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LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DAWN OF VITAM VENTURI S. MAULI. "Souffrir passe. Avoir souffert ne passera jamais." —CURE OF ARS. "All that God blesses is our good. And unless good is ill; And all is right that seems most wrong. If it be His sweet will." —FABER.

On the morning of the 1st of October there appeared the following startling announcement in the leading columns of all the Melbourne journals:

"FRIGHTFUL DISASTER AT SEA.—Total destruction by fire of the steamship Leander.—Loss of two hundred and fifty lives.

"Intelligence reached this town this morning of the burning of the steamship Leander, which left Plymouth on the 31st of July last, having on board three hundred passengers, with the crew.

"Last night the French schooner La Sorciere arrived in harbor, bringing with her eighty souls, picked up in boats belonging to the ill-fated vessel which has so miserably perished almost within sight of land. From what we have been able to gather before going to press, it would appear that the Leander had all but completed an exceptionally fine passage from England to Melbourne. At eighty miles from land, early on the morning of the 29th ultimo, a fire broke out in the steerage, which unfortunately seems to have smouldered unperceived for some hours previously. All efforts to quench the flames proved unavailing. Two of the boats were destroyed by fire before they could be launched. Of the other four, two were swamped by overcrowding, and the remaining two only escaped, carrying fifty-five persons in all, principally women and children.

Thirty more have been picked up upon floating fragments of the wreck by the boats of La Sorciere, which last night put into harbor in order to land the survivors of the terrible catastrophe. We have not been able to obtain a list of the lost and saved before going to press.

"Into many hearts there crept the sickness of despair on that memorable morning of the 1st of October. Even in those families which the announcement did not personally affect, it caused consternation. The news lay spread out on the breakfast-tables of many a home. It formed the topic of conversation in every circle of rich and poor; it came like a death-knell to many an aching heart.

"There was sorrow and mourning all through Melbourne. Who can doubt it? But into the details of so much agony we have not time to inquire. With one house only have we to do, and in that house Hugh lies dying. After Father Vaughan's letter to Mabel was written, Hugh had decidedly rallied, so much so that more than once Father Vaughan was on the point of telling him what he had said to Mabel, and what he believed would be the result.

Fear of exciting him, however, kept Father Vaughan silent, so that Hugh remained in ignorance, little dreaming of the surprise in store for him. So much stronger had he become that, in the early part of September, he actually began to contemplate the possibility of returning to England. He talked a good deal about it, and had almost made up his mind to the effort.

He accordingly wrote, announcing his intention to Mabel, promising that, if all went well, he would be with her soon after Christmas.

He had decided to start at the beginning of October, waiting only for the arrival of the mail, which should bring him Mabel's answer to the letter in which he had told her of his conversion to the Catholic faith.

Father Vaughan in the meanwhile kept his own counsel; and he was thankful he had done so, for in September Hugh's health again succumbed, the temporary improvement giving place to such fits of prostration as to cause great alarm to his medical attendants.

In a few days it became evident that a great change for the worse had come. He was sinking slowly but very surely; all hopes of the journey to England must be abandoned. Would Mabel be in time? Father Vaughan felt very doubtful—yet he hoped she might—for, if she was coming, another fortnight would surely bring her.

He had determined to prepare Hugh a few days before the arrival of the mail for Mabel's coming; but when the time actually drew near, Hugh was so weak that Father Vaughan dared not run the risk of exciting him by revealing then what was still only a probability in his own imagination. Mabel perhaps might not come; and the disappointment in Hugh's precarious state might be dangerous, if not fatal, to him.

So Father Vaughan waited, trusting and hoping that if she did come, Mabel could suggest the safest way in which the excessive joy might be broken to Hugh.

On the morning of the 1st of October, Steenie, now entirely doted in the capacity of Hugh's attendant, went down as usual at 9 o'clock to fetch his master's breakfast. The maid-servant was cleaning the door-step, so that the street door was wide open. Steenie went to close it, at the same time reproving the maid for letting all the cold wind into the house; and while he was talking to her, the newspaper boy put a paper into his hand.

Steenie was in Father Vaughan's confidence; he had been down at least a dozen times on the preceding day to inquire if the steamer had been sig-

nalled. He therefore anxiously unfolded the paper, and his eye was immediately arrested by the terrible announcement before mentioned.

For some minutes Steenie sat upon the chair in the hall like one stunned by a heavy blow. The sound of Hugh's bell recalled to him his scattered senses. Then he went upstairs slowly, taking with him the fatal paper.

So well, however, did he hide his emotion that Hugh perceived nothing strange in his manner, while Steenie waited upon him as usual. As soon as he felt he could be spared, he asked quite calmly if he might go into the town upon some necessary business.

Hugh assented, suspecting nothing; but, as Steenie was leaving the room, he called out— "Has the paper come?"

"Ay, sir, it has so," replied Steenie gravely. "Wull I leave't to you, sir?"

"Yes, put it on the table; I shall want it presently."

"There's been an awfu' burnin' o' one o' they big ships, sir; I misdoot me sair, the mails will be lost," said Steenie, as he placed the paper on the table.

"Give it here to me!" exclaimed Hugh quickly. "There, you need not wait any longer, Logie," he added, seeing that Steenie still lingered, with an anxious look upon his face, that struck Hugh at the time, though he did not think more about it.

So Steenie went away, and Hugh lay back upon his pillow, reading the account—how little he knew it!—of Mabel's death. He was not yet out of bed; he was rarely able to get up now before the afternoon, for he soon became exhausted.

When he had finished reading the paragraph about the burnt ship, he laid the paper down beside him on his pillow, and fell into deep thought. His letter—the one he had so earnestly longed for before he died, the letter that would tell him of Mabel's joy and sorrow combined—was of course lost; he should never see it, and he would have to die, he well knew, before another mail arrived. It was an immense disappointment, but, after all, what was his disappointment in comparison with the fearful bereavement which had fallen upon so many a regret, and then mused upon the terrible sorrow that must be abroad in Melbourne that morning.

The idea had come to him more than once at the beginning of his illness, and also during the last few weeks, that Mabel would perhaps willingly brave the voyage to be with him. Should he ask her to do so?—should he even hint to her how cravingly he longed for her? If he did, ah! he knew what would be her response. But these were only passing thoughts, upon which he had never allowed himself to dwell. He had buried his wishes down in the depths of his own unselfish, generous heart; for not for worlds would he have asked her to face the ocean she so much dreaded, just for the chance of a few blissful days with him, to be followed by fresh reading of her sorely riven heart.

And now that he read the awful catastrophe which had recently taken place, he shuddered to think that, had he yielded to his first impulse, Mabel might have been in that very ship.

Thinking about her, wondering how she looked and felt when she received his letter with Father Vaughan's, there darted across his brain a terrible suspicion. Why had it never occurred to him before? There had been hours, and days, and weeks when it might have been a comfort to him—why, why had it only risen to torment him now?

The more he thought of it the more its likelihood grew upon him. He remembered many a little thing, many a passing word let fall occasionally by Father Vaughan at the time when he himself was preparing for the voyage to Europe. Hugh had not noticed them then, but now they had all, trivial as they were, acquired a sudden significance in his eyes.

Now that he came to think of it, Father Vaughan had been for some days past unusually fidgety about the mail, Steenie uncommonly anxious to inquire for its arrival. Why had Steenie looked so grave when he went out of the room? What was his business in the town?

Hugh raised himself upon his elbow, a flush of anxiety overspread his countenance, as he nervously drew Mabel's picture—the one he always carried about with him, that never left him night or day—from beneath his pillow, and gazed intently at the earnest eyes, which seemed to tell him that, if he doubted as to whether or not she were in the ship, he did her a cruel wrong.

With her sweet face before him, there came to his memory the recollection of the conversation which had taken place many years before in the drawing-room of Elvanlee Vicarage. He saw the picture as he looked upon it that never to be forgotten first Sunday of his return to England—the pretty sitting-room, full of Genevieve's tastefully arranged neck-nicks; the sacred prints, in their black Oxford frames, adorning the soft cream-colored walls; the alabaster statues on the gracefully curved Bavarian brackets; the vases of sweet spring flowers; the soft glow cast by Venetian blinds, that bathed the room in a subdued light; Genevieve's bright, kind face, bending towards that low chair, where, with earnest eyes fixed upon the distant line of ocean, his darling, his treasure, his own Mabel sat, shivering as she told them how she loved, yet dreaded the sea.

"How would you do for a long voy-

age—to Australia?" or some such words, he remembered to have said to her, and ringing distinctly in his ears, as though it were but yesterday he had heard it spoken, came back her answer,

"I would not go—unless—" "Unless what? Now for the heroics, Mabel," Genevieve had said; but not until several months later had Hugh learned what the "unless" signified.

She had explained it to him one evening. Ah! it was the evening of their last farewell on earth. With her golden head pillowed for the last time upon his breast, Hugh remembered how, looking down upon the sweet, sad face of his darling, he had seen her withdraw her long, wistful gaze from the moonlit ocean, and raise her eyes beseechingly to him, with the whispered prayer—

"Hugh, if you were ever ill, or dying, you would send for me, would you not? Oh! promise it to me before we part!"

"What, Mabel, would you dare to cross the ocean to come to me? You once said you would never do so."

"I said 'unless,' Hugh—and I meant by that—unless—it were to go with, or go to, my husband." She had lowered her voice, and a deep flush had come into her white face as she whispered almost inaudibly, "And you, Hugh, are you not the same to me as my husband?"

"So you would come to me if I sent for you, my own Mabel?"

And, seizing his hand in her warm, firm clasp, she had answered with so solemn assurance: "Oh! Hugh! Hugh! don't you know it? Ten thousand oceans should not keep me from you!"

Musing thus sadly, and gazing yearningly into the far past, Hugh's suspicions began to gain ground. The more he thought of it, the more certain he became that Mabel would have tried her utmost to keep her promise.

Hugh was well acquainted with her impulsive disposition. Prudence was not one of his darling's characteristics. The only chance lay in the possibility of her not having received his letter in time to start by that ship; but it was only a possibility. The probability (Hugh's heart misgave him) was, that she had received the letter, and had started.

Half an hour later, when Father Vaughan, with a blanched face, walked into the room, his first impression was that Hugh knew all.

Hugh spoke first. "Where is Logie gone?" he inquired.

Father Vaughan hesitated. "I know," continued Hugh, quickly, "he's gone to see who was in that ship? Tell me the truth, Father. Have you any reason for supposing she was there?"

"Hugh, forgive me. God help us both!" ejaculated Father Vaughan, sinking powerless into the nearest chair.

