

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XVII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1895.

NO. 896.

The Merry Feast is Drawing Near.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

It's getting close to Christmas; across the hills and dells
You can almost hear the chiming and the ringing of the bells;
But the skies are clear and candid, with no clouds that dream of snow,
And you hear in dark and daylight all the elfin bugles blow!

It's getting close to Christmas, there's something in the air
That seems to breathe of Bethlehem and all the glory there.
And sweet the bells and bugles sound through our dreams of rest—
Ring, bells, your sweetest music and bugles blow your best!

It's getting close to Christmas. O time of peace and joy!
And, oh, to be once more, once more, a wakeful watchful boy,
With stocking in the corner for Santa Claus to fill!
But we still thank God for Christmas, and we're boys in memory still!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE SERAPHIC DOCTOR.

Extraordinary Public Interest the World Over in the Life of Assisi's Famous Saint, Apostle, Poet.

Now the life of St. Francis proves that poverty is no hindrance but rather an aid to the growth of the religious spirit. It was in the ever present thought of the poor that he found his work. But before he could efficiently help them he felt that he must be one of them. So he renounced all that he once enjoyed and became a mendicant. The fondness entertained by St. Francis for sports and tournaments suddenly gave place to the most perfect contempt for things of earth and was replaced by an ardent zeal for the glory of God's kingdom. Having given all his possessions to the poor he WAS DISHERITED BY HIS OWN

and looked upon by the world as a fanatic. We all remember that supreme and celebrated scene in which he was brought by his own father before the justice of the town and prosecuted for having given away what did not belong to him. The bishops exhorted him to return to his father all that was rightly his. St. Francis instantly stripped himself naked, and laying his clothes and his money in a little heap before the bishop, cried to the surrounding crowd: "Listen and understand! Up to this moment I have called Pietro Bernardone my father. I now return to him his money and the garments I have received from him, and from this day I will only say, 'Our Father who art in heaven.'"

And then the Franciscan order was there and then founded by one naked man.

That order has since given to the Church eleven Popes; eighty five canonized saints, including such glorious names as St. Anthony of Padua, St. Bonaventure, St. Bernardine, St. Peter of Alcantara and St. Francis Solanus, the patron of American missions, besides Roger Bacon, Alexander of Hales, and John Duns Scotus; and over seventeen hundred martyrs. It has also given to the world poets and painters, scientific discoverers, and from the day of its foundation, six hundred and seventy-two years ago, it was without a stain upon its records, been a missioner of universal love and peace. The untiring activity of these truly apostolic friars and their close observation of rule have made them an object of the affection and admiration of all good men. During the past two decades the Order of St. Francis seems to be

INFUSED WITH NEW VIGOR in this country once so fruitful of blessed results by the labor of its devoted sons.

As is well known the Franciscan order is not confined to men. During the life-time of its founder many pious virgins under the direction of St. Clare subjected themselves to the rule of St. Francis, and in these luxurious and effeminate days of ours his daughters still bear the noble title of Poor and preach by their daily lives the poverty of Jesus Christ. Moreover, in the course of time another branch of the order was established for persons who, though living in the world, yet followed a special rule laid down by St. Francis himself, and put themselves under the direction of the Franciscans.

The foundation of this Third Order was a protest against the luxury of the period. Simplicity of life, the putting of the spiritual first, and the showing of the crib, the humble manger, to the people as a reminder of this humility—we need these now. As Prof. Maurice F. Magan, whose writings display a rare appreciation of the Franciscan spirit, has well remarked, we need a new St. Francis not only to solve the social question, but to teach our young people that the little things of life are admirably worth attending to. Why, he asks, should not children that have a Christmas tree see the manger beneath its branches, and the kneeling animals, and the grave St. Joseph, and the Mother of God, and the star in the East? Why should the beautiful symbols of St. Francis be replaced by the glittering gewgaws of the toyshops? For it should not be forgotten that the Christmas crib is

THE GIFT OF ST. FRANCIS. The origin of this beautiful devotion is thus described: "Late in the autumn of the year 1223, being at Rome, he sought and obtained from

the Pontiff Honorius III. permission to honor the Feast of the Nativity in a novel way. He then journeyed to Greccio, a little spot in the Apennines, there to celebrate his ideal Christmas. On the mountain side near Greccio a large stable was roughly built; carved wooden images of the Divine Child, the Virgin Mother, and St. Joseph were placed in it; the floor was covered with straw, an altar was erected. Toward midnight some shepherds arrived, leading an ox and an ass, which they tied up under this rude shelter. The place was thronged with friars from the neighboring convent and the country people from the hamlets around, who had brought torches, which illuminated the mountain side; they brought with them also musical instruments, and the wild, sweet Christmas carols resounded through the dark forests and awakened the echoes of the rocks."

The Forty Hours' Devotion, concerning which Cardinal Wiseman says, "In no other time or place is the sublimity of our religion so touchingly felt," is another legacy from the Franciscans. It was instituted in 1537 by Father Joseph A. Terzo, a friar of Milan, and the rules for its observance were drawn up some years later by St. Charles Borromeo, himself a Franciscan of the Third Order.

So again the Franciscans were the first to introduce into their churches throughout Europe the devotion known as the Way of the Cross, or fourteen stations. Clement XII. extended this devotion to the universal Church; reserving to the Order of St. Francis, or whomsoever the General of it should delegate, the right

TO BLESS AND ERECT THE STATIONS. For the Angelus, which has been applied called the very poetry of prayer, we are indebted to St. Bonaventure, who in 1262, being then General of the Franciscans, commanded the friars at the general chapter of his order at Pisa to recite at the sound of the evening bell three aves in honor of the mystery of the Incarnation. The same was ordered for morning and noon. This was the origin of the Angelus. The privileged prayer, the "Sacrosanct," which every priest concludes the daily office of the Breviary, is also a gift from St. Bonaventure. The devotion to the Holy Name and to the Immaculate Conception are also—as is well known—of Franciscan origin.

But the crowning grace of devotions which we owe to the Franciscans is the divinely-given Indulgence of the Portiuncula concerning which the great Jesuit theologian Bourdaloue says: "I assert that of all indulgences that of the Portiuncula is the most authentic and valid in the Church, because it is an indulgence directly granted by Jesus Christ Himself." All other indulgences whatever have been derived from Sovereign Pontiffs, this one alone was given directly by God Himself to the loving and lowly St. Francis.

Nor should it be forgotten in this connection that the sublime and pathetic "Dies Irae" which forms part of the Requiem for the dead was COMPOSED BY A FRANCISCAN. Fr. Thomas de Celano, and that the "Stabat Mater," which is the most beautiful of all hymns in honor of Our Lady, is also the production of a Franciscan—the Italian poet Jacopo da Todi. Indeed few Catholics know how much they owe to St. Francis and the Franciscans.

But all this is by the way. To return to business. If the world is to profit by the present revival of interest in St. Francis that interest must be more than mere sentiment. St. Francis lived his life, not that we should talk about him, but that we should carry on his work more broadly and deeply. Some practical method of doing this must be sought out and adopted. What more efficacious means could Catholics employ in this direction than in applying themselves to the Third Order of St. Francis? No time has ever been more opportune for doing so than the present. The Holy Father has repeatedly expressed his conviction that the Third Order is destined to exercise great influence for the regeneration of society. "Work hard," he says, "for the spread of the Third Order, for it is the Third Order of St. Francis which is TO RENEW THE WORLD."

In the principal church of the Franciscans in Rome, there is a notable painting representing Leo III. dedicating his family to the Third Order of St. Francis, for which His Holiness himself composed the following verse: *Tertius Ordo natus! Francisci prouus ad aram* *Sequitur suscipit deat maximus esse Leo!* (Glorious Third Order! At St. Francis' altar Great Leo consecrates himself and his own.) The leaders of the new anti-Masonic crusade in Europe are looking hopefully to the Third Order to replace the secret societies, and in Paris the great work of personally distributing "St. Anthony's Bread" is wholly in the hands of these Tertiaries. The present writer has described in another place the workings of this great charitable movement which has been productive of such immeasurable good among the poorer classes in France, and which is shortly to be introduced into this country by the Franciscan Fathers.

The extraordinary growth this spe-

cial form of devotion of St. Anthony of Padua whose example after that of the Seraph of Assisi seems most powerful to inspire detachment from the world, is one of the most consoling signs of the times. It seems, moreover, to supply a special need of our day. Who knows but that this new fervor towards the great Wonder worker of the Order of Friars Minor, which is but another notable manifestation of the Franciscan revival, may not ultimately result in consolidating our non-Catholic brethren in the faith of St. Francis and St. Anthony? For the Franciscan spirit of self-denial and brotherly love which permeates this devotion has the happy effect of eliminating acrimony from the minds of men so that they more easily discern where truth resides, and it may thus be a short cut to the True Church while "the way which knowledge leads is but a roundabout."

WILLIAM O'BRIEN ON LORD SALISBURY.

Ireland Takes His Lesson and Accepts His Challenge.

Said Mr. O'Brien, addressing a great assemblage of Nationalists of West Limerick, at Askeaton, on Sunday, Nov. 21, took up Lord Salisbury's recent speech (quoted in last week's *Pilot*) in which he declares in effect that Tory England can afford to smile at Ireland's aspirations for Home Rule, since Irish dissensions are the perpetual safeguard of England's domination.

Said Mr. O'Brien: "Lord Salisbury has been during the past week teaching us a lesson which I hope every Irish Nationalist will take to heart. He tells us that dissensions among Irishmen are England's sovereign remedy against the demands of Ireland, and he tells us that so long as these dissensions continue, you cannot again create any agitation in Ireland that will make English parties afraid of you. There is a great deal of solid truth in that statement; but there is a great deal of smug English cant and hypocrisy in it also. I know something of English parties, and I know that the English Tory party and the English Liberal party are torn by jealousies and by rivalries far more bitter than those that divide Irishmen, although they have a little more of the wisdom of the serpent to conceal it. It is easy for a domineering power like England to taunt our people whom they have for ages enslaved and trampled down, with not having learned all in a moment the lessons and the habits of self-governing freemen. The Irish people have been passing during the last five years through an internal revolution such as in any other country in the world would have been fought out with revolvers and knives. It was because we saw the light, from the Nationalist's hearts in Ireland, Englishmen like Lord Salisbury must not run away with the idea that because we have had our troubles in Ireland, anything has happened which proves the unfitness of the Irish people for self-government. On the contrary, I venture confidently to say that the calmness and the good sense with which the Irish people have made up their mind under circumstances of the most cruel difficulty, and the decisive majorities by which they have expressed their opinions proves that the Irish people have qualifications for self-government that no country in the world, except, perhaps, England and the United States, could surpass. Take twenty men, even less perhaps than twenty men, out of the country at the present moment, and if you like include myself amongst the twenty, I am quite willing to be one of the twenty to be sacrificed for the purpose of making peace, and this I do say, take twenty men out of the country at the present moment, or at any time for the last five years, and you have removed every obstacle to unity, and you would have ninety-nine of every one hundred Irishmen pining for National unity, and you would have convinced Parnellites as well as Nationalists that there is no substantial difference between the sections of Irishmen, and you would have them only too willing to trample down every personal consideration so long as the good old cause, no matter who might be advanced, had the helm. You can never despair of such a people as that, and Englishmen would better take the beam out of their eyes before they go lecturing Irishmen."

THE IRISH PEOPLE THEMSELVES DE- NOUNCE LEADERS' DISSENSIONS. "While England has been wavering like a weathercock, Ireland has been the solid firm as a rock throughout the general elections of '92 and '95. In the first place surrounded as they were by all sorts of difficulties and trials, and having as they had a good deal of quarrelling, the Irish people recorded a verdict against Redmondism by as sweeping a majority as England ever arrived at on any political question,

and now that Ireland has been challenged to give her verdict upon the new factionism that is called Healyism (groans for Healy); the moment the Irish people understood what Healyism was they pronounced against it by a verdict even more sweeping and more crushing than ever they pronounced against Redmondism. There is no getting over that fact. Last week in Dublin I condemned Mr. Healy for your own good friend and county delegate, Mr. Wm. London, the county delegate of Cork, and the county delegate of Tipperary, and the county delegates of the Queen's County, of Galway, of Mayo, of Donegal, practically speaking, of every county in Ireland that ever signaled itself in the battle for Irish nationality except Wexford, and nothing will ever induce me to say a bad word against Wexford, the Wexford of '98, which is recorded on the flag in your old castle here to day. But it is not only that. Only sixteen independent members of the Irish party out of seventy-one could be got to support Mr. Healy, and of these there was only one from this whole Province of Munster. There was only one from the entire Province of Connaught, and that one was in my presence ignominiously rejected by one of the greatest county conventions I ever attended in Ireland. Not less than eleven of the sixteen were from counties in the neighborhood of Dublin, a locality that certainly has never been recognized historically as containing a monopoly of genuine Irish nationality. I may go further than that. The Irishmen of Great Britain, the Irish race in the stranger's land, in the darkest days of Ireland's destiny, were willing to take their lives in their hands against all the power of England, the Irish race in Great Britain are almost to a man with the majority of the Irish party. So are the Irish in America; so are the Irish in Australia and in Canada. Such a thing as absolute unanimity there could not be in any country, and I quite recognize that there are still a good many worthy Irish Nationalists who do not see eye to eye with us at present upon this subject; but it is beyond doubt that, whatever may be said for individuals, there is not one single representative body of Irish Nationalists throughout the globe that Mr. Healy can point to as supporting him in his campaign to bankrupt the National funds and to bankrupt the character of the Irish party. If that is true, to oblige Mr. Healy to conduct himself like any other man is only the exercising of the first right and duty of every free community—the right to oblige individuals to bow to the will of that majority by which alone human society can be kept together or human freedom maintained. If Lord Salisbury with his majority of 152 at his back allowed Mr. Chamberlain, who is the English Mr. Healy, going up and down through England in open revolt against the decisions of his own colleagues in the Cabinet, if he had Mr. Chamberlain supporting candidates of his own against the official Tory candidates, and accusing Lord Salisbury of selling his country for foreign gold, do you think that Lord Salisbury would hesitate one moment from grappling with Mr. Chamberlain and expelling him from his Cabinet without fear of being dissensions amongst Englishmen. The England of Lord Salisbury is a foreign Power to us, and we will do our own business without carrying a thraneen for the flouts or the jibes of any Englishman."

THE WOMEN OF OLD.

