





"I am very desirous to meet your cousin," I said, at last, when the pause in the conversation had grown intolerably long, and she had done nothing to relieve it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SOULS FROM PURGATORY PREVENT A MURDER.

It was fair-day in the town of the Pyrenees. This fair is held twice a year—on the feast of St. Michael, for the 8th of May and the 29th of September. It lasts for several days and is of great importance for the market place and the mountain hamlets the people flock to it in vast numbers.

A wealthy farmer brought to this autumn fair his numerous stock. He had good luck in finding purchasers, and, at the close of the half-yearly market, had the satisfaction of carrying away with him a well-lined wallet, in exchange for his flocks and herds.

Not all were as fortunate as the jolly farmer. Not all who hovered around the stalls and booths of the market place had sold their wares as profitably as he, and some, indeed, had nothing to sell, and no money with which to buy.

The latter was the case with two men who had nothing better to do than to watch their more fortunate neighbors.

They beheld the happy farmer rejoicing in his luck, saw the exchange of horses, cows and sheep, for gold, silver and bank-notes, and even saw the farmer's leather wallet close upon a small fortune.

These two men were friends in "ill-luck," as they called their improvident manner of life. "Good fortune" was no friend of theirs, they declared; and, taking over their mutual disappointments, they grew embittered, discouraged, gloomy and envious.

"Why should those who already have so much receive more?" one asked the other.

Their eyes met; and their thoughts were the same. The farmer's way home was their way too. Across mountain and stream, through valleys, glens and lonely paths, within sound of a rushing river, whose bed was deep and whose current swift, their own road lay, and so did the farmer's.

"Let us lighten him of his load; he will never miss it," said one.

"He is strong; suppose he resists?" answered the other.

"But if he still resist?"

"We are two; your health, like mine, is cold; your children and mine are hungry and naked."

"But if he should still be too strong for us?"

No reply, only a long look into each other's gloomy eyes. After awhile one asked the other: "Would you do him harm?"

The question was low, the voice faltering that asked it. The reply was weak and in an uncertain tone.

"I would not take his life,"

behold him. For the third time, he is surrounded by a group of men. Trembling and afraid they shrink back into the sheltered hedge.

One fell on his knees.

"Come," said the other, "let us go; we are not to do this devil's work. Rise!" he repeated hoarsely.

But he had to help his weaker companion to his feet, and take him by the arm and lead him.

"I shall go at once to the priest," said the fear-stricken man; "come thou with me. We have been saved from doing an evil deed."

They sought their parish priest and told their story. That they were sincere, he had no doubt; but, to prove their truth, the priest sought the farmer and asked him, in a general way, for news of St. Michael's fair—what luck he had had, and of the events of the road.

The honest farmer suspected nothing, and told how he had sold his cattle to good advantage, how he had supped with his friends, and then set out for home.

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"Did you stop anywhere?"

"Yes." When he was passing a sanctuary of our Lady, he had suddenly remembered that it was the anniversary of his father's death; and he had stopped there to recite the rosary for the souls in purgatory.

Ah, thought the priest within himself, these souls for whom he prayed were his companions and protectors on that fearful road. But he continued his interrogatory.

"Some of your good friends came part of the way, at least, with you?"

"No; it was late, and I would not let them do so. I know the road too well to need guide or guard," was the farmer's reply.

Ah, thought the priest again, how little he suspects how much he needed both guide and guard that night, or who they were that kept him company in that dread hour!

"But you met someone, either coming or going, between this and the village?"

"Not a living soul," was the decided answer.

The priest was convinced—convinced and grateful. He had gained two souls to his flock, and the farmer's life was safe, thank to the protection of the Holy Souls.

HOW I CAME HOME.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

But to return to myself. My only resource was to try as far as possible to be in the mind of the Church if I could not be outwardly of its body; above all, to wait and pray for further light and guidance. My Catholic longings, however, were not satisfied; I could not forget what I had heard. Dr. Newman says truly: "He who has once seen a ghost cannot be as one who has never seen it."

