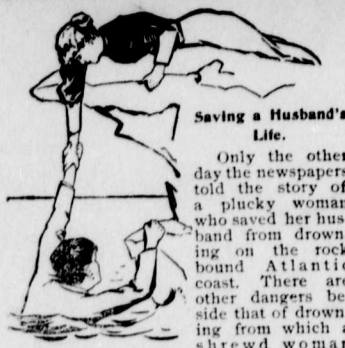


NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA. CHAPTER XI.



Saving a Husband's Life.

Only the other day the newspapers told the story of a plucky woman who saved her husband from drowning on the rock-bound Atlantic coast. There are other dangers beside that of drowning from which a shrewd woman may by a little diplomacy save her husband. Men are proverbially reckless about their health. They do not think it worth while to pay any heed to a slight indisposition, a trifling bilious attack, a little nervousness or sleeplessness, or a small loss of appetite. The first they know they have dyspepsia, liver complaint, malaria, rheumatism, nervous prostration or deadly consumption. Even then they are prone to neglect their trouble until it is too late.

The weather had improved, the wind had fallen, and it was now possible to get out. The deep snow of course put riding out of the question; Narka regretted this, for she was a perfect horse-woman, and there was a favorite Arab of Sibyl's at the castle which was always at her orders. Her fearless command of the strong, spirited animal that bore her along with a stride as swift as a bound's gave her a sense of power that was exhilarating. When she was in the saddle, flying through the air like a bird, she felt like a prisoner enjoying a momentary escape from captivity. The flight of the body seemed to liberate the spirit and give her breathing space. In doors she was obliged to keep strict guard over every look and gesture; she had to keep down her very thoughts with a strong hand lest they should find their way into her face, and betray her to Madame Lark's watchful eyes. This constant pressure on her life—that inner life, which, to Narka, was so much more vital than the outward—made her sometimes feel as if she were, like the rivers, frozen and locked up in ice. When this feeling grew strong she would take out the betrothal ring that she wore round her neck like an amulet, and she would slip it on her finger, and recall every word, every caress, of Basil's when he had placed it there, until her spirits rose and her heart expanded, and she could look forward to the coming spring, when the sun would shine out upon her life, and unlock its frozen stream and set its waters free.

The next best thing to a ride was a drive; so the first day the weather grew genial enough to admit of it she sent up to the castle, where there were horses and vehicles of all sorts, to say she wanted a sleigh that afternoon. It was at the door at the hour she named. The winter landscape was beautiful. The cabins and cottages, sheeted in smooth, hard snow, looked like marble shrines and tombs, from which the smoke curled up in blue spirals, like incense from thuribles. As the sleigh turned into the forest the sun shone out, and the spectacle was so dazzling that Narka made the Cossack pull up, and paused to admire it. The wilderness of white trees stretched on and on as far as the eye could reach, tossing up their arms in every fantastic form against the sky; every bough was festooned with garlands of snow flowers, or laden with bunches of crystals that sparkled like diamonds in the sunlight. The forest might have been a cathedral in ruins, so profound was the silence. Not the faintest murmur of insect life disturbed the deep hush. The very air held its breath. Suddenly a branch, not strong enough to support its mass of glittering stalactites, snapped and fell; the crash broke the stillness for a moment, but only to make it seem more profound the next.

There was something very impressive in this death-like silence of the white solitude that held so many secrets buried in its depths, so many mysteries that would never be revealed in this world. The forest was like the sea—it seldom gave up its dead. There was a pile of stones on the spot where Larchoff had been found. It had risen slowly; every stone that went to the heap had been flung with a curse, and this was the only monument which had been raised to the murdered man. As Narka noticed the snow-crusts, a chill crept over her. Would that dark secret ever be revealed? The thought of Father Christopher made her heart sick, and yet she could not deny that the crime—or the accident—might have been followed by even a more unbearable sacrifice than his cruel captivity. She told the Cossack to drive on. She was sorry she had stopped; the sight of that mound chased away every other thought, and poisoned the pleasure of the drive. The sleigh bounded along for nearly an hour. Then she turned homeward, taking another road, that led past Ivan Gorff's house.

The absence of Ivan and Sophie was a great loss. They were not close friends; but Narka had known them all her life, and they were kind and pleasant neighbors. Moreover, Ivan would be sure to have news of Basil. Ivan's resources were numerous, and sometimes mysteriously so.

As the sleigh was passing the gate, Narka was surprised to see the windows of the first story, where Sophie's rooms were, open. Could the Gorffs have returned? She desired the Cossack to turn in. The gate stood open, and as the sleigh flew up the walk to the house, she saw Ivan at the window. Before they had reached the door, he was in the hall waiting for her.

"This is a good omen!" he said, his whole countenance beaming with delightful surprise. "I only arrived an hour ago. I was just going to see you." He was radiant with pleasure, but his face wore deep traces of suffering, either moral or physical; perhaps both.

"How are you, Ivan?" said Narka, in a tone of kind anxiety that he was not used to from her.

"I am well," he answered, with a shrug of his broad shoulders; "better than I ought to be, considering. Sophie is not well."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said Narka, feelingly. "Is it her chest?"

"She has a cough that shakes her in pieces. It is always in my ears like a death knell. But I am a fool. She is better out of the world than in it. Have you had any news lately?" he asked, turning abruptly from the subject. It was evidently one he could not bear to discuss.

"No, Sibyl is afraid to give me much news."

"She can't be too careful, or you either," Ivan added, with a significant nod. "That is why Basil does not dare write. Every line you write or receive is read. He is in good health. I saw him ten days ago. He was—"

"Ten days ago!" Narka interrupted, eagerly. "How is he?"

"He is waiting," said Ivan, in his quiet way. "Have you heard about his confession?"

"Confession?" repeated Narka, and she changed color. "No."

"As soon as he heard the trick they had played him about Father Christopher's release, he wrote to the Prince, telling him that it was he who shot Larchoff."

"I believe he thought he shot Larchoff. He told me he fired at what he took for a fox crouching behind a tree; there was a sound of something falling with a heavy thud on the dry brambles but as it was growing dark he did not grope to the spot and examine his game; he meant to tell the keeper; but when he got home he forgot all about it, and it was only when the news came of Larchoff's being found murdered that, like a flash of lightning, he saw he had shot him."

"It looks likely enough," observed Narka in an undertone, as if communing with herself.

"If it had been Larchoff he would have cried out, for he was not shot dead; he did not even lose consciousness; he was sensible to the last, and the doctor said he had been bleeding for a couple of hours, and that half an hour earlier he would still have had strength most likely to tell everything. It was loss of blood that did for him."

"Then who do you suppose shot him?" inquired Narka.

Ivan's big shoulders went slowly up, and then slowly down. "It may as likely have been Father Christopher. The wood was too dark for any one to take aim with safety; but everybody was on the *qui vive* about the wolf, and anxious to get the reward Basil had put on the brute's head."

"Father Christopher would not have been looking out for that; and he did not carry arms when he went on sick calls," argued Narka.

"Not in a general way. But there was the wolf, remember. I don't want to fasten it on Father Christopher," Ivan continued, turning his candid glance on her: "I only want to show that it was as likely to be his doings as Basil's. I did my best to make Basil see this, but he will have it that his bullet hit Larchoff. And he accuses himself of having killed Father Christopher, as well as Larchoff, by not acknowledging the accident at once. If I had not come in the nick of time, he would have been off to St. Petersburg, and given himself up as a prisoner."

"Oh!" Narka exclaimed, with a shudder; "that would have been madness."

"Stark madness, and without compensation of any sort. In the first place he would not have released Father Christopher, and in the next place he would have ruined Princess Sibyl—probably the Prince; the property would have been confiscated, and the sin of the son would most likely have been visited immediately on the father. But I had hard work to make Basil see this."

"But you did make him see it?"

"Yes, I finally did."

"How did you hear all about the miscarriage of his letter?" Narka asked—"about the forged answer sent from the emperor?"

"Not forged, false; the letter was written by Prince W—, Prince Zorokoff told me the story himself when I went to him to St. Petersburg with a letter from Basil."