"You must tell me the exact truth," said Hugh, in a low, thrilling tone; "I can bear it."

Thus urged, Father Vaughan knelt down by the bed-side, explaining, as well as he could, the tenor of his letter to Mabel, and no longer withholding his firm conviction that she had sailed from England in the ship in question.

When he had finished speaking, Hugh lay white and exhausted on his pillow.

"Hugh, my poor fellow," said Father Vaughan, bending over him, "have I killed you?"

Hugh feebly opened his eyes, and smiled—a strangely beautiful smile. "I am going to her," he replied. "It is well. God knows best."

"She may not have come after all; or she may be among the saved," suggested Father Vaughan, in a tone meant to be hopeful, but it sounded the reverse.

"She did come, my own darling, brave, unselfish Mabel," murmured Hugh, "and she is not among the living. You will see."

After that he spoke no more, but lay like one dead until Steenie returned, two hours later.

Steenie, on leaving the house, had gone first to Father Vaughan, who had already heard the news, and was setting out on his way to Hugh's dwelling.

Leaving him, therefore, to go there alone, and knowing that his master would be in safe hands, Steenie next bent his steps towards the harbor, where he gained several scraps of intelligence—among the rest, that all the rescued passengers of the Leander, who had not already gone home to their friends, were to be found in the town hospital, whither they had been conveyed on landing, for temporary shelter, until they could communicate with their respective families. Thither Steenie repaired.

Mabel had been well known on board the Leander. Steenie's worst fears, therefore, soon received full confirmation. She had not only been in the burning ship, but was positively among the missing. Of this there could be not the smallest doubt, for Steenie saw and conversed with several who had been either in one boat or in the other, and who all affirmed that Mabel never left the ship. Two ladies there were who distinctly recollected to have seen her, with her maid, on the deck after the fire broke out, but they had not set eyes on her again.

"Her servant is among the rescued. She will know all about her," suggested one of them.

Steenie waited to hear no more, but rushed off frantically in search of the servant. It never occurred to him to imagine who that servant might be. Not knowing whom to ask for, he had some difficulty in finding her. Katie, who had been like a mad creature ever since the moment when, recovering

her senses, she found herself separated from Mabel, had been placed in a room apart, for her bursts of passionate grief very much disturbed the tranquility of the other sufferers. Walking through the wards, therefore, Steenie failed to discover anyone who could answer to the name of Mabel's servant, until at last a young Irish girl, to whom he had addressed himself, thinking that she looked a likely sort of person, inquired in return if the girl he was seeking for was a Scotch woman. A sudden light then broke upon Steenie.

"Had ye a Scotch lassie in the ship?" he asked breathlessly.

"Ah! sure, hadn't we then!" responded the girl, appealing to her mother, who sat weeping close at hand. Poor woman! her husband and two sons had been lost in the fated ship.

"I wouldn't wonder, sir," continued the girl, "if it were not Katie you are looking for. Well, then, sure it's herself that's saved, but she is terrible ill. She was in the boat with us, wasn't she now, mother?"

"It will jist be Katie Mackay, I's warrant," ejaculated Steenie. "Guid save us! Can ye not tell us whaur they've ta'en her, mistress?" he added, addressing himself to one of the hospital nurses who stood listening.

"Who?—the girl that speaks such terrible broad Scotch, and whom none of us can understand? Oh! yes, come along, I'll take you to her. We were afraid she had no friends to claim her, and she is raving, poor creature!"

So saying, the nurse conducted Steenie to the end of the corridor, which ran the whole length of the building; and upstairs, in a little room, with another nurse attending upon her, lay poor Katie, wildly raving in a broad Scotch dialect, very unintelligible to unpractised ears.

Steenie uttered an exclamation of joy, and darted forward, to the great surprise of the attendants, sunk upon his knees by the bedside, clasping Katie in his arms.

"Eh, Katie, my dear, darlin' Katie!" he began; then his broad shoulders shook and heaved with sobs.

Katie made no effort to disengage herself from Steenie's arms. She had suffered during the last few days so keenly, she had been so utterly desolate and despairing, that it was like being in Paradise to hear once more the old country accent, to see again the face of one who had loved her so faithfully and so long, to feel friendly arms once more thrown around her, and to know that she was not alone in the world. Leaning her head upon his shoulder, she poured forth into his sympathizing ear the sad story she had told respecting her beloved mistress.

The two nurses retired, leaving Steenie and Katie together; and it was some time before Katie, absorbed in her sorrow, recollected that she might well be ashamed to look Steenie in the face. When she did so, her manner changed entirely. Burning all over with confusion, she besought Steenie to go away and leave her, assuring him again and again that she was not worthy of his generous, devoted love, which there and then he offered her once more, together with his full, free pardon for all that had happened.

How long the interview would have lasted is very doubtful, had it not been interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Manvers, the lady who had volunteered to Father Vaughan the protection of her home for Mabel. Having learnt the sad fate which had befallen Mabel, and the rescue of her servant, Mrs. Manvers had come to seek for Katie, in order to remove her to her own house. With her, reluctantly enough at last, Steenie resigned himself to leave Katie. Mrs. Manvers's carriage was at the door, she wished to take Katie with her immediately. Steenie could come and see her at Mrs. Manvers's house; and in the meanwhile should he not hasten back to his master?

Alas! Steenie had well-nigh, in the midst of his own joy, forgotten Hugh. He took a hasty leave of Katie, and rushed back as fast as his feet could carry him, taking with him the precious little bag which Katie had found fastened to her dress—Mabel's last token to her beloved Hugh.

The moment Steenie opened the door of his master's room he saw that Hugh was prepared for the intelligence he had to give. Hugh looked at him earnestly, inquiringly, and Father Vaughan's face asked the question his lips refused to utter.

Twice Steenie tried to speak, but words failed him. Falling down on his knees by Hugh's bedside, he burst into tears.

"I knew it!" broke from Hugh's lips. "She came, and she is lost!"

"Master! oh, dear master!" groaned Steenie, "ye maun keep yer hairt, ye'll no be lang wantin' her, I'm thinkin'."

With that he took the little bag from his waistcoat pocket and gave it into Hugh's hands, with Katie's message concerning it. Hugh held it tightly pressed between his palms, then, closing his eyes once more, he murmured, "Now tell me all, Steenie. Keep back nothing. Remember I shall see her before twenty-four hours have passed—she will tell me if you keep anything back."

And Steenie, in a voice choked with frequent sobbing, obeyed his master's wishes, relating everything just as he had received it from Katie. Hugh heard him in silence to the end, then he said with a quiet smile, turning to Father Vaughan.

"Leave me a while! I should like to be alone. Logie, see that no one comes to me. I cannot be disturbed. You need not be afraid," he added, seeing that Father Vaughan hesitated, "I am not going yet; but I can bear this best alone."

So they went out, closing the door behind them, leaving him alone with Mabel's little note, written to him from the threshold of eternity.

"Darling—my own Hugh,"—it began. Oh how sadly trembling with terror must have been the poor little fingers that traced those shaky lines!

"Good-bye for a little while; don't grieve for me, think what it would have been for me to come just in time perhaps to see you die. It is all much better as it is. Now I am going before, and shall be there to meet you, and we shall not have to say good-bye again. It is all very terrible just now—the fire and death—without kissing your dear face once more. But never mind, God knows best. Don't you remember telling me so very often? Good-bye darling; they are putting down the boats—I do not think I can struggle with that crowd. We can't all be saved. If Katie gets away she will bring you this. Oh, Hugh, my darling, how I love you! How glad I am we can now say our 'credo' together. Don't grieve, please don't, darling, we shall very soon meet. You know I would come to you, did you not, darling? Our faith has cost us all the sunshine of our lives; but we will make it up in heaven. And—oh, Hugh, isn't it worth the pain to know what faith is? Good-bye:—all, ever your own Mabel."

"My own Mabel," he repeated slowly, "faithful unto death." Then he shut his eyes, and lay motionless for nearly two hours.

What yet remained in Hugh's chance of earthly sorrow was drained by him to the dregs during that long, long day. Bitter, however, as the agony must have been, it was indeed to be the last. He asked no more questions. He made no further reference to Mabel's death. He was silent, bearing that which had come upon him even as he had borne so many other sorrows, alone in his heart with God.

When Steenie brought his master's dinner, Hugh did not, as Steenie feared he would, send it away without touching it. He allowed Steenie to assist him to rise, and tried to take what was put before him; but at the first effort to swallow he dropped his knife and fork helplessly on the plate, looked up with a melancholy smile, and shook his head.

"I cannot, Logie," he said, quietly. "I think the end is coming."

After that he relapsed into silence; and when the doctor came in the afternoon, he said Hugh was evidently sinking fast. Hugh took no notice, they thought he was sleeping. Father Vaughan came backwards and forwards several times, but Hugh never spoke to him or to anyone until quite late that same night. Then he turned suddenly, and seeing Father Vaughan sitting by his bed-side, he put out his hand.

"What time is it?" he inquired feebly.

"Ten o'clock," said Father Vaughan, grasping the outstretched hand.

"Only ten!" murmured Hugh, wearily. "How slow it goes!"

"You are worse to-night, Hugh—worse, are you not?"

"Better! nearer her, I hope," said Hugh, with a glad smile.

"Hugh, my poor fellow, can you forgive me?" inquired Father Vaughan in a broken voice.

"Forgive you, Father? What for?" asked Hugh, wonderingly.

"I have thought all day that you were feeling it was my fault, and that had it not been for my letter she would have been safe now in Scotland."

"Yes, instead of waiting to welcome me to-night," answered Hugh, slowly. "Well, Father, even if it were your doing, I should have to thank, not to forgive you."

"Poor child, poor child! God knows it is a bitter day to me. I loved her as my own daughter, Hugh; there was no difference between them in my heart. God's will be done!"

Father Vaughan's voice gave way. He was weeping.

"It seemed cruel to me this morning when I first heard it," returned Hugh; "but now I see it is the crowning mercy of my life. Can you imagine her grief had she come this morning only to see me die to-night?"

"Ah, Hugh, you would not have died. This has killed you."

"No, no," assured Hugh, positively. "I have felt for the last few days that the end was coming. I could not have gone on; this has made no difference. Do you see this?" pointing to Mabel's letter, which peeped out of the little bag he had hung round his neck, and which he held closely pressed to his heart. "When I am gone you may read it—but bury it with me. It will comfort you to see how she felt what I feel now. All is mercy—inexpressible mercy. Ah, Father, she would have come, whether you had written or not. Nothing would have kept her from me but God's will. My darling Mabel!"

