' was my continual cry."

And it was always his cry from the depths of drudgery, and from the depths of that foul habit against which he struggled vainly. (We refer to his habit of eating opium.) The opinion that Mangan was a drunkard is now untenable. In a study of the poet by Miss Guiney we read an extract of a letter of a distinguished American physician which combats that idea. He says:

"How vain it is to try to see in Mangan the fiery, sensual, besotted look of the alcoholic victim! Opium, too, explains his strange manner of life to any medical mind, which alcohol certainly does not; and I should dearly like to see him freed from the stigma of drunkenness, even though by so doing he had to take his unhappy place with Coleridge and De Quincy."

Oftimes he seemed to be on the way of complete conversion, but the chains forged in early years were too strong to be broken. He was always a disappointment to his friends, and what he was to himself is unknown, for nobody had the key to his heart. That frail figure with the lustrous eyes and sensitive shrinking spirit was strangely out of place in the times of Davis and Mitchel. Every nerve in their bodies was strung for battle, and his were of the softer mould that need peace and retirement. Yet he has given us the grandest Irish ballad in his "Dark Rosaleen;" and here we say that all Moore's music is insignificant in comparison with that matchless passionate melody. It is deeper and more soul-inspiring than anything from the pen of the author of "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old." That alone assures Mangan an enduring place in literature. We read it always with tears, for we think of our youth and of that joyless figure who wrote it right out from an Irish heart:—

O my dark Rosaleen, Do not sigh, do not weep! The priests are on the ocean green. They march along the deep. There's wine from the Royal Pope Upon the ocean green; And Spanish ale shall give you hope, O my dark Rosaleen!

My own Rosaleen! Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope, Shall give you health, and help and hope, O my dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air, I could pluck the high hills. Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer, To heal your many ills! And one beamy smile from you Would dole like light between My toils and me, my own, My true, O my dark Rosaleen!

My fond Rosaleen! Would give me life and soul anew, A second life, a soul anew, O my dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red With redundancy of blood, The earth shall rock beneath our tread, And flames wrap hill and wood, And can peel and slogan cry. Wake many a sleep serene, Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die, O my dark Rosaleen!

My own Rosaleen! The judgment hour must first be nigh, Ere you can fade, ere you can die, O my dark Rosaleen!

THE PROPOSED ANGLICAN POPE.

The scheme of the Church of England Bishops to establish an Anglican Pope has completely collapsed at the Lambeth Council, just as most people imagined would be the case.

The English Bishops were very anxious that the plan should be carried out. It was argued that the Church has branches now in various parts of the world, not only throughout the now colossal British Empire, but in the United States also, where, however, the offshoot is known as the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. In the American Church the similarity of creed with that of the mother Church has been kept with singular conservatism, but it is admitted that as time goes on there is a tendency toward change, and even at the present moment there are certain changes which have been incorporated into the American Prayer Book and which indicate that while the churches are separate bodies, such changes will multiply in the course of time, and at some time or other the churches will be scarcely recognizable as sprung from the same origin. It is well understood that to retain the faith unaltered it is necessary that the whole Church should have a bond of union more potent than a gathering in council every three or four years for the mere purpose of making an empty show of unity, while it is perfectly well known that these Pan-Anglican Councils have not as much legislative authority as one of our Public School Boards or Township Councils.

The tendency of the offshoots of Anglicanism has hitherto been toward disintegration. Not only is the P. E. Church of America a distinct organization from the original Church, but nearly all the colonial Churches are equally so, having one by one declared their independence, after having been for a certain time in leading strings.

In Canada we had at one time as many Anglican Churches as there are Provinces, and from the dissensions between High and Low Church parties it seemed as if there would soon be a distinct Church, or even two Churches for each diocese. But the evils of such disruption became apparent, and a movement was begun toward the union of these disjointed organizations, and the result was that all came together a few years ago, and the Canadian Church of England became a fact for the whole Dominion. There are now a Canadian Primate and several Metropolitans, at least nominally, but the Canadian, Australian, and other colonial churches are still as distinct from the parent stock as are Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and others from each other, notwithstanding their retention of the name Church of England or Anglican, and of the same Book of Common Prayer.

The English Bishops are conscious of the anomaly of such a state of things. The conviction has gained ground among them that it was never Christ's intention in establishing His Church that it should be made up of so many incongruous beliefs as compose Protestantism, and they now see clearly that Anglicanism must come to the same condition if its various offshoots do not unite practically in some way. They see, in fact, that the original meaning of the Christian Church is that there should be one Church for all nations, and hence arise the recent yearnings of many Anglicans for some sort of union with somebody, so that sometimes they look to Rome and sometimes to St. Petersburg for some Church with which Anglicanism may be united to give it the semblance of a universal Church, so that it may have a plausible or colored title to the name Catholic upon which they have made many efforts to seize. They have not succeeded in finding any Church with which to unite, but a union of themselves with their offspring churches would be a step toward giving Anglicanism an appearance of being a universal Church, if not the Catholic Church itself. It was this consideration which led chiefly to the proposal to make the Archbishop of Canterbury the head of all Anglican Churches, and it was further intended to invent a new designation for the Church itself, as the word Anglicanism is an admission of localism.

Henry VIII. caused Parliament to reject the Pope's authority because the Pope would not give him a general permission to have a new wife whenever he pleased. He naturally expected, and the expectation was realized, that a new Church, especially one of which he would be supreme ruler, would be more accommodating,

and so the Church of England was established with himself as head.

There was no justification for all this, but to cover the matter the theory of National Churches was adopted, and the Anglican Bishops all take oath that no foreign prince, prelate, or potentate, hath or ought to have any jurisdiction spiritual or temporal within the British realm. We believe the American Bishops have taken no such oath as this, so they would be free to admit the authority of an English Pope without forswearing themselves, but the English Bishops could not allow an American one to rule over them. Hence the English Bishops thought the way was clear to make the Archbishop of Canterbury the "universal Primate" or Pope (if the bull be permitted) of the local Churches of England and America.

The proposed arrangement was in truth one-sided.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is necessarily the nominee of the British sovereign, and though it is now generally admitted that Christ intended His Church to be always one, having one Head, as it had from the beginning, the American Bishops to a man refused to give up their independence as a Church, for the sake of raising an English Bishop to be their Pope. It is true they have not sworn that such a thing must not be, but they know the traditions of Anglicanism in which they were indoctrinated from their youth, and by those traditions no ecclesiastical has the right to exercise authority in a foreign country. It would therefore ill accord with their independence as a nation to accept the Primacy or Supremacy of a Pope named by the British sovereign to a position which none of themselves could ever expect to occupy.