One solid good, out of much blundering and some mischief in all the agitation for the advancement of women, is the knowledge it is circulating about the high place which women have held in the Catholic Church even away back in ages popularly called "dark." Rebecca Moore sends a letter to the *Woman's Journal*, of Boston, descriptive of the annual conference of the National Union of Women Workers held last month in Nottingham, England. Lady Laura Ridding, wife of the Bishop of Southwell, and Mrs. Croighton, wife of the Bishop of Peterborough, presided. The former, though a strict and, so to speak, official Protestant, in enumerating the women of Nottingham who had distinguished themselves by good works, said:

"The earliest of these lived one thousand two hundred years ago—St. Werburgh, a king's daughter, the Abbess of Repton, over whose burial place a noble cathedral was raised as a fitting testimony to the sanctity of her life, Southwell Minister. The old chronicle paints her portrait thus: "She was a minister rather than a mistress. Her great pre-eminence caused no presumption. She served her sisters with humble submission. Pious and merciful and full of charity to the poor in their necessities. She never commanded others to do anything but it was fulfilled in her own doing. Offices, in her convent, she had a common saying: "Please God and love Him, and doubt not anything." Eadlinda, the Lady of Merela, and the worthy daughter of Alfred the Great, rescued Derby from the Danes and restored it in 915 to Christianity and civilization."

She naturally offered no explanation for the change which effaced for so long the beneficent abbess and holy and learned nuns from the life of England; as she passed to a Protestant victim of Queen Mary Tudor's reign. But it is much, all things considered, that the wife of a Protestant Bishop can hold up the example of an old-time Catholic nun to a typical Protestant gathering, and be sure of their intelligent sympathy. Our readers have not forgotten Lady Henry Somerset's address before the Woman's Council in Washington, D. C., last winter; where she said that Protestant women would never get their due till their religion rendered due honor to the Blessed Mother of God. Verily Catholic ideas are reconquering lost ground, but sometimes with the most unexpected weapons. — Boston *Pilot*.

Let us mourn and weep over the dead and help them according to our ability; somewhat let us cheer them, though it be never so small, yet let us put up helping hands. But how and by what means? Both ourselves praying for them, and moving others to do the like. — St. John Chrysostom.

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

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

CHAPTER XXII.

"Roquelare" did resign Hubert Bernot's case; and men, whom fear of that society had deterred from offering their aid before, now volunteered their influence in the young man's behalf. There was not wanting even high judicial power to effect Hubert's speedy release, so that in a few days there was a brief trial on which it was shown that Hubert Bernot was in no way the cause of Cecil Clare's death; that the cut he had given was done in self defence, the murdered man having recognized Hubert because of his strong resemblance to his deceased brother, Maurice, and the prisoner was acquitted, on which a storm of applause burst forth, and congratulations, and handshaking were administered to young man in a very promiscuous and democratic fashion.

His mother and Margaret accompanied by Dr. Darant who might insist still that his services might be needed, waited for him in a private room, and fond and ardent were their embraces and congratulations.

At last Madame Bernot, leaning on her son's arm, and accompanied by Margaret, descended to visit the servants, and tears of joy were shed by those good souls as in turn they courted, and took her proffered hand, and offered their simple and heartfelt congratulations to Mr. Hubert. Then the three took their way to the dining-room, where it was so strange, and so happy to have Madame presiding at the table, and where the heart of each was so full, that but a pretence was made of eating.

Their ignorance of Plowden's fate was the only cloud upon their happiness. Father Germain had made constant and persistent inquiries, but he elicited only very vague and varying information.

The press, particularly the sensational press—which had devoted columns to the trial of Hubert Bernot, now pretended to inform the public that Frederick Clare, alias Charles Plowden, was in a certain prison awaiting his trial, but those who bore the insignia of "Roquelare," knew that it was no ordinary prisoner which confined the murderer of Cecil Clare.

Later in the day Eugene Dolmar came to testify his honest joy, and to Margaret's inquiry, why his sister had not accompanied him, he gave some faltering and insufficient excuse, which Miss Calvert charitably construed into meaning that Louise still hesitated to meet one to whom she had made such a frank confession.

But Margaret was mistaken. Louise, owing to the unmistakable assurance of welcome in Margaret's reply to her own penitent note, had no hesitation to meet Hubert—she had not yet succeeded in quite dislodging his image from her heart; the mere mention of his name still had power to make her thrill, and when her brother had rather insisted that she should accompany him on his visit to the Bernots, she put her hand in his and said coaxingly:

"You understand it all, Eugene: make some excuse for me."

Eugene and Hubert together detailed every practical plan for the discovery and the aiding of Plowden, and when the young men separated it was

MOTHERS

recovering from the illness attending childbirth, or who suffer from the effects of disorders, derangements and displacements of the woman's organs, will find relief and a permanent cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Taken during pregnancy, the "Prescription" makes childbirth easy by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted. If

THE MARRIED WOMAN

be delicate, run-down, or overworked, it worries her husband as well as herself. This is the proper time to build up her strength and cure those weaknesses, or ailments, which are the cause of her trouble. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep and makes a new woman of her.

Mrs. ABRAHAM LYON, of Lawrence, Jefferson Co., N. Y., writes: "I had been suffering from ulceration and fulling of the womb, for several years, or since the birth of my youngest child. I consulted all the physicians around here and they gave me no help for me. At last, almost discouraged, I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and took five bottles. It is three years since and I have not had any return of the trouble. I feel very grateful, and in fact, owe my life for I do not think I should have been alive now if I had not taken your medicine."

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with the mutually avowed determination to leave no means untried which should ensure their success.

Weeks passed, and the search was as fruitless as when it first began. The marriage of Hubert and Margaret was delayed until something definite could be learned of the lawyer, for the lovers thought it would be somewhat heartless to consummate their own happy union while his fate remained so uncertain, and apparently so dark.

But Hubert grew impatient at last, and Margaret urged:

"Only a few weeks longer."

The Bernot servants had their customary social evening assemblies, and they had celebrated Mr. Hubert's release with full Irish fervor; but Hannah Moore had neither taken part with her wonted spirit, nor did she perform her daily tasks with her wonted cheerfulness. "Little Sam," as if by that means alone he could testify his gratitude for past kindness, tried to imitate the melancholy of the cook; and he succeeded so well that not even the complimentary allusions which the help still occasionally made to his assistance in court, seemed to rouse him from his sad and somber mien.

Warm-hearted Hannah Moore was sorrowful with thoughts of "Mr. Frederick." She summoned courage to ask Miss Calvert about the lawyer, and emboldened by the kind, sympathetic manner in which Margaret replied, she poured forth the tale which already she had told her fellow servants, adding:

"His mother was so fond of me that it seems as if I ought to be near him for her sake when he is in such trouble. Maybe he's sick and wants nursing, and has only the hand of the cold stranger about him."

"Maybe he is, Hannah," was the troubled reply, "and that is why we are all so anxious, and trying so hard to find out where he is; and just so soon as we learn anything about him, you shall know."

"God bless you, Miss," was the grateful response.

But the weeks wore on: even the "few weeks more," for which Margaret had urged, without gaining any tidings, and even Madame Bernot, whose wonderfully-restored health still continued, advocated the uselessness of a longer delay of Hubert and Margaret's marriage.

"One more month," Margaret coaxed. "Strange as it may seem, I have a stronger feeling than ever, that we shall see him soon; and the postponement of our marriage until we shall have learned definite news of him, will seem as a proof of our regard."

The pleading girl won her way, though Hubert with a sort of tender sternness, stipulated that it should be the very last postponement.

The press had ceased to have even a desultory word concerning the lawyer, and morning after morning the lady who had envied Margaret because of Plowden's attentions, threw down the paper in bitter disappointment. Why was there not something about the lawyer's impending trial, as there used to be about that of Hubert Bernot?

Now that Miss Calvert was known to be betrothed to Hubert—Mrs. Dolmar had long since scornfully promulgated that fact in fashionable circles—this silly creature of uncertain age vainly would storm the citadel of the handsome lawyer's heart with her own faded charms. Murderer though he was, Miss Lydia Lounes felt that she could magnanimously lay her heart and fortune at his feet, providing that horrid "Roquelare," did not secretly assassinate him, or the laws of the country put a rope about his neck before the performance of the marriage ceremony.

On the last of the chill autumnal evenings, just four months after sighing about the house in true, dishevelled fashion, when the wind wanted gusts of rain poured down at intervals, a quick, sharp ring sounded at the street door. Margaret, who was crossing the hall, answered the summons, and admitted a tall, manly figure, so muffled up—either as protection from the weather, or to serve as a disguise—that but little of his features could be seen, and that seemed quite unknown to her.

He spoke, and she recognized with a glad cry which brought both Hubert and his mother from the parlor, Plowden, or rather Frederick Clare.

They drew him further into the light of the hall, Hubert and she, and they joyfully pulled the muffer from his face.

"Not hated, then, after all," he said huskily, and for an answer Margaret pressed one of his hands, while Hubert warmly shook the other.

They drew him into the parlor, and when he had shaken hands with Madame Bernot—who immediately retired, ostensibly to order a repast, but really to give the young people an opportunity for any secret confidence they might desire to impart—and was seated, they noted more closely, and with new surprise, the sad changes which had been wrought in his appearance: he was pale and emaciated to a pitiful degree, with deep lines in his forehead and about his mouth, that never had been there before. Margaret could have wept at the too apparent evidence of his suffering, and even Hubert's face wore a grave, sad look, and his voice took a tender tone, as he said:

"Answer one question first—have you escaped from prison?"

Clare faintly smiled.

"No; they have let me go," shuddering as if some terrible memory was connected with the words, and then he pulled out his watch and said he had not long to stay.

"Not long to stay," echoed Margaret in dismay, while Hubert in surprise

asked the reason; but Clare, without answering, turned to Margaret:

"Your happiness has been completed long before this, so that my congratulations come late; but still, accept them Mrs. Bernot."

Margaret drew back, blushing hotly, while Hubert rising, said hurriedly:

"We waited to know your fate—: you who have been the cause of the happiness Margaret would not accept until we should learn something definite about you—she is not Mrs. Bernot yet."

"It is enough," he said. "I am strong now for the future since I know that not only am I not hated, but that I have been regarded by you both with something like affection."

"When I came to-night it was for the purpose of assuring myself that you had forgiven me the wrong which kept you two so long apart, to beg your prayers, and then without saying more, to bid you a long farewell. But I owe it now to your regard for me, to tell you, as much as I may, of a life which has only begun to pursue a right course; and I owe it to the kindness of one who has helped to place me on that course, to tell how her influence, unconsciously to herself, has performed a good work."

"You heard, in common with the charitable public," there was a little of the old sarcasm in his tones—"the tale of my birth, and the desire for revenge with which my boyish years were filled. My mother—his voice changed suddenly to touching tenderness—

"could only look on and weep that her influence was powerless to subdue that determination in my character which was to prove so fatal to myself and to others. From my first meeting with Cecil Clare, when he cast foul aspersions on my gentle mother, my desire for revenge—for vengeance for her wrongs—grew until it would yield to no power. From that time I dropped the name of Frederick Clare, and adopted that of Charles Plowden. Plowden had been once a much venerated name in my mother's family, and she had caused it to be added to Frederick in baptism, so that I was christened Frederick Plowden Clare. But I would have no name of my father's, and neither my mother nor uncle made much opposition when I declared my determination to sign myself in future, Charles Plowden. Only my mother would call me Frederick Clare at home. Clare was her name she said, and I would not seem her son if she could not call me by my own name. I did not oppose her, for it made little difference as I had no friends to come to the house."

"My uncle's constant companionship left me little wish for other associates, so that I was almost completely unknown, and at liberty to change my name without question or remark. Once I was offered a position that would help me to the pinnacle my ambition desired, but there were terms annexed to the voluntary gift which would require a renunciation of the practice of my Faith. I promised to accept in defiance of my mother's frantic entreaties. I did not deny that I was a Catholic. I even promptly avowed my religion when occasion required, but I went no more to Mass, and for the sacraments, I had ceased to frequent those from the time of my first meeting with Cecil Clare."

"My uncle was a member of "Roquelare." His natural and acquired intellectual gifts, his superior talent in his profession, his wise judgment, his keen penetration into human motives, all had conspired to raise him to the very highest degree of that society. Unmarried himself, my mother, several years his junior, was the only creature he loved, and for her sake his love for me became the one passionate, absorbing affection of his life. When she died, and he accompanied me on my search for the Clares, it was for the purpose of preventing any rash act of mine, not of permitting me to commit one. But when the deed was done, and under his own eye, and he knew that as a member of "Roquelare" he was bound to surrender me to justice, he fell into a pitiable state of remorse and terror. His terror was augmented by the thought that if he failed to give me up, some other member of "Roquelare" might discover my crime, set the society on my track, and because of his near relation to me, might even ferret him out, and compel him to bear witness against me."

"I was exultant—the revenge which had been my sole thought for years, was now accomplished, the man who had heaped such foul aspersions on my mother was lying dead by my hand. I thought of nothing else, and I felt neither terror nor remorse until we turned from the spot—then, the dead body seemed to pursue me. I drank brandy when we reached home, and I plied my uncle with the same, until we both fell into a heavy, drunken sleep."

"The next day I looked steadily at my position, and I had to acknowledge to myself, that, brave as I had been in the attainment of my revenge, I was not brave enough to face the consequences—I, who had taken a human life, shattered at the thought of death for myself."

"We had assured ourselves that there were no earthly witness of my crime, and we watched for the comments of the press on the dastardly deed. I saw the account of Miss Calvert's visit to the morgue, how it was considered an important clue, and I at once formed my determination. I would announce myself as a friend of the murdered man—my knowledge of his antecedents would enable me easily to do so—and having been admitted previously to legal practice in the city, I would take up his case. I fancied

that such a course must be a sure means of averting every shadow of suspicion from myself. I did not know then how Miss Calvert was connected with the Hubert Bernot about whom the murdered man had drunkenly raved; but from her manner during the examination, I concluded that she had some fear, some anxiety, as it were, to conceal, and simply, to test her, and to prove the truth or falsity of my own suspicion, I charged her with a knowledge of Cecil Clare's murder. The result proved the truth of my conjecture; but it also somewhat puzzled me. I was the murderer, then why her fear, her anxiety for some one whom she evidently believed to be guilty."

"In order to ascertain as much as possible about her, my uncle, in the disguise of a beggar, called at this house, and was admitted, as he expected to be, for charity's sake. He recognized in one of the servants the attendant to whom my mother had been much attached, and she recognized him, despite his disguise; but she understood the secret motion he made for silence as to his identity, and she obeyed him. He asked sundry, and apparently, careless questions, which, however, drew from another of the servants many particulars about the family who occupied the house, and on his departure the domestic whom he had recognized, accompanied him to the door, probably for some explanation of his strange disguise. But he deemed it best to say nothing."