Doubts as to the truth of the Church of England had been sown broadcast in my mind; and I could not but feel that the only legitimate and honest conclusion to which the High Church teachings of my life could lead was the one at which the Archdeacon and Dr. Newman had already arrived.

Whenever we went abroad, we used to go to Benediction or early Mass, and I often discussed the whole matter with my husband. He knew perfectly what my feelings were, for I never had a secret from him in my life.

He admitted that the Catholic religion was more suited to some temperaments than the Protestant; that one's religion was after all, very much that a clever writer has called "a geographical accident," by which he meant that if we had been born in Russia, like his mother, we should have been brought up in the Greek Church; if in France or Italy, Austria or Spain, in the Catholic, and so on.

But he always maintained that as long as the Anglican Church did not force us to believe anything contrary to Catholic truth, we were bound to remain in her communion in spite of her many heretical teachers; that it was, in fact, "good for the present distress;" and that as everything R-manist was looked upon in England, all hopes of doing good, or of influencing others and being of use in one's generation, depended on our staying where we were and making the best of it.

This was the result of hundreds and hundreds of such conversations. I found it worried him, and I left of talking of it; but my husband, deep down in his heart, had a conviction that had dawned upon me before my marriage and kept growing upon me fever after, that the Church of England was but an offspring of the Reformation and not the Church of Christ; that it was a national establishment, in fact, and nothing else. And if it were indeed a branch of the true Church, where was the harm of going to the parent tree? In the meantime, I read every book that came in my way against these convictions—Wordsworth and Burnett, Sewall and Goulburn, Bennett and Burgon, and half-a-dozen others—and laid them down in disgust, because I felt that they made *ex parte* statements, that they quoted isolated passages from the Fathers and left out the context, that they gave you garbled extracts which perverted the original meaning of different passages; in fact, that they were, like lawyers, pleading a bad case and feeling it to be one all the time. My husband used himself to speak of the "curse of the Reformation," which in so many cases had destroyed, and especially regretted the substitution of the Morning Service with its wearisome "dearly beloved." Ten Commandments and reiterated prayers for the Queen and the royal family, for the simple Eucharistic service of the Catholic Church.

But work thickened upon us. The Crimean war came; and for the moment, I laid aside my racking doubts and fears and bent all my energies to trying to help my husband. During the war, I saw my old friend, the late Archdeacon, two or three times. He was living in "a little chamber in the wall"

like the prophet, in—Street, of which the sole ornament was a bronze head of Christ which we had given him at Rome. I recollect nervously confining myself to the business on hand; but at the end, I could not resist kneeling to ask for his old blessing. He gave it me without comment, kindly but sadly; and then we did not meet again for months.

I pass over the intervening years of my life till my husband's death. They had been passed in arduous work and in ever-increasing anxiety for the health of one who was dearer to me than life. At last, the blow came; and then it was that I fully realized what it was to be in a Church in which I did not believe, and which did not recognize prayers for the dead. My mother-in-law had once said to me (in speaking of my sister-in-law's death), that it was the only thing she could not bear in the Church of England. And to me, it was simply impossible. I had prayed for him daily for twenty years. How could I leave off now? Besides, if there were only a chance, however remote, however doubtful, that such prayers could benefit him, how could I withhold them? I had a very touching letter from our old friend, speaking of him as I felt and knew he would do. In reply, I asked him where I could find such prayers as I had sought for in vain among Anglican manuals of devotion, begging him likewise to say some Masses for my husband's soul; for he was then a priest. He complied with my wishes in both cases, but never sent me any renewal of intercourse either in person or by continuing the correspondence.

That year of overwhelming misery went by. I spent it in the south of France; seeing no one scarcely but my children and the poor, and holding no conversations on religious subjects. I went once or twice to the Catholic church of the place where I was living; but I was rather discouraged than otherwise by so doing; for I found it next to impossible to follow the services from the rapidity of the priest's utterance any my own ignorance of Latin. This I resolved to remedy by taking Mass at Benediction, and got helplessly puzzled at the rapidity with which the former was said. Even at that time, reports were spread in England of my having been received into the Church. I repelled them almost indignantly. I had come to no such decision. Yet, being miserable and dissatisfied, my mind was ever insensibly working onwards in that direction.