It apparently did not occur to Ivan that there was anything shameful in the systematic trickery of the prince, or in his, Ivan's, making himself a tacit accomplice in it. To Narka it was a genuine satisfaction, an intense relief, to learn that Basil had endeavored to undo the wrong he had done, and to feel at the same time that Ivan and the prince stood between him and any future rash proceedings of honor and remorse.

"Are you going to make any stay here?" she asked.

"No; I leave to-morrow morning."

"You are not likely to see Basil soon again?"

THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

For those who have always lived, through God's goodness, with peaceful hearts in their Father's house—the Church—the truths which God has revealed and which are the inheritance of the faithful have become so familiar as to be accepted very frequently in a certain dull, matter-of-course way, and too often their immense value and importance are far from being sufficiently realized. We propose to speak about one of these well known truths, and to point out the advantage which even the simplest and humblest of Catholics possesses over the greatest and best of those who have not the light of faith. This advantage consists in the knowledge which every Catholic has of his own dignity and destiny. And in order that this may be seen more clearly, place in contrast with our knowledge the ignorance and blindness in which the minds of the greatest and most sincere and earnest men of past times were wrapped on these all-important points. A great philosopher has said: "Like the race of leaves the race of man is. The wind in autumn strews the earth with old leaves, then the spring the woods with new endows. All men are born in the spring season, and soon a wind hath scattered them, and thereafter the wood people itself again with another generation of leaves." Here we have the pagan summing-up of man's life. This is all it appeared to be worth in the eyes of its great philosophers. Men are as valueless as the leaves which come and go with spring and autumn.

And what shall we think of the actions of men, their toils and struggles? Listen again to our pagan teacher: "Hath the ball which one casteth from his hand any profit of its rising, or loss as it descendeth again, or in its fall? or the bubble as it groweth and breaketh on the air? or the flame of the lamp from the beginning to the end of its history?" In other words, the toils and labors of man, his struggles and aspirations, his joys and sorrows, are of no more profit to him than is its rising and falling to the ball which a man throws, or the bubble with a child blows.

Let us turn now to the teaching of the Church. What does she tell us man is? What in her eyes is the value of man's actions? Of course she admits, nay, insists, upon the fact that our sojourn here is but for a short time, but at the same time she tells us that we have a never-ending existence, that, for good or evil, for weal or woe, we shall never cease to be. She tells us, too, that our souls, each and every one of them, came from the hands of an all-perfect and infinitely holy Being, and that this all-perfect and infinitely holy Being has given them to us to take care of, and that according as we take good care of them or not for the few years we are in this world, so our lot and state will be for endless ages. She tells us that these souls of ours were made in the image and likeness of God, and that it is our duty to preserve and keep this image and likeness in which they were created, and that it is by the acts of our daily life that this image and likeness must be preserved and kept.

Scientific men say that we can not set in motion even a small object, we can not throw a ball into the air, without its having an effect which reaches to the utmost bounds of space. Something similar may be said of each and every one of our actions. Not one of them is indifferent. Not one of them but will have an effect in some way or another which will be felt for all eternity.

Do not these considerations open up to us a view of man's dignity and of the value and importance of his actions, which should render our lives precious in our own eyes, and renew the warmth of our attachment to those truths which we have always taken for granted, and to our holy Mother the Church who has so carefully preserved them for us.—Sacred Heart Review.

A Word to Mothers.

When the school days are finished and the homecomings over, many girls are more or less discontented in the home because there seems no special place for them to fill. In school they have had duties and occupations, and have become accustomed to regular hours of employment.

Wise is the mother who, at this trying time, is willing to make a place in the house for the little would be reformer, or the enthusiast who would like to put into practice some way her ideas of house keeping and home making. Let the new ways and the new ideas be tried, and show some hospitality to them and some sympathy to other views than your own.

A division of labors and responsibilities is a happier way of meeting the difficulty than a giving up and over of one's ideas and domain to the perhaps over zealous young woman who should have gained tact and sympathy and some knowledge of how to live happily with others if her school days have been of any value. Encourage her to use her gifts, not only in her own home, but for others.

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THE TREATING HABIT.

Far be it from us to say a word against a generous disposition; where it exists happiness is more likely to be widespread; for generosity presupposes unselfishness and unselfishness is of the very essence of happiness. We cannot be happy alone, and, mingling with others, our thoughts must be mostly for them if we would make ourselves agreeable to them and secure their being agreeable to us. In the case of those who are said to leave the world, but few instances, comparatively, are found of perfect isolation from fellow-creatures, and even in these instances the hermit in his isolated cell thinks and prays not only for himself, but also for others. Nor does he wrap himself up within himself. He walks in spirit continually with God and His angels, and studies to render himself more and more pleasing in their sight. Indeed a generous disposition shines out most conspicuously in the saints—they are ready always to make sacrifice of self for the sake of their fellowmen; they devote their lives in making up for the thoughtlessness and waywardness of worldlylings by their closer intimacy with spiritual things; their wills are kept continuously submissive to the will of God.

Of old it was said of Christians: "See how these Christians love one another." And why? Because they thought for one another, served one another, were careful to set each other good example and avoided scandalizing the least among them; in a word they were truly generous. But generosity does not suppose doing wrong that good may come of it. It is a fallacy, a fatal error to suppose that good can ever come of wrong doing. Whoever would serve his fellow creatures must keep strictly within the limits of right. He may not yield an iota in the wrong direction. There is plenty of room within the limits of right, and in fact there is no true enjoyment outside these limits.

The treating habit as generally understood is outside the limits of true generosity; for, as practiced, it induces to excess, and excess invariably does harm. We wish, therefore, that the treating habit was abolished. But it will not be abolished until what is called "public spirit" opposes it.

The majority must first resolve that an end shall be put to it and they must act upon that resolve. How often have not liquor dealers been heard to say that they would be glad to keep closed on Sundays if all liquor stores were kept closed? Each one awaits a general edict that will be conscientiously carried out before beginning this needed reformation on his own account. So with the treating habit. Until it becomes the fashion to avoid it, no one man, or few men, will undertake to stop it. Or, if perchance, an effort be made, it will soon be abandoned. Several such attempts have been made within our memory, but they failed to accomplish the desired effect. We poor mortals are so weak in presence of the criticism and the jeers of companions!

A very strong incentive to treating which existed for many years, but which, happily is gradually being eliminated, was the notion that in order to do business we should be hail-fellow-well-met; we should treat and be treated. Ah, how far have men gone to make money out of their fellowmen's weaknesses! The costliness of this way of doing business and the new idea of paying salesmen commissions only have well nigh abolished this practice, and it is now found that treating is no longer necessary to make a sale. Indeed the buyer nowadays suspects the quality of the goods offered by the man who treats and very wisely concludes that the seller is better able to provide good wares at reasonable prices when needless expenses in bringing them to his attention and gaining his favorable consideration are avoided.—Catholic Review.

The Congregationalist, in referring to what we said a few weeks ago about the coronation oath which Queen Victoria took on her accession, and which her successor is required by law to take, says: "We have never doubted that in a fair reading of the history of the English Reformation it must be decided that the Church of England intended to do and did put itself outside the line of the Roman corruptions of the Catholic faith." Really, by following that corrupt and lascivious monster, Henry VIII., who when he could not get rid of a wife by divorce or natural death, had her sent to the block through skilful manipulation of his interested followers. Truly, a fine founder for an incorrupt faith! And will the Congregationalist please tell us what are Roman corruptions, and what have they to do with the one unchanging Catholic Church, which, as its name implies, is universal?—Sacred Heart Review.

Strength for the Aged.

As age advances the recuperative power of the body decreases. Fatigue clings like a burr to the already depleted store of energy, still further wasting and dissipating it, and in consequence, the elderly find it very hard to keep their spirits up to the "doing" point. An anchor of hope and safety is found in the energizing action of Maltine with Coca Wine, which imparts, almost magically, strength and vigor to the failing powers; and through its nutritive and tonic properties renews those functional activities upon which depend health of body and mind. Maltine with Coca Wine rapidly restores appetite, improves digestion, imparts tone and vigor to the nervous system; in a word is a strength-giver of unequalled excellence. Maltine with Coca Wine is prescribed and recommended by physicians. All druggists sell it.