He closed his eyes. There was another long, long silence, broken at last by Hugh, in a weaker tone, as he again pressed Father Vaughan's hand.

"Thank you. You—gave—my darling—the opportunity of proving herself faithful unto death. This it is that comforts me, more than all. The agony is all over—for—both of us—I am ready to go. Give me that now which will help me to go—forth—out of this life,—to meet—her—with her God and mine."

After these words Hugh spoke but little more. Father Vaughan, fearing that he would not outlive the night, gave him solemnly, at a quarter before twelve, the Holy Viaticum, followed by the blessing "in Articulo Mortis."

Oh, Mabel—trusting, loving Mabel, thy sacrifice has been indeed accepted! Over now, past for ever, those long years of patient sorrow; over now, too, that most terrible of all life's

martyrdoms—the

ing the heart of the will may not be left the sharp anguish life on earth; all behold the end and life's joys are already begun for back a hundredfold suffered.

Surely, to have tense peace shining as, in the soundless night hour, he rec time on earth, his enjoy Him for ete more than repaid sorrow in the past. only the beginning cannot pierce the v After receiving Hugh fell into a Father Vaughan la and Steenie sat by ready to give war change. Between Father Vaughan, w light dove, was awa of a sharp, short c slight gurgling r him spring up imm to the bedside.

"He is going," who had raised H pillow, pointing t oozing from betw has broken another.

"Hugh," said bending over him here."

Hugh opened his but said nothing. Vaughan knelt o Hugh's hand clasped a clear, low voice, ful farewell to her —"Go forth, O O this world!"

"Speak—very Hugh, and all thro was evidently try words after Father Hugh's grasp tight the sentence, "vouchsafed to die from everlasting d

"Amen," whisp inaudibly.

"May Christ th God, place the v dant gardens of H He, the Good Shep thee among His absolve thee from place thee at His lot of His elect. thy Redeemer faci always in His bles eyes on a truth; and set blessed, mayst the ness of Divine con and ever. Amen.

"Amen," re ce more, for the last eyes; his lips w Father Vaughan catch what he was Mabel right you Sanctam Catholicam Ecclesiam," said he smiled once a once upon the fait was finished.

So closed that no patient life. Upo far the heaviest s through God's me Lives of himself a suffered so long, tions she enjoyed the blindest, per the two. Otherwis he had never be single-hearted, so in his Protestantis the Church who lo longed, years be draw him also into deed, had been his hard as they we ion with his.

But oh, surely was blessedness w paid for all. O lived as Hugh live suffered, submitted patiently, in the will, trusting w where he could n before all to his science, can hopo turn to die Hugh's

The comprehen is God's secret, u those who taste too, is the glory tage, the portio Holy Jesus once they that mour comforted."

CONCLUSION

How the Pope

We are told he converted Popel of the "plan of would your Holio Croke, "if a p Romagna were to a barren rack it were to enclose plant it with a v it a house, and g gan to bear, the at once to raise value of the impr if, on failure to were to be turn confiscated?" "the Pope, "a r the Archbishop re Father, has been the land quarrel Ireland."

The mar

MARCH 17, 1894.

martyrdoms—the necessity of wounding the heart of the beloved, that God's will may not be left undone; over, too, the sharp anguish which closed his life on earth; all over for ever, and behind the end accomplished! Life and life's joys are fleeting, but eternity, already begun for thee, shall give thee back a hundredfold all that thou hast suffered.

Surely, to have seen the light of intense peace shining upon Hugh's face, as, in the soundless silence of that midnight hour, he received, for the last time on earth, his God, ere he went to enjoy Him for eternity, would have more than repaid thee, Mabel, for all sorrow in the past. And yet this was only the beginning. Human eyes cannot pierce the veil beyond.

After receiving the Holy Viaticum Hugh fell into a tranquil slumber. Father Vaughan lay down on the sofa, and Steenie sat by his master's side, ready to give warning of any sudden change. Between three and four Father Vaughan, who had fallen into a light doze, was awakened by the sound of a sharp, short cough, followed by a slight gurgling noise, which made him spring up immediately and hasten to the bedside.

"He is going," muttered Steenie, who had raised Hugh's head from the pillow, pointing to a dark red stream oozing from between his lips. "He has broken another blood vessel."

"Hugh," said Father Vaughan, bending over him—"Hugh, I am here."

Hugh opened his eyes, smiled faintly, but said nothing. Then Father Vaughan knelt down, and holding Hugh's hand clasped in his, spoke, in a clear, low voice, the Church's beautiful farewell to her departing children—"Go forth, O Christian soul, from this world!"

"Speak—very—slow," gasped Hugh, and all through the prayers he was evidently trying to repeat the words after Father Vaughan, who felt Hugh's grasp tighten as he reached the sentence. "May Christ, who vouchsafed to die for thee, deliver thee from everlasting death."

"Amen," whispered Hugh, almost inaudibly. "May Christ the Son of the living God, place thee within the ever verdant gardens of His Paradise—may He, the Good Shepherd, acknowledge thee among His sheep!—may He absolve thee from all thy sins, and place thee at His right hand, in the lot of His elect. Mayst thou behold thy Redeemer face to face, and standing always in His presence, gaze with blessed eyes on the open vision of truth; and set thus amongst the blessed, mayst thou enjoy the sweetness of Divine contemplation for ever and ever. Amen."

"Amen," echoed Hugh, once more, for the last time, opening his eyes; his lips were moving, and Father Vaughan bent close down to catch what he was saying. "Mabel, Mabel right you were—*Credo in Unam Sanctam Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam*," said Hugh; after which he smiled once at Father Vaughan, once upon the faithful Steenie, and all was finished.

Many of the new members were drawn mainly from the old nobility, hence it was most natural that the order should open academies for the education of ladies of their own rank; they immediately opened boarding schools for young ladies, and received not only the patronage, but also constant encouragement from those families from which their ranks were reinforced. Their success as educators of young ladies was extraordinary.

Academies directed by religious orders were established in all the principal cities of Europe, and the influence these humble ladies exercised in the reformation of all classes of society attracted attention to them from all parts of the world.

The world never before had seen such an order, never dreamed of such a mission as theirs until it sprang into sudden existence from the divine inspiration of a few humble Jesuit Fathers at the very moment when Christendom most needed such a powerful auxiliary.

So admirably fitted for the task before them, so well versed in all human science, yet so simple and so humble in their religious character, so full of the loftiest and most chivalrous devotion and so utterly detached from earthly things do these nuns appear before the world, that its dazzled vision can scarcely comprehend what manner of women they are. It was to fight for the glory of God and of His Church and to instruct and attend to the divers wants of the poor and afflicted as well as to educate the wealthy that the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary were called into existence, and as instruments of that chosen work they were from the first endowed with every quality that might insure success.

They conquered the foe with his own arms, and the world saw that those humble nuns were the true enlighteners and reformers of their sex; for the light which their angelic genius threw on human learning and moral reform among the women of France came direct from the great source of truth.

MUST BE ABREAST OF THE AGE. The rules and constitution of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary, being adopted from those of the Society of Jesus, bear the stamp of the saint, the scholar and the soldier. Their object is to train each religious to the highest possible degree of virtue and learning. The system of discipline is thorough. It is a military maxim that "obedience is the first duty of the soldier." The religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary acknowledges it; besides, her every action is to be performed "for the greater glory of God."

For is this all; the members of the order are to be those who in every thing pertaining to human knowledge do not remain behind their age, but are able to follow or even to aid its advances; they are alive to every change in the popular phase of education; they hold to nothing simply because it has the sanction of antiquity, but are ready to adopt what stands the test of experience, yet without ever forgetting they are religious, vowed to the defense of religion and the salvation of precious souls.

WORK OF NOBLE WOMEN.

Aims and Objects of Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary.

Written by Rev. J. McGrath.

The Society of Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (generally called Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary) had its heroic beginning in Paris during the stormy days of the French Revolution. The founders were humble Fathers of the Company of Jesus, aided by their Father General. The members live by the rule of St. Ignatius Loyola. The society has been formally approved by the Vicar of Christ.

A brief summary of the history, organization, objects and work of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary will be interesting at this time. In the chaos of the revolution all orders of women for the various charitable and parochial works of religion well nigh disappeared from France. When social order began to reassert its necessity on society religion was found to be the only lever by which the masses could be moved to order and obedience to law. The rabble had not yet become accustomed to the new conditions and the old religious orders of women were unavailable in the changed requirements. In this unprecedented condition of things a new religious order came into existence, that of the heroines of this brief history—the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary.

The founders of the new order were Rev. Fathers Barrier and De Clorivière, of the Society of Jesus. The first Mother Superior was a lady of noble rank, who before the revolution had been a member of the Sisters of the Visitation. The ranks of the community were immediately filled by many ladies, who had been driven from their convents by the Revolutionists. They included hundreds of Sisters of Charity, of the Good Shepherd, of the Visitation, of Mount Carmel, of St. Ursula, St. Benedict, St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Augustin and many others. It is related that after peace was again restored and the Religious were notified by the General of the Society of Jesus that they were at liberty to remain and take the vows of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary or return to their former convents, not one Religious out of several thousand left the community.

Considering the prejudices of the rabble, the religious of the new association continued to wear the secular dress a garb similar to that worn by the Sisters of Charity at Mount St. Vincent's, on the Hudson, near New York) and were for protection's sake respectively called madame and mademoiselle. This dress and this title are familiar features to the present day.

ITS IMMEDIATE SUCCESS.

The members of the new order were to take the places of the religious orders that had been driven from France, and in an indefinitely short space of time we find them in the schools, orphan asylums, hospitals, in a word, they were directing nearly all the charitable institutions previously directed by the banished religious orders.

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The success of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary in the training of young women is not much published, but the number of their successful schools and their pupils is astonishing. The principle of their teaching method is a consistent effort to develop and train the heart as well as the mind, and to send into the world a woman who, if necessary, is mentally, physically and industrially capable of earning her own living, one whose modesty and dignity will be a true index to a cultured mind and a warm, sympathetic heart. Their success has been measured; they live in the world, but they are not of it; they neither covet prizes nor seek notoriety.

There was no one better able to judge of the merits of this order than the Right Rev. Dr. Kappel, first ordinary of Cleveland, Ohio. At his request a colony of nuns under the direction of the saintly Madame Victorine Boucher, herself a Belgian gentlewoman, came to the United States in 1853 and opened the two Cleveland orphan asylums—St. Joseph's and St. Mary's. It was not long before the first company were re-enforced by other members of their order from Ireland, Germany and England, all volunteers for the American mission.