The following year, I went to Rome for the winter for the health of two of my children. Dr. Manning was there and preached; but I did not go and hear him nor try to see him. In the place, I did not like to make people talk; and in the next, I was so peculiarly situated with regard to my children that I felt I could not ask him to my house. I had, therefore, been three months in Rome before we met; and he then spoke of nothing but my sorrow and his great love for my husband, and I begged to hear all details of our life. This I gave him; but we did not touch on religious subjects.

In spite of all my caution, however, the reports of my conversion were renewed. I had not only done nothing to give rise to them; but I had carefully abstained from going to services (as I had always done before with my husband) and from praying and crying at that same little convent in the Lungara, where my cousin had had the novena for the birth of my child. No one was admitted into the "clausura" of this convent but relations of the nuns; but as was thus related and the nuns; but as I felt for my sorrow, I felt shy and unworthy to join in their services, but I used to steal in from the garden towards dusk and pray before the little light telling of the Presence, and felt inexpressible comfort there. I often wished at this time to have talked to my Anglican chaplain, who was my boy's tutor and lived with us. But his notions about women were peculiar. He had a firm conviction of their being all "interior beings;" that, as Pope says, "most women have no character at all;" that our business, if we had doubts, was to go about our daily duties and to do good by such means. But questions fairly lay lived with and in my case, I had equal and companion of clever men; I had not had the education or training of an ordinary woman; and the religious doubts and difficulties which troubled me had been born of going to the parent tree and first of all, to the very practical nature of his teaching. There was not a word with which I did not entirely agree. And this was the more important for me at that time, because I was just in that state in which so many people are before they give up their minds to the Catholic Church—that I was inclined to cavil at everything. People imagine that they must understand everything, and that all their doubts must be cleared up before they take the final step; whereas you must take the plunge in order to see I laid aside my racking doubts and fears and bent all my energies to trying to help my husband. During the war, I saw my old friend, the late Archdeacon, two or three times. He was living in "a little chamber in the wall"

order, beauty and light within." But to continue. My Hungarian friend introduced me to all that wonderful hidden life of Rome which is utterly unknown to ordinary visitors—I mean the beautiful network of charitable institutions which nowhere exist in such perfection as in the Eternal City, and of which, as an English Protestant, I had hitherto seen nothing. In this way I became acquainted with many eminent and holy souls, both men and women, who did more to remove my prejudices by their daily lives than volumes of controversy would have done. Still, I had difficulties, especially with regard to devotion to our Lady. I remember perfectly well having been given a Catholic manual, and carefully cutting out and pasting down all such portions as were treated of the Rosary on one occasion, at Countess A—'s House, I again met Dr. Manning. But he did not encourage me in any way, and I felt that if I wanted his advice, I must seek it directly, he would not be the first to open the subject. At last, I went on for so many months in my own mind, and intensely anxious for explanations which would clear away my doubts and difficulties, I wrote to him and asked him to see me. Even then he hesitated; and I mention this because it is the fashion for Protestants to affirm that he moved heaven and earth to make excommunicated, whereas, as far as I was concerned, the reverse was the fact. He emphatically left me alone. And although, at my earnest request, he at last consented to give me some instruction on certain points, and met me at a convent for that purpose once or twice during my stay at Rome; yet, in each and all of these cases, it was that I sought him, not he! Even later, what I have learned has been principally from books to which he referred me, and which I was to study and work out the conclusions for myself without his aid. I think he was afraid of his personal influence over me from my old associations, persuaded in my own mind without any human motive. He did use the greatest possible service, however, at this time, by kneeling by my side at Mass once or twice, and pointing out to me the exact places in the service, which ever after I was enabled to follow with ease and comfort. If Catholics who are helping Anglicans into the Church would only do this more often, one of the greatest stumbling-blocks of Protestants would be removed. I think that Catholics who have been used to the service of the Mass from their infancy, and can never recollect the time when they did not understand it, have no idea of the difficulty it presents to Anglicans as Protestants; they have not a notion of following the intentions of the priest without the words; and I do not think they can arrive at it either, till they have thoroughly mastered the sense of the whole. To do this, they must begin by studying the service exactly, and by the constant habit of saying one beautiful and sublime whole, culminating in the Great Sacrifice.