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STRANGE DISCOVERY MADE BY A BLAST.

An Emblem of the Religious Fervor of Long Ago.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.
Rochester, Pa., July 10.—A blast in a quarry on the Stewart farm, half a mile east of this place, has just brought to light a cross which had been beneath the earth's surface since 1749. The place of burial was ground where limestone was an important factor, and the result is that the cross is completely petrified.

When the matter was first called to the attention of Ira W. Logan, the owner of the quarry, he was greatly puzzled to explain the singular formation of stone, but investigation has made the history of the sacred emblem clear, and at the same time recalled the marvelous energy and tireless journeyings of the most famous of the Roman Catholic clergy, the Jesuits. Mr. Logan communicated the news of the discovery to the authorities of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. In response, Dr. W. D. Hays, of the institution, visited Rocher and carefully examined the cross. His report has not yet been made public, but it is likely to be of vivid interest when it is finally given publication.

The cross itself is twenty-four inches high, the cross-piece being eighteen inches in length. Time and the limestone washings, the combination that petrified it, also fastened it securely in a bed of limestone. It is considered rather remarkable that the blast which tore it from its bed twenty feet beneath the earth's surface did not mar its beauty, but if it had been exhumed in the most careful fashion, it could have been no more perfect than it is. It is hard to realize without observation how really beautiful it has become through petrification. It seems to have a luster or radiance and when the sunlight strikes it fairly, beams scintillate from it of prismatic hue, the whole forming a most charming spectacle.

The history of this cross which careful investigation has shown, takes us back to the old days when Western New York was little better than a wilderness and Pennsylvania was as free from the touch of the white man, outside of the large settlements, as virgin soil is from the cultivator. At that time, the French soldiery and Roman Catholic priests were particularly energetic in penetrating the country in all directions, one seeking to establish the domination of the State, the other that of the Church. It was the century in which this combination achieved the most with which it has been credited. La Salle, Marquette, and others had made their names famous already. The woods all along the Canadian border and nearly as far west as the Mississippi river had become familiar to the Jesuit priest.

In the spring of 1749 a band of French soldiers, *royagers*, and others, left Lachine, which is situated near Montreal, for a trip through the section of country which as yet really belonged to no one. The leader of the company was Captain Celoron, but associated with him was M. Decontrecoeur, who, in later years, became a commander of that famous Pennsylvania post known as old Fort Duquesne, the site of the present city of Pittsburgh. From Lachine the party journeyed down through Canada into that portion of New York State just north of Buffalo.

It was a perilous journey at the best. While the Indians were supposed to be friendly to the French, they were predatory bands of red men whose love for scalps and plunder often led them to forget the alliances their chiefs had made. They would pitch upon expeditions like the one described, and often was it the case that the first news the friends of the white men would have of a scout who had found their skeletons half buried under the leaves of a far away forest.

Obstacles of this sort had no terror for the French soldier. The Jesuit, beside possessing all the bravery that went to make up the man who fought for France, was guided by a religious inspiration and a fervor that almost amounted to fanaticism. No danger was so great, no peril so imminent that he would not face it. Through that reckless forests, in a frail canoe, down unknown streams where the song of the arrow might bring the messenger of death at any moment, he would journey, provided there was a possibility of bringing a single person from without to within the fold of the Roman Catholic Church. A half dozen of these priests accompanied the French explorers.

TO DO EVERYTHING FOR GOD.

Some persons live their whole lives long without learning how to sanctify their daily actions by means of an intention formed every morning to perform their duties for God's sake.

For six months, or until the spring and summer of 1750, it is recorded that this expedition maintained the place of residence indicated. After that no one seems to know what became of them, with the exception of M. Decontrecoeur, who, as stated, became the commandant of the French post named Duquesne.

Whether Captain Celoron and his companions journeyed into the wilderness and there left their bones to be whitened by time, no one knows. Perhaps the musty records in France tell the story, but the chances are that they have been destroyed and, like the fate of the explorers, all but forgotten. Of the Jesuit priests who participated in the journey, an old book that refers to the matter tells that four of their number went on and that is as near infinity as it is possible for mortal men to state.

An interesting fact in connection with this matter is that no one remembers, and there is no record of one of these crosses having been hitherto discovered. Nor is there any record that one of the eleven claims intended to perpetuate the vain claim of France to the country—a claim which horrid massacres and hard-fought battles failed to substantiate—was ever unearthed. Another fact, too, is that this is the only expedition of such seeming importance which failed through one of its members, at least, to achieve lasting fame. It is only by accident that the facts stated herewith are obtainable. They are a bequest from an educated man of the period, who, hearing of the tale of adventure and exploration, fancied that some time the facts in the case might be useful. Therefore he jotted them down, and in this way the history of the Lachine expedition is still known at the close of the nineteenth century.

La Salle has a lasting memorial in Illinois. Father Marquette is better known to-day than he was a century and a half ago. All through the Canadian provinces and the states that line their borders, the names of Jesuits and French officers are perpetuated by their having been given to either localities or natural objects of interests. In each of these cases the history of the original owner of the name is carefully preserved.

The Lachine expedition accomplished much for France and the Church. It opened a way for civilization that had heretofore been impossible. It gave to others the glory of conquest and achievement, while the men who made this possible are almost unknown. The cross is the only lasting memorial of this expedition. It is through the kindly offices of nature and not of man that this is so.

"Tell me what you love," says Cardinal Vaughan, "and I will tell you what you are." Eternity, eternity, eternity! In that one word there is sufficient subject for meditation for every day of a long life. Eternity, eternity, eternity!

To carry out the Pope's desire for an increase of devotion towards the Holy Ghost, would it not be well to dedicate the month of April to Him? In seeking a spouse, look for beauty of soul rather than for beauty of body. A noble character will improve with age, but a pretty face or a shapely figure is sure to decay.

THE IDEAL OF A CITY CHURCH.

In my closing sermon for the winter, says the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale in the current issue of *Christian Register*, I ventured to state what my ideal of a church is in such a city as Boston, for at least six months of the year. I said to the young people of my congregation that I did not expect to see this ideal realized myself, although in the South Congregational church we have made some definite advances toward it. But I thought some of them would live to see, in the middle of the century, a church in which some system of ministry would go forward.

I recalled the first Sunday which I spent on the continent of Europe. It was at the city of Mayence. We had taken our breakfast in the hotel, and I went into the office to inquire at what hour the service of the cathedral would begin. The clerk was as much astonished as a clerk would be in Boston if I asked at what hour the car service would begin. He said, "Begin? It is going on all the time." I expressed some doubt of this, and he expressed equal indifference as to the opinion of a stranger.

Accordingly, I walked around to the cathedral; and I found in the course of the day that what he said was absolutely true. Its service began so early that nobody knew when it began, and it lasted until the evening hours were well advanced. I assisted that day in the service of full Mass, when the people were dismissed with the old "Te igitur." Then a little bell sounded at the other end of the cathedral, and those of us who were disposed walked thither. There we found a preacher in a pulpit, who, as soon as a sufficient audience gathered around him, began another service. When this service was ended, in one chapel or another of the great cathedral, another service began.

This seems to me a dignified way of showing that on the Lord's Day we do not propose to govern people by strict regulations, but they are to make their own rules as to the conventual hour of their worship. In my ideal, in a large Protestant church, in Boston, for instance, it would be well to begin perhaps at 9 o'clock in the morning with a service of Scripture, prayer, and music, not very unlike what we used to call a "vesper service" in our church. It should be a service that any person could join in who intended afterward to leave the town for whatever purpose, on a visit or otherwise, or who had such duties at home, perhaps in domestic service, as might require attention. I should be absolutely satisfied if one of the noble organs, of which we have so many, were used for an instrumental service which might last for an hour, and which, as I know well, would carry comfort and strength to many hearts where people do not receive such comfort or strength from merely intellectual processes.

BAD BOOKS ARE BAD COMPANY.