Besides, have not American Episcopalians echoed the Anglican cry that the Catholic Church is foreign because its head is a foreigner? And have they not quoted as it were the gospel itself, the saying attributed to King John, that "no Italian priest shall tithe or toll in this domain?"

It is evident that the head of the universal Church cannot be a native of every country under his jurisdiction, so that as far as nationality is concerned he must be a foreigner somewhere, but the Church of God is nowhere foreign. It is universal or Catholic, and its Head is not to be regarded as a foreigner, but as Christ's vicegerent with equal authority in all climes. But a local Pope of human institution, such as was proposed in the present movement could never claim universal authority by divine right. If it were right to reject the Pope's authority in the first instance, it would be right at any time to reject that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and this was plain to the American Bishops who are in attendance at the Lambeth Conference, to the number of one hundred and forty-four. Hence the proposal was entirely rejected, and many Colonials were opposed to it equally with the Americans.

It is pleasant to observe that the Catholic conception of the Church of Christ is becoming more general among Protestants. The yearning after unity is a new evidence that this is the case, and we have no doubt that many Protestants will be thereby more impressed than ever with the conviction that Protestantism, which tends to split up more and more, is based on error, and some will actually return to the Catholic Church, where alone the true Pope is to be found, succeeding to St. Peter from age to age and from generation to generation.

There are other considerations which make the appointment of the Archbishop of Canterbury to be the head of all Anglicanism a chimera. Unity is not attained by the Primacy now existing, but High and Low and Broad Churchmen denounce each other as practically heretics even with the Primacy. The hollowness of the Primacy would be more apparent than ever if the Primate's jurisdiction were extended. Besides it would be farcical to put at the head of the whole agglomeration of Anglican Churches a man who is appointed by the British Premier, who might even now be a Jew or an Atheist, and who might in the near future be a Brahman or a Mahometan from Calcutta or Hongkong, or a professor of any one of the three or four hundred creeds which exist throughout the British Empire.

Father Hewit.

Father Hewit was one of the most celebrated American converts to the Roman Catholic Church, and was undoubtedly more consistent than some who still remain in communion with the Protestant Episcopal body, so far as possible destroying its Protestant character. There is no reason to doubt his honesty, and his reputation was spotless—Christian Advocate.

THE RABBINICAL CONFERENCE AT MONTREAL.

The Conference of Jewish Rabbis which took place a couple of weeks ago in Montreal has been the cause of quite a commotion in Jewish circles in that city.

The Rabbis who assembled represented not the Orthodox but the Reformed Jews of America, who have practically abandoned the ancient faith and ceremonial which have been observed with wonderful perseverance by the Jews for thirty-four centuries, or ever since the law was given by God to Moses on Mount Sinai. The Jews of Montreal are for the most part of the orthodox belief, there being only one synagogue in that city which belongs to the Reformed section of Judaism. It is said that about 97 per cent or more of the Montreal Jews adhere to the original or orthodox belief.

Notwithstanding this a welcome was extended by some of the Jews of the city to the visiting Rabbis, and the greeting was said to be given in the name of the Jewish population. This is the cause of the commotion, and the synagogue of Spanish and Portuguese Jews has published a formal protest against the welcome, saying that it was unauthorized.

Rabbi de Sola, who has charge of the congregation of Spanish and Portuguese Jews, took occasion to explain in the synagogue that it is not through fanaticism or hatred that the Orthodox Jews of the city repudiate the welcome which was tendered to the visitors, but their reason for so doing is that the Reformed Jews who held the Convention are no longer of the true Jewish faith, as they have abandoned belief in the bible as the word of God, and declare the sacred volume to be merely a man-made book. The Rabbi denounces very strongly the disrespectful manner in which the Reformed Rabbis habitually speak of the Bible, and even of God Himself. He adds that "we of the orthodox synagogues could not stultify ourselves by extending a welcome to the representatives of this system which strikes at the very foundations of our religion and the religions of the civilized world." He asks: "My dear friends, do you realize the stupendous effect regarding the Bible as an uninspired, man-made book? Do you not perceive that it is not only the ceremonial laws of Judaism at which the Reformed Rabbis sneer, but also the moral code upon which the fabric of society rests?"

Orthodox Judaism, according to Rabbi de Sola, stands "for the law and the testimony," and he declares, therefore, that a sharp line is to be drawn between it and the system of those whose representatives met the other day in Montreal.

Christians will naturally prefer to see Judaism cling to orthodoxy, as the Reformed system leads directly to Deism or Atheism; and therefore we cannot but regret that the Reformed Jews appear to be much more numerous now on this continent than the organs of Jewish orthodoxy are willing to admit. The census of the United States reports that there are 57,000 Orthodox and 72,000 Reformed Jewish heads of families in the country. This would show that the total Jewish population of the United States is about 645,000, if we assume that there are five members on an average to each family. There cannot be a reasonable doubt that the rapid increase of this infidelity among the Jews is largely due to the influence of the tendency to infidelity which prevails among the various Protestant denominations.

BRavo, JOHN DILLON!

The stand taken by Mr. John Dillon in the British House of Commons has aroused the ire of a great many toadies and tuft hunters. It was a jarring note in the grand concert of jubilation. So it was, and in the right place too. Dillon has merited by his action the approval of all honest men, and even his bitterest opponents conceded that it was the most effective speech of his life. It contained no offensive allusion to the Empress Queen.

Terse and direct it laid bare the reason why the lips of Ireland could not, without being recreant to justice and truth, join in the national thanksgiving. The prosperity that blessed the efforts of the other sections of the Empire knew her not. With her taxation constantly increasing, her sons and daughters forced to bid her farewell because iniquitous legislation barred their way to happiness—how could they stand before the world and tell the lie that she was glad!

N. Dillon said what is true.

She does not rejoice. The wrongs of sixty years and the memory of the past wraps around the Celtic heart too strongly, to permit it to exult in a celebration that has no meaning for Ireland.

The Irishmen who are feeding at the trough of patronage will condemn Dillon, but the honest Englishman hates sycophants and says "Bravo, John Dillon!"

THE KLONDIKE AND YUKON GOLD MINES.