In a short time they opened parish schools and academies in Cleveland and many other places throughout the country. As in Europe, their success in this country has been marvellous, and their schools have been crowded with the children of the wealthy and the cultured, the poor and the lowly.

MORE "SOLDIERS" ARE NEEDED.

In order to carry on the good work of the community in different places, more faithful laborers are needed in the vineyard, more soldiers are invited to enlist in the army of the Lord. The harvest is ripe and abundant, but the laborers are few. We beseech the parochial clergy of the United States, in the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, to recommend this noble community to such of their penitents who show signs of a religious vocation. It matters not whether aspirants be American, German, Irish, French, English or Italian; neither does it matter whether they be rich or poor. If they be rich, well and good; if they be poor, they are equally welcome.

The community being a strictly educational and industrial organization, only such subjects as show mental or industrial talent will be received as choir nuns. Good pious souls who show signs of a vocation, but who are not capable of fulfilling the duties of the choir nun, will be cheerfully received as domestic Religious. Three novitiates of the order are located in the United States, as follows: Academy of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, 772 East One Hundred and Eighty-eighth street, Fordham, New York city; St. Mary's Academy, called Mlle Nardin's, No. 74 Franklin street, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Joseph's Home, No. 409 South May street, Chicago, Ill.

Before closing this paper let us say a few words regarding religious vocation: let the following be pondered over carefully by aspirants to the religious life: Two conditions are required to enter religion, viz., vocation, fidelity to that vocation.

Vocation, which means a call from God, is generally recognized: First, by a firmness; that is, a disposition of mind and body to comprehend the obligations of the state and to endure its labors and fatigues.

Second, by an attraction; that is, a feeling, be it instinctive or be it the result of reason, which leads the will to choose the religious rather than the secular life.

This sentiment may arise from a supernatural motive or from a purely natural motive. SUPERNATURAL AND NATURAL MOTIVES. The supernatural motives may be a disgust with the world, though we have met with no disappointments, the desire of doing penance and expiating past faults; the desire of gaining heaven more surely; the happiness of living in a community, sheltered from the dangers of the world and the occasion of sin, the certainty of doing the will of God in all things by obedience to God, to give ourselves to Him in gratitude for the benefits He has bestowed upon us and the love He bears us, zeal for the salvation of souls.

The natural motives may be a great humiliation from which one desires to escape, vexation in not having succeeded in an institution or an enterprise. God frequently makes use of such causes to lead souls to Himself. This last motive, if it be confined to a prudent director, if it lead the soul to become more pious, more retired from the world, more devoted to its duty, and if it persevere may be a direct call from God.

Other motives, such as the ambition to be more respected in a religious habit, the hope of holding an honorable office in the community and of enjoying more ease, etc., being bad in themselves, can never become good, and if one embraces the religious state with such motives, they may expect remorse and tortures of conscience, which will only cease after a very long and sometimes very hard penance.

The marks that an attraction for the religious life come from God are: Constancy in spite of obstacles, peace of soul in spite of exterior opposition and the repugnance of nature, a life more pure, more submissive, more faithful to every duty.

Whatever be the motives which impel one to the religious life, it is necessary to expose them simply to an enlightened confessor, who is unprejudiced, free from every human consideration in his judgment, full of esteem for the religious life, and, if possible, having some experience of it himself; and, if the director have these qualities, the grace of his state particularly fits him for discerning a vocation.

INSTRUCTION OF DEAF MUTES.

The Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary are rapidly establishing schools for the improved instruction of deaf mutes that instruct by the pure oral method and homes for working girls in every part of the United States and Canada. As statistics will prove, deaf mutes are, as a rule, the offspring of very poor people. Few children are born deaf and dumb—they become so from improper and unskillful treatment during serious cases of illness. Therefore, on account of poverty, their parents are unable to pay anything towards their education and support while at school. The religious take both boys and girls into their institutes for deaf mutes at the age of four years and keep them until they reach their sixteenth or seventeenth year, giving them in the meantime a good practical common school education and teaching each child some useful trade. The girls generally learn dressmaking, tailoring or millinery; the boys are taught practically and thoroughly various useful trades by competent masters. The female inmates of the homes for working girls directed by the order are, as a rule, poor creatures, who are homeless, friendless and moneyless. It will readily be seen that they are in no position to pay for their board and domestic training while remaining in the homes awaiting employment. If it were not for the wide-open doors and the invitation to enter offered by our Catholic homes many poor girls would morally perish in the streets—they would be lost for time and for eternity.

It will readily be seen that these courageous nuns are undertaking no light burden; but is it right that they should bear it alone? We most earnestly entreat the charitably disposed to assist them financially by donating either money or property to the order for the above-named extensive charities. Donations may be made through the right reverend Bishops or parochial clergy wherever existing, or to Miss Ernestine Nardin, provincial general of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary in the United States, who resides at the Provincial House of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, 68 Franklin street, Buffalo, New York.

NEW ENGLAND BECOMING CATHOLIC.

It has been admitted before this, and by non-Catholics, too, that New England, once the stronghold of Puritanism, is now practically Catholic, and another declaration of similar import was made last week by Rev. Dr. Cutter, a Protestant preacher of Newport, R. I., who told his audience that "the Roman Catholics already control Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and promise to have the country." This declaration was not made in any A. P. belief that the Catholic Church counted more adherents in the two States mentioned than any of the sects. Dr. Cuttersaid, furthermore, that there was too much strife of jealousy and rivalry between the various Protestant sects, and he spoke disparagingly of the methods employed by certain sectarian evangelists who recently preached a revival down in the American Brighton.

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Which of the many kindly duties that God sends them to do are dearest to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary? It would be hard to divine. They place their hands to each holy work, they recognize how much more distress remains unalleviated for want of thought than for want of heart and they offer themselves and their lives as the medium through which the charity of the wealthy may be utilized. Their dutiful sacrifice should be accepted and made fruitful by those to whom God has awarded riches; through these devoted nuns they can bestow of their superfluity. It cannot go astray, whether it be to help those poor, homeless girls in a strange city, far from friends, those training for useful household employments, or, perhaps, beyond all, to teach those poor deaf mutes whose minds were closed till this help came—closed to religious influence as well as human love—to whom they have said, as our Saviour said, Ephraim—"be thou open"—whose intellects have been expanded by their instruction "as the fresh winds of the West blow the misty valleys clear."

LIST OF ACADEMIES.

Below is given the names and addresses of the academies referred to above: ACADEMIES FOR YOUNG LADIES. Mount St. Mary's Academy, boarding school, Cleveland avenue, between Delaware and Elm streets, Buffalo, New York. Mrs. Nardin's Academy, day school, corner Franklin and Church streets, Buffalo, N. Y. Academy of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, boarding school, 72 East One Hundred and Eighty-eighth street, Fordham, New York city. St. Elizabeth's Academy, day school, 235 East Fourteenth street, New York city. Mount St. Joseph's Academy, boarding and day school, Buffalo avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Nazareth Academy, boarding and day school, 243 North Prospect street, Burlington, Vermont. St. Mary's Academy, day school, 103 Harmon street, Cleveland, Ohio. St. Joseph's Academy, boarding school, 1167 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. St. Ignatius Loyola's Academy, boarding and day school, 415 May street, Chicago, Illinois.

St. Mary's Academy, boarding school, Sault de Sainte Marie, Michigan. Academy of Our Lady and St. Paul, boarding and day school, 318 Somerset street, St. Paul, Minnesota. BOARDING AND SELECT DAY SCHOOLS FOR LITTLE BOYS. St. Joseph's School, 66 Franklin street, Buffalo, New York. Sacred Heart School, Cleveland avenue, Buffalo, New York. St. Joseph's Schools, Throggs Neck on the Sound, Westchester Post Office, New York. Sacred Heart School, 405 May street, Chicago, Illinois.

BERANGER'S CONVERSION.

The Singer of Napoleonic Ballads Who Had a Courageous Sister in the Convent.

Father Jean, historiographer of the Society of Jesus, supplies an account of the conversion of the French poet, Beranger, which will be read with an engrossing interest by his many admirers. The singer of Napoleonic ballads had a sister in the convent of les Oiseaux, Marie des Anges. She knew of the multitudinous acts of charity he had manifested, therefore never doubted that he would finally come to the better way. On the 16th of July Beranger died. On the 10th Mother Sophie and Sister Marie des Anges received a letter ordering them to go to the couch of the poet. They went, but a whistle was heard as they entered the house as if by accident, and immediately they saw three men pass successively into the saloon. They were pretended "friends and brothers" who were anxious that the patient should not have a visit from any people connected with religion, and they had been out at dinner at the moment the nuns had come in. Mother Sophie boldly walked into the room where the sick genius lay, although two of the strange persons endeavored to stop her, and uttered some offensive words. "Messieurs," she said, "I am ignorant of what right you have here, but I doubt if any exists. You cannot hinder a sister from consoling her dying brother." They answered that the invalid, being feeble, he must be spared every emotion. "The emotions we shall create," she continued, "can injure him neither in soul nor in body." They did not dare to offer further objections. A few days afterwards the nuns had the satisfaction to learn that the patient had been fortified with the cheering confidence in the faith, and had been admitted to the sacraments by the Abbe Jouselin, pastor of the parish.



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London, Saturday, March 17, 1894.

#### THE TOLEDO A. P. A. TROUBLE.

It has already been mentioned in our columns that the secret plottings of the A. P. A. of Toledo, Ohio, had been carried so far that complaint had been made to the Government of the United States against the association, the charge being that they were engaged in a conspiracy against the Catholic population of the city to deprive them of their rights as American citizens.

Under the laws by which all citizens are equal, it was believed that sufficient evidence would be brought forward to prove the association guilty of conspiracy, and prominent Protestants, equally with Catholics, showed themselves in earnest in the prosecution, which was directed, however, only against the leaders of the movement.

The enquiry made into this matter has developed some facts as unexpected as they are astounding, and fully bearing out the charge of a most dangerous conspiracy, not merely against the liberties and rights, but even against the lives of Catholics.

It has been discovered that the members of the A. P. A., to the number of three thousand, were ordered last September to arm themselves with Winchester rifles, the most deadly weapons known in modern warfare, at an expense of nearly \$60,000; and the rifles were actually purchased.

The fanaticism of the Apostats was worked to the highest pitch by an absurd story that the Pope had ordered the Catholics of the United States to massacre the Protestants, and this army of three thousand men was organized for the purpose of waging war upon an imaginary foe.