Some of our sectarian contemporaries harp a good deal on the action of the Church in forbidding her members to read books which she judges to be bad in morals and false in doctrine. They are inconsistent in this. They must admit that every society or organization has the right to determine the conditions of membership and to exclude by which its members shall be governed. A temperance society forbids the use of liquor to its members under severe penalties. It does this because it considers such use is injurious to morals, to manhood, to soul and to body. No member can complain of this prohibition, for it is the aim and end of the society. No non-member can complain since the end is in itself good. And yet it deprives a member of a liberty he had prior to membership.

The aim and mission of the Church is to bring and hold men—both in what they believe and what they do—in perfect accord with the revealed truth and law of God, and thereby lead them to salvation. There can be no carrying out of this purpose in a church that aims at less than this has no reason to exist, is a detriment, an obstacle in the way of man's eternal life, and consequently an instrument of the devil.

To keep this perfect accord between man and his Creator, everything that tends to it must be required and encouraged, and everything that tends to discord should be condemned and forbidden. Nothing affects more the course of man for good or evil than association, company, and the influence of its play on heart and mind. This truth is the basis of the old saw, "evil association corrupts good manners," and "show me your company, and I will tell you what you are." It was this same truth that made King David say: "With the holy thou wilt be holy; and with the valiant, perfect. With the elect thou wilt be elect, and with the perverse thou wilt be perverted." (II Kings, 22:26.) It made Solomon say: "He that walketh with the wise shall be wise; a friend of fools shall become like to them." (Proverbs, 13:20.)

Now, considering the pernicious effects of bad company, of evil association, it is the duty of every honest, prudent man to avoid it when possible. St. Paul is emphatic on this point. In his second letter to the Thessalonians he writes: "We charge you, brethren, in the name of the Lord, that you withdraw yourselves from every brother walking disorderly." (II, 5.) The charge or command which St. Paul, writing under inspiration, gave to the brethren of Thessalonica, the

THE IDEAL OF A CITY CHURCH.

Some persons live their whole lives long without learning how to sanctify their daily actions by means of an intention formed every morning to perform their duties for God's sake. They work, their corporal needs, their physical gratifications. They may say some prayers in an absent-minded way at night and morning, they may go to Mass on Sundays and be so full of distractions as to take no part with the priest in the offering of the Sacrifice, they may receive the sacraments once a year at Easter, but they are poor Christians, and they lose much merit that they might acquire by living their monotonous and obscure lives to please God—to do His will in the place that He put them.

The Redemptorist Father, John Farniss, used to instruct people to express that good intention in these words: "My Jesus, I do all for love of Thee." He put it in rhyme this way: "O my God, to Thee I offer All that I shall do this day. With what Jesus did, to please Thee, Thus I will each morning pray."

A Redemptorist nun relates this anecdote: "A carpenter was fixing some presses in our sacristy and the Sister who overlooked the work asked him if he was attentive to his religious duties. He replied: 'I have not time to do much, but I have never forgotten one little practice taught us long ago by one of the holy priests who was a saint—Father Farniss was his name. During the mission of Anne's street he told us we need not go on our knees to pray, but we should from time to time raise our hearts to God during our work and say: 'My Jesus, I do this for love of Thee.' I can never forget the impression the sermon of that holy Father made upon me, and very often during my work I say the little prayer he taught us.' This simple avowal explained something which had often surprised us—we noticed that this carpenter often touched his cap without apparent reason, but we were far from suspecting that he was breathing the little aspiration he had learned so many years ago from the zealous Redemptorist."

That intention would turn into heavenly gold the labors, meals, amusements and sufferings of every day. It would make them precious in the eyes of God. It would lay up treasures that would make a competence for eternity.—Catholic Columbian.

Chimes for St. Patrick's Cathedral.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York city, is to have a set of chimes, and for the first time since the church was built there will be the sound of bells to announce the time of the services. This set of chimes is not the first one ordered for the cathedral, but it will be the first to be used. A set was made in this country several years ago, but after they were ready and had been blessed by the Archbishop, it was found that they were defective and they were never hung in the belfry. Soon after it was found that the chime was not a success, a set of bells was ordered in Paris. That was two years ago, and only a few days ago they arrived in New York on La Touraine and are now in the Custom House. They will not be hung until Archbishop Corrigan returns to the city some time next month.

The new bells were made in Savoy, France, by the Paccards, a famous firm of bell founders. There are nineteen bells, and this makes the Cathedral chimes more numerous than those of either Trinity or Grace church, which number respectively ten and nine. The largest bell in St. Patrick's chimes weighs about 7,000 pounds, and the smallest weighs only 300 pounds. On every bell is an inscription giving the name of the saint and the name of the donor. The bells have all been presented to the Cathedral by parishioners.

It is probable that the bells in conformity with the present practice will be rung by electricity. Nobody has been selected as yet to ring them. The Cathedral will be the only Catholic church in New York with such a set of chimes; in fact, with any set. Other Catholic churches in this country with chimes are the Cathedral in Buffalo, the Convent of Notre Dame in Indianapolis and the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Montreal.

The Monks Hold Out.

The Greek army has practically ceased to exist as a war factor, but there is one place in the conquered province which still flies the Christian flag and bids defiance to the crescent. This is the monastery of Meteora, in the northwest corner of Thessaly, perched upon an almost inaccessible rock, defended by stout monks, and well provisioned with a flock of goats and sheep on the mountain pasture behind it. The place has, so far, resisted repeated assaults and the monastery is repeatedly called from prayers to fight, attacking the Turks with guns and rocks, and they are calmly confident of their ability to keep the Greek flag over their roof until, in the providence of God, the Turks withdraw from Thessaly.

Church, deems it her mission to repeat

to her children, and in doing so she is as indifferent to criticism as she is to the great Apostle himself. But what has all this talk about evil association and bad company to do with forbidding people to read certain books? It has this to do with it: There can be no better company than good books, and no worse company than bad ones. A bad man, a teacher of error, does not become less dangerous to faith and morals because he puts his thoughts in permanent print instead of vibrating them momentarily in the air. A bad book can go where its author's presence would not be tolerated. Instance the many cases brought to the attention of the law officers of vicious scoundrels distributing immoral books among school children. Are the authorities wrong, or enemies of books because they forbid the circulation of this corrupting literature, and punishing the devil's agents engaged in it? Is the Government wrong in forbidding the passing of such books through the mails?

The same principle that justifies and makes it necessary for the civil authorities to take action in this important matter justifies and makes it necessary for the Church to forbid the reading of all books that she deems dangerous to faith or morals. She does this to her faithful children, as the ship captain orders it to his passengers to warn and guard them from danger.

But is the Church competent to determine what books are good and what bad in reference to faith and morals? Yes; her divine mission makes her competent. But, aside from this, it is enough that her children have unwavering confidence in her judgment. The sects have not the courage of their convictions in this matter. They know the evil effects of immoral and anti-Christian books on souls and on society, and yet they fail to warn those who look to them for guidance, fail to stamp such books with their official condemnation. To hide their cowardice and to court popularity, they point to the prohibition by the Catholic Church as an instance of tyranny and opposition to literature and enlightenment.—New York Freeman's Journal.

A Word With the Doctor.

Don't think that any medicine will take the place of right living. Don't fret; whatever else you do, don't fret; don't scold; don't worry; keep calm and even tempered. This will preserve your face from wrinkles, your body from infirmities, your mind from unrest and friction, and prolong your life in peace. Don't use any device to preserve beauty, such as paints, powders, washes, dyes or bleaches; the only thing that will really preserve or procure beauty is good health. A clean and healthy body and a sound and active mind are the only beautifiers known.

It is possible to prevent many diseases and cure others by drinking large quantities of water. An eminent French physician says that typhoid fever can be washed out of the system by water. He gives his patients what would amount to eight or ten ounces an hour of sterilized water. Experiments have been made with diseases caused by bacteria which demonstrate the curative value of water. In case of cholera, where the system secretes a large amount of fluid, enormous quantities of hot water are of great benefit and will cure many cases without other medicines. Hot water, in foment, is of great use and an ordinary tumblerful of water as hot as can be taken once an hour is one of the very best remedies. The important thing is to get into the system and out of it a sufficient amount of water to prevent the accumulation of poisons and toxins within the body.