The discovery of what is believed to be the richest gold region ever found has created intense excitement throughout Canada and the United States, and thousands of miners and other persons stricken with the gold fever are making or preparing to make their way to the gold-bearing territory. This territory is situated on the Yukon and Klondike Rivers near the Alaskan boundary, and though there are mines within Alaska, it is conceded that the richest are in Canada. Over three million dollars worth of gold were obtained from the Klondike mines last winter, according to the statement made a few days ago by Governor C. B. McIntosh of the Northwest Territory. Of this amount, two million dollars' worth were brought into Seattle by the steamships Portland and Exelsior, and one million still remain stored in the miners' cabins along the creeks on which the mines are being worked.

It is expected that the yield of these British mines for the year will reach ten million dollars, as miners are going in rapidly, most of them from the United States.

It is not to be supposed that it is an easy matter either to reach the gold district or to get out of it when a person has once arrived. Even when Seattle is reached there is still a journey of nearly three thousand miles before the adventurous traveller. On this route there are two steamers either of which will bring the traveller over two thousand miles of the journey, and the river Yukon steamers will bring him over the remaining one thousand miles. But the winter at Klondike is eight months long, as it is almost at the Arctic Circle, from which fact Circle City is named, being near the richest mines. During great part of the winter the River Yukon is frozen solid. The temperature for several weeks is as low as 65 degrees Fahrenheit, and for months the thermometer is as low as zero. The days during summer are long, but the winter nights are equally long, and in winter very little work can be done, owing to the intense cold, the ice, snow and the darkness. The supply of provisions is also limited, and should there be a great rush of people, there is danger of starvation.

In the meantime the Canadian Government is taking steps to facilitate communication with the gold regions, but until something be actually done in this regard, the dangers those who go to the gold region will be obliged to face will be great.

It is a curious fact that just at the moment when the United States is putting into force stringent laws against Canadian labor, and threatening us with laws more stringent still, American citizens are taking advantage of the mineral wealth of these Canadian mines to enrich themselves. Those who do this are not at all likely to become Canadian citizens, for there is nothing but the mineral wealth to attract settlers to so bleak a country. Those who go there will, therefore, emigrate again as soon as they enrich themselves. It is to be hoped that the Canadian Government will take immediate steps to prevent the depletion of the mines by foreigners, so that Canadians may reap the benefit of the extraordinary wealth thus brought to light within the bounds of our own Dominion. This may be effected by good administration of the customs and royalty laws, modified if need be by the peculiar circumstances of the situation.

"Why is it that the daily papers so often report sermons delivered in the Protestant pulpits and rarely mention anything said in Catholic churches? This is the query recently put to us by a non-Catholic friend of this city. Our friend errs. The papers, as a rule, do not report those sermons. They are carefully reported for them by the preachers themselves. Catholic priests are generally averse to this business. They have neither time nor inclination to prepare "copy" of the sort; or to correct the "proofs" of their pulpit lucubrations.—Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

The recently issued st. Minister of Public In. Ence show that the schools are becoming unpopular, while the Ch have an increase in t pupils every year. In attendance at the Staté creased by 70,650 aft Catholic school att creased by 65,444. that the people will so infidel government.

Very frequently we from subscribers in re enterprises whose pro lucrative employment application. It is al the case that a sum quired by the adver promised employment all such cases we w readers to be cautious, are almost usually rive a very hands working on the credu people. Do not send these concerns until y able assurance that are honest men who legitimate business. ask for references. be glad to supply any matters of this kind.

DR. BARNABO, PR thropist, still continu send us ship-loads of strays from the slums. Many times before h attention of the auth effects of this enter possible that the Cana encourages this exco years gone by, we received so much p undesirable addition ation. Possibly such If so, it is a sham. Not only should the not be supported by it should be posit This is a colony, w not necessarily should be made a du the refuse of Eng of the doctor's boy lce—recently atte Henry Lewis, a far by whom he was em Paris green in hi quite enough cases warrant the Gov action in this matte

The Reformed Ep the United States h in itself a danger hi and that danger lie plices by the choir Council of the Chr brought up by one and as it was asse plice which is us Anglican and I fosters Ritualism o and leads finally to demned as a danger the Reformed Epi ordered to disconti decree, however, k a considerable sum founder of the Ch has withdrawn his lieves that the use serves decorum The amount of the is \$15,000 per a discussion a colore sensation by pokin had raised such a whether the churchi ng or the milline

At the Walther last week in Detro J. A. Huegel mad the members of th Association are Atheism. The V Lutheran Associa Endeavors are ated for the purp iness, Mr. Huegel many by surpr gave good reason said that the me many adherents tends to produc mind, each one b of the others to b suit of this ch League concun views and as a p agreed that Lut be more widely to have occur Lutheranism its form of Protesta sponser for the which it is now result is total ity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The recently issued statistics of the Minister of Public Instruction for Ontario show that the godless State schools are becoming more and more unpopular, while the Christian schools have an increase in the number of pupils every year.

VERY frequently we receive letters from subscribers in regard to certain enterprises whose promoters promise lucrative employment to all who make application. It is almost invariably the case that a sum of money is required by the advertiser before the promised employment is given.

DR. BARNARD, professional philanthropist, still continues, we believe, to send us ship-loads of the waifs and strays from the slums of English cities. Many times before have we called the attention of the authorities to the evil effects of this enterprise.

THE Reformed Episcopal Church of the United States has discovered with itself a danger hitherto unsuspected, and that danger lies in the use of surplices by the choir boys.

THE Canadian steps to facilitate the gold regions, be actually done by the Canadian Government, and that just at the United States is stringent laws and threaten- ing a taking advan- tage of the situa-

At the Walther League meeting held last week in Detroit, the Rev. Theodore J. A. Huegel made the statement that the members of the Christian Endeavor Association are fast drifting into Atheism.

THE daily papers so delivered in the rarely mention Catholic churches? sent up to us by the sort: or to cor- their pulpits Union and

It is like a draught of gall and wormwood to some of the most rabid of anti-Catholic papers in England that the Papal Envoy, Mgr. Sambucetti, was received with so much honor by the Queen, and treated with marked respect.

From the very beginning, the Church of St. Anne de Beaupre seems to have been specially selected by the Holy Spirit to be the scene of the most wonderful miracles.

THE Holy Father is as firm as ever in his demand that he should be delivered from his position which practically makes him a subject of the King of Italy, and that the Papacy should be reinstated in the possession of an independent territory.

Every day the necessity appears greater for replacing the Holy See in the position Providence assigned to it. As long as the difficulties which oppress us endure we will continue to complain of the violence done the Papacy and to demand the rights safeguarding our liberty.