"When he detailed to me the particulars he had learned, and I heard the name of Hubert Bernot, we knew that it was the same Hubert Bernot mentioned by the murdered man, and, connecting all the circumstances, I arrived at what eventually proved to be the truth: that you—looking at Hubert—imagined yourself to be the murderer of Clare, and that you had made a confident of Miss Calvert. I exited at my discovery. I could now forever avert earthly suspicion from myself. I could work up the case on that knowledge, even though an innocent man should hang for my crime. Success would bring me honor, in my profession; and for any fear, for any remorse, save that of having my guilt discovered, I had none."

"I bared my plan to my uncle. Though, like myself, a Catholic only in name, he was appalled at my proposition, and he endeavored to make me forego at least my determination, to prosecute an innocent man. But I who had scorned a mother's entreaties, found little difficulty in contending his. He shut himself in his room, feigning illness, lest going abroad an accidental word, or look might betray anything to "Roquelare," and he remained thus secluded, until I told him I had dropped the case because of my recognition by Hannah Moore and her implied threat to tell something of other people which I alone understood. I feared that she might tell, notwithstanding her promise to my dead mother, all that she knew about me, and that my own tears might lead to the discovery of my crime."

"I became as anxious for the speedy termination of the case as I had been for its prosecution, and I described Madame Bernot's pitiable condition in order to foil Berton's efforts for her examination. The particulars which my uncle had learned during his visit in the guise of a beggar, enabled me to give that description, as well as other details which must have surprised Miss Calvert."

"I felt relieved when I found that no testimony of any value had been obtained from Madame Bernot, and that at last the case had been dropped. Then, my uncle told me of the resolution which he had formed: unable to endure longer his intense fear of "Roquelare," since he had made himself amenable to its utmost rigor, and loving me too well to betray me, he had determined to shut himself forever from the world. He had already an interview with the Superior of a religious house, during which he solicited an asylum in order to elude the vengeance of a secret society which he intended to abjure: if permitted a home with the Religious without being required to join the Order, he promised to endow the house with a considerable portion of his wealth. When assured that he was a Catholic and in need of their spiritual aid, his request was granted."

"On the last night that we spent together before he went to his new home, he disclosed to me as much about "Roquelare" as he dared to do, because that knowledge might help me should I ever be dogged by any member of the society. I would have become a member long before, but in that case I should have been obliged to forsake even the slightest intention of private revenge. My uncle gave me also certain details relating to one or two who occupied high place in the society, and who might, in the strange future, sit in judgment on my crime, should it ever be discovered. One of these was Berton, whose character my relative long before had thoroughly read; and when he described to me the ambition of that character, the desire to mount in the society at any cost, I treasured up his words."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MOST remarkable cures on record have been accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is unequalled for all Blood Diseases.

He has Tried it.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinloss, 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 know of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

A Story of the Child Jesus.

Some children, all whose joy it is
To see what once, in days of faith,
In England came to pass.

It chanced a priest was journeying
Through dark and gloomy wood,
And there, where few came passing by,
A lonely chapel stood.

He stayed his feet, that pilgrim priest,
His morning Mass to say;
And put the sacred vestments on
Which near the altar lay.

But who shall serve the holy Mass,
For all is silent there?
He kneels and there in patience waits
The peasants' hour of prayer:

When, lo! a Child of wondrous grace
Before the altar steals,
And down beside the lowly priest
The Infant gently kneels.

He serves the Mass—His voice is sweet,
Like distant music low,
With downward eyes his ready hand,
And tuffal lushed and slow.

"Et carnis caro facta est."
He lingers till he hears,
Then, turning round to Mary's shrine,
In glory disappears.

So round the altar, children dear,
Press gladly in God's name,
For once to serve at holy Mass
The Infant Jesus came.

ONE IN A MILLION.

A Christmas Tale.

John Patrick Brennan in the Catholic Universe.

"Seventy-five cents for Doc Jones' old nag,—seventy-five from four dollars—three and a quarter. Say, Gertrude, I've got three and quarter more," and Paul Gaiman strode into the cheery sitting-room, overcoat, cap, rubber boots, mud and all.

"For mercy's sake, Paul," exclaimed his sister, eyeing the mud, "just look at the carpet! I don't care—it's a shame!"

"Whew!" ejaculated the lad, glancing at the footprints much after the manner of Robinson Crusoe, "I forgot. That ridge road is an awful mudpuddle."

With this exculpatory remark, Paul retired somewhat crestfallen to the woodshed, and began to scrape his boots. A moment later Gertrude appeared, carrying his shoes, and looking penitent. The lad straightway felt that he was being badly used after his long, tiresome ride on horseback over a muddy country road, and he at once assumed an injured air.

"Say, Paul," began his sister, soft, "I didn't want to scold you, but you know we mean that carpet to look nice, and it's near Christmas time, too. I'm glad you did so well. Are you very tired?"

"Not very," granted Paul, struggling with the left boot.

"Did you have any trouble in collecting the money," she asked, drawing her shawl more tightly about her head, for the air was biting cold.

"None, he didn't 'kick' a bit," returned the messenger, laconically.

"Isn't he a brother of the Mr. Skilling here?"

"Yes, he said so. Say, Gertrude, I'm hungry."

"Come on, then," she said, smiling, happy to think that the cloud had disappeared, "and I'll get something in the kitchen."

Paul and Gertrude, aged respectively fourteen and sixteen, were two of a family of five children. Their father had died when the youngest was barely two years of age, leaving Mrs. Gaiman alone to face the toll of life.

The family could not by any stretch of the imagination be called wealthy. Yet they found means to enjoy some of the less common comforts of life. Paul was a sturdy, manly lad of resolute will, and more than average talent. He had quitted the parochial school a few months previous to the opening of this narrative, with the fixed determination of making something of himself: what that something was, or would be, he could not surmise. But he would make a start, and the only situation open to a boy in his village—the only one promising quick promotion and substantial rewards—was that of telegraph messenger. For in six or seven months a messenger was transformed into a telegrapher, and constant work was assured. He had now been studying the mysteries of the Morse alphabet for nearly four months and could "write" on the key with fair speed and accuracy. But "receiving" was quite a different thing. He found it extremely difficult to "take" more than fifteen words per minute. If he tried to break this record, he found to his dismay that he, nor the operator, nor the two hundred-pound agent, could read what he had written. The operator was wont to laugh at the result of these tests, while the fat, good natured agent would pat him on the head, and say: "Keep at it, Paul. You've time enough. When I was a student, and had been in the office two months, I couldn't distinguish one 'call' from another." But Paul refused to be comforted in every instance to be comforted, and it was only when his mother and sister, Gertrude and May, a miss of thirteen, talked him out of his repeated discouragements that he resumed his practice with renewed vigor. If he thought he could do anything, nothing could prevent him from doing it: if he imagined or felt convinced that a task was impossible, he gave it up at once. This was the key to his entire character, as it is, perhaps, to that of many men.

When he and Gertrude entered the kitchen they found May busily engaged in scouring the family set of silver knives and forks. She looked up in surprise, while Paul returned the look with interest. He was her ideal, and she doubted if any little girl in Weston had a more important and more promising brother.

"Why, I thought you wouldn't come back till night?" she said, enquiringly.

"Think I was going to live in the country," queried Paul, with a strut, "with mud, mud everywhere? I'll bet Doc Jones will have to take his old horse down to the river. Why, he's just plastered with mud."

"How much did you make?" she asked, pausing in her work.

"Three twenty five, clear," returned Paul, indifferently, "and now I'll have enough to get mamma that wrap Gertrude spoke of."

"Better get yourself a suit," said practical May, glancing at the messenger's frayed uniform, "that office is hard on clothes."

Paul looked down at his coat and knickerbockers. Yes, they were becoming shabby. He frowned, and turned towards the table, where Gertrude had placed a cup of coffee and some delicate white bread.

"Can't hold it," he soliloquized between mouthfuls, "that old office is hard on everything. I can't learn telegraphy."

"Why, Paul," exclaimed Gertrude, "don't be so foolish! Take your time—you're only a boy."

"Humph!" and Paul was silent.

"There goes the bell, Gertrude," said May, with a laugh, "maybe it means a sleigh-ride."

"Mud ride, you mean," interposed the lad, brightening up visibly.

"Say, Paul," began May, as Gertrude vanished from the kitchen, "why don't you make a novena. It's near Christmas and you could finish on that day. You know I made one last year and I got what I wanted."

"I don't know," observed the lad, dubiously.

"Oh, Paul!"

"Oh, what did I say?" he retorted testily, "I mean that I—I don't know what I mean. I just mean I don't know."

"Didn't I get what I wanted?" she asked triumphantly.

"Yes, but you prayed well. I don't think I could pray enough."

"Oh, Paul!" exclaimed May, in a tone of despair, "I believe that office isn't a good place for you, or you wouldn't say you couldn't pray enough."

Tears started to the lad's eyes. This was more than he could bear. What he really imagined was that to obtain what he viewed as a great favor, would require more prayers than he could say. It was a boyish view of the matter and he was a boy.

"I'll pray as much as I can, May," he said, in a pained tone, "but don't think I can pray enough."

"That's enough, Paul," she said, gently, "do your best. That's what I did."

Gertrude appeared at this juncture and nodded to her brother.

"Mr. Shilling is here, Paul," she said, "and wants to see you. I believe his uncle is dead. Wasn't mentioned in that despatch you took to his brother?"

"We're not allowed to tell what's in a message," replied the young official, with some dignity.

"Oh, bother! Come in and see him then."

Mr. Shilling was a very wealthy merchant of Weston, and he enjoyed a certain popularity. He was always affable and obliging—obliging when the obligation meant a social or friendly duty, which he could discharge without pecuniary loss to himself. But he drew a sharp, clear cut line when the American dollar loomed up in the perspective of an obligation. He was benevolent, but he could not be termed beneficent. He wished well to everybody and showered kind phrases—commendable in themselves—upon young men starting out in life. And he helped them, too, when the effort could be made without cost.

"Ah, Paul, I am glad to see you," he began, with a gracious smile, as the messenger entered the room. "You have brought unpleasant news to my brother—I received a message after you left town. Will he take the train here for Toledo, or go to Cassville?"

"He said he would take the train here," answered the lad, beginning to feel very small in the presence of this great man.

"Ah, very good," observed Mr. Shilling, stroking his beard. "By the way, my boy, how are you getting on at the office? I feel interested in young men making their first start."

"Pretty well—that is, not very well," stammered Paul, feeling himself grow smaller and still more confused, "I can't receive, fast enough."

"Ah, that is too bad," observed the great man, reflectively, "but then you are young, Paul, and have plenty of time."

"That's what mamma and the girls say," returned the messenger, his eyes fixed upon the carpet.

"And it is very true," continued Mr. Shilling, gravely, "but tell me, Paul, wouldn't you like to go to college? I hear that you stood well in your class and with talent and a college training you might carve out a prosperous career."

Paul's heart bounded at the words. College had long been the subject of his boyish dreams. It was to him a new world of splendid realities and marvelous possibilities. He had read and re-read "Tom Brown at Rugby" until its heroes were as familiar to him as old companions, but college as a something to be realized in his mind, had never entered his mind. He knew that his mother could not meet the expense. But Mr. Shilling's words awoke desires which up to this moment had never been clearly defined. Telegraphy was a stepping-stone to certain high preferences,

while college was the grand avenue which led one to the threshold of everything life has to offer. Paul darted a quick, questioning glance at the great man.

"Because if you have such a desire," resumed the benevolent gentleman, "you will doubtless be enabled some day to gratify it. Where there's a will, there's a way, you know," and Mr. Shilling smiled encouragingly.

Paul's sudden hopes were dashed to the ground. The wonted frown settled on his brow. He wondered what the man was talking about.

"Yes, Paul," said the latter, rising, "where there's a will there's a way. We shall see, Paul, we shall see," and he nodded significantly.

"Thank you, sir," muttered the lad, his spirits rising perceptibly under the powerful rays of a kind, hopeful word.

Wreathed in significant smiles, Mr. Shilling took his departure.

"Making more nice speeches, was he?" enquired Gertrude, rather spitefully, as she entered the room.

"Yes," answered the lad, abstractedly.

He was thinking that perhaps they were more than mere words of encouragement.

"Well," he added, after a prolonged silence, "I s'pose I'd better go back to the office."

And bright dreams gave way once more to dull reality.

The days immediately preceding Christmas Eve passed quietly and monotonously. There were daily the same humdrum duties to perform, such as sweeping the office, delivering telegrams, overhauling and cleaning the local batteries and practicing on the learner's instrument, or "taking" messages in their ceaseless flow to and over the main lines. College and dreams of college gradually passed from the young student's mind. He felt that he was fast becoming more expert in deciphering Morse and he accordingly took fresh courage.

Christmas Eve at length dawned upon the valley of the Maumee. Snow and ice held nature in its cold embrace. Sleighbells jingled through the gay streets of Weston and along the lonely country roads. Man and beast seemed happy to breathe the fresh, crisp air. The river lay stretched in its sinuous bed between cultivated fields and meadow and woodland, like some huge serpent motionless in death. Here and there the wind had swept from its smooth surface a coating of snow, revealing a glittering expanse of solid ice. Boys and girls, men and women, their faces flushed with a healthy glow, flitted hither and thither, intent upon the enjoyment of the hour. A wintry sun lent its light to the happy scene and caught up a thousand flashing rays from the bright skates of the merry-makers, as they glided to and fro.

Paul was returning from a trip across the river, when this gay sight met his eyes. He dearly loved to skate and he could skate remarkably well. But he realized now that he was a bread-winner, and bread-winners must time their hours of amusements to suit their work. He sighed once more, as he resumed his rapid walk.

When he reached the office he found the day operator awaiting him at the door. The latter was enveloped from head to foot in his great ulster, while his gloved hand supported a small valise. Paul gave him a questioning glance.

"Paul, you will be operator this afternoon. I am going home for my Christmas turkey," and the young telegrapher smiled.

"Whew!" was all the messenger could utter.

"You won't have any train orders until this evening," continued the operator, "and the night man will attend to them. Don't be afraid. You can receive as well as some operators on this line."

Paul looked dubious.

"If any fellow on the line asks you a foolish question or tries to act smart, why tell him to—climb a tree."

The messenger smiled uncomfortably. He knew that this was more easily said than done.

"I'll do my best," he said, with a shrug.