In Switzerland the heresy of the Old Catholics is dying out very fast. The four churches which were taken from the Catholics in Geneva to accommodate the Old Catholics in 1874, that sect was strong in the Swiss capital, have been restored to their lawful owners, as there are no people left to worship in them. The Old Catholic clergy remain, but a bill is before the Swiss Congress to reduce their number to the absolute requirements of the service, and that means their suppression.

Don't torment yourself about what people are going to think about this and that action. No matter what you do or leave undone some will criticize you severely, and the very best rule for getting through life with comparative comfort is, after you have made up your mind as to the propriety and advisability of a certain course, pursue it calmly, without paying the slightest attention to the criticisms of the lookers-on from the outside. You see, just because they are on the outside they can only see the surface. It does not matter in the least what they think.

Thousands are suffering excruciating misery from that plague of the night, Itching Piles, and say nothing about it through sense of delicacy. All such will find an instant relief in the use of Chase's Ointment. It never fails.

Blitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

Mother Gray's Worm Extirpator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folk.

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The Catholic Record.

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Editor: REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVE, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels."

London, Saturday, July 31, 1897. GRAND MASTER N. CLARKE WALLACE AT GLASGOW.

We have already stated that the celebration of the Orangemen's festival, the 12th of July, was marked this year by a moderation in the speeches which has been hitherto unknown on such an occasion.

We are not to infer from the changed tone of the Orange speakers at one annual celebration that the society itself has ceased to be venomous, and we have a proof in the speech of the Canadian Grand Master, N. Clarke Wallace, delivered in Glasgow on the 14th instant, at the triennial gathering of the Imperial Grand Council of Orangemen of the World, that the venom is as rank as ever, though the order has lost much of its power and influence for evil.

Mr. Wallace was elected Grand Master of Canadian Orangemen, at the meeting of the Grand Lodge at Windsor in May last. The contest was between himself as the embodiment of bigotry, and the small section of the Orangemen who are in favor of more moderation and toleration toward Catholics.

At the Imperial Council of the World's Orangemen, Mr. Wallace also has been President for the past six years. It is clear that if that august body were an assemblage of men of distinction for rank, ability and statesmanship, it would not have the Canadian Grand Master for its President; but its character may be judged from the fact that it is composed chiefly of such firebrands as Col. Warring, M. P., Grand Master of England, Col. Sanderson, M. P., of Armagh, Grand Master of Scotland; Wm. Johnson, of Ballykilbeg, and Rev. Dr. Kane of Belfast. There appears in the list of notables present at the Grand Lodge meeting only one nobleman, the Earl of Erne, Imperial Grand Master, who is but a nonentity among the peers of Great Britain as far as regards ability and statesmanlike qualities.

It is easy to understand that amid such an assemblage Mr. Wallace is regarded as sufficiently prominent for the Presidency. And here we may remark that it is to the credit of Scotland that there is not among all the Orange Lodges of Scotland a single man who was deemed fit to be made Grand Master of the Scotch lodges, so that to find a master they had to betake themselves to Armagh and pitch upon the verbally bellicose colonel who represents that Irish county in Parliament.

Mr. Wallace's speech before the Grand Council was full of boastful bosh regarding the influence of Orangeism in Canada. He assured the Grand Council that in the Dominion of Canada its vigor has remained unimpaired, the membership having more than kept pace with the growth of population.

It is difficult to obtain correct statistics of the growth of Orangeism, and though we do not doubt that the number of members of the organization has increased during the last half century, we have no means of ascertaining to what extent the growth has taken place, except the utterly unreliable boastful statements of Orange orators every 12th of July. But it is certain that Orangeism has not grown apace with population, for fifty years ago the influence of the society was paramount even in the Parliament of United Canada, whereas year after year it has been notably growing less,

and at the present moment it amounts to almost nothing. Even in Ontario, the province in which Orangeism is strongest, it has exerted itself to the utmost to gain the adhesion of the people of the Province to an anti-Catholic school policy, with the result that at the last three general provincial elections the political party which carried on its shoulders the incubus of Orangeism was almost swept out of existence, and there are now symptoms that the future policy of the same party will be shaped to keep the Orange element and Orange principles in the background, as their only hope for success. Such is the influence of Orangeism now. It has waned with the spread of education and intelligence, and in the near future Canadians who look back at the dark doings of Orangeism will wonder that such an institution should ever have prospered or found a place to grow on the free soil of Canada.

Mr. Wallace congratulated his brother Orangemen that the intolerance of the Manitoba Government had wiped out the Catholic school system of that Province, and told them that himself, together with several Orange members, had succeeded in preventing the Dominion Parliament from consummating legislation to restore separate schools in Manitoba. So far he was partly correct, but the small coterie of ultra-Orange members would not have succeeded in their obstruction if they had not been aided by the apathy of others from whom better things might have been expected. We have only to say, further, at present on this subject, that we bide our time, and we still expect, that the ends of justice will be gained even in Manitoba.

Mr. Wallace took occasion to speak disparagingly of the presence in Canada of the Papal Delegate, Mgr. Merry del Val, during the last few months and he said that "We Canadians will resent the interference of a foreign potentate." He also appealed to his brethren to make the mission of the delegate "impotent and abortive;" "for," he added, "if Britain's peers and people join in one, nor France nor Spain, nor Pope, shall do them wrong."

The Pope's Delegate during his stay in Canada endeavored himself to all by his affability, equally with his discretion and ability, and men of all parties united in doing him honor. Mr. Wallace utters the only discordant note in the general harmony in regard to this matter. But anything else could not be expected from such a quarter, and we need only say in reference to it that neither Mr. Wallace nor his faction have any right to speak in the name of the people of Canada.

Mgr. Merry del Val came to Canada in the interest of peace and good-will, and we have reason to believe that he gained his object in part, if not fully; but at all events Catholics, through his labors, will know exactly what position they should take with regard to the school question in Manitoba and elsewhere, and no threats of Orangeism will deter us from maintaining our rights to the very end.

On the Home Rule question Mr. Wallace had also much to say. He is pleased that Ireland has not gained Home Rule as yet. Canadians enjoy Home Rule, and Mr. Wallace knows that this is one of the chief reasons why Canadians are loyal. If Ireland had Home Rule she would be loyal too, and this consideration should induce the Imperial Parliament to grant it. But Mr. Wallace does not want to see Ireland either prosperous or loyal. He would rather see it torn by dissensions, because it is a Catholic country.

The granting of Home Rule to a matter similar in one respect to that of justice to the Catholics of Manitoba. Both matters depend upon the honesty, honor, and good will of a Parliamentary majority, and to this extent Orangeism may have some influence in delaying the result, as it controls some votes; but that influence is not great, and it will not prevent the final results that justice will be done in both instances.

AN ALLEGED ANARCHIST PLOT.

Whether or not the story be true, it is now stated on apparently good authority that the Paris police have discovered a widespread and stupendous Anarchist plot to assassinate members of the French nobility, and that the fire at the Charity Bazaar on May 2 was part of the result of the plot. It will be remembered that on the occasion referred to over a hundred lives were lost, among whom were many of the highest nobles of the country.

The Chicago Post of June 24 published a story which is said to have

been received by a member of the French legation at Washington to the effect that the Paris police have a clue to the perpetrators of the outrage, but the leaders who planned it are said to have fled to America as soon as they found that their plans were successfully carried out with such frightful results.

The police are at present engaged in gathering evidence of the plot, and are said to have proved that it was cunningly devised, that it has many ramifications through France, and that it is aimed at the destruction of numerous other victims beside those who perished by the great fire.

Several persons have been arrested, and should the evidence warrant it, a demand will be made on the American Government for the extradition of those concerned in the conspiracy, and who have taken refuge in America.