The Toledo Commercial, the most influential paper of the city, says:

"Was there ever a more sublime exhibition of ridiculousness? Was ever wild fanaticism carried to a more dangerous extent? The world is having the laugh on Toledo, but to our own people the remarkable and startling revelations coming to light have a far more serious aspect. They have a fearful significance. Here was this army, organized in secret, armed with the most deadly weapons, ready for war. The evidence shows that there was wild excitement. The fanaticism of the members had been wrought up to a pitch bordering on insanity. We not only have this evidence from witnesses in the case, and from interviews with members of the A. P. A., but the fact that they deemed it necessary to spend vast sums of money for arms and ammunition indicates the truth of all that has been said. The evidence shows, and the facts indicate a delirium of fanaticism that was liable to burst forth at any moment. And had it burst forth, what then? Where would it have ended? What awful consequences may have been involved before its fury could be checked? The check turned pale at the thought of the mine of dynamite over which we have been treading, that needed but a match to touch it off; a chance word spoken here or there, an altercation between a Catholic and an A. P. A. that might lead to a fight."

The pretence on which these preparations were made was the bogus encyclical letter pretended by A. P. A. journals to have been issued by Pope Leo XIII. to the Catholics ordering them to arm themselves for the extermination of the Protestants. This supposed encyclical, which was also published in the P. P. A. journals of Canada, was in reality an invention of the A. P. A., and on this ground a civil war of extermination was threatened.

It has been proved that the Mayor of Toledo, who is the head of the A. P. A. in that city, and chief of the police commissioners, was at the head of this insane movement, which might have deluged Toledo in blood.

The full particulars of this diabolical plot were revealed owing to a suit at law entered by Mr. A. J. Rummel against a Mr. Ostrander, Treasurer of the association, for \$250, the price of ten guns, of which he knew nothing. Mr. Rummel claims that, although these guns were not delivered to Mr. Ostrander, yet they formed part of the contract. Mr. Ostrander desired the other members of the committee to be joined with him

as defendants, but the judge overruled his application, and the other members are found to be inclined to leave the Treasurer in the lurch. The consequence of this is that Mr. Ostrander demands that the case be tried before a jury, as he does not wish to be held personally responsible. This course gives great dissatisfaction to the A. P. Aists, as the details of the intended warlike campaign are likely to become public. There is much ill feeling displayed over the matter between the parties embroiled in it, and it is likely to result in one good thing, the break up of the association in Toledo, the more especially as the presiding officer is said to be arrogant and domineering as well as profane, so that he has become intolerable to many of the members. According to the Toledo Evening News, one gentleman who was recently discussing a matter in a way which did not meet the approval of the autocrat, was ordered to sit down, but he replied angrily:

"I shall speak my sentiments in spite of you. I came into this order to secure free speech—to fight Popes, and not to make new ones. I am not in it for politics and the spoils of office, and if we are to have supreme bosses—Popes—in this order, I want to know it. If we must endure them I would just as leave live under the Pope of Rome as under you. He knows more than you do."

Similar sentiments to these are widespread in the order, so that it seems very likely that the Toledo branch will be slain by its own Winchester rifles.

#### CHRISTIAN REUNION AND MINISTRIAL SUCCESSION.

Dr. Perowne, the Anglican Bishop of Worcester, England, read recently at St. John's College a paper on "Reunion," meaning thereby the reunion into one body of the sects which now divide Christendom. He says that "the longing for reunion among the various sections of the Church of Christ is evidenced by the attempts being made by the Presbyterians and Methodists to draw nearer together. The desire was also evidenced by the conference of Bishops at Lambeth in 1888."

He asks: "How is it that the overtures of the Bishops have produced no result?" The answer he gives to his own question is that "non-Conformists require the recognition of their churches as true churches, and of their ministers as truly ordained. Can these points be conceded to them?"

In considering the answer to this question he declares that on account of their foreign missions, and the army of martyrs they have furnished, he would not dare say that their churches are not churches at all, that their ministers are not truly ordained, and that their sacraments are invalid.

According to his belief episcopacy has apostolic sanction, but he thinks also that there should be a larger and truer union than any afforded by external organization.

We can appreciate the good nature which dictates the utterance of such views, but good nature is not the sole requisite to theological accuracy, and in this the Right Reverend Doctor fails egregiously. He declares that episcopacy has apostolic sanction, and thus far he reiterates the decision of the Bishops at Lambeth. On what grounds, then, can any human assemblage decide against episcopal ordination as an essential quality in the Christian ministry? Is there any scriptural foundation for the hypothesis that an apostolic requirement for ordination can be dispensed with, and in its place such other qualities as human wit devices be substituted?

Under the Old Law the manner of succession to the priesthood and the duties pertaining to the various families of the Levites were most carefully defined, and it was strictly prohibited that "others by any curiosity" should even touch or see the things that were in the sanctuary before being duly wrapped up as commanded by God. (Num. iv. 15, 20.) Those who schismatically assumed the priestly office, not being appointed thereto by Almighty God, even though they were of the tribe of Levi, were condemned to death (xvi. 30, 33).

Under the New Law we are told also that "neither doth any man take the honor to himself, but he that is called by God as Aaron was. So Christ also did not glorify Himself that He might be made a high priest; but He that said unto him: Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee. As He said also in another place: Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech." (Heb. v. 4, 6.) The rite of ordination was therefore practiced by the Apostles, who, by prayer and the imposition of hands, selected

and authorized those who were to fulfill the duties of the deaconship and priesthood. (Acts vi. 6. xiv. 22.) By what authority, then, can Bishop Perowne declare that the fact of usurpation alone on the part of foreign missionaries, or even the shedding of their blood on the part of some of them, should change the whole institution of the Christian ministry, and constitute as "truly ordained ministers" the whole body of those who have unduly taken to themselves this honor?

A more preposterous contention than this cannot be imagined. What St. Paul says of the necessity of charity is true also of the divine institution of the Christian ministry, and as "if I should deliver my body to be burned and have not charity it profiteth me nothing" (1 Cor. xiii. 3); so also the ministry which comes not from the Apostles by lawful succession is no ministry whatsoever, nor can any qualities invented by men take the place of that succession. This is so self-evident that we cannot imagine that apostolic succession would have ever been denied by any body of professing Christians to be an essential of the ministry, if they had not been aware that their ministry did not possess it, and that there was no means of supplying the deficiency, except by a return to the one fold which has undeniably retained that succession.

The Church of England positively declares the need of apostolic succession when in its ordinal it proclaims the necessity of episcopal ordination, and the decision of the Bishops at Lambeth, referred to by Dr. Perowne, shows that to the present day that necessity is asserted, whereas it is plainly set forth that only on the condition of their submitting to it can the non-Conformists be negotiated with for the purpose of union with the Anglican church. For this reason also the Anglicans strenuously maintain that they have preserved that succession through their first Bishops, having received episcopal consecration from some of the Catholic Bishops who preceded them in the days of Queen Elizabeth; though history and theology give no countenance to this claim.

The Presbyterians and Methodists also, conscious as they are that any claim on their part to apostolic succession cannot be maintained, have instituted a form of ordination which they have made requisite for admission to the ministry, thus virtually acknowledging that a succession of some kind is a necessity. In fact there are only a few obscure sects, such as the Quakers, Independents, etc., which do not require a succession of some sort. We must infer, therefore, that Dr. Perowne's readiness to admit the non-Conformists' claim to be part of the true Church, and to have a true Christian ministry, merely arises out of a desire to set up some semblance of unity among Protestant sects, as an offset against the unity of doctrine and government which exists and has always existed in the Catholic Church. We can scarcely attribute the whole of his anxiety to good nature merely, when we consider that he leaves entirely out of the question the Catholic Church, which comprises within its fold the vast majority of Christians, and the Oriental Schismatics, who are nearly half of the remainder.

It is needless to add that such a fictitious unity can never constitute the one fold under one shepherd into which Christ declares all His sheep must be brought. Dr. Perowne's error apparently consists in this, that he imagines that Christ established many churches, and therefore he speaks of Christian and true churches in the plural number, whereas Christ speaks of one only, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

#### THE OTTAWA SEPARATE SCHOOL ELECTION.

For years it has been the delight of the Toronto Mail to represent the proceedings of the Separate School Boards, especially of the large cities of the Province, as being in turmoil and confusion, and since January last it has devoted itself especially to the magnifying of a difficulty which occurred regarding the election of a French Separate school trustee for Rideau ward, Ottawa.

Contested Public school elections are by no means an unusual occurrence, and no one imagines that such an event, when it does occur, is an evidence that education is an evil, or that the school system ought to be entirely overthrown on account of the liveliness with which such contests are occasionally carried on.

With the Separate schools the case is

somewhat different. On most occasions there is scarcely a contest at all, and even when there are two candidates for a trustee's office, the matter is settled in a few minutes, almost always without a poll being demanded. Indeed, we have often wished that somewhat more liveliness would characterize elections, as this would show that the Catholic people take a real interest in them and in the proper management of the schools. It seems, however, that there is a confidence among them that the schools will be well managed at all events, and they do not desire to disturb the harmony which exists generally in the Catholic school sections on educational matters. Perhaps, too, this view of the case is the correct one, for the returns semi-annually made to the Educational Department by the Separate school trustees are not only, as a rule, promptly made, but are also models of neatness and accuracy, showing that the schools are well conducted.

But the Mail has a constituency that delights in reading highly-colored accounts of Catholic school matters, so that they may persuade themselves that disorder and confusion dire prevails in them. It is, therefore, the task which the Mail has laid down for itself to perform, to emblazon before its little world of readers all the petty difficulties which occur in any of the Catholic school sections, and frequently those which do not occur at all.

Last January there was one of these small troubles at the Ottawa Separate school election. Mr. Solomon Leveille was elected trustee by a majority of one over Mr. J. A. Frigon, and the election was protested.

Mr. Leveille for some reason best known to himself resigned his seat; perhaps partly because he was not anxious for the position, and partly because it would be both less troublesome and less expensive to trust to another election than to contest his seat in the Courts. The Mail's House-that-Jack-built story, which has been published over and over again, is that Mr. Leveille "owed his election in January last to the exercise of undue clerical influence, and when legal action was taken to have his election voided, he resigned because the ecclesiastical authorities shrank from the publicity of a court."

At all events, Mr. Leveille had confidence that he would be elected a second time if he presented himself, which he did on the 6th inst., with the result that he received 27 votes, and his opponent, Mr. J. Martel, 20. The total number of votes in the ward, exclusively of those of the two candidates, is 53, so that Mr. Leveille had an absolute majority, and we are informed by the Ottawa Free Press that the election will not be protested this time.