The result of my visit to Rome was that I resolved to halt no longer between two opinions, but to try by every means in my power to arrive at the truth. I felt, in fact, that I could no longer set it aside—that to do so would be resisting grace, and imperiling my very salvation. When I returned to England I found several of my most intimate friends in the same state of mind as myself, and we agreed that all we could do was to go on studying the question, and above all to pray earnestly for light and guidance. One practice we followed—which I would earnestly recommend to all honest seekers after truth and the Divine will—namely, the daily repetition of the prayer to the Holy Ghost, "Deus, qui corda fidelium," etc., and of the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*. I have known many people helped into the Church by this means. After all, it was not a question of A. or B. It concerned the individual soul, and could not be decided for us. Also, whatever may be the effect of arguments or logic on the human mind, I am more and more convinced that conversions are not brought about by those means. I have seen people entirely convinced intellectually, and yet remain outside the Church, and it is the gentle wind of God's Spirit which moves a soul to follow its inspirations. That is what people mean when they say, "they believe not with the intellect but with the heart," and that "it falls before the reality of what is true or false before the reality of the matter at hand." They do not approve itself to their intellect or their reasoning powers, but that there is a Spirit stronger than theirs—even the Holy Spirit of God, which touches them to the quick, so that they can find no answer but in the words of Samuel; "Speak, Lord, for thy Servant heareth."

With me (as with so many others at this very moment) all human considerations were perpetually urging me the other way. I had been left sole guardian of my children by my husband's will; but I had already received notice that if I took this step my husband's family would either remove them from me, or, at least, make them wards in court. Of the justice of such a course this is not the place to speak. Enough that it is the law of England that children can thus be forcibly estranged from their mother and natural protector, in spite of the will of the father, if that mother, by following the different faith I had promised my husband on his death-bed that I would never leave his children; nor entrust them to the guardianship of others. And I found myself therefore in a great strait, not knowing exactly what the powers of the Court of Chancery might do for me (in which case my promise would be broken) or that they would be exposed to influences which above all others I most dreaded, while I should, nevertheless, be unable to interfere; and that, from my own act. In this great moral difficulty, too, I had no one to advise or

help me. I felt strongly also how useless it would be to seek counsel from either side. My Anglican friends would, of course, say one thing, and my Catholic ones the other.

But there were other circumstances which increased my difficulties. With the Catholic yearnings of my whole life, I had indeed my husband to begin, and I had myself completed, the restoration of all the churches on the property. We had taken away all the pews, put in large altars, restored the patron saint in each church; and, as crucifixes were not possible, had put a representation of the Crucifixion, not in small medallions but in large and separate figures, in all the east-end windows; so that the people might, at any rate, have their thoughts led up to that great Mystery of our Redemption. Moreover, since my husband's death, I had restored and fitted up, in the most Catholic manner possible, the chapel in the house, which formed part of the church of the old Benedictine Monastery which formerly stood on this site. Here I had persuaded the chaplain to use the Complete service on Sunday evenings and other prayers on Fridays, taken from Catholic manuals. I was organist, and I had carefully selected none but Catholic hymns; while the Communion on all saints' days and feasts, on which occasions the chapel was always beautifully decorated with flowers and lights. All this, it became a Catholic, I must give up.

But there was one thing which touched me even more nearly. My husband had built a beautiful church in the village at the cost of £30,000. He and I had completed its adornment by bringing the rarest marbles and mosaics from Italy; beautiful lamps from Venice, and carving and painted glass from Germany. Here, too, he was buried; and my greatest consolation, since his death, had been to pray in the church, and in the crypt where his dear coffin lay, and which I had fitted up almost as a private chapel. How great would be the struggle before I could give up the daily service in this church, associated as it was with all the happiest years of my life, and now sanctified by being his last resting-place, no one but myself and God knew. In all my years of office, also, the Bishop of the diocese had been my very dear brother; how then could I take a step which I knew would not only injure him in the estimation of his flock, but also wound him to the very heart? Besides all these reasons, human pride was ever present because I was the possessor of the whole neighborhood, where I was looked upon as the promoter of every good work, and consequently admired by good people of every class? How exchange this for scorn and obloquy, and the contempt and distrust of all those whose good opinion I most valued?