It would be unjust to attribute without proof to any one in particular so horrible an act as the deliberate burning of a great building for the purpose of destroying many lives, but the Anarchists have been guilty of so many atrocious crimes that it is not at all unlikely that this one may have been their work. They are smarting under the punishment meted out to members of their organization who were found guilty of crimes no less atrocious in intent than this one, even though there were fewer victims on the other occasions. It is to be hoped, however, if it be shown that the Paris holocaust was the result of a plot and not a mere accident, that those who are guilty may be brought to deserved punishment. No civilized country can tolerate such atrocities as the European Anarchists have been guilty of, and the only preventative to these crimes is the speedy punishment of those who are found to be guilty of them.

A NEW FORM OF PRESBYTERIANISM.

The Southern Presbyterian Church has at last, after much discussion, decided that the negro Presbyterians shall form a separate body. This conclusion was arrived at by the recent meeting of the General Assembly South.

The New York Independent expresses regret and astonishment at the decision, and says it would have been much better to have handed over the negro churches to the Northern Presbyteries in the South, several of which are in existence there. The trouble about this plan would be that the Northern Southerners might not accept the gift if proffered them, and on the other hand the negroes might not consent to be handed over in so unceremonious a manner. They were treated as inferiors by their brother Presbyteries, even while they formed one Church with them, and it is very likely they prefer now to form a separate organization wherein they will be able to make their own laws and rules of conduct, instead of submitting to further contumely from their white co-religionists.

There would be another difficulty in the way of the Independent's plan. The Northern and Southern Churches have been for some time considering terms of union, and the status of the negroes was the chief difficulty in the way down to the present time. If they had become incorporated with the Northerners, the difficulty in the way of the proposed reunion would be a greater obstacle than ever. The Northerners would probably be more persistent than ever in demanding that the negro Presbyteries would sit in the United Synods, as equals with the whites, and to this the Southern whites would probably not assent.

The Independent adds: "We do not like the idea of racial churches. God made all of one blood. His Church feels authorized to set up a difference."

It is very true that Christ did not make provision for having racial Churches when commissioning His apostles to teach "all nations," and to bring His sheep to "one fold and one shepherd." So St. Paul says: "For there is no distinction of the Jew and the Greek; for the same is Lord over all, rich to all that call upon Him;" and "there is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; . . . For you are all one in Christ Jesus. And if you be Christ's, then you are the seed of Abraham, heirs according to the promise."

Considering that this was the intention of Christ in instituting His Church it is not like a bit of humor on the part of the Independent to infer that the Church which makes this difference is really Christ's Church? Would it not be more in consonance with the facts of the case to infer that

it is a Church over which the gates of hell, and the powers of error and darkness have already prevailed? The Southern Presbyterian Church is evidently not the one of which Christ spoke when He affirmed it to be an evidence of His Messianic mission that "the poor (negroes) have the gospel preached to them."

PAN-ANGLICAN THEORIES EXPLODED.

The Pan Anglican Synod, now assembled at Lambeth, is undoubtedly an imposing gathering so far as the number and ability of the men constituting it are concerned. There are nearly three hundred Bishops of the Anglican churches throughout the British Empire, and of churches outside the British dominions, and all these are *ex-officio* members of the Council or Synod. Somewhat over two hundred of these are actually present.

These gatherings have been called together every four years since the first Synod of this character was held, but though they have assembled eight times, we fail to see that any advance has been made in settling on any one point the doctrines or discipline of the Church, or rather Churches, represented thereat. These Synods have in fact absolutely no authority over the Anglican Churches, and this is admitted on all hands. They may indeed exercise a moral influence over members of the Church by making them proud of their religion which can muster such a gathering, and the advices they may give may be respected as the sayings of prudent and learned men, but that is all. It is an influence merely natural as distinguished from the supernatural, and we cannot suppose that it will have a permanent influence on the Church in the way of settling, by authority of the Holy Ghost, the disputes and disagreements which are so remarkable among Anglicans, for there is not a diocese, a parish, or a churchman, in Canada or the United States, or anywhere else, who feels it to be a duty to accept and obey the synodical decrees which may, perchance, be issued by it. We say "perchance;" for it is not even probable that there will be any decrees whatsoever. Such a gathering is not likely to stultify itself by issuing decrees which it is quite aware will have no force of law whatsoever.

This position of affairs is so evident to all that it is freely spoken of by the press, and one Protestant American daily says "it would be a bad blunder" to give the wrong name to the Pan-Anglican Synod, for "there is little more than the name in the whole demonstration. . . . The decisions of the Synod have no authoritative character," and "in point of the possession of power, it has not the legislative influence of the smallest of the dioceses of the American branch of the Church."

St. Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, landed at the Isle of Thanet in the year 596, but he was not consecrated to be an Archbishop until the following year, when it was shown by his success that his mission to the Angles and Saxons would be fruitful. It is to celebrate the 13th centenary of St. Augustine's consecration that the present year was selected for the holding of the Synod, which in the ordinary course would not have been held until 1898.

But the appropriateness of this celebrating the centenary of St. Augustine's consecration is not seen even by some of the Bishops who are taking part in it. Thus, the Rt. Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, Bishop of Mississippi, writes from London to the *Churchman*:

"It is suggesting itself to some that it was a mistake to advance the Pan-Anglican Synod a year, even to make it coincide with the anniversary of the landing of Augustine. For that landing was not the introduction of Christianity into these islands, nor was Augustine the introducer of the specialized form which it afterward assumed. He and his line were absolutely barren, and there is no Bishop of the Anglican Communion who connects with Augustine, the exceedingly weak and inefficient first Bishop of Canterbury."

This flippant way of speaking of the Apostle of the Angles and Saxons, who succeeded in establishing a fruitful Church with branches extending over the whole of the territory which these tribes occupied, is not justified by the facts, nevertheless it is not to this point in Bishop Thompson's iconoclastic letter to which we propose to call attention here.

Episcopallians and Anglicans have been taught to take a pride in the supposed succession of their Bishops from the Apostles, and if they possess such a succession, it could not reach them through any other medium than the Catholic line of Bishops of England from St. Augustine down to the era of

the Reformation; but by one fell stroke Bishop Thompson overturns the whole claim of the Anglicans to have this succession. He speaks some truth indeed, but it is a truth which goes hard upon the proud claim of nearly all Anglican divines of the present day, that they have an "historic Episcopate." If it be true, and true it is, that no Bishop of the Anglican Communion connects with Augustine, then Anglicanism is not what it pretends to be—a continuation of the ancient Church which existed in England from the time of Augustine, and even from the earlier period, the time of Fulgentius and King Lucius. Bishop Thompson ruthlessly destroys the whole "continuity theory" of modern Anglicans, and perhaps unwittingly admits that Pope Leo XIII. was right in declaring that Anglicans have no valid ordination.

We have said that in this Bishop Thompson speaks truly. It is an essential characteristic of St. Augustine's Episcopacy that it was by virtue of authority received from Pope Gregory the Great that he was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury. His coming to England with a company of monks, his being preceded by a cleric bearing aloft the image of Christ crucified, and the fact that he and his monks said Mass, as Catholic Bishops and priests do to-day, prove that he was no predecessor of a line of modern claimants to Episcopacy who reject the Pope's authority, and have set up a new Church, with a new head, new doctrines, and a new liturgy, which differs in every essential particular from that used by St. Augustine. But true as all this is, we do not forget that it was to establish the theory of continuity that the centenary of St. Augustine's consecration was the date fixed on for the holding of the Synod.

It was a deception, but it was a deception to which the whole body of Bishops assented by accepting the invitation on such grounds, and now the whole structure of Anglican Apostolic succession is pulled to earth by the untimely declaration of this outspoken representative of the diocese of Mississippi.

Bishop Thompson unhesitatingly gives up Archbishop St. Augustine to the Catholics; but when saying that it was not Augustine who introduced Christianity into England, he insinuates, without positively asserting it, that the Anglican Bishops have their succession from a date earlier than that of St. Augustine.

There were indeed Bishops and a Church in England before 597. The Britons had their Christian Church established toward the end of the second century. But that Church was established by the authority of the Pope, equally with that of the Saxons in 597. It was Pope Eleutherius who sent Fulgentius and his suffragans at the request of King Lucius. But even if the theory which some Anglicans maintain were quite true, that the true Church should be the continuation of the ancient British Church, instead of that of the Angles, their case would not be bettered, for the Church of England of modern times attempted from the beginning to claim its succession from the Primate of Canterbury, and not from the Britons of Wales and Cornwall, who had taken refuge in these localities from the oppression of their Anglo-Saxon conquerors.