"Here comes my train," continued the operator, looking up the track, "now remember, you have no orders for anything—let the fast mail go through. It doesn't stop here, you know."

Paul nodded, the train steamed on its way and the operator was gone. The lad felt a strange sense of responsibility creeping over him—a something which was of such reality and magnitude, as to seem palpable. He entered the office and looked around. The agent had closed up his books and had gone home. There was no one around to give him advice—no one to tell him what to do should any unforeseen incident arise. True, the station baggage-master sat in his little office near by, smoking a wheezy odoriferous pipe, but he knew nothing concerning the movement of trains. Plainly, there was nothing for him to do, but to make the best of his unpleasant situation.

Giving the fire in the clumsy box stove a vigorous shake, he threw himself into the operator's arm chair beside the clicking instruments. Messages seemed unusually numerous, and Paul endeavored to catch the thread of these brief discourses. He fixed his attention on the commercial wire and heard the words: "Come at once. Father is dead." A sad Christmas for somebody, thought the lad, as he turned to the railroad wire.

Train orders were flying thick and fast. The despatcher seemed roused

to unwonted activity and gave his orders with a curtness and rapidity that amazed the attentive listener. It was: "Hold train ninety-nine." "Nothing for fifty seven." "Tell that slow poke on sixty eight that he isn't making running time." "Is twenty one coming?" "Turn your signal." "Thirty five will head in on passing track," and thus the instructions and reprimands passed from the despatcher's office to the various points along the line. Besides all this clatter, a constant stream of formal orders, couched in the terse, imperative language of the road, issued from the same seething brain in the main office, to the different crews then manning their respective trains.

Snatching a sheet of paper, Paul amused himself in trying to copy these rapid orders. Here and there he lost a word, or failed to catch the name of a meeting place, but he grasped enough of most orders to learn what trains were to meet. He continued this exercise for about fifteen minutes, when his interest was particularly aroused by copying an order for something to meet train forty three at Weston, his own station. He managed to catch a few letters of the word "S-p-a-l West," but could not guess what they signified. The despatcher ordered the Toledo operator to repeat his order and receive the "correct." Paul followed the repetition, but it was sent very rapidly by the Toledo expert and the former could only distinguish, "S-p-i-a-l West." Another letter added, it was true, but still unsatisfactory. But he noted particularly that he had correctly copied Weston, the meeting place.

He waited for the operator at Delta to repeat his copy of the order, but other pressing business crowded in upon the line, other trains were to be kept in motion; other instructions were to be given and Delta did not repeat at once. The student sat drooping over the "sounder," wondering what under the sun "S-p-i-a-l West" could possibly represent. Suddenly "De," call for Delta, flashed over the wire and the letter "Z" which served to vary the monosyllable of the call, told that the despatcher "wanted" the operator at Delta. Nor was the latter tardy in responding; he dreaded the despatcher's sharp reprimand. It chanced that he was a young and inexperienced telegrapher, otherwise he might not have been so prompt. "R-r" came the signal from "Z" meaning that the despatcher desired Delta to repeat his order.

Paul bent low over the instrument, determined to find out this time what "S-p-i-a-l West" signified. And he was not disappointed, for he copied the word entire, "Special West." But as he listened to the conclusion of the order, he was surprised, not to say, alarmed, to read Watson instead of Weston, as the meeting place. The word was sent hurriedly, but he felt convinced that he was not in error. Watson was the first station east of Weston and it seemed evident to him that the operator at Delta had made a serious blunder; what was worse, the despatcher failed to correct the mistake. He was overcrowded with demands for orders from various freights along the road and from two belated passenger trains near the west end of his district, and his wearied brain had lost much of its accustomed vigor. Thus reasoned the young student, as he sat with knitted brow, staring at the order in his hand.

But what was he to do? Ought he remain silent and trust to the operators or despatchers discovering and correcting his mistake, or ought he "call" the latter and ask him to give the proper meeting place? But, then, suppose that he himself had made the mistake—that he had misunderstood the operator at Delta? Was it reasonable to presume that one of the oldest and most experienced despatchers on the entire system had failed to read the repeated order correctly—that the very man who had given the proper order, would make such an inexcusable blunder?

The more Paul reasoned and, the faster his imagination worked, the more confused did Paul become. He looked about the office, there was no one there to give him advice. He glanced through the open window. Two little boys had improvised a sliding path on the platform, and their merry shouts and laughter jarred harshly on his ear. Unconsciously he placed his hand to his forehead, and was startled to find it wet with a cold perspiration. Something in his head seemed ready to snap in twain. In his desperation he rapped on the window pane. The boys turned round, and, at his beck, ran towards the window. He looked at them helplessly, scarcely knowing why he had called them. They answered his frightened, enquiring gaze with a broad grin.

"Say," he shouted, with a wave of his hand, "tell Dan I want to see him. Quick!"

Dan was the veteran baggage-master, and the boys knew him well, for he had often taken them by the coat-collar and ejected them unceremoniously from the waiting room. They dashed away, and a moment later Dan appeared with his great black pipe set firmly between his teeth. Dan and the pipe, or rather the pipe and Dan, were inseparable. They seem to be complements of each other.

"What's up, youngster?" he asked gruffly, without removing the calculator.

"Oh, Dan, I'm afraid there's a mistake in an order, and I don't know what to do!"

Paul's face was a lively picture of the distressed mind within. The bag-

gage man opened his eyes and shook his head.

"Not in my line," he said sagely, "Didn't the operator tell you what to do?"

"He didn't say anything about a special," replied the lad, mechanically holding up his copy of the order, "and there's one coming. I'm sure it ought to meet forty-three here, but Delta has given it orders to go to Watson."

"They'll meet on the main track, then," observed Dan in grim humor. "Wait!" he added suddenly, struck by a new idea, "I'll call the agent, as night man."

Dan hurried away with a near approach to a trot.

"Paul, why don't you come to supper? We've been waiting a half hour," and May's golden head appeared in the waiting-room window.

"Why, Paul, what is the matter?"

Well might anyone ask the question, for the boy's face looked wild and haggard; his lips were parted as if to ask a question; his wide open eyes seemed abnormally large, and bore that strange, vacant stare which is common to the insane. He started towards her with the fatal order in his hand.

"Oh, May," he cried in agony, "I don't know what to do. I'm afraid there'll be an awful wreck."

"Oh, Paul!" and May looked the terror she felt.

"I hope Dan will hurry," he said slowly, as if speaking to himself.

"Where is he?" she asked, glancing over her shoulder.

"Gone after the agent, or night man."

"Why, Paul, I saw them both in a sleigh, going over the river."

Paul clasped his hands in new terror.

"Oh, what'll I do?" he cried piteously. "All the people will be killed."

"Where are the trains?" asked May.

"One will pass here in a few minutes," he replied, glancing at the clock.

"Then, stop it, Paul," said his practical-minded sister, "don't let it pass."

"I can't—it's the fast mail—never stop here."

"Better stop it than have it wrecked, you silly boy," cried May impatiently.

The superintendent would discharge me—"

At this moment a long drawn whistle sounded in the distance. It was the signal of forty-three. Paul started forward. A deep flush, which told of desperate resolve, came to his cheeks. He was about to do what the operator had warned him never to attempt—to stop the fast mail.

"Paul!" cried May with warning emphasis.

He needed no urging. Relying upon the wording of his copied order, he determined to stop the train, and if he had made a mistake, to take the consequences. He loosened the pulley chain beside his table and a sharp click told that the signal was set. May entered the office, and standing at her brother's side, glanced up the track. The head-light of the approaching train shone brightly along the rails. Paul sat in silence, staring at his order. A moment later forty-three's engine stood panting like some great animal, before the office window.

"Well, what are your orders?" asked a quiet voice at Paul's elbow, and turning, he saw the colored lantern and bright brass buttons of the conductor.

"I don't know," was all the lad could say.

"What's that?" enquired another voice—a cool, imperative voice, and Paul started to his feet.

A tall, mustached man, with regular, even handsome features, stood beside the conductor. His keen blue eyes seemed to pierce one through and through. A half scornful smile played about his deep red lips. Paul recognized him at a glance. It was G. W. Stephens, the superintendent, the one who could be said to hold the fortunes of two thousand men in the palm of his graceful white hand.

"Did you have orders to meet the special west at Watson?" enquired Paul, marvelling that he could speak at all.

The conductor nodded.

"Well, I heard the 'special west' get orders to meet you here," continued Paul feverishly, "and I wouldn't let you pass."

"Didn't the despatcher tell you to turn your signal?" asked Stephens in the same cool tone.

"No, sir. I was—I didn't like to ask him."

Another wild whistle reached Paul's ear. He leaned forward and peered through the window. A glaring head light in a direction opposite to that of forty-three met his gaze. He turned to the two officials with something like a smile of relief—it was more—a smile of triumph. The "special west" was at hand!

"You've done your work well," said Stephens, consulting his watch, "and now turn back your signal. Your name?"

"Paul Gainan," he continued.

"He's not here just now," replied the boy.

"It seems so," observed the official dryly. "Tell him to report to me. Give me that copy."

"My boy," said the conductor warmly, "you have saved us from an awful fate. I have a son about your age and a daughter, too, like this little one, your sister, I suppose, turning towards May, "and I'll them to-night how their papa, with many others, owes his life to you."

Paul colored and nervously fingered his messenger badge.

"I'll see that you are properly rewarded for this," interposed Stephens, without any show of feeling. "But it seems to me that a boy of your age ought to be at school."

"Oh, he wants to go to school," put in May, her awe vanishing, "but mamma can't afford to send him away."

"Send him away?" echoed the superintendent, fixing his masterful blue eyes upon her, "ah, I understand. He wishes to go to college?"

"Yes, sir," answered Paul and May in unison.

"Humph!" Well, you will hear from me, Paul. Now, good bye," and the great official actually shook hands with the two little watchers. They were well-nigh overcome at this unexpected honor.

The conductor swung his lantern and forty-three, with its ten coaches teeming with life, started forward on its journey. Then the "special west" steamed by the station, bearing five more coaches of excursionists. As each train passed the office, Paul and May looked up at the faces in the windows—men, women and children—wealth, pleasure and innocence—all unconscious of the frightful doom averted. If one or the other passengers noticed the two children on the platform, it was, perhaps, only to wonder why they were foolish enough to stand there in the cold watching a train.

Christmas morn ushered in a blinding snow storm. Everybody who was anybody in the town, and many who were nobodies, ventured out, despite the storm, to visit a church, a neighbor's house, or a confectioner's establishment, just as the individual viewed the object of the holiday. The Gainan family, however, observed the feast as Catholics. The mother and Gertrude attended first Mass, while Paul and May went to the second and completed the novena to the Babe of Bethlehem; for notwithstanding Paul's doubts as to his ability to pray enough, he had acted upon his sister's suggestion. The real peace and joy of these two young hearts must be felt to be understood.

Words would but mar the picture. When Paul and May returned home late that morning, Gertrude met them at the door. Her cheeks glowed with excitement and pleasure. Mrs. Gainan stood in the center of the room, a proud, happy smile on her face. Gertrude held up a telegram, bearing the stamp of the great company which Paul served. His eyes asked the question his lips could not utter.

"Guess what it is," said Gertrude gaily.

"A message?"

"Why, of course. Well, here, read it."

Paul grasped the envelope and drew forth a yellow sheet. It was dated "General manager's office, St. Louis, Mo.," and ran as follows:

"Christmas greeting from the F. P. & W. railway to Paul Gainan. Your skill and promptness yesterday saved two passenger trains from certain destruction. We know that many of our patrons owe their lives to your care. Acting upon the suggestion of G. W. Stephens, division superintendent, we have decided to reward your fidelity by enabling you to fulfill your commendable ambition. The management will send you to any college you may select, and pay all expenses until you graduate. Instructions and further details will follow by mail.

T. A. Townsend, General manager T. P. & W. Ry.

The novena was answered and Paul's boyish ambition was about to be realized! He looked at his mother, then at Gertrude, and finally at May. With a cry of gladness he threw himself into his mother's arms and was clasped to her breast. Happy the boy who has a mother to share his joys and sorrows!

When Mr. Shilling, who, by the way, chanced to be a passenger on the "special west" that night, heard of Paul's good fortune, he rubbed his hands together in a benevolent manner and said:


"Ah, Paul, I was sure something would come of your striving. What did I tell you? 'Where there's a will, there's a way.' We shall see, Paul, we shall see."

His smile and his manner of speaking were charming in the extreme. Mrs. Gainan said:

"Now, Paul, endeavor to thank God for His kindness, by making the most of your opportunities."

"Who would ever think, Paul," said May, brushing back her curls, "that you could get to college in this way. Not one boy in a thousand could have done so."

And Gertrude added with a smile, "No, nor one in a million!"



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Rates of Advertising—Ten cents per line each insertion, single measurement.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, and the Bishops of Hamilton and Peterboro, and the Clergy throughout the Dominion.

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

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

London, Saturday, Dec. 21, 1895

We hope our friends throughout the country who are indebted for subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD will be good enough to make remittance before the New Year.

From those who owe a considerable amount we would be glad to receive at least a portion.

With the greater number of our patrons we have no fault to find. They have ever been prompt and business-like in all their transactions with us.

There are quite a few "Tomorrows," however, who allow arrears to pile up without considering what a grave injustice they do us.

We hope that payment of their subscriptions to the CATHOLIC RECORD will be amongst the good resolutions they take with which to begin the New Year.

CHRISTMAS GRACES.

The festival of Christmas, which the Church is now celebrating all over the world, brings joy to every Christian heart, and that joy is reflected everywhere.

It is found especially in the eagerness of the devout Catholic to express at this holy time his gratitude to God, by approaching the holy table of the Eucharist whereon our Blessed Lord offers Himself as a victim to His and our heavenly Father, to atone for and blot out the sins of mankind, and gives Himself to us as a banquet of love whereby we participate in the favors and graces which become the share of those who receive worthily His flesh and drink His precious blood.

Christmas is a time of joy for young and old, and the beautiful custom of giving Christmas gifts to friends is itself an invitation of the divine bounty from which every good and perfect gift flows to mankind.

But there is no gift more precious than that of God the Father "who so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him may not perish but may have life everlasting.

For God sent not His Son into the world to judge the world, but that the world may be saved by Him." (John iii., 16-17)

Christ is born in the crib of Bethlehem to save us from the evils brought into the world by sin, not for our condemnation, and only those who repudiate His graces are condemned; for it must be remembered that those who persevere in the ways of sin reject God's grace deliberately and of their own free will.