The Mail informs us that the issue at stake between the two candidates was the question of the ballot at Separate school elections. If such is the case, it is rather unfortunate for the Mail's contention that the Separate school supporters are anxiously seeking for the ballot, inasmuch as not only on the present occasion, but at every election where the issue was the same, the agitators for the ballot have been completely buried under the avalanche of votes recorded against them. The Mail explains this by saying that Mr. Martel "had a strong force working against him." We do not doubt this at all. It is usually the case in keenly fought contests that the unsuccessful candidate has "a strong force working against him." And we are told that the strong force consisted of "Chairman Lavoie, of the Separate School Board, and Trustees Latour, Prevost and Seguin," who came from their own wards and devoted the whole day to the work of getting in votes for his opponent.

Was all this a very great crime, then? But we remark that there is one element of the strong force which the Mail overlooks in this enumeration—the absolute majority of the electorate of the ward. This element no amount of canvassing could have overcome. The Mail consoles itself, however, by stating that "the supporters of Mr. Martel declare that if Mr. Frigon had been the candidate instead of Mr. Martel, he would have been elected. They say that they had an actual majority of the 55 voters in the ward pledged to vote for Mr. Martel, and that if the voting had been by secret ballot, Mr. Martel would have carried the election."

We are free to believe as much as we please of this gratuitous assertion. We are told, however, that two ladies who voted for Mr. Frigon in January were counted on to vote for Mr. Martel, but that influences were brought to bear which made them vote for his opponent, on account of which

Mr. Martel's supporters are particularly sore.

Of course it is easy to divine what the influences were to which the Mail refers. It means "the undue influence of the clergy" already referred to. The Ottawa Free Press, however, which is an authority quite as truthful as the Mail, asserts that "both Mr. Moffette and Mr. Frigon acknowledge that the clergy had not interfered in the election." While we take note of this fact we must at the same time remark that the clergy feel a deep interest in the welfare of the schools, and they have both a moral and a legal right to use their influence in favor of the best candidates for the trusteeship; and if they had used that right in the Ottawa election it is not to be taken for granted, without further proof, as the Mail has done, that they have used "undue influence."

#### GLADSTONE'S RESIGNATION.

The retirement of Mr. Gladstone from his position as the leader of the British Government at the age of eighty-four years, after having been in Parliament almost constantly during a period of sixty-two years, during at least forty-two of which he has been recognized as the principal force in British politics, is an event which, of course, creates a great sensation, not only in Great Britain, but throughout the civilized world.

Eighteen years ago Mr. Gladstone gave up the leadership of the Liberal party; and as he was then sixty-six years of age, it might well have been thought that his retirement was for life; but the event proved otherwise, for though he steadily refused for several years to become the nominal leader of the party, he naturally came to the front whenever any important measure was brought forward, until, in 1880, after a general election secured, mainly through his energy, a decisive victory for the Liberals, he was again compelled by the voice of his party and of the nation to resume the command of the Liberal forces in name, as he had it in fact, notwithstanding his desire to leave the brunt of the political battle to younger men.

Mr. Gladstone is known to the present generation only as the great leader of Liberalism, and this position he has filled, not merely as a politician, but as a statesman.

It sounds like a piece of ancient mythology to speak of him as having ever entertained other than Liberal views, yet he himself declared in a speech delivered in 1878, at the organization of the Reform Club which bore the name of Lord Palmerston:

"I must admit that I did not learn at Oxford that which I have since learned, to set a due value upon the imperishable principles of human liberty. The temper, which, I think, too much prevailed in academic circles was that liberty, regarded with jealousy and fear, could not be wholly dispensed with. I think the policy of the Liberal party is trust in the people, only qualified with prudence: that of the Conservative party is jealousy of liberty and of the people. I have learned to set the true value upon human liberty."

Mr. Gladstone was first elected to Parliament for Newark, in 1832, and he took his seat for the first time in 1833, on the Opposition or Tory side of the House, under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel, who was supported by a compact body of followers. During the period while he followed Sir Robert Peel's lead he voted against many of the measures which he was destined to carry out afterwards to a successful issue. Thus he then opposed the motion asserting the right of Parliament to apply to the use of the State the property of the Anglican Church in Ireland, and other Reform measures.

He took office as Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint in 1841, and was sworn in as a member of the Privy Council, under the ministry of Sir Robert Peel. In 1852 he incurred the rooted displeasure of the Tory party by his opposition to Mr. Disraeli's budget; and in 1853 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Coalition Government of Lord Aberdeen, but not until 1859 did he definitely become a member of the Whig or Liberal party.

In 1865 he became leader of the Liberals in the House of Commons in the Ministry of Lord John Russell, on the death of Lord Palmerston; and between November 1868 and February 1874, many great measures of Reform were passed, Mr. Gladstone being then Prime Minister. It was during this period that the Irish Church was disestablished, the tenure of land in Ireland was made more equitable, religious tests in the universities were abolished, the franchise was extended,

and voting by ballot established. At the end of this period Mr. Disraeli was called to the office of Prime Minister, and soon after Mr. Gladstone resigned the leadership of his party, which, as already stated, he resumed in 1880.

In 1881 fixity of tenure was granted to the tenantry of Ireland, and their rights to the soil recognized. Thus began a new era for the people of Ireland, but not until 1886 was their right to Home Rule adopted as a plank in the Ministerial policy. Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill presented to Parliament in that year was defeated by the defection of the Liberal-Unionists under Lord Hartington, and the general election which followed resulted in the return of Lord Salisbury to power with a majority of one hundred and twenty. During the six years of Lord Salisbury's regime his majority gradually declined chiefly by the loss of seats at the by-elections, until in 1892 through the general election which could not be put off any longer, Mr. Gladstone was again returned to power with a majority of 40, in spite of the combined efforts of Conservatives and the seceding Liberal-Unionists.

The principal issue before the electorate between 1886 and 1892 was the question of Home Rule for Ireland, and the new Parliament at once took into consideration the preparation of a Home Rule Bill which would prove satisfactory to the Irish people. The Bill was passed by the normal Government majority, and it is still fresh in the memory of our readers how it was defeated by the House of Lords by the unprecedented majority of 412.

The disposition of the Lords to thwart the will of the people seems to have been sharpened by their success in delaying the day when justice should be accorded to Ireland; but though it is well known that their principal work during the present century has been to delay all important measures of Reform demanded by the nation, they have hitherto been compelled to yield in the end. This they have done always with a bad grace, and their present purpose seems to be to recover that influence in swaying the destinies of the Empire which they have lost through their own obstinacy.

The opposition of the Lords to the Employers' Liability, and the Parish Councils Bills, has broken down the patience of the popular House and of the people, and instead of strengthening their position, the Lords have succeeded only in raising an issue which can have but one result, that of making their power of interference with the popular will, less than it has ever yet been. It was Mr. Gladstone's duty to warn them of the consequences of their temerity before retiring from his leadership of the Commons, and he has nobly fulfilled that duty. It was his last shot before announcing his resignation, to tell the Lords that they cannot be permitted to place themselves as an obstacle to much-needed reforms; and that as they seem resolved to do this, steps must be taken definitely to restrict their power to do harm hereafter.

The progress made in bringing home to the minds of the people of Great Britain the necessity of Home Rule is due in the first instance to the patriotism of such men as Isaac Butt and Chas. Stewart Parnell, and to the support given them by the people of Ireland, for without all this it is probable that even Mr. Gladstone with all his admitted honor and honesty of intention would never have given the case of Ireland that attention which it needed in order that a remedy might be applied which would undo the evils of three centuries of misgovernment. But it is due to Mr. Gladstone that when the matter was properly brought before him and that he was convinced of the necessity of granting to Ireland the justice she demanded, he so brought the matter before the people of the three kingdoms that within the term of eight years a majority of Parliament was returned pledged to repair the injustices of the past. It was not Mr. Gladstone's fault that the Home Rule Bill failed; and his last assurance to the people of Ireland is to the effect that his followers will yet carry out the pledge which he so solemnly gave them.

We may well ask what will be the consequences to Ireland arising out of Mr. Gladstone's resignation? Lord Rosebery, who succeeds to the Premiership, being a Peer, it might be supposed that his anxiety to grant Home Rule falls short of that of Mr. Gladstone; but, on the other hand, the unanimity with which Ireland demands it cannot be despised, and as even to the last moment the Liberal leaders have continued to declare that they will carry out Mr. Gladstone's policy, there is good reason to hope that they will fulfil their pledges. If, however, they show an unwillingness to do so, firmness on the side of the Irish party will nevertheless succeed in the end. Home Rule will certainly be granted by one party or the other, though it is most likely that the Liberal party, which has been educated to know the kind of Home Rule which will be satisfactory, will be the one which will concede it.

The present would be a most auspicious moment for the hostile sections of the Irish party to forget their differences and unite patriotically to obtain the end for which both are laboring. A continuation of their present hostile attitude toward each other will mean an indefinite delay in securing their common object.

Charity is the choicest as well as the most eminent emanation from the Adorable Host.—Faber.



THE POET OF HUMANITY.

Lecture Delivered on John Boyle O'Reilly by John L. Carleton.

St. John, N. B., Sun, Feb. 27. Last evening J. L. Carleton delivered the first lecture in the St. John the Baptist T. A. society in the Temperance hall, Charlotte street.

John McGonagle, the President, presided, and the subject was John Boyle O'Reilly. The attendance was large, and the lecture was highly interesting.

After pointing out the striking similarity of the trials, adventures and successes of Victor Hugo's Jean Valjean, the ideal of imagination, with those of John Boyle O'Reilly, the ideal of reality, the lecturer said: O'Reilly's life reads more like fiction than the actual happening of the cold, methodical and calculating nineteenth century.

He emerged from school to become a printer's apprentice and in quick succession developed into a reporter and conspirator.

Whatever cause may be assigned for it, there is something more than passing strange in the fondness of the Gael for the religion, customs, history, traditions and land of his nativity.

It is the devotion lessened by poverty, oppression and exile. It is oftentimes, when dying amid the stranger, the only legacy he has to bequeath to his children; and his children's children are not unmindful of this love, as sacred to them as it is incomprehensible to those who do not understand the dreamy mysticism, poetic instinct and patriotic ardor of the Celtic race.

I do not ask any one to admit that Ireland now has or ever had a grievance against her rulers; it is not necessary for the purposes of this lecture. I only ask the doubter to grant, for the time being, that seven millions of her children have for seven centuries so believed and acted upon this belief.

Heroism is the hand-maid of tyranny. So said the classic plains of Greece, so spoke the American Revolution, so attest the blood-stained hills of Poland. It was not a predisposition to evil, but the iniquities of the classes to the masses that raised the cry of the Petroleuse on the streets of Paris in '93; condemn their excesses, but admit that justice moved them.