Bishop Thompson's untimely admissions, just as the Pan-Anglican Synod is beginning its work, show the ludicrousness of modern Anglican pretensions to be the ancient Church of England, and completely overthrow the claims of those Anglican divines who have maintained the validity of Anglican orders in the face of the Bull of Pope Leo XIII., declaring them invalid, besides making manifest the unutterable confusion in which Anglican theology is involved, between High and Low, and Broad-Churchism, and Erastianism.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

There may be, and we do not doubt there are, certain advantages to be derived from the connection between Church and State in some countries where not only the people, but also the members of the Government are good Catholics, but this is the case only in a few instances, as in some of the South American Republics, and in Belgium, Spain and Austria at the present time. But this state of affairs is very uncertain, and though at one moment the Government may have the real interest of religion at heart, it may very easily occur at another time that the Government and its officials are disposed to do all in their power to put

obstacles in the way of the free practice of religion, and even to subvert the faith.

In France the stipends paid to the clergy by the State enable the priests to live without having the onerous duty to dun their parishioners for their pastoral income, and this is generally regarded as a great advantage, but it has its drawbacks.

These stipends are in reality only a small return for the church property which was long ago appropriated by the Government, and their relinquishment now would be simply the presentation of so much church property to the State, which professes to have seized the property with the object and for the purpose of administering it justly. But the fact that the State has the handling of the money at all gives opportunities to the mayors and the local police to annoy the clergy, and frequently to prevent religious practices, such as processions and other public devotions.

A case of this kind occurred recently in Grenoble diocese, where two priests held religious processions in spite of prohibitory injunctions from the police. The priests regarded these injunctions as an undue interference with the liberty of the Church, and disregarded them. The Government has stopped the priests' stipends in consequence, and the Minister of Public Worship has written as follows to the Bishop of Grenoble on the subject:

"These gentlemen after inciting their parishioners to insubordination by means of posters affixed to the church doors and by unmeasured language in the pulpit, have disobeyed, on the 24th of May last, an order of the municipal police forbidding processions in the public street. In consequence I have decided that these two priests shall cease to receive as from that date the stipend attached to their functions. You will be good enough, Mr. Bishop, to come to an understanding with me as to the conditions under which it will be advisable to appoint a successor to Mr. N., who is unable to fulfil the duties attaching to his charge. As regards Mr. R., his name shall be reinstated on the list of the clergy paid by the State only when you have provided him with another post equal or inferior to, but not more than equal to, the one he is now filling."

In the face of such absurd interference with purely religious matters, it may well be doubted that there is any real benefit derived from the connection between Church and State in France, for if the Church were supported as in America, by the voluntary offerings of the people, the clergy would be independent of such petty exercise of authority.

LIBERALISM IN RELIGION AND POLITICS.

We give place in our columns to the following letter from an esteemed correspondent, notwithstanding the fact that it is contrary to our usual practice to make the CATHOLIC RECORD the medium for political discussion. The purpose of the letter is evidently to lower the esteem of the Liberal party of the Dominion in the eyes of Catholics. In inserting this letter we feel ourselves bound to state that Liberalism in religion is something very different from Liberalism as the word is understood in Canadian politics.

By Liberalism, so called, in religion is understood an opposition, or at least an indifference to revealed truth; and as these things are an injury to God, leading to the denial of the truths He has made known to man, this Liberalism is to be unreservedly condemned. But it cannot be said that Canadian political Liberalism has any necessary connection with this practical negation of God or of Catholic truth, any more than it can be said that Conservatism is an adherence to all evils which are of long standing.

We say at once that both Canadian parties have among them men who have given utterance to sentiments which every Catholic must condemn, but on the other hand there are men in both parties who have maintained the right in the face of determined opposition from within the ranks of their respective parties, and at great personal sacrifice. We are disposed to give full credit to these men on both sides of the House of Commons, without committing ourselves to one party rather than to the other.

In regard to our correspondent's reference to Mr. Tarte's language of his, as well as of other politicians, which we do not by any means defend, though in submission to Mgr. Merry del Val's injunction we abstain from discussing them now. Nor do we consider the whole Liberal party responsible for all his views any more than we hold the entire Conservative party responsible for the numerous indefen-

ible utterances of lace; and such speeches of individuals not induce the C. depart from its mere party politics. We regret that by our correspondent's denial of faith in French Canadian we are loth to be fact is the result of Liberalism, of dials generally a the faith, as "M case:—

The Catholic Record Dear Sir—Liberalism is a heresy against our clergy. On Sunday last, in were five names in missionary here as The French Canadian built their Church that the Irish Catholic gradually going to Mr. Tarte's three would put these Bishops in their place, and his role ample and declare the interests are in the Perkins, Que. O.

EDITORS—The Dublin Office address to the Queen to her on the occasion and a special do London to present presented, as they formed that Her receive sectional publication, after al to return without the Queen.

The Epworth general meeting Toronto, was quick to the number those who attended about twenty five present from all States and Canada this association to those of the viz., the advanced holiness, but belong to all the Epworth Methodist Union. This has been expensively through some deavored to give Catholic turn. Leagueurs would turned to such efforts toward t. ful. This is the what occurred a in Missouri and past two years the League on marked their r

The Rev. I Orange Lodge 12th of July, a members of all a hope that they kept peacefully ance of any letter that of Catholics by st wise have been and he trust year will have celebrate the ligious freedom of sectarian b Dr. Kane's ad of the intoler men has arise inflammatory years. We changed his Orangemen, I former lesson, latest one, fo made an attac while there w preparing for ber of priest ing confession bands played "Protestant thrown into were broken. Dr. Kane ha in a spirited

THE MOS This Month's spe all Catholics Most Precious deemer, and IX., who ord first Sunday feast of the return of Pi he instituted Church, a M the Precious various place Leuten Sunc and office of Sunday are C Confratern ing the title various part Christian ti being the on in Italy. R are religion places, the haps, being in Flanders brought fro from, in the

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Parallel with Water street run Duckworth and Gower streets... Parallel with Water street run Duckworth and Gower streets...

Blake at Manchester. Manchester, June 5. The annual convention of the National League of Great Britain...

EDITORIAL NOTES. The Dublin Orangemen prepared an address to the Queen...

The Epworth League, which held its general meeting a few days ago in Toronto...

IN RELIGION AND POLITICS. The Rev. Dr. Kane, Master of the Orange Lodges of Belfast...

THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD. This Month's Great Devotion and its Special Promoters...

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THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD. This Month's Great Devotion and its Special Promoters...

NO CAUSE FOR DISSENSION. But, gentlemen, it is very easy to find cause of difference...

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND. BY A NEWFOUNDLAND PRIEST. On the easternmost side of the Peninsula of Avalon...

MOVING TOWARD UNITY. Now, I have watched this question from a somewhat more distant point of view...

DIFFERENCES IN THE PARTY. Now I have shown you by the brief references I have made...

BEYOND THIS BITTER PART. Well, now, that has advanced the movement, can nothing more be done to advance it?

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LIFE IN A TRAPPIST MONASTERY.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land. These words of infinite wisdom are so admirably illustrated in the observations I have made within the last few days within the walls of a Trappist monastery that I take the liberty of asking your readers kindly to peruse some things which I have here written from my experience therein, and which, I hope, may tend to remove the unfavorable opinions and prejudices entertained by many people in regard to monks.

The contrast is great between the horrible results of sin which we so frequently see in the public institutions of large cities, and the air of holiness we breathe in a monastery, just as some trees are very straight and others very crooked. So in the world some are as far advanced in wickedness as are others in holiness, and those people are sadly mistaken who imagine that within the private homes of the land there is as much holiness as within the walls of a monastery.