All sin is wilful, and is a voluntary turning away from God; and it is in this sense that the prophecy of Simeon is to be taken as recorded in St. Luke ii., 34:

"Behold this child is set for the fall, and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted."

Those who fall do so by their own perversity: those who rise do so by the grace and assistance of God, who is ever ready to extend His helping hand to those who pray earnestly to Him.

Therefore the Angel of God who announced to the Judean shepherds the birth of the heaven-born King declared:

"Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David."

This joy is expressed in the hymn of the angels who sang at the birth of Christ: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of goodwill."

This is the burden of the hymn of exultation which is used by the Church at Mass on all feasts of special joyfulness. It is a joy which all Christians feel when they celebrate the festival of Christmas, and especially when they celebrate that festival by purifying their souls and receiving worthily the Holy Eucharist, the same sacred body and blood of Christ which was revered in the crib of Bethlehem by Mary and Joseph, the pious shepherds of Judea, and the wise men who came from the distant East to adore Him and to offer Him their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh in acknowledgment that He was and is the Lord of heaven and

earth and of all things worthy of our adoration and love.

The world in general is too forgetful of what we owe to our Divine Lord who was born for us on the first Christmas day, and we sometimes hear carping remarks against the splendor of the Divine service as it is offered in our cathedrals, and even in more humble churches on Christmas day and other great feasts.

This carping spirit is that which Judas Iscariot entertained while complaining at the generosity of Mary Magdalen when that great penitent anointed our Saviour's feet with precious spikenard, saying:

"Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?" But "He said this, not because he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and having the purse, carried the things that were put therein."

God does not need our generosity, nevertheless we need God, and must recognize Him as our Sovereign Lord and Master by decorating His house.

Beside our obligations to God, we must show charity to our neighbor, and not forget to provide for our advance in virtue by reconciling ourselves to God and coming nearer to Him at this holy season, and at other times during the year, through the sacrament of penance, and more especially through a worthy receiving of the Holy Eucharist whereby we are made to abide in Him and He in us, as He Himself teaches.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SUPERSTITION.

Another instance of the criminal folly of the Christian Scientist superstition, now so prevalent in Canada as well as in the United States, has occurred in Toronto within the last few days.

Mrs. Mercy A. Beer was put on trial in the Criminal Assize Court on the 14th inst. for the alleged manslaughter of Percy Beck, aged six, who died of diphtheria while under Christian Science treatment at the hands of the prisoner. Mr. J. A. Barron, Q. C., conducted the case for the Crown, and said in his opening address that the prisoner did not wilfully cause the death of young Beck, but his death was attributable to her negligence.

The father and mother of deceased gave evidence. They both stated they had thorough confidence in the prisoner, who had treated all their six children. They had tried Christian Science treatment because they were tired of doctors' bills. They each claimed to have felt the good effects of Mrs. Beer's treatment. The innocent child, who was not responsible for the superstition, was the unfortunate sufferer on this occasion. The responsibility for this and similar cases lies on the system which makes each individual the sole interpreter of scriptural teaching.

It was admitted at the trial by Mr. Barron, the prosecuting counsel, that Mrs. Beer had no intention to kill the child. On the contrary, we have no doubt that she wished to save his life, but she was prosecuted, Mr. Barron said, because having accepted payment for her medical services she had not taken proper means for the boy's recovery. The counsel said also:

"Any one totally ignoring the science of medicine, taking upon himself or herself the attendance on a sick person, and the sick person dies, the person in charge may be guilty of manslaughter. It is necessary the law should provide for the punishment of negligence of this kind."

The parents of the child testified their confidence in Mrs. Beer's treatment. The mother said Mrs. Beer attended every day for over a week, "But did not feel his pulse, take his temperature, nor do anything common to the usual medical treatment; nor did she give any medicine, simply following the Christian Scientists' methods. One treatment, however, she did order, which was to give him white of egg, and milk, or in fact anything in the shape of nourishment. The prisoner had been told that Percy (the dead child) had a sore throat, but had done nothing for it."

Two doctors were called, one of whom believed that with proper medical attendance the child's life would have been prolonged, and possibly saved. The other thought the child would have recovered.

The methods of the Christian Scientists were also partially explained by several witnesses, from which it appeared that the principal thing done in the case in point was to read extracts from a book entitled "Science and Health," and the "Key to the Scriptures."

There have been so many disasters reported owing to the neglect of medi-

cal treatment by so-called Christian scientists that we should have hoped that there was an end to such methods of treating diseases, but it is difficult to eradicate superstition where it has become fixed in the mind, and it is probable that there will still be some who have not learned wisdom from the experiences of the past.

MGR. SATOLLI.

The election of Archbishop Satolli to the Cardinalate is gratifying to the many Catholics who have watched his career in the United States with anxious interest. The fact of his not being an American and not conversant with the needs of the country, led some to think that his administration would not be successful. However, he has proved himself equal to every emergency. He has always spoken fairly and justly, and throughout the length and breadth of the United States prelates and priests have come to look upon the representative of Leo XIII. as a man who said what he thought. Honest in his views, and fearless in upholding them, he has bequeathed to us the legacy of a manliness that sought justice, and that did not swerve from it, though circumstances at times did not seem to warrant it. He has displayed such an astonishing knowledge of men that we can but admire the wisdom of the Pope in selecting him to guide the Church in America. It was said when he arrived here that no student could ever hope to adjust the differences that existed, to banish contentions, to settle the many cases that seemed incapable of solution. Yet he has done all this, and well proved the truth of the time-honored maxim that the student can be when an occasion demands it the most successful in dealing with practical life.

The profound thought that made his lectures at Rome suggestive and eminently valuable, and placed him in the front rank of great professors, fashioned and directed his administrative career. He was not to be misled by sophistry, for too long had he commended the discordant notes of error for the sweet music of truth.

We congratulate him on the honor bestowed upon him, and we but wish that the sound thought and sure judgment, and withal the winning simplicity that nature gives only to her mightiest offspring, that has made him here and at home revered, will ever receive just appreciation. We have no desire to play the prophet, but we shall not be surprised if some day the Catholic world acknowledge Francis Satolli as its supreme spiritual ruler.

MR. N. CLARKE WALLACE'S RESIGNATION.

The resignation of the Hon. N. Clarke Wallace from his position as Comptroller of Customs is the latest development of the Manitoba school controversy, and it has excited considerable surprise, not so much from any thought that he should have remained in the Government, but because he clung so pertinaciously to his office that it was the general opinion that no circumstances would induce him to give it up of his own free will.

It is true that in his position, as not having a seat at the Council board, it might be thought that he had somewhat of a free hand, like an ordinary member of Parliament, to oppose such Government measures as he saw fit without any incongruity, but though not a member of the Cabinet, he was recognized as being of the Government, and it is inconsistent with the generally accepted ideas of Responsible Government that a member of the Government should openly express his variance from any part of its general policy, as Mr. Wallace has done on many occasions. It was, therefore, incongruous that he should have retained his office so long.

Mr. Wallace has always been a decided opponent of Catholic Separate schools, and during the last Provincial electoral campaign he took a prominent part in supporting the anti-Catholic and anti-Separate School policy of the Provincial Opposition.

While, in regard to the Manitoba school question, the Government of which Mr. Wallace has been hitherto a member declared itself most unreservedly in favor of doing justice to the Manitoba Catholic minority, Mr. Wallace has been openly at variance with them, declaring himself opposed to the passage of any remedial legislation. He declared himself to this effect especially in a violent speech delivered at Ottawa on the 12th of July last, when he said that he remained in

the Government only in the hope that there would be no Federal interference with the Manitoba school laws; but that if circumstances should so occur that the remedial measure would be brought up by the Government, he would know how to act, leaving it to be supposed that he would then resign.

Up to the last moment Mr. Wallace supported the Government, and he even took part in the political contest in North Ontario, supporting Mr. McGillivray against both the Liberal and the Patron candidates. It was strange, therefore, that his resignation should be announced just the day before the election took place in that constituency, as if it were his purpose to injure the prospects of the candidate whom he had so earnestly supported. If such was his intention, he utterly failed, as Mr. McGillivray, the Conservative candidate, was elected by a majority of 1022 over Mr. Gillespie, Liberal, and by 766 over the Patron candidate, Mr. Brandon.

We have kept ourselves aloof from the party politics of the Dominion, and we do so still. The Catholics of the Dominion are 42 per cent. of the whole population, and we have no intention to ask them to cringe at the feet of one political party or the other to obtain a paltry measure of justice. The justice of our demands on behalf of the Catholic minority of Manitoba is not a party question, but it is a question of natural right, and the rights of Catholics must be conceded, no matter which party may gain ascendancy at Ottawa. We claim equal rights with our Protestant fellow-citizens, and it concerns us very little whether Mr. N. Clarke Wallace remains in or out of the Government. As Grand Master of the Orangemen of Canada, we are aware that he has a certain amount of influence with a faction from which we always expect hostility.

LYNCH LAW.

A mass meeting of citizens of Boston was held a few days ago to take into consideration the practice of lynching negroes, which has become so frequent in the Southern States. The recent burning alive of a negro in Tyler, Texas, after torturing him by every device which inhumanity and fury could suggest, was especially a theme commented upon by the speakers. It was freely said that the whites deliberately endeavor to cast obliquity on the colored race for the purpose of retarding the political advancement of the negroes. The strength of the anti-lynching sentiment may be judged from the fact that among the speakers there were men of such divergent views as Congressman Elijah A. Morse, the A. P. A. leader of Massachusetts, and the Rev. Father Scully, one of the best known priests in the State. The following resolution was part of the platform unanimously adopted:

We condemn without any reservation the lynching, the mutilating, the roasting alive of American citizens now commonly practised in parts of the country, so commonly practised as to arrest the attention of the world. We condemn this God-defying heartlessness with most indignant feelings and promptings. We denounce this heinous, wide-spreading, demoralizing crime in the name of humanity, of decency, of law and order, of the supreme law of the land, of civilization and of Almighty God. We protest against it because it makes us as a nation a subject of reproach and of mocking, even among heathens. Massachussetts calls upon all lovers of law and order all over the nation to rise in their might and majesty and say amen to this declaration.

We invoke the uncompromising spirit of Garrison, of Phillips, of Sumner, of Andrew, and in their names to these defiers of God and humanity cry out "Stop this brutality which darkens our nation's fair name," adding that if it be not stopped the impetuous spirit of Crispus Attucks, of John Brown, which is still marching on, will in its march haunt into action.

This lynching practice is certainly one of the greatest blots on the civilization of the United States, and all good citizens will denounce it as readily and as loudly as the Boston meeting. Yet it has become such a matter of course in the Southern States, especially where negroes are the persons to be punished, that it is doubtful if any such movement as has been inaugurated in Boston will put a stop to it, unless other States follow the example thus set by Massachusetts, and show by an equally determined attitude that an end must be put to the evil.

It is worthy of remark that within a couple of days after the Boston resolutions were passed, a South Carolina mob perpetrated another of these atrocities. Four negroes were convicted of murder, and three of them were hanged on the 6th inst., in due course of law. In the case of the fourth there

were circumstances which the executive considered extenuating, as the convicted man, though concerned in the conspiracy to murder, did not do the actual killing. His sentence was therefore committed to imprisonment for life.

With this the mob was not content, and on his way from jail to the State prison he was seized and hanged.

The frequent repetition of such outrages as this shows that the appetite for committing murder grows upon those who accustom themselves to it, as in the case of other vicious habits. Lynchings occur in a locality, first under extraordinary circumstances, or the pretence of extraordinary circumstances, owing to the special enormity of the crime which is thus punished; but when one lynching is effected, the appetite for another murder is whetted, and it is not long before the mob seeks another victim whose guilt may be only suspected, or who may not be guilty at all of any crime, but who has in some minor way brought upon himself the odium of the leaders of the mob, who most frequently are themselves men who would deserve lynching for their general character, if lynching were justifiable at all.

It has reached that pass in several States, South Carolina and Texas being among the number, that the mob will scarcely permit at all the law to take its course in any case, even when criminals have been sentenced to the gallows to suffer the penalty of their crimes on the day legally fixed. A mob usually assembles and breaks into the jail, seizes the unfortunate man and drags him to execution, hanging him on a tree, and thus the people satisfy the craving for blood which they have created in themselves by having satiated it before.

The Boston meeting has determined to appeal to the people of other States to aid in the movement to suppress lynching, and we most heartily wish them success in their projected crusade.

THE UNQUITOUS MANITOBA SCHOOL LAWS.

As we have all along anticipated, the Manitoba Government has given its final answer to that of the Dominion, that it will give no redress to the Catholic minority of that Province.

As a necessary consequence of this decision, it becomes the undeniable duty of the Dominion Government and Parliament to grant that redress which the constitution of Canada, in conjunction with the decision of the Privy Council, accords.

The Bill of Rights under which Manitoba entered into the Confederation provided for Catholics and Protestants alike the right to establish Separate schools. The question of the Third and Fourth Bills of Rights, so vehemently discussed by the journals, is of little importance, in view of the fact that before the original Bill was stolen from the archives the Supreme Court of Canada and the Privy Council acknowledged the conditions under which the union was effected. The copy of the original bill still exists, and it fully bears out our contention that as a condition of the entrance of Manitoba into the Union, the Separate school system was to be maintained for the benefit of the future minority, whether that minority should be Catholic or Protestant.

Altogether apart from the question of the Bill of Rights, by which the Dominion was placed under the obligation of a treaty, the unanimous acceptance of the Manitoba Act by the Legislature of the Province was of itself equivalent to a treaty. By this acceptance Catholics and Protestants alike agreed to abide. Certainly if Catholics had retained their majority in the Province there would have been no attempt to override the agreement at the expense of the Protestants; but as the Protestants have since secured the majority of the population, we maintain that on no principle of legal justice or equity have they the right to deprive Catholics of the Separate school system, or to make the rights of Catholics their political football, as they are now attempting to do.

If the Dominion Government were to allow the Manitoba iniquity, it would be opening the door for a similar breach of faith on the part of Quebec and Ontario toward the respective minorities of these two Provinces.

The total number of Catholics Separate schools in Ontario during 1893 was 313, with an attendance of not quite 70 pupils at each, or 34 pupils for each teacher, whereas in Quebec, with a smaller number of Protestants, there were 25,578 children attending school, nearly all of whom attended the

Protestant Separate schools. But in addition to the educational guarantees, the Protestants of Quebec have political guarantees of representation in the Legislative Council. It is not to be supposed that if the rights of Catholics are to be ignored or set aside at the will of the majority in any Province, the special privileges thus accorded to Protestants should be retained.