Mr. T. V. POWDERLY, who was for many years President of the Knights of Labor of the United States, has been appointed by President McKinley to the office of Commissioner General of Immigration. The Senate has not yet confirmed the appointment, and now the Knights and the Federation of Labor give notice that they will file a protest against confirmation of the appointment, and will do all in their power to defeat Mr. Powderly.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON. Sixth Annual Diocesan Pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre.

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WEDDING BELLS. At St. Bridget's church, Rochester, there was solemnized at 10 o'clock on the morning of July 21st, the marriage of Edward J. O'Connor, and Marie Agnes, only daughter of Mrs. Bertha Rock, which was officiated by Rev. J. J. O'Connor, D.D., the beautiful ceremony was performed by Rev. T. A. Hendricks, pastor of the church, assisted by Revs. J. J. O'Connor, D.D., and Rev. J. J. O'Connor, D.D.

Too Bad. From an Exchange. Not long ago the Episcopal Bishop William Crowell Daine, of Albany, paid a visit to the old country, and while there registered as "William of Albany." On his return he met Bishop Potter, who had also been to Europe, and got home first, when the latter said: "Too bad, Daine, that you didn't live in Buffalo; in that case you could have registered as Buffalo Bill."

Long Ago.

Once knew all the birds that came And nested in our orchard trees; For every flower I had a name...

REV. LUKE RIVINGTON ON THE CHURCH.

The Mystery of Pentecost.

The Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A. began a course of sermons on the Church, at St. James's, Spanish Place, on Sunday morning. Taking as his text the words of the Gospel of the day...

oracles of God, its laws, its dignitaries, its sacraments in signs, its sacrifice and its priesthood; but there was one feature about that society, and that was, it was imperfect. It was preparing the way for something to come, it was limited in space to a single nation, it was restricted in time until He should come for Whom they looked forward and create a society where there should be perfection of doctrine, of laws, of sacrifice, of priesthood...

Church or received sensible kinds of divine grace, be penetrated with divinity, that they may know what it is in some measure to be "filled with the Holy Ghost."

REV. R. F. CLARKE ON THE SACRAMENTS.

The Rev. Robert F. Clarke, preaching at the church of St. John of Jerusalem, Great Ormond street, on Sunday, said the word sacrament was anciently used more generally of any sacred sign or pledge, but from the innumerable signs of a different character, seven had been specially selected to continue to bear the word sacrament on account of their special character and the special grace which they conferred...

tion. If one has stolen he must make restitution if it lies in his power, and if anyone has spoken falsely of another he must make restitution by undoing the injury he has done to the utmost of his power also. There were also differences with respect to the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. In the West the bread which is used for the Holy Eucharist is unleavened or unfermented bread; in the East it is leavened bread; and both customs have their place in the different regions to which they respectively apply...

A Hero.

An act of heroism that is worthy of being chronicled is reported from the British Columbia mining town of Rossland. Two miners, working in a hundred-foot shaft of the Young American mine, had filled an iron bucket with ore...

He was Right.

A Scotch clergyman, while going through a village, was requested to officiate at a marriage in the absence of a parish minister. Just as he had told the bridegroom to love and honor his wife, the man interjected the words "and obey." The clergyman, surprised, did not heed the proposed amendment...

A Croupy Cough Was Soon Driven Away by Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine.

"My little boy had a bad croupy cough," says Mrs. Smith, of 256 Bathurst street, Toronto. "My neighbor, Mrs. Hopkins, recommended me to try Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I did so, and the first dose did him good. One bottle completely cured the cough. It is surprising the popularity of Chase's Syrup in this neighborhood. It appears to me it can now be found in every house."

"Sweet Bells Jangled Out of Tune."

How much of woman's life happiness is lost for lack of harmony. A hundred sweet melodious tones ruined by one little note of discord. Women who ought to enjoy the perfect happiness of love and widowhood and motherhood are miserable from one complaint or another...

For nearly 30 years Dr. R. V. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. He is an eminent and expert specialist in this particular field of practice. Any woman may write to him with perfect confidence, and will receive, free of charge, sound, professional advice and suggestions for self-treatment by which 99 out of 100 cases of female complaint, even of the most obstinate kind, may be completely and permanently cured.

"I was a sufferer from womb trouble for twelve years," writes Mrs. Harry Pomeroy, of Box 25, Monona, Clayton Co., Iowa. "I doctored with six different physicians and have used a great deal of patent medicine but could find only temporary relief. I began using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and have used six bottles and three of the Pleasant Pellets. I feel like a new woman. I haven't felt as well in twelve years as I do at the present time, and I hope and pray that this will induce some other poor sufferer to try Dr. Pierce's medicine and be cured. I think there is no medicine in the world as good for sickly women as 'Favorite Prescription.' I have recommended it to a great many of my friends and they are on the way to health and happiness, and I can proudly say that I am too. I never praise your medicine enough, and it has done me a world of good."

A good, practical home medical work is invaluable. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is such a book. It contains 1008 pages and 300 illustrations. Several chapters are devoted to facts that every wife and mother should know. Over a million women possess copies. A new edition is ready and will be given away FREE. If you want a stamp, to cover the cost of customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send 50 stamps for cloth-bound copy.

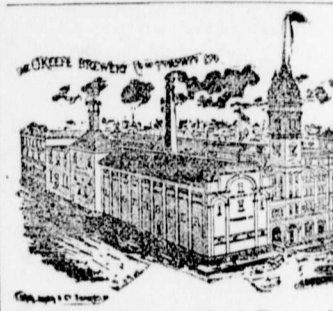
Notice is hereby given that under authority of Orders in Council, TIMBER BERTHS as hereunder mentioned in the NIPissing, ALGOMA and RAINY RIVER DISTRICTS, viz., the Townships of RATHBURN, KELLY, DAVIS, the North half of SCADDING and that part of HANMER South of the VERMILION RIVER, all in the District of Nipissing; the Township of COFFIN ADDITIONAL, in certain small areas of the SPANISH and BISCATAWING waters in the District of ALGOMA; and berths 36 and 37 sale of 1892, D 3, D 4, D 5, D 6, on MANITOU LAKE, and certain small scattered areas in the District of RAINY RIVER, will be offered for sale by Public Auction, at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, at the hour of ONE o'clock p. m., on WEDNESDAY, the EIGHTEENTH day of AUGUST next.