I dwell upon these temptations (for such they were) because I see every reproduced more or less in almost every case of conversion; and I know that hundreds are kept back at this moment by similar considerations. To me, the suffering was peculiarly great, because all my life long I had leaned so much on human sympathy and human approbation. I had been the spoiled child of my mother, the spoiled sister of my only brother, the spoiled wife of my only husband, the object of the affectionate love and appreciation had surrounded me, both for his sake and my own. And all this I must relinquish if I became a Catholic, and go out, emphatically, from it to such a degree that I recollect saying to a friend who was talking on the subject of the difference between the two Churches: "Don't enquire, don't try and see if you would not be as utterly miserable as I am!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

QUEEN OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

BY MARCELLA FITZGERALD.

By the oppressed, by the care-dissolved, By the mother, do we seek thy aid; Life's shadows fall around our way...

A HALLOWE'N STORY.

By Mrs. J. M. McCabe.

"Say, boys, don't you know it's Halloween? Let's ask Father John for a holiday; we can have no end of larks to-night."

They passed the next hour discussing their plan. Charles was to personate the father of the confiding children, and the remainder of the boys counted upon enjoying the consternation of the poor little things...

They were all ready to start on their way when the door opened and a young girl came in. She was the daughter of the priest who had been the father of the confiding children.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

BISHOP CONATY TO YOUNG MEN.

BY THE BISHOP OF TORONTO.

At the national convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, held at Hartford, Conn., last week, a noteworthy address to the delegates was delivered by the Right Reverend Rector of the Catholic University, Bishop Conaty. He said:

There is something inspiring in a gathering which marks the buoyancy of youth and the intelligence of mature manhood. It is always a privilege to meet representative Catholic young men, whose intelligence and character and energy count for much in the battle of life.

The opportunities that present themselves can be best met by those whose principles of life are well defined, and the source of whose strength is in the virtues which come in response to supernatural ideals and graces.

The young man looks to the future for the enjoyment of his activities as to be exercised, while from the past he gathers the lessons which come from the experience of others.

The Catholic young man in America is faced to face with magnificent possibilities; he has also tremendous responsibilities. Will he improve his opportunity? Will he be true to his duty? Upon the answer to those questions depends not only his own success in life, but to a large extent, the future of his country.

His religious life is the source from which his country will draw power and honor; his civic life should be the expression of a manhood purified and ennobled by the highest ideals of life; for religion alone can save and preserve the individual, and lead him to the fulfillment of that duty which lies before every man.

Every man has a mission in life, however restricted it may be. He fulfills it in so much as he realizes the ideals. Nations are but aggregates of individuals with a mission, or, as we may call it, a providential idea.

The question naturally comes: Are we as a people doing our duty? Are we conscientiously and faithfully working out the problems of our mission? The law of life is service. He who serves his God and his fellow-man fulfills his duty to life. Faith in God, obedience to His law, are the test stones of true manhood. The service of God is the underlying principle by which fulfillment to the mission of life is to be judged.

If the individual is faithful, reverent, obedient, the people formed by the aggregation of individuals will be equally so. The level of public life is the level of private life, just as the water rises to the height of its source. The principle that actuates private life is the principle that should determine public life.

There is but one moral code, and binds men equally as a public official and a private citizen. God and religion should influence us in all the movements of life. The sacredness of home and its domestic virtues form one of the sources of State and National success. Obedience to the decalogue should bind man, no matter what his environment.