We have no desire to raise such issues as we have here indicated, for we wish to see the whole Dominion in peace and prosperity, an end which cannot be achieved without mutual forbearance and toleration and respect for each others' rights and wishes, and especially for each others' religious convictions. It is in our desire for the welfare of the country that we have maintained, and will continue to maintain, the rights of the Catholic minority, and though the Parliament is not by any means a tribunal from which we could expect special favors, we have confidence that it will do the act of justice which Manitoba refuses.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE HAVE received some charming poetical effusions by James Penny. In the poem "Jean" he tells the story of the heroine, "sweet voiced and sweet faced," who leaves her home, preserves her name, despite temptations, without reproach, and becomes at last a good man's wife. There are some halting rhymes, some turns of expression varied by poetic rules, but the poem as a whole is of high merit; and whilst complimenting its author, we venture to express the hope that he will, ere long, weave in verse some of the traditions and legends that form part of our early history. "Val-kyrie III." is a stirring account of the international yacht race; and "Lilly," a story "o'er true indeed," that will interest many a reader. We should wish to see them in book form.

THE following from the Chicago Record will be a revelation to many who have been in the habit of considering that the London Times is the great organ of English public opinion:

"There is a public impression that all the leaders in the London Times are written by the great men in the British Empire, and when a subscriber of the Times opens the damp sheets in the morning he always looks first at the editorial page instead of the news columns, as he does with the other papers, and you do in this country. He imagines that the articles he finds there have been written by the Marquis of Salisbury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Minister of Home Affairs, the Archbishop of London, the poet laureate, the Lord Chief Justice or some other big gun. It is popularly supposed that all the great men in the British Empire are continually writing for the Times, while as a matter of fact 90 per cent. of the editorials are prepared by ordinary literary hacks at the rate of \$10 a column. The Times is a great humbug. The late Mr. Barnum would have admired it immensely. It has played this game of mystery for half a century and still continues to be considered as profound an authority on all topics as the oracle of the Pythian Apollo at Delphi."

It appears that the inmates of a monastery are not necessarily cowards, and that their religious calling does not prevent them from defending themselves and their property from marauders. A band of brigands attacked recently a convent at Viterbo, Italy, and were resisted by the monks, armed with muskets. Several of the bandits were severely wounded.

In Holland there is a new evidence of the liberality with which that country is now governed, and of the just treatment of Catholics, notwithstanding the very small percentage of the Catholics as compared with the total population. A Sister of Charity is the first on whom a decoration has been conferred by the Government, the good Sister having been made a knight of the Order of Nassau-Orange. The distinction is conferred on her on account of her great services to humanity in attending in the public hospitals. There are thousands of self-sacrificing women in the same and other Catholic religious orders who would merit an equal distinction, but they labor for no earthly reward, the sole recompense they look for being that which God will grant to those who so devote their lives to the works of mercy.

THE question of admitting colored students to the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., having been brought before the faculty of the institution, it was decided in conformity with the spirit of the Catholic Church, that color should be no bar to their admission. In consequence of this decision there are already several colored students registered, one of whom, Prof. Love, has been a professor of the Colored High School in Washington. He is a graduate of Oberlin College, wherein he received the degree of B. A. Another, Professor T. S. Jackson, is also a professor of the Colored High School, and a B. A., having

graduated at Amherst former is taking a course the latter a course in The admission of the garded as an evidence with which the Univer ducted.

RECTOR AHLWA Lutheran minister self notorious by inside and outside come to America to e ish sentiment on the will soon find that h ment here. The pe States and Canada sensions on account and as it is underst ward does not ever speaks it very bad indoctrinate the pub ish sentiments will loo, and foreign th general love for fa throughout the Enti on of the continen resemble more the burlesque German Brother Gardner's tling serious.

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graduated at Amherst college. The former is taking a course of law, and the latter a course in political science.

RECTOR AHLWARDT, the German-Lutheran minister who has made himself notorious by his anti-Semitism inside and outside the Reichstag, has come to America to excite an anti-Jewish sentiment on this continent.

GERMANY appears to be determined to crush out Anarchy from the Empire by drastic measures. Baron Von Koeller, late Minister of the Interior, issued general orders for the indictment of extreme Socialists who are identical in principal with Anarchists.

THE British Tories appear to be losing their hold of the seat in Parliament occupied by the representative of Dublin University. This seat has hitherto been sure to the Tories, and the more so since the adoption of Home Rule as a plank in the Liberal platform.

Two Mormon preachers who reached Inez, Kentucky, two weeks ago, had a warm reception from the populace. They were from Utah and believed they could establish a Church secretly on the mountains, news of which would be kept from the people in other parts of the State.

THE New York Independent, which is the Western organ of Latitudinarian Congregationalism, has an article on Francis Schlatter, the Denver Faith Curist.

it speaks of his claim to be the Messiah. So far as this claim is concerned, the Independent has no stronger way of refuting it than by showing that Christ's teaching was of greater importance to mankind than His miracles.

Mr. Wm. E. Gladstone long since made atonement for his spiteful attack on the Catholic Church under the title "Vaticanism."

Since the first three hundred years of persecution the Roman Catholic Church has marched for one thousand five hundred years at the head of civilization, and has driven, harnessed to its chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world.

THOSE MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS.

Rev. Walter Elliot, C. S. P., in Catholic Standard and Times. No man knows the joy of being a Catholic till he has made some one else a Catholic.

God has made this nation an arena of religious controversy. Here He has thrown a vast number of His children into civic fellowship in order that they may re-establish among themselves His religious fellowship.

The richest and, in some respects, the most powerful section of the Union is New England, and it was founded by religious people for an exclusively religious end, and in all their wanderings of mind or body the descendants of the Puritans are to-day the most active investigators and propagators of religion in the republic.

It is almost as easy for us to belittle our vocation as Catholics as to rise to its proper dignity. Pettiness is the besetting sin of many religious minds.

the common mass of men. Many a Catholic would be a Calvinist if Catholicism permitted him to be, both right and wrong — exclusive election is so flattering to the elect few.

And in nothing is this pettiness so distressing as in the views some of us take of the Church's missionary vocation. Some would think it had been better for our Saviour to have said to His apostles, "Go, teach all Ireland," or, "Go forth into all Germany and preach the gospel to all Germans."

Upon which our race vanity and our Catholic family pride withers up and vanishes away, and our hearts are enlarged with the noble zeal of Apostles. All the world and every creature are entitled to our love, if that love is born of the heart throbs of Jesus Christ.

We mourn, indeed, the prevalence of worldliness, the brazen effrontery of vice, the spread of various forms of skepticism; we shall not be mistaken for optimists and visionaries. But what we say is that there is no community in America to-day, however small or however corrupt, which does not hail with acclaim the name of Jesus as the only symbol of eternal salvation.

Among Protestant denominations this condition of the people is the suggestion of prodigious missionary activity. Protestant home missionaries are counted by the thousands and are active everywhere. They are usually men and women of rather meagre mental gifts, but with much real or affected earnestness. The denominations do not so much rob each other of members by these missionaries as they draw converts from the mass of people who do not attend church at all.

And how much did Catholics spend? How many missionaries did the Church of Christ support? How does the Christian Catholic Church compare in zeal with these Protestant sects? For the blacks and the reds we have collected and spent a few scores of thousands and for them we have provided some truly capable and powerful missionaries.

In fact, the time is ripe and the opportunity has arrived for the development of the apostolic element in the American Church, nor shall we long lack the men to do the good work of converting America. No better thanks to God can ever be offered by hearts grateful for many favors than to extend the kingdom of His Son until it embraces the newest and most splendid of the nations of the world.

THE LUCIFER WORSHIP.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Some time ago an interview of an American Bishop while at Liverpool, England, declaring the assertion that Lucifer was adored in the Freemason temple at Charleston, S. C., to be a calumny, made the rounds of the press.

In her memoirs of an ex-Pallade (No. 4) Miss Diana Vaughan takes the Bishop to task, telling him that he makes a grave mistake if he thinks he saw everything in that temple, as no one but a Luciferian in good standing can ever place his foot inside the hall reserved for Lucifer worship.

No one, then, who has not crossed the threshold of this particular hall in the Freemason temple can logically stand up to clear the Luciferians of the terrible charge of adoring Lucifer.

Luciferian temple, furnished exactly like that of Charles B. is located.

However when the Prince Borghese went last summer to examine his former palace with a view of re-purchasing it, he was freely admitted to every part of it. But when he came to a certain door he was told by the guard that he could not enter there without a permit from headquarters.

D. Margiotta, formerly a rather great light among Luciferians, who published the savorous life of Lemmi, the Luciferian pope, also states and proves over and over again that in the good god, the grand architect, etc., whom Luciferians and the really initiated Freemasons adore.

Leo Taxil, Stanislaus Kostka and a host of other ex-members of the devil's Church, who know from a long personal experience among the secret sects whereof they speak — all concur in the assertion that Lucifer is adored by them; and, further, they prove it by evidence to any one who is open to conviction. Consult and study the voluminous and wonderfully interesting works of Taxil, Bataille, Miss Vaughan, Margiotta, S. Kostka, etc., and then deny if you dare in the presence of so many, so distinguished and an ever increasing number of most reliable authorities who all con-form and complete each other in their astounding revelations.

It is a pity that, outside of France and Italy, those poor Mason-ridden countries, so little interest is taken by the people in this matter. The press especially should do more in exposing the dark lantern conspirators. They are strong, active and determined in their work of subverting Christianity. Must we wait, as they did in France and Italy, until the tyrannical octopus of Freemasonry and Luciferianism has actually enslaved us and fettered the Church, hand and foot? Would it not be better to learn before it is too late? "Unmask and combat the monster!"

REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.

The New World.

In the humble walks of life many conversions have occurred marked by such special providences as to attest in a wondrous way the leading of the Divine hand. A few of these storyettes which have come to my knowledge from reliable sources and are stored in my memory I will now relate in as few words as possible.

The first shall be the story of Mrs. McG., a New England lady, whose ancestors came to the bleak coast in the Mayflower. She became a Catholic in the time of the Rt. Rev. John Cheverus, first Bishop of Boston, and is my authority for the two stories which will follow. In fact, the providences of God are always noteworthy of those who are intelligently alive to His Almighty presence, and, therefore, her conversion may be linked with the others, if not in the incidents so mysterious.

We were in conversation, and in reply to a remark I had made, that all my life previous to my conversion I had longed to stand on the bed rock of truth, she responded that it had been just the same with herself. Then she told that she married an Irish refugee, from the political entanglement of his native land without suspecting that he was a Catholic.

There was in Maine a sea captain who went on long voyages, leaving his wife in their quiet, isolated home

where she had ample time for reflection, and ever on her tongue was this significant word: "I want the truth, whatever it may be." On one occasion a gentleman boarder, whom she had taken into her house to relieve the sense of isolation, passed through a severe illness, and she cared for him with the devotion of a mother until his convalescence was assured, and even then continued to visit his apartment, to see that nothing was wanting, previous to retiring for the night. Having done so on the particular night of which I wish to speak, she repaired to her own chamber, closed the door, and was standing at her bedside opposite the door, adjusting the curtains and pillows when she was startled by a strange voice directly behind her. It said distinctly: "If you wish the truth you will find it in the Catholic Church."

She quickly saw at the entrance a man arrayed in garments such as she had never seen. His back was towards her, but he glanced around so that she had a full view of his features as he repeated his former words and then vanished without opening the door. The occurrence was so remarkable that after pondering a moment she retraced her steps to the room of the invalid and told the incident, minutely describing the singular dress she had seen. The listener, when she had finished, told her that his parents were Catholics and that he well remembered going with them when a very small boy to a meeting they called Mass, and that the dress the priest wore was precisely like that she described. And here the mystery had to rest. However, a little later in the season a letter came to the sea captain's wife from a dear sister residing at St. Louis. It contained an urgent invitation for her to spend the time of her husband's absence there, with an offer to pay all the expenses of the trip.

This invitation was accepted, and on a certain Saturday afternoon she found herself in the Missouri town ready to alight at her sister's door when she espied that dear relative in the back yard talking over the fence to an Irish woman, instead of hastening to give her welcome, for which neglect she felt rather resentful as she entered the house alone. But if the greeting had the aspect of tardiness the St. Louis lady apologized after this fashion — she was afraid of offending her Irish neighbor if she left her too abruptly — a Catholic church had been just completed, and the next day there were to be services in it for the first time, and the Irish woman had offered her a seat in her pew — all of this being given by way of excuse. And the visitor readily forgave her in the recollections thus awakened in her breast. She at once expressed a wish to share the invitation. It was easily arranged by a transfer as the St. Louis sister was quite willing to remain at home. Sunday morning, then, our New Englander, accompanying the Irish Catholic, was in a good position to observe all the ceremony. The robed celebrant stood at the foot of the altar steps and she recognized in him the very form and garments she had seen that noticable night in her far distant eastern home; and, when at length his face was turned to the audience she recognized it as the one that had so mysteriously vanished after the second time assuring her that if she wished the truth it was for her in the Catholic Church. The logic of her simple mind found in the circumstances a sufficient argument for no delay. She sought instruction of this priest and found her rest in the bosom of the one true Church of Christ.

A devout Quakeress of Vermont, whether a maiden lady or a widow I am unable to say, in spite of her strict obedience to the impulses of the interior spirit required by the peculiar tenets of her sect, still experienced an intense longing for that something she felt she did not possess and which she constantly denominated the truth. One afternoon while quietly engaged with her sewing her interior guide pronounced a strange mandate in words equivalent to these: "Take up your staff and journey without money or scrip until you have found that for which you are sighing." Confidently the simple Quakeress laid aside her occupation and prepared to obey quite after the manner of the patriarchs and prophets, or like the wise men of the Gospel who found that Babe who is the way, the truth, and the life with His Mother in the stable of Bethlehem. She had proceeded on her way, after the manner of a modern tramp, at least, in the eyes of men soliciting necessary food and lodging for love of God — thus proving her unbending confidence in Him — for two or perhaps three days when just at night she was entering a town and saw the first light struck in an humble dwelling near a church on the opposite side of the street from where she was walking. The spirit moved her to apply there for lodging. She rapped at the door, and, to a man in working attire who opened it, she made her petition with the usual formula — for the love of God. Somewhat impatiently he returned answer that their house was small and their family large, therefore she could not be accommodated. Humbly the applicant turned away, not in the least disturbed by the refusal, just as if she had had Joseph and Mary in her mind when they also were seeking lodgings and found no room in the town of Bethlehem. But the door was hardly closed when a female voice within was heard to protest. "What is that you say, John? No room for one who asks for love of God — I can make room." It was the voice of the wife and mother, and John recalled the traveler and a place was made for her at the table

upon which the evening meal was already prepared. Still the host was not quite satisfied with appearances, and during the supper directly questioned the guest to learn how she, a lone woman, was roaming thus about the country without money. The Quakeress was not disconcerted, and in all simplicity told all the truth as she understood it in her heart, and a sympathetic chord in the heart of John was made to vibrate with the very pitifulness of her ignorance of the truth she was making such heroic sacrifice to discover. As for him he knew that he knew with no shadow of doubt where God had secured the deposit for which she was seeking, and it must have been with a quick aspiration of prayer that he suggested when her tale was completed that it was possible if she would like to go to the Catholic Church near by, of which he was sacristan. He opened it every morning at 5 o'clock for Mass, he said. In complete ignorance of the Catholic faith the Quakeress was at John's side when he unlocked the church the next day and entering the aisle leading to the sanctuary of the still unoccupied edifice she hastened herself and remained in silence. Like the wise men of the East she had found the Divine Child, though hidden. Her goal was reached. Her journeyings were at an end. Led thus by the interior spirit in which she in good faith trusted through the darkness she found rest and peace and an assured faith in the Catholic Church it faithfully preserved by her Founder for the salvation of men from teaching aught erroneous in doctrine and morals.