\$19.50 GIVEN AWAY IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS. During the Year 1897. For full particulars see advertisements, or apply to LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 SCOTT ST., TORONTO. J. E. Bruyer & Co. Toronto's Leading Fashionable Tailors. 222 QUEEN ST. E. All work guaranteed first-class and up-to-date. Try us and you'll stay with us. Prices Right.



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It's the best thing for the hair under all circumstances. Just as no man by taking thought can add an inch to his stature, so no preparation can make hair. The utmost that can be done is to promote conditions favorable to growth. This is done by Ayer's Hair Vigor. It removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp, nourishes the soil in which the hair grows, and, just as a desert will blossom under rain, so bald heads grow hair, when the roots are nourished. But the roots must be there. If you wish your hair to retain its normal color, or if you wish to restore the lost tint of gray or faded hair use Ayer's Hair Vigor.



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AUCTION SALE OF TIMBER BERTHS.

Department of Crown Lands (Woods and Forests Branch) Toronto, June 2nd, 1897.

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Shets containing conditions and terms of Sale, with information as to Areas, Lots and Concessions comprised in each Berth, will be furnished on application personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, to the Crown Timber Offices at OTTAWA and RAYPORT.

J. M. GIBSON, Commissioner of Crown Lands. E. B.—No unauthorised publication of this advertisement will be paid for. 975-8

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FIVE-MINUTE THE NINTH SUNDAY THE USE OF "God is faithful, who talk as if God faithful—Christians trials and difficulties of this life as so Almighty God to would seem, at least they offer for command dreadfully tempted. "To talk and to a great unjust loving God, and imperfect knowledge the temptation, or God's providence in. Know, then, tempted, and this of our existence. body and soul—at ing elements. The the soul, being the right to command obeyed; but original happy union of a sion, and the result battle ever since—passions striving for the soul and its fact. Now, brethren, soul has to contend. We have a in us—our own ev inordinate desires tentation ever pres carry with us thro every action, ever has to be fought a feat has to be score. And, again, w from within. It always on the ale upon us in our who employs the w order the better to —this is our grea All this is not this perpetual str blood, with power. But we must never not alone in this have God with us, ful and will not st beyond what we c also remember t whatever kind, is a raw material, as a comes. Our mora cise. This is a p economy. The strength; then it, who loses its power, —without tempta would lose most o Things upon which worth nothing u eternity of happine on the trials to w posed. Let us underst nature of these tation may be sai of the soul toward guise of something of the soul. It is this very app be obtained that dangerous and sin no man is base en to commit a sin cause he wants to ample: a man tainly not for the is in robbery—no covers that there some present god is, therefore, the temptation that able. So it happens devil would lead forms himself, sa angel of light, a guard to detect h meet, for instanc snake with loath scales, his eyes f raised to strike y ing his fangs, th tation to have to would know that evil reptile, and him or escape fr if, again, you w may meet in the coral snake, is it seems impossi and so gentle the up and play wit be tempted, as m fore, to fondle t neck for a g goes one step to its temper, gives the lip, and the death. So it is with m they appear pleas string is soon fe our dismay that death. Take brethren: we m then let us fig knowing that G is faithful, and scient.



FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

The Ninth Sunday After Pentecost.

THE USE OF TEMPTATIONS.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that which you are able." (1 Cor. x. 13). There are Christians, dear brethren, who talk as if God were anything but faithful—Christians who look upon the trials and difficulties and temptations of this life as so many traps set by Almighty God to ensnare them. So it would seem, at least, from the excuse they offer for committing sin: "I was dreadfully tempted and could not resist." To talk and act in this wise is to do a great injustice to a faithful and loving God, and comes either from an imperfect knowledge of the nature of the temptation, or an ignorance of God's providence in regard to it.

Know, then, that we must be tempted, and this from the very nature of our existence. We are made up of body and soul—at present two conflicting elements. There was a time when the soul, being the superior, had the right to command, and the body obeyed; but original sin destroyed that happy union of authority and submission, and the result has been a pitched battle ever since—the body with its passions striving for the mastery over the soul and its faculties.

Now, brethren, in this conflict the soul has to contend with many enemies. We have a battle ground with us—our own evil inclinations and inordinate desires—a source of contention ever present, which we will carry with us throughout life, and for every action, every impulse, a battle has to be fought and a victory or defeat has to be scored.

And, again, we have our enemies from without. The devil, who is always on the alert, ready to pounce upon us in our unguarded moments—who employs the world and the flesh in order the better to accomplish his ends—this is our great enemy from without.

All this is not very encouraging, this perpetual struggle with flesh and blood, with powers and principalities. But we must never forget that we are not alone in this conflict; that we have God with us, a God who is faithful, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond what we can bear. We must also remember that temptation, of whatever kind, is never permitted save for our good, as a source of merit, the raw material out of which our glory comes. Our moral powers need exercise. This is a principle in the divine economy. The use of a limb strengthens it, while an arm tied up loses its power. So it is with the soul—without temptations and trials it would lose most of its spiritual vigor.

Things upon which much depends are worth nothing until tried, and an eternity of happiness or woe depends on the trials to which the soul is exposed. Let us understand, then, the true nature of these temptations. A temptation may be said to be an allurements of the soul towards evil under the guise of something good, or the allurements of the soul to a forbidden good. It is this very appearance of a good to be obtained that makes the temptation dangerous and sin all the more so.

For no man is base enough or fool enough to commit a sin simply and solely because he wants to offend God. For example, a man commits theft, certainly not for the mere pleasure there is in robbery—no, but because he discovers that there is to accrue to him some present good from his theft. It is, therefore, the apparent good in the temptation that makes it all so palatable.

So it happens, brethren, when the devil would lead us astray he transforms himself, says the apostle, into an angel of light, and we must be on our guard to detect him. If you were to meet, for instance, some venomous snake with loathsome spots upon his scales, his eyes full of rage, his head raised to strike you, hissing and showing his fangs, there would be no temptation to have to do with him; you would know that you had to do with an evil reptile, and you must either kill him or escape from him at once. But if, again, you were to meet, as you may meet in the tropics, a lovely little coral snake, its mouth so small that it seems impossible that it can bite, and so gentle that children may take it up and play with it, then you might be tempted, as many a child has before, to fondle it, wreath it around the neck for a necklace, till the play goes one step too far, the snake loses its temper, gives one tiny scratch upon the hip, and that scratch is certain death.