We are in the age of the highest material prosperity. The duty of manhood is to utilize material and national prosperity for the benefit of humanity and the glory of God. We may question present conditions as to the fulfillment of these ideals. Education never was more general than at present, and yet crime increases until sensible men are appalled at its general prevalence in society. Human obligations seem in many quarters to be losing their force, and the evils of divorce are threatening society at its very foundations. Public honesty is at a premium, and want of confidence in those placed in positions of trust grows more widespread. The Commandments of God in many circles seem to be forgotten. Faith is seen to be ancient history, not intended for modern development. As the loss of its hold on the consciences of men, morality appears as an indication of weakness, the supernatural is ceasing to be regarded as essential, and as a result there is a growing loss of faith and forgetfulness of Christ, a weakening sense of the meaning of sin, an ignorance of immortality and the future of life. Dispute it as we may, there is but one result—the loosening of the bonds of society and the ruin of free government.

In the midst of this disorder and chaos the Catholic Church stands as of old for unalterable and unchangeable faith. It stands for the rights of God and man, duties to the family and to society. A bulwark against social disorder and anarchy, it unflinchingly asserts that in Christ alone and in His Church, manhood reaches perfection and society works out its salvation. The religious and political bigot may calumniate and misrepresent its doctrines, misinterpret its motives, yet the truth means that it is only through religion, as made known to us by Christ and His Church, that the mission of the individual and State can be properly fulfilled.

The Catholic young man faces his responsibilities and his duties with a power which should make him a pillar of strength in every community in which he lives. He has in his Christian training the traditions of twenty centuries of fidelity to the highest and noblest ends of humanity. The Church to which he is proud to belong has been the source of all that is good in our civilization. It preached the sanctity of childhood, and made the child the angel of the hearth, and not the property of parent or State. It lifted women out of the degradation of man's lust, into companionship and equality with man; it broke the shackles from the limbs of slaves, and made laughing kings and proud tyrants see in every man a fellow-creature, an equal before God, redeemed by the same Saviour and destined for the same Heaven. It ennobled labor, which pagan philosophy considered a disgrace, and taught that honest labor was an ornament and not a dishonor, and that justice between man and man was God's law. It hated the wants of society, cared for the poor, nursed the sick, helped the abandoned and outcast, and began the organized charity of modern Europe, which for

THE WORKINGMAN DOES GO TO CHURCH.

BY THE BISHOP OF TORONTO.

Bishop Samuel Fellows, of St. Paul Reformed Episcopal Church, Chicago, in the course of a sermon on "The Workingman and the Church" last Sunday, made a statement which it is safe to assert will often be repeated as the years go by, says the Catholic Telegraph. It may be remembered that the Bishop a few days ago went up to the anthracite coal region to investigate conditions there and, if possible, to aid in settling the strike. Returning to Chicago, he spoke on two topics now exciting great attention the country over, viz.: "Why do not Workingmen go to Church?" and "Has the Church Sympathy With the Workingmen?" In graphic language Bishop Fellows said:

"Workingmen in this country do go to church. When we consider the fact that the majority of the strictly laboring portion of the country are members of the Roman Catholic Church, and in general are constant in their attendance upon its ministrations, the position assumed by the first answer given above is a correct one.

A striking evidence of this fact I found in my visit to the anthracite region. Score of thousands of the poorly paid miners are the parishioners of devoted Catholic priests who are consecrating their lives to their welfare. In the most squalid settlement I found in that region, at the head of the street of tumble-down shanties, was a little church, into which I was reverently conducted by the Italian sexton.

The second answer, that the Church does not sympathize with the workingman, is not correct. In the present unhappy condition brought on by the coal strike the ministers in every city have rung out their appeals for the arbitration for which the miners ask. The Church is with the workingmen, and the workingmen are with the Church."

HOW RELIEF CAME. AN INTERESTING STORY FROM AN ICE-LANDIC SETTLEMENT.