Elizabeth A. Adams.

THE PRAYER GAUGE AS APPLIED TO INGERSOLL.

That late and rather benighted agnostic scientist, Tyndall, once dippantly challenged Christians to a test of the truth of their faith by means of a given specific purpose. But all sensible Christians reject the proposed "prayer gauge" because of its being a presumptuous and irrelevant challenge of God's omnipotence and wisdom. But this respect for the Almighty and the All-wise is not, it would seem, a characteristic of the "Christian Endeavors" lately assembled at Cleveland, and some of the "Salvationists" they have had no such hesitancy. On the contrary, they have adopted a course that is marked only by presumption in having practically accepted the challenge of the "prayer-gauge," making the test to consist in whether "Bob" Ingersoll is to be speedily converted or not. That, at all events, is the effect which this hysterical sort of act has had upon the world at large as far as it has taken interest in the matter.

It does not seem to have occurred to these would-be stormers of the Throne of Mercy that their conduct implies the denial of two essentially Christian doctrines, God's omnipotence and man's free will; for, if He is supposed to be compelled to yield to their entreaties, He is no longer all-powerful, and if He forces the blatant denial of His attributes, if not of His existence, to believe in Him as every true Christian, then He robs Ingersoll of his free will. His conversion must come from his own merit; and what has he done to deserve a special grace, seeing that his statements of historical facts against Christianity are so outrageously false as to be reputed as facts by Protestant historians, but even by some of the pronounced rationalists. To a man of such pronounced extensive reading as "Colonel Bob" it is hard to attribute ignorance; the natural motive, then, to credit him with its either malice or a love of notoriety for the purpose of making money by catering to the ignorant mob with captious clap-trap always unsupported by proof.

No wonder, then, that curious results should come out of this thoughtless praying movement. One which has already followed is that impious scamps are betting on the result, with the odds in Ingersoll's favor, and naturally so long as he keeps his heart hermetically sealed against the promptings of Divine grace. How, then, about Ingersoll himself? He is probably glad of the additional notoriety the public prayer movement gives him, and the managers of his lecture course are no doubt looking forward to a great increase in the ticket office receipts consequent in this free advertising. What a rush there will be to hear him when next he makes his bow to the ignorant audiences that hang upon his lips as the blasphemous apostle of disbelief? Here I am again, "he can say, and none the worse for the 'Christian Endeavors'."

But there are few reasonable persons who can perceive either true piety, or even the wisdom of that singling out of this man, and in such a manner as to shake the faith of many in the efficacy of prayer for the case of God, for inscrutable reasons of His own, should not deign to confer the special grace prayed for just at this time, or in case of the grace being so conferred, Ingersoll's free will should conform to it. This, then, is another instance of rash men rushing in where angels fear to tread. — Catholic Standard and Times.

The reason which should lead us to love our neighbor is that he is loved by the Heart of Jesus. — St. Alphonsus Liguori.

It avails nothing to subdue the body if the mind allows itself to be controlled by anger. — St. Gregory the Great.

When you are tempted have recourse to God immediately without reasoning with the temptation.

The haughty are always the victims of their own rash conclusions.

Christmas Ships.
 Blow fair, sweet wind, upon the distant seas;
 Blow fair, and kind,
 For many sails are for a favoring breeze
 Where none they find.
 Your graces they court,
 For Christmas port.
 Some ride the waves with strong and buoyant prow,
 And canvas white,
 Others with straining spars the dark seas plough
 In solemn plight.
 Make them your care,
 Kind wind, blow fair.
 Many are faring home from havens far,
 After long years;
 And eyes are gazing out across the bar
 Through glistening tears.
 Bring the ship near,
 For Christmas cheer.
 Wherever ships should speed upon the wave,
 Go, friendly breeze;
 But when the hollows fiercely rock and rave,
 Lull them to ease.
 Let joy abide
 At Christmas tide!
 —Harper's Weekly.

IN THE CHRISTMAS DAWNING.
 One Answer to the Triumphant Summons of the Adeste Fideles.

With the dawn of Christmas Eve, snow began to fall and when Night, scattering darkness, winged her silent course across the steel-gray heavens, the earth lay, folded in a robe of dazzling white. As Night approached, the snow ceased falling, and, one by one, the starry worlds swung out their lights, eternal guides for the celestial messengers forever traversing the realms of space. The wind piped its wordless song, not in catching gasps and sobs as if a chained heart followed in its wake, but in ringing trills and grace-notes. With it another song, or rather the breath of a song, was mingling, subtle, sweet, and low. What was it? The vibration of the leafless boughs, faint echoes hither wafted from some far southern land, or the frequent repetition of Christ's joyful natal song? Souls dwelling in the valley where earthy din and tumult reign, though their ears are strained and pleading hands are lifted, hear not this heavenly music; but they who stand, tip-toed, upon the still, light encircled mountain-top, are transported by its rapture. And they carry in their hands golden bugles through which they blow, to the ears beneath, the sweet song's mystic meaning. Hence the world is glad at Christmas time; the blinding tears are brushed away, and peace, like the soft snow covering earth, falls gently over human hearts.

All day long and far into the hours of the night, a constant, restless tide of men and women had surged over the broad streets of the city. The light snow, under their feet, had been beaten into a surface as hard as the asphalt it concealed, like hearts grown callous beneath the pressing march of Time. Grinding wheels and ringing of bells, cries of drivers and shouts of children, laughter and merry greeting, those had the tired hours heard; then quiet fell, broken at intervals by the street cars rumbling past. The light faded from the windows leaving the streets enveloped in gloom, save where an occasional electric lamp threw its circle of trembling rays.

But in the stately houses lining those deserted streets were waking eyes, for the ghosts of our lives are not fastidious; they will keep us company in the shadows as well as in the light; indeed they rather prefer the shadows, for there their white, accusing faces flash more vividly before our eyes. In one of those houses, with carved lions guarding its gateway, with grand armorial ensigns ornamenting its walls, a man sat alone. The fire that had gleamed so brightly on the gay family circle an hour before had dwindled into a few dying embers, that flickered feebly ere falling into the ashes beneath; and as each fell, a cry resounded in his ears, the cries of the hosts with whom he was spending his Christmas Eve. Faded hopes and shattered dreams, broken friendships, blighted loves, crowded around him sitting there. But as the last ember fell, a face shone full on him, so suddenly, so distinctly, he threw a protecting hand before his eyes, as if that shield of flesh were proof against one of memory's poisoned darts! Then by the feeble rays shining against the bed of dull, gray ashes on the hearth, he read the allegory of a woman, who had once stood, like some fair angel, upon the still, light-encircled mountain-top, and who, gazing down, had caught a cry of yearning, perhaps, of anguish, surely, from an earth-clogged soul beneath. She ventured down that dizzy height to whisper words of cheer and comfort, and found but earth where she had thought she caught a glimpse of heaven. Then! — a shiver ran along his frame although the room was warm.

He left his place by the hearth and stole into the next apartment, where a lamp shed its softened gleam over the cot of a sleeping child, and shivered again on seeing, against the lace pillow, the face of the woman of the allegory; for Innocence wears on all the same expression. Remorse and penitence, clasping hands, knocking at his soul's door, gained admittance, and kneeling humbly, he cried to Bethlehem's King for pardon, as over the listening world rang the joyous bells of Christmas night.

Again peace and quiet on the snowy streets, peace and quiet in the watching heart.
 As the hours wore on, soft gray clouds began to gather and spread themselves over the starlit sky, and soon snowflakes fluttered down, or white ships might have been, bearing angels from Heaven's port to offer fealty to their new-born King. But the silence

pulsing around was abruptly broken by a woman's laugh, the laugh of her who had lived the tender, pure, beautiful ideal of her youth into a cruel, scathing, bitter mockery. It fell on the listener's ears, sending a tingling pain along his nerves, causing his heart to cease its calm pulsations. The echoes of the deserted street caught up that laugh, repeating again and again its hollow, biting mirth. Other laughs filled the silence, yet he heard but one, for treacherous memory had bounded forward to aid the echoes in its reproduction. Then he realized his penalty was to hear, throughout all time, in every sound, that woman's laugh, to see on every countenance that woman's face.

But over the street's sudden noise a sweet voice was borne, singing the "Adeste Fideles." At its magic note, the din of the revelers ceased. Each prisoner soul awoke and began to cry piteously for freedom; but the cries were instantly stilled, save by one woman.
 "Come!"
 "Go!" and her breath as she sent out the word, falling on the cheek of her companion, stung like red hot needles, while her eyes seemed to shoot out sparks of fire.

Unconscious of the wind and snow, she stood as motionless as one of the fluted pillars supporting the church's lofty piers.
 "Adeste Fideles," again came the invitation, angel-voiced. Dared she? She stepped forward, then stopped.
 "Ah! not for you, not for you, my lost soul," lifting her eyes, now dull and sorrow-charged, to the snow-wreathed church. "Long ago you discarded your claim to that title." Yet she stood, straining her ears to catch each well-remembered note; while in the stately house opposite, sat another listener, his face buried in his hands.

"Adeste Fideles," and the words, by their magnetic power, led her from the street, across the narrow strip of yard, to the foot of the high steps. She glanced around, half in fear, wholly in shame. What if she were venturing as far as the vestibule! She looked across the yard, and the print of her steps upon the snow were like angry words of accusation; but lo! flakes were swiftly, silently hiding the marks of her desecration. She continued to gaze until where she had passed was again a soft, unbroken surface. The great God communicates with man in various ways. On that first Christmas night He sent all heaven's choir to proclaim to earth the tidings of redemption; to night it came in the snowflakes' feathery falling. Her heart gave a throb of joy as she mounted the stone steps, but soon passed, for she thought over her trampled, stained life never should the snow of innocence fall.

A shaft of light slipped out between the swinging doors, and by it she saw, from Memory's pages, the festive scene the inside of that church presented. The wreaths of holly circling the marble altars, the silver rays, reflected a thousand times, in rainbow hues, from dangling prisms, the white-robed priest, the kneeling people—she saw it all, and, seeing, she remembered. She, too, had knelt before those altars; when life was young, and purpose strong, and her heart untouched by sin. Often on such Christmas mornings she had come hither, not as now, shrinking from the eyes of men, but as a favored child of Heaven. And now! She sank on her knees, screening her face from the bar of light, while over her, recollection of the girlhood, lived within the shadow of this old church, was surging. Between then and now there yawned a gulf that not all God's angels could ever bridge. She young herself on the cold, hard tiling and moaned aloud in her terrible pain. The sweet voice of the singer was still pleading in her ears—but what hope, what mercy for her? Of her own free will she had thrust aside her God, had preferred man to Him. Man had failed her, and dared she insult God by asking to return to Him.

Outside that iron gate, she knew what awaited her, but to what else could she turn? Which of the women, praying so devoutly before Christ's shrine, but, in passing, would draw away her skirts, fearful of a contaminating touch? Which of the men but would turn from her in scorn? True, there were others, tender, God-like creatures; but folded as they were in a cloud of sanctity, breathing an atmosphere of sinless peace, what knew they of the lashing waves of passion, how could they sympathize with the frailty of the bark that went to pieces before the storm's fury? As little as the eagle, winging its flight, clear-eyed, against the sun, knows, or cares, about the agony of despair in the wood-dove's heart, finding itself securely fastened in a black snake's shining coils.

But gently, tenderly, like the breath of April over the frozen earth, there came to her the memory of Bethlehem's dear story. She seemed to see two tiny hands extended to her from a crib of straw, two mild, if sad, blue eyes fixed on her in silent pleading, and around the baby lip a smile of loving welcome. For her the Sinless One was born, for her the lowly life was spent, for her, the sacrifice on Calvary made.

"Forgive, forgive, forgive," came from the pale lips, while tears ran like rain in summer time, over the face pressed against the hard, cold tiling. In richly jeweled cups, the joyful angels gathered up those tears, as a gift for Bethlehem's King, in whose sight they were far more precious than

the gold and myrrh and frankincense the Eastern sages brought.

Inside, the music had ceased but she stired not until the sound of coming feet aroused her. As the door was pushed forward, she sprang up, but in hurrying away she missed her footing and was hurled down to seek a nurse. "Some man stumbled over her in the yard below, and the hastily-brought light discovered her lying in the snow, which was stained a bright crimson by the blood flowing from a gash in her temple. The eyes fluttered open once to see the white-robed priest bending over her, while strange voices were reciting the familiar prayers of her childhood. She moved her lips, but the sounds died unuttered. The dying eyes saw the cross raised over her in solemn benediction and then closed forever on the things of earth. But when they opened in another life, they beheld great bands of angels hastening down, with songs of joy and glad thanksgiving for a bark, that, despite loud winds and tossing waves, had drifted safely into port that happy Christmas morn.

LEGENDS OF THE NATIVITY.
 The Wonderful Light of the Holy Night—Beautiful Significance of Symbols.