So it is with most of our temptations; they appear pleasant at first, but their sting is soon felt, and we discover to our dismay that the wages of sin is death. Take this lesson home, brethren; we must needs be tempted; then let us fight our battles manfully, knowing that God is with us, that He is faithful, and that His grace is sufficient.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Minding Mother.

Boys, just listen a moment To a word I have to say; Mother's eyes are just before you, Drawing nearer every day. Bear in mind, while you are passing, Of that intervening span, That the boy who minds his mother, Seldom makes a wicked man.

There are many slips and failures In this world we're living in; Those who start with prospects fairest Off are overcome by sin. But I'm certain that you'll notice, If the facts you'll closely scan, That the boy who minds his mother Seldom makes a wicked man.

Then be guided by her counsel, It will never lead astray; Rest assured she has your welfare In her thoughts both night and day. Don't forget that she has loved you Since the day your life began. Ah! the boy who minds his mother Seldom makes a wicked man.

The German Emperor's Boys. The life of the German emperor's boys is by no means one of luxury; for they are allowed only about an hour and a half a day to themselves, while the remaining time, even on holidays, is given to study and physical culture. Up to the age of nine, life for them is one grand holiday, but after that work begins. Here is the routine followed: In summer they are out of bed at 6 o'clock (in winter an hour later). Breakfast is served at 7:30, and consists of one cup of tea and a roll; from 8 to 9:30 they are studying, then a second breakfast of bread and water tinged with red wine, is supplied. Immediately afterward they work at their books, though the time is divided until 1:15 with some physical exercise in gymnastics and horse exercise. After dinner which is spent with the military and civic governors of the castle, they have a brief breathing-time to themselves. But this soon passes, and they are again with their tutors studying science and music until 6 o'clock. Thereupon supper is served, and at 8 o'clock all are in bed. The boys are considered very proficient in the saddle and in all other outdoor sports.

"First and Last." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in her published reminiscences, gives an account of her "first and last" deliberate falsehood. "Once," says the author of "Gates Ajar," once I told a lie (I was seven years old) and my father was a broken-hearted man. He told me then that liars went to hell. I do not remember to have heard any such personal application of the doctrine of eternal punishment before or since, and the fact made a life-long impression, to which I largely owe a personal preference for veracity. Yet, to analyze the scene strictly, I must say that it was not fear of torment which so moved me; it was the sight of that broken face. For my father wept—only when death visited the household did I ever see him cry again—and I stood melted and miserable before his anguish and his love. The devil and all his angels could not have punished me into the noble shame of that moment.

And yet what is the anguish of an earthly father compared to the grief we cause our Father in heaven when we sully our souls with falsehood? According to Holy Scripture a thief is better than a liar, "although both shall inherit destruction." A lying tongue is hateful to the God of Truth, and the devil is the only lover of lies and of liars.

Learn to Work. Now, girls, don't allow your old mother to darn your stockings; attend to this simple duty yourselves. Fine darning is really an accomplishment. Take the care of your entire wardrobe, if possible. Don't let a button be off your shoes a moment more than is necessary. It takes just about a minute to sew one on, and oh! how much better a foot looks in a trimly buttoned boot than it does in a lopsided affair, with half the buttons off.

Every girl should learn to make her own simple articles of clothing. Make the work a study. Once get into the habit of overlooking your things, and you will like it wonderfully. You will have the independent feeling that you need not wait for any one's convenience in repairing and making, but that you can be beforehand in all such matters. The relief thus given to your weary mother will be more than you can estimate. When you become as old and worn as she is, you will know how much "every little helps."

How Social Success is Won. "I think," writes Ruth Ashmore, addressing a reply to a girl correspondent who asks how to become a social success, in the Ladies' Home Journal, "that you will be a social success, for you are pretty to talk with, and pleasant, too, to look upon, but you must remember every day and every hour of your life that social success is only obtained by continued thought of the value of little things. The little pleasures are really great ones, the little courtesies are keenly appreciated, and the little politenesses are those that will make you not only a lovable girl, but a lady. I think to be a social success you must be that. Reformers are prone to say that the first name that can be given to you or to me is woman. Perhaps that is true. But it seems to me that you should also wish to be called a lady. You are a woman by birth, and a lady because of your tact and good manners. There is many a woman truthful and honest, but so lacking in tact that she cannot possibly be called a lady. If, therefore, you wish to have society approve of you you must be ladylike and tactful as well as womanly."

Habitual Silence.

Webster defines judgment as "a sentence, an opinion." The judgment of those who are not appointed judges is too often a careless opinion that becomes an irrevocable sentence. The judges of our law courts are men selected for their wisdom and knowledge. They must be rigorously impartial, keenly penetrating, gravely deliberative. They must know the shades of good and evil, the proportions of cause and effect. So far as it is humanly possible, the judgment of a judge must be flawless. He is called upon to sentence his fellow creatures, to punish the guilty and clear the innocent. He must go by the evidence of witness and the findings of jury; argument—the eloquent "say so" of the lawyers—must not affect his decision.

How difficult it is to be a just judge, how awful is the thought of taking upon earth the place of the Just One in Heaven! Our legal judges realize the solemnity of their responsibility; our illegal judges are heedless of justice itself. Who are the illegal judges? Those who rashly judge their neighbors; those whose hasty, irresponsible opinions are sentences of suffering and shame for their fellow-creatures. "Silence makes us great hearted, and judging makes us little minded," says Father Faber. And the little-minded, unauthorized judges are responsible for most of the mischief and misery of a sinful world.

Silence is best, unless one speaks wisely. A contemporary writer says: "It is a good rule to say little until you have thoroughly made up your mind and then not to hesitate in your statements. The temptation of the average man is to express some opinion at once, but if that is changed later the full force of the final opinion is lost. Let others do the wrangling. Your opinion will have all the more influence if you come out strong with it at the close of the discussion, when not only are the others considerably in doubt as to what they do want, but you have also had the advantage of hearing many sides of the case."