Song, poetry and eloquence are the beautiful children of the unhappy union of patriotism and persecution. Tear from history the saddest page of Scotland's story, and what is left of the poems of Aytoun? The lyre of the poet Priest of the South had never tuned to such melody if Abram J. Ryan did not believe that the southern confederacy was right.

Patrick Henry's famous "Give me liberty or give me death" would be turgid oratory if spoken from this platform to-night, but in the necessity of its day it harrowed the soul for a nation's harvest. If Erin never had "a tear and a smile" Mangan, McCarthy, Davis and Moore had sung to no purpose. The well-springs of genius are oftener touched by adversity than prosperity; the ore will not give up its precious metal without the application of fire.

There is more true poetry, more genuine eloquence, in the cadence of the Irish mother than all the rhythmic numbers of bard or minstrel. Laws are worthy of a place on the statute book only when they are supported by the moral sense of the people. If you applaud the ignorer and glorify the breaker of them; if you make the priest the savior of a hero and the gallows the altar of martyrdom, then their usefulness is gone for the kings of parliaments have repealed them.

The Fenianism of '67 may have been morally and politically wrong, but its every sentiment was cherished and upheld by four-fifths of the people of Ireland. When the system is out of order and the blood bad, festering sores will break upon the body; this is as true of the body politic as it is of the human body.

Those of us who have never known what it is to live in a land, "where the freeman's speech is sedition and the patriot's deed a crime," are perchance too safe and formal to be independent judges of the motives and actions of men differently surrounded.

These remarks should, or at least they are intended to suggest the cause of the apparent contradictions in the Irish character, explain why men like McGee, Meagher, Duffy and O'Reilly, were disloyal at home, and the most ultra-loyal in other countries, and offer a justification, if justification it be, for the only act in my subject's life that is open to severe censure. He took the oath, donned the uniform, and became a non-commissioned officer in Her Majesty's 10th Hussars, with the avowed purpose of preaching sedition. Whether ethically he was right or wrong, is a matter of little moment to us, for it does not come within the scope of this lecture. No one who knew his high sense of honor can question that the step was taken from other than conviction. In after years, while he did not regret it, he changed his mind as to the feasibility of active armed resistance.

anywhere, let alone in Ireland, lying as it does almost within the shadow of England's forts. If that mind, which afterwards saw with the vision of a seer, had then attained its full development Col. Valentine Baker never would have had occasion to say "Damn you, O'Reilly, you have spoiled the best company in the service!"

The outcome was inevitable: discovery, failure, court martial, death. Fortunately for the world more merciful councils prevailed. The death sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, and afterwards to twenty years in the penal colony. The chains and labors of Pentonville, Milbank, Portland and Dartmoor followed, and then the convict ship was bearing its burden of souls to the under world.

"The land of the songless bird and scentless flower." In a little over a year after he reached the convict settlement he had in the most sensational manner and after many adventures escaped "the chains that are never forgiven," and at twenty-five stood a free man in America. But the romance does not end here; he was only a few years in this country until he had gained a world-wide reputation as an editor, a philosopher, a novelist, a poet, an athlete, and the tribute of every persecuted people under the sun.

"Men of character," said Emerson, "are the conscience of the society to which they belong." O'Reilly was a man of character, and opposition bowed its head and submitted to be wooed and won by his mastering intellect, gentle manner and sympathetic soul. His heart was always with the oppressed.

One of his best poems, Crispus Attucks, is a powerful vindication of the negro and a magnificent plea for the unity of races in the cause of a common country. Nor does the martinet of the quarter deck escape his observation; in lines of excellent effect he tells the story of the much-abused sailor. His pen was mightier than his sword, and he wielded it with a vigor born of indignation. He was a literary Vulcan whose forge was never idle, whose furnaces roared by day and night, whose iron was ever at a white heat as he beat it into bolts to protect the weak and defenceless from the tyrant, in whatever shape he appeared.

Figuratively speaking, all men are born in a valley; experience and wisdom are the steep ascents that lead them from its heated and sordid atmosphere to the mountain top, where the air is pure and the vision clear. To those who remain at or near the bottom the defects and shadows are most apparent, to those above, the sunlight and the cause of the shadows. O'Reilly stood at the top and saw what was best in mankind. His proper place among poets has not yet been assigned.

Another age will judge of his merits more calmly, critically, and with truer instinct than can we. But be the verdict of time as it may, what Beranger was to the French, Burns to the Scotch, Moore to the Irish and Will Carleton to the American, John Boyle O'Reilly is to the world over, "the poet of red-veined humanity."

Critics who evidently overlooked the conditions under which he worked have accused him of lack of technique, carelessness, false rhyme, and of not having mastered the highest forms of poetic expression. This is but another way of stating that the lesson he taught was greater than the style in which he taught it. After all, this original man, "who had no model, but let us one," may have been making rules for another generation of singers. He was never vulgar, never artificial, never insipid, never vapid; he had no false delicacy, yet he never wrote a sentence a child might not read, never penned a line of "corrupted blot," which dying, he would wish to blot. He has drawn for us no great characters, but he has given to us verses that breathe with human equality, throb with human freedom, and pulsate with human sympathy.

The traveller, after weary toiling across barren wilderness, by unfrequented bog and undergrowth; through deep and unpathed woods, pauses in wondrous delight as he catches the first glimpse of a fertile plain with its luxuriant growth, its wealth of color, its waving grasses, its undulating fields of golden corn that seem to nod a welcome, its well defined road leading in perspective to where a cottage nestles in a bed of sweet smelling flowers. The combination of art and nature is perfect. But the traveller takes the road and passes a manufacturing town with its tall, smoking chimneys, its hum of commerce, its offensive and inoffensive emanations. On he goes until he smells old ocean from afar; on and adown a steep defile to where mighty waves beat and rail and roar against the base of a high, jagged and rugged cliff that giant-like, calmly, defiantly and grandly scorns the elements that thus impotently struggle for more dominion. There is no art here; all is nature; the axe and chisel of man has not tampered with the handiwork of the Almighty.

This traveller in his passage experiences pastoral beauty, the fruit of man's industry and the pain of his necessity, and an admiration for the thing untouched. When O'Reilly wrote lyrical poetry it had all the beauty and finish of the fertile plain; when he wrote narrative verse it had the odor of the sandal woods of Australasia, the flavor of the salt sea breezes, or the smell of the powder that accompanied the Iron Duke on the Peninsula; when he put stinging philosophy into red hot rhyme you behold the cliff teaching in its rough and robust way the unmoving truths that God and nature had painted not for a day but all time. In these

degenerate days, when poetry is "a mere mechanic art," when one sickens at the mawkish sentiment of love sonnets, when every school maiden who owns a palette, a pigment and a pencil paints flowers and birds, while her brother is rattling off folios of metered lines to their sensuous odor and adorable plumage, it is a mental, aye, a physical tonic, to read the strong, melodious and heroic stanzas of John Boyle O'Reilly. Nature is always paramount in his work. He wrote because he felt—as if he couldn't help it. He wrote and when he wrote he loosened the well springs of human sympathy, tore away all obstructions, and let the heaven blessed waters go down to dampen the arid soil that until then would not fructify.

He wrote with his heart more than with his head, and when his song was sung it possessed a soul, for he had breathed upon it his own indomitable spirit. It is difficult to compare him with other American poets. While they in imagination went forth on voyages of discovery, drew inspiration from classic spots, tuned their lyres by Athens and the Orient, or sang to the graceful beauty of heathen goddess, O'Reilly was reading men's lives, studying their motives, picking up themes from his present surroundings in the city streets, idealising and immortalising common, every day subjects. He is greatest as the poet of great causes. His work is the more valuable because it reflects himself. His is a Christian and not a pagan temple and no vestal maiden or Druid priest worships at its altar.

No sacrificial seer of old ever saw the result of the coming fray with clearer vision than O'Reilly from his place on the mountain top saw the wrongs and injustice of our social system. Many men see wrongs, but few have the courage to confront and denounce them. He did more; he smote them, hip and thigh. O'Reilly in his hatred of wrong reminds us of Whittier. Some competent judges have, however, placed him alongside of James Russell Lowell. In many respects he is Lowell's superior. His pictures do not always show the retouch of the artist's brush like those of his brother of the Bigelow Papers, but the execution is equally bold, the feeling deeper, and the tenderness more expressive. His Exile of the Gael is the highest homage the English tongue has yet paid to Ireland, the "fruitful mother of genius but a barren nurse." Of it we might be pardoned for appropriating what Hedge said of Goethe: "The fervor and the rush, the sparkle and foam of his early productions have been replaced by the stately calm and luminous breadth of view that is born of experience." It can hardly be said that his poetry is of the Irish school. It has all his countrymen's imagery, but lacks their sadness of tone; his "harp is not hung in despair on the willows." His poems are highly dramatic, are full of reverence for all things sacred, and those on liberty reach sublime heights. Liberty to him is never license; but there is no liberty unless it be the freedom of the individual. His blood boils at the thought of the systems which make "the law of Christ a cloak for the corpse that stands for justice," and where every social wrong is justified in the name of religion and the Almighty. He describes the down-trodden as a human sea frozen like a swamp, where "the kings and the heirs ride on the ice and laugh," thus creating the elements of disorder they will soon learn to fear. In Bohemia, is the plaint of the social sea, and found it always shallow.

Literature may give a higher place within her sacred precincts to other of his poems, but to me his greatest is The City Streets. It has been truly said that a man's life is not measured by its years, but by its deeds. By such a standard O'Reilly's brief forty-six years are lengthened into five times that number.

Fifty years had barely passed since Edmund Burke had exclaimed that the age of chivalry had gone when came this Irishman from the banks of the Boyne illustrating that it was the lance, the lists and the coat of mail that had departed, and not the chivalrous spirit of the knighterrant, the king's malediction of the second George against the laws that deprived him of the victorious soldiers of Fontenoy, had long since passed into history when came this rebel exile reminding the world that the same laws still existed; "pass'd where Newark's stately tower looks out from Yarrow's birchen tower," when came this bard of the common people, telling their virtues, their sufferings and their heroisms, with the tenderness of the troubadour, the faith of the medieval squire, and the courage of the crusader. In the dawn of manhood he entered a new home as an Irishman, a Catholic, a Fenian and an escaped convict, attended by every prejudice that these imply; and without fortuitous circumstances, without adventitious aids, but by the force of his character, by his lofty idealism, and by his God-given genius, broke down every social barrier, and became the honored guest of the most conservative drawing rooms in the most conservative city of the continent. Without fear and without malice he unmasked the hypocrisy, ridiculed the pretensions, and attacked the evils of our social system and the society which felt his stinging shafts the most respected him none the less for the truth that compelled him to speak the truth. He did more to destroy Yankee prejudice, to elevate his fellow countrymen and

co-religionists, and to foster the idea of a great human brotherhood than any Irishman who ever came to America. President Capen, of Tufts College, said: "When Protestant and Catholic shall join with each other in producing a type of Christianity more gracious, more beautiful, more pure than any that has yet been experienced, bringing the life of our divine Lord and Master nearer to the hearts of men than it has ever yet been—this man shall have his proper place, this man will be recognized as a prophet and a seer, as the very instrument of God in bringing about the glorious consummation."