From the Logberg, Winnipeg, Man. The readers of Logberg have long been familiar with the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through the well authenticated cures published in these columns each week. Many of our readers are also able to vouch for cures which have come under their own observation. This week "Logberg" has received a letter from one of its readers, Mr. B. Waterson, a prosperous farmer living at Bru, in which he gives his own experience in the hope that it may benefit some other sufferer. Mr. Waterson says: "Some years ago I was suffering so greatly from rheumatism in my limbs that I was for a long time unable to do any work. I tried in many ways to obtain a cure, both by patent medicines and medicine prescribed by doctors, but without obtaining any benefit. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised in the Logberg as being a cure for this trouble and determined to give it a trial. I bought a dozen boxes and before long I was able to do my work. I feel it my duty to the public to give testimony to the merits of this wonderful medicine, so that others similarly afflicted may be led to try it."

If you are weak or ailing; if your nerves are tired and jaded, or your blood is out of condition, you will be wise to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are an unfailing cure for all blood and nerve troubles. But be sure you get the genuine, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A True Nerve Tonic. Will act not so much directly upon the nerves as upon the digestive functions and the absorption of food, vitalizing blood. Nerves can't be fed on medicine. They can, however, be reared and strengthened by assimilated food. The marvellous action of Ferro-China on the action of the digestive and assimilative processes. When you take Ferro-China the blood is purified, strengthened, and made rich and beautiful, ready for work, because you have the strength to do it. No tonic for the brain, blood or nerves compares with Ferro-China. Price 50c. at Druggists, or Poison & Co., Kingston, Ont.

HAMILTON'S PILLS ARE EFFECTIVE. None so effective as this. The excellent of a pill is the substance which erodes the ingredients and makes up the pill mass. That of Ferro-China is the vegetable matter, and they are carried into any latitude without impairing their strength. Many pills, in order to keep them from adhering, are rolled in powders, which are not so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture some cause. Pain with your bowels, pain with your stomach, pain with your head, but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.

MUSIC.

When our day of life is ending.

When our day of life is ending, When our setting sun is low, And the twilight mellow glow, And the stars are twinkling bright, Then we sit in meditation, For our comfort by the way, Over which our thoughts have wandered Often in our fancy's dream.

Sitting thus, we hear the voices Of our dear ones gone before, And we see them with our eyes, And we feel their presence here, For our comfort by the way, Over which our thoughts have wandered Often in our fancy's dream.

When our life's last ray is fading, And we're marching down the vale, Where death's sullen stream is flowing, When the host of grim and pale, Wait to take us o'er the river, We shall cross the chilly tide, And shall meet with our loved ones On the eternal morrow's side.

W. H. HARRIS.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

QUEEN OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

BY MARCELLA FITZGERALD.

By the oppressed, by the care-dissolved, By the mother, do we seek thy aid; Life's shadows fall around our way...

A HALLOWE'N STORY.

By Mrs. J. M. McCabe.

"Say, boys, don't you know it's Halloween? Let's ask Father John for a holiday; we can have no end of larks to-night."

They passed the next hour discussing their plan. Charles was to personate the father of the confiding children, and the remainder of the boys counted upon enjoying the consternation of the poor little things...

They were all ready to start on their way when the door opened and a young girl came in. She was the daughter of the priest who had been the father of the confiding children.

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St., Phone 1218

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FOR FREEDOM."

CHARL DAVITT.

fully illustrated.

first authentic history

Special \$2.25

WEST SIDE

CATHOLIC

BOOKSTORE

WEST, TORONTO.

YOUTH'S HYMN BOOK

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

Hymns of the Seasons and

and an extensive collec-

odies. To which are added

papers, Novels for Benedic-

Music, 60 cents; paper, 15

cover, 25 cents; paper, 15

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

Last week the parishioners of St. Mary's... A canon and vicar of the Diocese of Toronto...

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

The Sisters of the Precious Blood, Elmkin... are having erected on their grounds, it will stand from...

DIocese of Hamilton.

On Sunday, Oct. 26th, His Lordship Bishop... attended by Very Rev. Vicar General...

DIocese of Hamilton.

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DIocese of London.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEDICATION OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, LONDON, ON SUNDAY, OCT. 26th, 1909.

On Sunday, Oct. 26th, the annual anniversary... of the dedication of St. Peter's Church...

At the four o'clock service, the Rev. Father... presided, and after the reading of the...