Since it is in youth that habits good or bad are formed, we advise our boys and girls to cultivate the gift of habitual silence, sternly repressing the evil impulses of hasty, unconsidered speech.—Catholic Standard and Times.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The following is a synopsis of Judge Daly's address to the graduating class of St. John's college, Fordham, N. Y. It contains so many points of interest to our young men that we gladly reproduce it here for their benefit:—

How to Win Success. What we are all eager for is success in life. If one were to stand up here and announce that he could impart the secret of success he would be heard with breathless attention, and if what he said turned out to be true, he would be the most popular speaker these walls ever witnessed. But no one will ever venture, except in the most general way, to prescribe the means of success, though any one may hazard certain suggestions; and I have a thought which I would like to impart to you at the risk of its seeming to be far-fetched. But of that you must be the judges. I remember in my early reading to have been thrilled by the observation of the writer that the ten commandments there was only one to which a promise was attached. All the other solemn injunctions were laid upon us to be disregarded at our peril, but the observance of this one must have been inexpressibly dear to the paternal heart of the great Lawgiver. Surely He held out an inducement of earthly advantage as a reward for obedience. It is the command that we honor our father and mother, that our days may be long in the land. What practical application has this injunction and this promise to the question of success and failure in life?

Of course your first thought will be that this mandate will bear no such narrow construction as confines it to our individual case or our own family circle. For of what advantage is it that you honor your parents if I and the rest of the world may treat them with dishonor? It is manifest, therefore, that this command is intended to secure a general reverence for age and teaching and all that we are accustomed to associate with the weight of years. And what is the reward held out for compliance? What in the way of material prosperity is assured by a promise attached to a mandate capable of such universal extension? Not, surely, the dragging out of an existence already fraught with the distresses of life, so that the promise to prolong it is only to increase burdens already hard to bear. That is not what we would expect from infinite Justice; it would, in the language of the greatest English poet, be "to keep the world of promise to the ear and break it to the hope." It is not what we would expect from infinite love. To quote again from the master-mind contemplating the aged man bowed with grief, "He loves him not that on the rack of this rough world would stretch him longer." No, we feel, we know, that for the fulfillment of this gracious promise we have the assurance of a life as full of happiness as it will be full of years, of laudable ambitions realized, of honest industry rewarded, of wishes fulfilled, of fortune, fame, honor, love, friends, distinctions, all that we could ask for in asking for length of days.

The only objection that can be urged by the philosopher of the period to this suggestion of a means of success, is that it is too simple. We may

be told that the complex machinery of modern social existence requires a more complicated scheme for attaining success. It is indeed very simple. Its simplicity may be its merit. It is as simple as the advice of the witty Frenchman to his pupils, "Young gentlemen," he said, "begin by being polite to the servants; gradually you will find yourselves becoming considerate to your associates; and ultimately you will treat even your parents with respect." This delicate irony, the embodiment of true wit in its assuming as proper the complete inversion of the natural order of things, teaches most forcibly the true lesson, that no one who is uniformly respectful and considerate to age was ever known to be unwell to a friend or an inferior. And is not here the practical application of our suggestion? From observance of this simple and plain injunction proceeds that gentleness of character, that kindness, charity and forbearance which make their happy possessor an universal favorite, which wins all hearts, opens all doors, smooths all roads to success and admits him to all the fortunes which the world reserves to its favorites.

There is one virtue without which all others are unavailing, and that is perseverance. After we have resolved upon what we have to do and commenced to do it, the real difficulty is to continue. There never was a task which did not become more onerous as we went on. Gentlemen, ob-stacles only prove that we are making headway; while you are battling with difficulties you may be sure that you are on the right road, and the difficulty which seems insurmountable is invariably at the threshold of success. This is not only true of particular tasks, but of life as a whole—of life which has been so often and so profitably depicted in allegory, that I shall venture now to use that familiar form to illustrate what I have in mind.

I picture to myself two mountains whose tops are bathed in light while their bases are wrapped in darkness. They are of equal height, reaching to the clouds, and one takes the first beams of the rising sun and the radiant promise of the morning, and the other is bathed in the glory of a sun that knows no setting. One, I shall call the hill of youth and the other the hill of fame and fortune. On the first you are now standing to take your glorious start in life, feeling the vigor of the new day and clothed with the brightness that poet and painter picture for the angels. You look with eager glances across to that other mountain with its temples and trophies and monuments of success, and you say each one in his heart, "Before my life is done I will write my name on the imperishable roll they bear."

Your anxious monitors at your side point downwards. Between that eminence and your own stretches a valley the gloom of which is impenetrable, and which must be traversed to reach your destination. In it are the paths of the lives we are to lead; the paths we are to choose. Impenetrable as is the mystery of that region—for it is our future which no man can foresee—yet you have no fear, for you know that, dark as it seems, once you are in its depths the radiance about you will penetrate the gloom and light you on your way. You enter upon your journey, you descend; for a little way you are in the bright rays of the morning. Then by degrees the light grows dull, you become a reminiscence, we meet with strangers, friends grow a little apart as the roads branch off which each will choose, but all, all, pointing the way to success.

Your road is chosen, it is thronged with eager travelers, and at first all seems easy; each one is helpful; and it is not difficult to discern the road stretching before us, only there is one disappointment—it seems long, very long, and it never seems to lead upward. When the disappointment grows keenest and the way most weary, voices are audible that call us this way and that, to follow paths that open to the right and to the left and seem to lead directly upwards by easy steps. But we hesitate to take them because though they go up they don't go the right way. The signs we follow, the guides we consult all tell us to keep that long and straight and weary road, and we resolutely follow it.

But there are sudden changes in store. There is sudden gloom, and we are alone. The road is there beneath our feet, but every step is uncertain, full of peril, and we begin to stumble. Blind and helpless, there is none to tell us if we must go halting on, but at every step we are lured to stay, to turn, to rest, to yield, to give up the struggle. Others do it. Friends suddenly emerge from the gloom ahead and turn to these lights on either side crying out that the game is not worth the struggle, that they will give it up. We see others cast off as dogs the burden of good habits and good resolutions we have all carried over since we were furnished for our journey. We see them cast them off crying that burdens keep us down, that we can get on better without them; and then they dart forward with a swiftness that mocks our weary steps. And we never see them again.

We press on, and we press on alone. The task seems hopeless; ambition is dead within us. Each step is only to fall and painfully rise to fall again. What takes us on? It is that when we set out we resolved that we would never give up. We are outstripped in the race, we are hampered, but we will go on, we will not turn aside, and yet, as we speak, as if to deride our efforts, the way is barred by a monstrous steep as if a wall of rock were planted in our path. Despair

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F. M. T. A.

The F. M. T. A. of Almonte at their semi-annual installation of officers held July 4, 1907.

SIR THOMAS MORE

The following essay, composed by Mr. J. A. Wilson, of this city, a graduate of Fordham College, New York city, merited, in competition with many others, a gold medal in publishing it.