Many tributes have been paid to his worth, many pens have sung his praise, the eloquence of voice and pen have attested his greatness, and the eloquence of marble will yet perpetuate his memory, but the tribute his heart would have most desired is the gratitude of the lowly ones who proclaim him O'Reilly, poet of humanity.

RESOLUTIONS AFTER A RETREAT.

1. On awaking in the morning I will at once offer my heart to God, make a good intention for the day, uniting it with the intentions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; in the evening before going to bed, I will make a short examination of conscience and say, a fervent prayer, being fully convinced that on God's blessing and protection my happiness in this life depends, and that without His grace I can neither avoid sin nor perform my duties as I ought.

2. I will receive the holy sacraments at least once a month. Neither tepidity nor caprice nor the example or sneers of other young people shall ever keep me away from this salutary practice, for I know that by this means only I can preserve my soul from contracting bad habits and persevere on the line of virtue and holiness.

3. With unflinching steadfastness I will ever cling to my holy faith. To all objections that may be raised against it I will give this one reply: I believe all things which the Catholic Church teaches to be believed, I condemn whatever she condemns; I do what she commands me to do; I will not think myself wiser than her.

4. I will avoid with scrupulous care all proximate occasions of sin, be they such by their own nature or by reason of my own weakness, mindful of the words of the Holy Ghost: "He that loveth danger shall perish in it."

5. Instructed by my holy faith that every man's life on earth is beset by various temptations, I will never give way to despondency when temptations shall come over me; I will then at once raise my heart to God, beg for His grace and protection and firmly believe that He will never allow me to be tempted beyond my strength and that He will turn all my temptations to my spiritual benefit, provided I myself do not willfully give cause or consent to them.

6. In my dress I will avoid what is singular, extravagant or contrary to Christian modesty; after the example of holy virgins and women I will strive to be neat and tidy but simple in my dress.

7. In the choice of my friends I will be most cautious and have but a few and such only as by their society can be of real benefit to my soul. I will never read immoral or dangerous romances, novels or periodicals, mindful of the great harm such reading would do to my soul, as it would gradually make me lose all taste for serious occupation and for the reading of good books, and especially as it would expose me to the evident danger of losing the purity of my soul.

8. I will never indulge in idleness, which is the mother of all vices; I will not waste my time by doing nothing or doing useless or foolish things; I will accustom myself to be always engaged in some decent and useful work.

9. To my parents and superiors, as the representatives of God, I will always show great respect and tender love and I will strive to give them great joy and consolation by my submission and good conduct.

10. I will endeavor not to give way to inconsistency, the great stumbling block of young people, and not be good only by fits and starts, by caprice or fancy, but I will be constant and regular in the observance of my several duties, and particularly in keeping these my resolutions.

11. I will always be polite, gentle and charitable to every one, but I will also show firmness of character whenever there is question of doing my duty to God and my holy religion, or in case my virtue should be assailed.

12. I will always keep a watchful guard over my tongue, and do all in my power to prevent others from lowering the reputation of their neighbor, mindful of the strict account we shall all have one day to give to God of every uncharitable word.

13. I will make serious and constant efforts to repress my excessive sensitiveness and delicacy, to learn early to bear some little pain in my body with patience, to put up with some little trials from the part of my neighbors, with slanders, misunderstandings, ingratitude; to deny myself, and so conquer my ruling passion.

14. I will do my utmost by a virtuous life to prepare myself for a good choice of a state of life. In this choice the holy will of God shall be my only guide. Should I be called to the married state I will never consent to take anyone for my husband who is not of my faith, not a good, practical Catholic.

15. I will always be very kind to the

poor, especially those who are ashamed to beg; I will assist them with money, visit them when they are sick, console them when they are in great afflictions.

16. All the days of my life I will foster a tender love and devotion to my good Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary; I will also invoke St. Joseph, my guardian angel, and my patron saint.

The Sunset of Death.

Naturally, old age is distasteful to men and women of the world. To the world they are wedded, and after it they would go. But old age paralyzes their activities; it abbreviates their pleasures. Valued associations are broken up; the zest goes out of life. Hence, few grow old gracefully. Old age is looked upon as death in life. It ought not to be so with Christians. In their view the sunset of death is the day dawn of life. Old age is, therefore, the infancy of immortality.

Moreover, a good life here is the best preparation for happiness beyond. A career that has been run in the service of God and in good thoughts, kind words and helpful deeds toward men, affords solid satisfaction in the retrospect and lays up for the twilight of our days an infinite store of contentment.

Besides, if we fill the days as they pass with hope and help, while we look back with complacency, we can look forward with assurance. We shall grow old without realizing it. There will be no time for regret. We shall ripen toward the close, and the angels will pluck at and claim us as husbandmen do autumnal fruit.

Why he Wanted Corbett Whipped. From the Evening Dispatch. "I hope that Mitchell will whip Corbett," said a military officer as he boarded the car.

Everybody within hearing looked to see who the speaker was, and at last an acquaintance said, voicing doubtless what was in the mind of most of the bystanders: "What! You want to see an Englishman whip an American?"

"That's what I said," replied the officer, looking defiant. Then he broke the silence to explain himself: "After that I hope that the colored man Jackson will whip Mitchell, and then I want to see the boxing kangaroo come along and knock Jackson out. I think that this prize-fighting business will then have been brought down to its proper level, and I shall take no more interest in it until human beings again manifest a disposition to degrade themselves in the same way."

The military man looked as if he meant what he said, and the expressions on the other faces indicated that he was not without support. It is not what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of it. When in need of medicine remember Hood's Cures.

KILL THE WORMS or they will kill your child. Dr. Lewis' Worm Syrup is the best worm killer. NO REMEDY cures Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, etc., so well as Dr. Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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

Two years ago I had a bad attack of biliousness and took one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and can truly recommend it to any one suffering from this complaint. MRS. CHAS. BROWN, Toronto.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Congestive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Norway Pine Syrup is the safest and best cure for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, and all throat and lung troubles. Price 25c and 50c.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child. Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause Corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns. BURDOCK PILLS give satisfaction wherever tried. They cure Constipation, Sick Headache and Biliousness. Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe.

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BEES WAX CANDLES. We have in stock a large consignment of Pure Bees Wax Candles, for altar use. Orders from the rev. clergy will be promptly attended to. THE CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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North half of west half Lot 20, Con. 10, Tp. Dawn, County Lambton; 615 acres; house, barn, etc. Part of Lots 27 and 28, Talbot Road east, Tp. 8-01, h.w.d., County Elgin; 200 acres; 5 miles from St. Thomas; first-class soil; good buildings; will be sold on easy terms of payment. Parts north half and south half Lot 20, Con. 3, Tp. McGillivray; 300 acres more or less; good orchard; excellent brick house and other buildings; cheaply sold for \$300. East half Lot 6, Con. 4, Tp. Sauguenoy, Co. of Bruce; 50 acres more or less and built for \$300. Apply by letter to Drawer 511, London.

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We have published in pamphlet form the entire Ritual of the confraternity known as the P. P. A. The book was obtained from one of the organizers of the association. It ought to be widely distributed, as it will be the means of preventing many of our well-meaning Protestant friends from falling into the trap set for them by designing knaves. The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 6 cents in stamps, by the dozen, 4 cents per copy; and by the hundred, 3 cents. Address: CHAS. COPPEY, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ontario. COMMERCIAL HOTEL, 54 and 56 Jarvis Street, Toronto. This hotel has been refitted and furnished throughout. Rooms comfortable. Terms \$1.00 per day. M. DONNELLY, Proprietor.



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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Palm Sunday. HARDINESS OF HEART.

These words, my dear brethren, are taken from the beginning of the office recited by the clergy on this and the following days, up to Holy Thursday.

"Harden not your hearts." How is it that we harden our hearts? It is by putting off our repentance; by clinging to the world and its pleasures.

But, my brethren, this is a great and a terrible mistake. It may be, indeed, that God in His goodness and mercy has many graces yet in store for us equal in themselves to those which we have neglected.

What a sight meets our gaze! There nailed to a rude cross, suspended between heaven and earth, is the Saviour of men, and on either side a malefactor!

Then—most dangerous delusion of all—he comforts himself with the hope that at least he will die in the grace of God; that somehow or other he will, as he passes from life to death, be brought from death to life.

Yes, my brethren, now is the time—a better time than your last hour. Now, in this Passion season the Precious Blood of Christ is flowing more freely for you than you can expect ever to find it again.

He is a Catholic of the Protestant type. His faith embraces all and every faith. "All religions are, with him, 'one and the same, or, at least, are equally good.'"

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Legend of the Flight into Egypt. It is the noon of day. A burning sun blazes in an unclouded heaven.

The first is a man, long past the prime of life, whose appearance betokens one who has earned his bread by the sweat of his brow.

The glittering, burning sand scorches their sandaled feet and lies thick upon their garments.

Everyone loved Marie. Her fair, sweet countenance was a faithful index of her unselfish, amiable and generous disposition.

Among the others, Madame X—came to beg Marie's assistance in the greatest sorrow a good mother's heart can feel.

He no longer wept. He no longer wept. He no longer wept.

What a sight meets our gaze! There nailed to a rude cross, suspended between heaven and earth, is the Saviour of men, and on either side a malefactor!

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NUNS IN A PEST HOUSE.

Heroic Sisters Nurse the Small-Pox Patients Near Chicago. Away out on the Black road leading from Chicago stands a low brick building with a wing on either side and a long wooden extension in the rear.

The building is the Cook county pest house. The gates of the fence are firmly locked, for there are one hundred and twenty cases of small-pox in the hospital.

They no longer wept. They no longer wept. They no longer wept.

What a sight meets our gaze! There nailed to a rude cross, suspended between heaven and earth, is the Saviour of men, and on either side a malefactor!

Then—most dangerous delusion of all—he comforts himself with the hope that at least he will die in the grace of God; that somehow or other he will, as he passes from life to death, be brought from death to life.

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