One of the most beautiful legends of the Nativity is that which is given in the "Protevangelium" in regard to the miraculous calm of the holy night. Joseph, having left the Blessed Virgin in the cave, goes out to seek a nurse. And I, says he, was walking and was not walking; and I looked up into the sky and saw the sky astonished; and I looked up to the pole of the heavens and saw it standing, and the birds of the air keeping still. And I looked down upon the earth, and saw a trough lying and work people reclining, and those that were eating did not eat, and those that were carrying anything to their mouths did not carry it; but the faces of all were looking upwards. And I saw the sheep nor statue can tell us that the rest continues; and the shepherds stood still; and the shepherd raised his hand to strike them, and his hand remained up. And I looked on the current of the river, and I saw the mouths of the kids resting on the water and not drinking, and all things in a moment were driven from their course." This is an idea which neither painting nor sculpture can express; for though, strangely enough, it is only a description of what one sees in every statue and in every picture—a momentary action fixed in a beautiful rest—yet neither picture nor statue can tell us that the rest continues; and the interpretation is that it is only an immeasurably brief instant in that ever-changing current of life which flows through all things. But poetry can do that which lies beyond the power of the other arts; and we find this idea of immobility and profound quietude of the heavens, at least, expressed in Milton's "Ode to the Nativity":

The stars with deep amazement stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
 Bend as if way their precious influence;
 And shut out takes their flight
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer, that often warned them hence.
 There are two other noteworthy legends in regard to the Nativity. One, which is common to several of the apocryphal books, describes the dazzling supernatural light which filled the cave with glory. The other is narrated in the book which is called by the name of Matthew: "And on the third day after the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, the most blessed Mary went forth out of the cave, and entering a stable, placed the Child in the stall, and the ass and the ox adored Him. Then was fulfilled that which was said by Isaiah the prophet, saying: 'The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his Master's crib.' Both of these legends have been freely accepted by the artists. There is hardly one of them who does not introduce the ox and the ass; and sometimes the latter animal is represented with open mouth, lifting up his voice in audible adoration. The miraculous radiance has been employed by some of the painters to produce wonderful effects of light and shade. A famous example of this is Coreggio's picture in the gallery of Dresden.

There are also certain symbols or mystical emblems which are frequently introduced into pictures of the Nativity. The cross is placed in the hand of an angel or of the little St. John to remind us of the future of the Holy Child. The lamb is the type of His purity; and when it is bound with cords it represents His sacrifice. The dove is the emblem of the Holy Spirit; it also speaks of meekness and innocence. The gold finch, because of the red spot on its head, is connected with the memory of Christ's death. A sheaf of wheat is often used as a pillow for the infant Jesus, or a few ears of it are placed in His hands, as a symbol of the bread of life. When He has His finger laid upon His lips it is to remind us that He is the Word of God. The palm is the symbol of martyrdom and glory; the olive is the emblem of peace; the globe represents His kingly authority. Thus in the silent language of signs the artists have expressed the thoughts of wonder and worship which have gathered through the ages about the cradle of Christ—From "The Christ Child in Art," by Henry Van Dyke.

A genuine ghost story has yet to be attested; but not so a genuine blood-purifier. Over and over again it has been proved that Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands alone among medicines as the most reliable tonic alternative in pharmacy. It stood alone at the World's Fair.

A Protestant's Praise.

In the course of a sermon preached in Plymouth pulpit, New York, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott said:
 "The differences between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant are wide and fundamental. But there are some things I have not forgotten: I have not forgotten the services of the Benedictine monks who traveled over Europe establishing schools and laying the foundations of seminaries and colleges. I have not forgotten the sacrifices of Roman Catholic missionaries who could be deterred by no burning heats and no frigid zone from bearing, after their own manner, the message of the Gospel of Christ to the people that were in darkness. I have not forgotten the preaching of the Franciscan Friars, who, working in the poor and miserable hovels in the cities of Great Britain, laid there by their Gospel the foundations for freedom, civil and political, as well as for the Roman Catholic tutor and instructor of the Roman Catholic tutor and instructor of that Simon de Montfort who may almost be called the founder of the English Parliament, and so the creator of the American Constitution. I have not forgotten the Brothers and Sisters of charity who are leading the world in their self-sacrifice, their generosity, their devotion, their good works. I have not forgotten the Roman Catholic hospital in this city, nearly all of whose surgeons are Protestants, or at least non-Catholics, and whose doors swing as readily to let a Protestant as a Roman Catholic enter. At Gettysburg, in the crucial moment of that critical battle, a regiment made up of Roman Catholics was ordered to a charge. There were five minutes before the charge was to be made, and in that five minutes the Roman Catholic chaplain offered one short prayer and gave absolution to the regiment; and then came the command Charge, and the whole Roman Catholic regiment rushed on to death. Who has shown more love for America than that Roman Catholic regiment?"

A Time for Rejoicing.

It would be unlawful to be sad to-day, for to-day is life's birthday; so the birthday of that life which, for us dying creatures, take away the sting of death, and bringeth the bright promise of the eternal gladness hereafter.
 Rejoice, O thou that art holy; thou drawest nearer to thy crown. Rejoice, O thou that art sinful; the Saviour offereth thee pardon. Rejoice, O thou Gentile; God calleth thee to life.—Christmas Sermon of P. e. Leo the Great.

The Festival of Childhood and Motherhood.

Christmas is truly the festival of childhood; but it should also be the festival of motherhood, for the child, even the holiest, is not divided from the mother. We may learn to think of infancy as sacred in the light that flows from the manger cradle of Jesus. Yet it seems to me we cannot receive that truth perfectly unless we first learn to think of motherhood as holy in the memory of her whose virgin and stainless love found favor with God to receive and guard and cherish the Son of the Highest.—Henry Van Dyke in "The Christ Child in Art."

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 F. M. Allison. Our Lady of Pompeii.
 Anna T. Sadlier, Mamma's Gift. A southern story of love and duty.
 Eugene Davis. A Visit to the Vatican.
 Marion Ames Taggart, Her Third. A clever tale by a clever writer. A story of man's tenderest affection, strong in its situations.
 Mary F. Crowley, Ann's Pension Claim. A story of humble life.

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To the Christ-

BY MARION MUIR RICH
 Dear Christ, Thy coming m'nsure,
 Turn in these stricken hearts,
 Mourn against the loss of our Lord,
 Passed to the silence of far
 O Star, shine clear! O Christ,
 Eternal rest and comfort give.

FOUR-MINUTE STORIES

THE EXPECTATION OF
 Almighty God at the feet of his brethren, has repeated His promise of a Redeemer come to save us from sin. Many of our lives are recorded in Holy Scripture the time of our Lord's birth, near by became more clear. His choice Jews, were, when He came, earth, in possession of which had been made. He had received them from not only knew well that was coming, but that nearly the time at which it came; for this, too, clearly predicted, es Prophet Daniel, the difficulty in their faith in this promise, though many of them were won to salvation, considered the promise as one who was to be a foreign yoke under which was groaning, than a grievous power which got over their souls. The Jews, then, favored people of God means of the forgiveness and of eternal salvation made Himself in the faith which he would not answer longer be faith in contrary, to keep on fulfill a promise which accomplished. But appearance the souls by means of might have done so. The Jews, however, small part of the little untold millions who of the special promise and who could not have heard of the many such still, never heard of the Jews, but having no suspicion, so far these prophecies which know not of anything which I have among whom expectation of Him can see, been all gotten.

In Central Africa there is an immense variety of trees of the world created by Mr. savages, stuck sin, have lived fathers before the by their own feet around them. Now, inside their limit that even any of penetrated into preach the Gospel way open for the But they are original sin, like dense as the world be to keep them from beasts; to show things what is wrong—enough make them kneel, please, while others. Now, is the even one among saved, before their fulfillment he pronounced to him or of others I now be brought having the heart without hearing response the #

A Bed
 In many parts as well as human Christmas. These markets on Christmas purchased for whether rich home, so that grand Christmas the houses are oat-straw for some flocking and calling to too. No one kind to bird day. And it through the kept crumby feathered fr to another.

Singers, auctioneers, all who are irritate the Ayer's Cherry and speedy this preparation throat troubles. In your sleeping loss of appetite of the nose, that the worms. Most for effectual relieving the

To the Christ-Child.

BY MARION MITCHELL RICHARDSON.

Dear Christ, Thy coming makes a two-edged sword Turn in those stricken hearts that, loving Lord,

FIRST-MINUTE SERMONS. Fourth Sunday of Advent.

THE EXPECTATION OF THE MESSIAS.

Almighty God at various times, my brethren, has repeated and confirmed His promise of a Redeemer who should come to save us from sin and its consequences.

At last he thought: "I'll go too, and keep warm for an hour, anyhow." Not that there was the least feeling of piety; for Patsey had lost his father and mother when he was a wee lad,

The Jews, then, this chosen and favored people of God, plainly had the means of the forgiveness of their sins and of eternal salvation before our Saviour came to the earth.

The Jews, however, were only a very small part of the people of the world. Outside of their little country there were untold millions who had never heard of the special promises made to them.

In Central Africa, for instance, alone there is an immense population whose very existence was unknown to the rest of the world until it was discovered by Mr. Stanley.

Now, is there any way in which even one among such a people can be saved, before the promise of God and its fulfillment have been distinctly announced to him?

A Beautiful Custom.

In many parts of Norway the birds, as well as human beings, have a merry Christmas. Great bundles of unthreshed grain are brought to the markets on Christmas Eve.

Singers, public speakers, actors, auctioneers, teachers, preachers, and all who are liable to over tax and irritate the vocal organs, find in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, a safe, certain, and speedy relief.

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Patsey's Christmas.

BY E. L. D.

He wasn't a picturesque object, for his hair was red and wild, his eyes large and almost wild, his nose pinched and blue, and his face so freckled that it looked as if it had been sprinkled with wet sawdust.

At last he thought: "I'll go too, and keep warm for an hour, anyhow." Not that there was the least feeling of piety; for Patsey had lost his father and mother when he was a wee lad,

Poor child! he hadn't a friend in the wide world, and though some of the men were kind to him they seldom thought to ask him if he was hungry.

Patsey followed the crowd, and found himself inside of a place that was like a fairy land. He had so often heard church, priests, and sermons sworn at and reviled that he had imagined the first like a prison,

He stood fascinated. But a movement in the throng pushed him aside, and he saw standing on a blood of shining stone a lovely woman clad in white, with a circle of stars about her head.

The organ pealed, and the psalms were sung; but after the first start, Patsey returned to his absorbed contemplation of Our Lady's statue.

Presently the priest came to the railing and began to talk with the people. He said a great many words before Patsey listened, but finally he turned to the altar of the Blessed Virgin and said: "Behold your Mother, that tender Virgin full of grace, into whose heart we all can enter; who loves us, who pleads for us before the throne of God."

And loud and clear his voice recited the beautiful prayer. Out of the darkened mind of the Irish boy memorandum to meet the words of the priest, and when the people responded with one voice, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death," his piping treble swelled the sound.

That was a beginning for him, and every day he faithfully said the prayer, thinking all the while of the sweet face and loving hands of the "Hail Mary" he had seen in the church; and every chance he got he returned there, and sat staring at the fair face, listening eagerly to the sermons for word of her.

One day Patsey ventured to speak to Father Harner, and soon they were well acquainted. The good priest was greatly surprised to find such a genuine heathen on his hands, but he answered all his questions patiently; and many a good "bit" did Patsey have from the old house keeper, and many a dime did he make shoveling snow for the priest's friends.

A few weeks after that first church going, Father Harner said to him: "Now, my boy, to-morrow is Christmas. Come to the early Mass at 5 o'clock, and then stop at my house, to see what I have for you."

The day wore to night, and the boy held a grand council with himself. "Will I go to the 'Robin' now and hear them sing, and see the turkey-rattle? No; that's too far, and the fightin' bad when the tickets is drawn, and they'll be cussin' and swearin'.

Patsey breathed hard and stared. He didn't know enough to say, "You're welcome!" but, as the paper blew aside, he saw something he had never seen before. "What's them?" he asked.

"Flowers," she answered, surprised in her turn; and she held them down for him to see. He gasped with delight. Roses of as pale a gold as the hair of the girl holding them; roses as red as the blood on the cross; and something so purple, so sweet, so warm, he shut his eyes and sniffed till the tears came.

"Would you like to have one?" she asked, gently. "Oh, very much!" said the boy, breathless with pleasure. "I want to give it to—" and he stopped. "To whom?"

"To the beautiful Mother of God, whose statue is in Father Harner's church." The girl's eyes softened; she thought a moment; then: "Yes, but better so!"—then, louder, and putting the package in the boy's hands,—"Take them all, and give them to her." Then she was gone.

It seemed to grow colder with every minute. "It's perishin' I am," said the boy, and he began to think wistfully of the saloon, where there was always a bright, warm fire, and where occasionally he was wild with rum or gin till he was wild with rum, his drunken antics amusing the low crowd gathered there—God forgive them! But he thought, "No, I won't go there. I'll wait now for Mass, and give 'em to her, if I freeze for it." This he shouted out, as if he were answering a question.

Two o'clock, and the streets white with snow. Against the church door crouched a little figure, the head nodding sleepily, the face as blue as death. The snow drifted over it, and softly, tenderly, he dreamed, and in his dream he saw a fair and lovely woman clad in shining garments coming toward him; by the hand she led one who hung upon the cross above the altar; but his head was erect, and instead of blood, light streamed from the wounds of His hands and feet. Down the aisle of the church they seemed to come, and it shone like the sun. They passed through the doorway, and stood beside him.

"My child," said the lady—and her voice was sweeter than the organ or the singers' tunes.—"Come!" With a glad cry, he scattered his flowers at her feet, and clasping her hand, he kissed it reverently.

When the sexton opened the door toward 5 o'clock he saw a sight that made him pierce the night with a startled prayer. He summoned Father Harner, who stood for a moment, blinded with tears; for there lay Patsey, with a smile of unearthly radiance on his face, and strewn about him were violets and roses, and two great lilies lay in his outstretched hand.

As they stood there, the people began to gather; among them the young girl who had given him the flowers. She had intended to offer them herself, but for the sake of the Child of Bethlehem she had sacrificed the pleasure. She told her story, and, after trying vainly to revive him, they took the little dead lad into the church, and laid before the altar of the "Hail Mary," his flowers at her feet, and his soul, I think, with God. For who shall say they did not come, those Two of Love and Mercy, to take him home?

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Loss of Flesh. Is weakening. You cannot afford to fall below your healthy weight. If you will take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda among your friends first tell you you are getting thin, you will quickly restore your healthy weight and may thereby prevent serious illness.

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce a day of Scott's Emulsion. This seems extraordinary, but it is absolutely true.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bown, Belleville, 50c. and \$1. DR. WOODRUFF, NO. 188 QUEEN'S AVE. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throat. Eye tested, glasses adjusted. Hours, 12 to 4.