The War of the Roses, that fatal struggle which robbed England of the flower of her nobility, and drained her resources almost to the last farthing, had at last drawn to a lurid close in the person of Richard III.

The young warrior, who then ascended the throne of his fathers, under the title of Henry VIII., beheld his people prostrated after the last deadly conflict; he beheld them, after the same time, praying for peace and tranquility.

Under such peculiar circumstances as these, therefore, we come upon the most remarkable period of English history, known as the "Reformation."

Driven from their sanctuaries by the pillage of Constantinople, the exponents of the old Grecian reformation had been scattered to the four corners of the known world.

England, as a consequence, was blessed with the quota of these hunted scholars, and foremost among the fugitive band which fled to her island shores stood John Colet and Erasmus of Rotterdam.

With Sir Thomas More, were destined to revolutionize the national temper of England, to purify her literature—but, grandest of all, to diffuse the leaven of learning throughout the middle and lower classes of the people.

Renowned as are his companions, Erasmus and Colet, for the depth of their learning, Thomas More figures in history towering over them as the giant, when a tall, slender, and well-proportioned man, with a face that looked like the face of the summer's breeze.

Of so remarkable a man, then, is it my duty to portray the life, character and literary works, not, however, in any ordinary manner, but in a manner which marked Thomas More as the most conspicuous man of his age.

To follow with the exactness of a biographer the life of Thomas More, would be a famous person, it is necessary to consider it under two chief and distinctive divisions. We examine the public deeds of great men to discover their relations with their fellow citizens.

dearly. It was his delight to train the girl he had chosen for wife, in his own taste for literature, and when she, his first love, had passed away, he continued in a like manner to devote himself to the education of his motherless babes.

He loved teaching them and lured them to their deeper studies by the curiosities he had gathered in his cabinet. Indeed, even in his separation from them he ever watched carefully the progress his children made in their studies.

He was always a kind and indulgent father liberal with his money, and his own words bear witness to the fact: "I have given you kisses enough," he wrote when far away upon political business, "but stripes hardly ever."

But during these years of his early life, More had been making no uncertain or mediocre progress in his chosen profession of the law. He had advanced through the various degrees of the profession, and had been elected to Parliament.

Being soon chosen Speaker, by his ready argument and keen sense of justice he led to the rejection of the king's impious demands upon public life, consequent upon his bold stand, had but little effect upon his buoyant activity; he pursued his studies with renewed vigor; his reputation as a lawyer ranked him among the greatest of European counselors.

We approach now the close of the first epoch of More's life. Till the death of Henry VIII. his private undertakings consumed all his greater public duties. His private life, upon the accession of Henry VIII., in 1509, begins his public career, the last act of "his great play."

In his public life he was to have world-calls happiness at his disposal; he was finally to end the great drama of his existence by the reception of the undying crown of martyrdom.

Until Henry VIII.'s death More was still practicing his precocious retirement from politics. The coronation of Henry VIII., from whom all Englishmen were justly expecting a prosperous reign, drew him into the vortex of political affairs.

Wolsey, his old bursar at Oxford, was in the new king's favor and was rising rapidly to power and eminence. To his proposal that More should come to the court, Henry readily assented, but it was with many misgivings that More complied with his request.

When, however, he finally did consent, it was with the express stipulation and let it be well noted, that it was to God, and not to the king, that he was to be true. More tried as hard to keep out of court, as most men try to get into it.

the existing circumstances, to remain a faithful Catholic and continue King's minister, was impossible. More, therefore, and struggled in vain against, the absolutism of the monarchy, and the segregation of England from the rest of Christendom.

His love for his own spiritual convictions, all bent him to withstand a system which would concentrate in the King the whole power of religion, and make him, in the eyes of Church and State, and make him, in the eyes of his subjects, the prince of the heavenly peace.

But now let me conclude. It is more than two centuries since Sir Thomas More died, and the world has changed, and men with them. The England which saw More in its infancy, is no longer the England of the land now beheld with silent approval, though none the less sincere, the Church of England, spreading wherever it goes, the light of the heavenly peace.

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of Sir Thomas More at once a scholar, an unblemished gentleman, an accomplished and skillful statesman, a blessed martyr for the faith.

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been ailing for upwards of three years, and bore her sufferings with the true Christian patience and resignation by which her whole life was marked. She was in every sense of the word a model Christian woman, and during her illness she was fortified by the consoling rites of the Catholic Church, and tenderly nursed by her loving husband.

Her husband was a kind and affectionate son and daughter. Mrs. Collins was born in Ballinacorney, county Cavan, Ireland; and when eighteen years of age came to Canada. In the year 1857 she was united in marriage to Mr. Timothy Collins, of Cavan township, and in 1857 the family removed to Ops, where they have since resided. She was the mother of nine children, of whom she has given five to the Church. Of the family there are at present surviving six sons and one daughter, the latter living at home. Patrick, the eldest son, lives in Rochester. Cornelius and Charles are married and prospering on an adjacent farm; the remaining sons—John and Timothy—are priests, the former belonging to the Basilian order, the latter to the Society of the Holy Spirit at Brighton.

The funeral took place from the family residence at 8 o'clock, proceeding to St. Mary's church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated, Monsignor Laurent being the celebrant. Father J. Collins, assisted as deacon, Father T. Collins as sub-deacon. Rev. Father Bretherton acted as master of ceremonies, and Mr. Joseph Kavanagh was also within the sanctuary. Rev. Fathers Connolly, Hastings, Nolan, Fenech Falls; and Scanlan and O'Sullivan, of the cathedral, Peterborough, and other gentlemen were also within the sanctuary.

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around 30, but poor stuff dragged somewhat at from 2 to 2 1/2 per pound, though it is ultimately cleared.

Milkers.—Prices range from 20 to 25 each a week for about 100 per 100 pounds of milk. Lambs are worth from \$2.50 to \$3 each. Fat sheep are worth from \$3 to \$3.50 per pound. Bucks, fawns and ewes are worth from \$1.50 to \$2 each.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 5.—Cattle.—No trade.—Calves—Light supply; \$5.10 to \$5.40 for choice; a few extra, \$5.75. Hogs.—11 cars on sale; fairly active and 50 higher; selected York weights, with choice pigs at \$4.25 to \$4.50; mixed packers, 4 1/2 to 5; and old business required to heavy hogs the price is \$3.75 for some values range from \$3.50 to \$3.75 per 100 pounds; stage fatch 2 1/2 per pound.

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