The annual meeting of the St. Patrick's... Association was held on Sunday, Oct. 26th...

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MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday morning was solemnized the... marriage of Mr. William Farrell and Miss...

At St. Michael's church, Blyth, on Monday... 26th inst., took place a very pretty wedding...

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PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS

WE WILL SEND TO every subscriber or reader of The Catholic Record a full size ONE DOLLAR...

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration and afterward the gratitude of every...

Live Stock Markets. Toronto, Oct. 30.—Following is the range of quotations at Western cattle market this...

East Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 30.—Cattle.—Nothing doing. Veals the lower, 40c to 45c...

WANTED A TINSMITH, SINGLE AND DOUBLE, for Qu'Appelle Industrial School. Apply Rev. J. Huggan, L. B. Reg. Assn.

A GOOD COOK AND HOUSEKEEPER. A widow wishes a situation as housekeeper in a family. Address Mrs. M. C. McCall, care Bishop's House, Toronto.

WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER (MALE OR FEMALE) fully qualified to teach and manage a second class grammar school. Salary \$45 per month. All replies to be sent to C. L. Cameron, Secy. of the Board of Education, Toronto, Ont.

WANTED FOR THE VEGEVILLE R.C. Public school, Alberta, N. W. T., a male teacher holding a B. Ed. second class certificate. Salary \$45 per month. All replies to be sent to C. L. Cameron, Secy. of the Board of Education, Toronto, Ont.

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VOLUME XX

The Catholic

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1909.

PROGRESS - CHRISTIANITY

OTHERWISE

It is awfully tiresome about our progress. We pick up a magazine with some allusion, and most of us are apt to believe that it is a great one. We are in a hurry, however, that it has but one thing for many who descend to state a truth when they see a nation destitute of resources, but wedded to its own, and glorying in the height of its own and men with nations as well. Many a sage out of the tempest blazes a new path, many a nation thorn-suffering finds the way to hope and liberty. It is to judge the book by its contents, and the country its people. Moreover, computing the dollars and cents, lends to the infidel as the Christian not insist too strongly on the daily prints that the household sounding the gong convey the idea of creation of a millionaire of some importance. And what a good concern the scribes! achievements of the past for granted that the days did nothing and the plaudits for this swift action that dates on down servilely before them. In other days men were thrilled by the solution; they thronged the picture, or hung upon the schoolman or orator; they cackle over a new riddle, ecstasies over a dinner-plate. Even they were better—we ourselves—with these notions. We side the camping-ground of the press and ideas that we permit one of the earth to be befouled by it is no wonder that the infidel men and women neither the glory of their responsibility who to all seeming are Newsmen.

"Here is another against you that you the Protestants should mean to say that you cultivate peace with them all the offices of power. Of course you respect, esteem and regard to your praise a reward; but I mean I mean they do not rely on themselves, they between themselves a discovery of the progress that catch its as the barbarian, who associates himself from former condition. present we have being misled by in vogue. When progress we mean that progress that the world—the progress it respected and family and home and against caprice and progress, in a word, the origin and destiny, but this is a mission elements of Christ what remains? Every development along material, men vie alarm. From some raised against the common crime of bewail the increase adultery. The vessel der to the vilest nature are not a struggle for it.

Walton's Grand Opera Pharmacy.

Family Medicines. Don't save pennies to lose dollars. Buy your economical when your health is at stake. Buy your economical when your health is at stake. Buy your economical when your health is at stake.

181 DUNDAS ST., LONDON ON.

There is nothing like K.D.C. FOR NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA. HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, ETC. FREELY PREPARED BY DR. J. J. O'NEILL, 125 GERRARD ST. E., TORONTO.

REID'S HARDWARE. For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers. Superior Carpet Sweepers. Wringers, Mangles, Cutters, etc.

181 DUNDAS ST., LONDON ON.

Good Salt Salmon For West. (1) can Ontario, heavy local, for the sale of fruit trees, ornamental trees, etc. SALT or examination basis. Also two smart men to act as general agents for West. Ontario. Apply to Peckham Nursery Company, Toronto.

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