With this introduction, let us see what kind of a life is led by a Trappist monk, and whether it is really a life of sanctity and self sacrifice.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Jan. 16, 1897, I rang the door bell of the already famous Oka Monastery, thirty miles from Montreal West, and four miles from Como, the nearest railroad station. Approaching the entrance, I noticed, in large and handsome black letters, on a white board above the door, the following words: "Beati Qui Habitant in Domo Domini." What does this mean? Perhaps it means a grand concert here this afternoon; a great bargain here to day; don't fail to examine our goods; give us a call? Oh no!

"Blessed are they who dwell in the house of the Lord." That is just what it means. A little further, and the following sign, in French and English, meets my observation: "No Ladies are Admitted Here." These men evidently know how to preserve peace in their homes," said a bachelor one day.

"Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land." Not only is this true for the next world but apparently in this. When one is told that but sixteen years ago nothing existed here but stony fields and the silent woods, and that the monks knew not where to lay their heads, he cannot but wonder at the sight before him now, especially so far away from civilization. Here is a four-story stone structure of an L shape, the front measuring 372 feet in length, the wing 175, the height in each case being about 70 feet, and width 40 feet, all finished with plaster and paint from roof to cellar, heated by steam and lighted by electricity. It has a slated roof. In this building are upwards of fifty rooms neatly furnished and finished to accommodate guests.

Two seconds after I rang the bell a gentleman met me. What a gentleman! "Why, they are all lunatics in there." Yes, that is just what the world has been saying! But let me give you Cardinal Newman's shortest definition of a gentleman, and we shall see who is the greater gentleman, the silent monk of Oka or the street dude of Montreal, the nearest city. "A gentleman," said Newman, "is one who is careful not to offend his neighbor." This gentleman did not treat me coolly because I was not dressed in the latest style, nor did he manifest any fear lest I would not pay for my board and lodging.

In less time than it takes me to write this I found myself located on the second floor in a room measuring 15 feet deep, 16 feet high and 8 feet wide, by actual measurement. This is one of the fifty or more guest-rooms, finished and furnished alike. A narrow but neat and comfortable spring bed with iron frame is at one corner, near the door, while a decent sofa is on the opposite side. Back of me is a six-pane double window 7 feet by 4 feet, showing the outside walls to be about 3 feet thick. A picture of the Holy Face of Our Saviour and images of saints ornament the walls. The floor is bare but clean, and so are the walls and ceiling. At every entrance is a small fountain containing holy water blessed on Saturday of Holy Week. A plain wooden rocker, another chair, a washstand with towels and soap are among the furniture.

The table on which I write these words is covered with a red cloth, on which is a plain crucifix, a lamp to be used after 8 o'clock when the electric lights go out, and "the rules of The Guest House of Our Lady of The Lake," written in a beautiful round hand and copied with a stylus pen. "Persons who come to remain with us for a time of recollection and solitude," it reads, "are requested to observe that La Trappe is neither a pleasure resort, a hotel nor a sanitarium, but is the House of God open only to those who desire to lead a penitential life in peace, silence and solitude. They are requested to frankly accept the following regulations. These are twelve simple rules very easy to observe, this sheet being cased with a glass in a frame of hard wood varnished with oil.

After a while in this room I am introduced to the guest-master dressed in a long white robe with hood. A very courteous bow and a hearty shake hand. "Ah! you have come to stay with us, I suppose," said he laughing. "Well, no, Father, if I understand you: I am come to make a retreat first and to visit your monastery next." "Good, good, very good," said he, with a beaming smile. "Now, if you will excuse me I shall be back

in a minute." "Excusez moi si vous plez, je serais de retour dans un moment." And he goes after the learned Father Bernard, who takes charges of retreats. A gentle rap at my door, and a tall monk from France, of middle age, wearing a full beard of short growth, and dressed in the costume of the order, meets me for the first time. A graceful bow, a hearty shake-hand and I am made to feel at home with him.

How happy and cheerful are monks! "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Only those who meet these pious men can realize what beautiful souls are illumined in the beaming faces of these hard-working religious. How thoroughly they understand human nature, and how ready they are to answer you politely, it matters not whether you call on them a hundred times a day or not. If you apologize to them, "Oh that is my pleasure," they will say, "that is our mission upon earth, to work and save souls." Where else do we get such answers? If my readers think that to be holy means to be seen with upturned eyes they are mistaken. Many are the false pictures of the kind. To be holy is to feel happy and cheerful in every sense of the word. Such are the silent monks of Oka.

At 5 o'clock the gong rang for supper, and the guest-master ushered me into the guest dining room or refectory, in the basement, where a place at the table was assigned me. "You are kindly requested to keep silence here," is the sign—in French—that meets the visitor's gaze.

The fare is simple. "We never give visitors meat," said the guest-master to me, "and of course we never take any ourselves—you have before you all that we ever offer to visitors, even the Archbishop, when he comes." At 6:30 in winter all guests are expected to attend the "Salve Regina" or evening prayer in the chapel; and my learned instructor calling for me about that hour I followed him, passing through almost endless corridors, till we reached the chapel on the fourth floor. Here are four rows of wooden stalls lengthwise, two rows on each side facing towards the centre, and in these the Trappists, numbering about eighty, stand or kneel for hours at a time. Those wearing the white habit, and they only, are members of the choir religious, and their solemn singing of the evening hymn which is accompanied by the notes of an organ and chant-d in a half tone exactly as it was in the time of St. Bernard, is truly sublime.

Never shall I forget my first impression of the morning service at 2:30 o'clock. At times the lights were turned down but not altogether, leaving so many monks and brothers in white and brown garments, to look like phantoms in the distance, while chanting in half-tone and long rest goes on. From the writer's experience it was highly edifying. As if by unseen angels, two candles are lit on the altar at the opposite end of the long room; again, all is dark and silent.

This is only a temporary chapel. The monastery chapel, in the L part of the building, is a grand stone structure under construction, which will soon be completed. Its ceiling is of Roman architecture, its height from its centre to the floor being 70 feet; its greatest length is 180 feet; its width for 90 feet at the centre is 83 feet, the rest being 30 feet. One of the monks who kindly showed me this edifice said to me very earnestly: "We have the ceiling high and plastered white, as you see, to inspire holy thoughts." Yes, the monk knows it; sublimity inspires divine thoughts.

At every corner of the monastery are signs reminding us of deaths. Here and there on the walls of cloisters or halls where monks may occasionally be found reading or writing, are these impressive signs, in French, painted in black and red letters, "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" "A bad death is irreparable." "We die well or ill but once." "The means of finding God is not to search relying on our own strength, or as if He were far off." "To possess God it is not necessary to have great talents; it is necessary to have a heart and to love." "Obedience is better than sacrifice." "Charity is the pupil of the eye; he who violates it injures a very delicate thing;" and "Without silence and recollection devotion is but a shadow." "I count a thousand years, one hundred thousand years, one million times a thousand years, as many million times a thousand years as there are leaves in the woods, blades of grass on land, grains of sand at the seashore, drops of water in the sea, atoms in the air, stars in the heavens, and I know not what eternity is."

The Trappists do not, as it is commonly thought, daily dig a portion of their own graves. When one of them dies and has been buried, a new grave is begun beside the one just filled, as a reminder to all survivors that that some one of them must surely take his place therein. So, too, when each seeks the cemetery enclosure, in hours of holy meditation, and, standing bareheaded among the graves, prays softly for the soul of his departed brethren, he may come for a time to this unfinished grave, and will pray Heaven, if he be next, to dismiss his soul in peace.

When shown their refectory or dining room I certainly did not see fine linen nor silver ware. Their tables are long, bare wooden benches with stools for seats. Their dishes, very scant in variety, are of wood and tin. Over the door, in plain letters, are these words: "Dieu me voit (God sees me)." "We eat only bread and

vegetables," said the monk who showed me this department. "We never taste meat, fish or eggs. We use but a mouthful of cheese and butter at some meals. On three days of the week we have rice or milk, never rice and milk; the rest of the week vegetables. Our drink, besides water, is either tea or coffee, and occasionally home-made cider. From Easter till September 14th, we have two meals, the first being at 11 and a collation at 6 in the evening. The rest of the year we take one full meal at 11:30 and a light collation at 5:30.

"Do not men break down under such rigid and austere discipline and such poor fare?" my instructor was asked.

"At first the life is exceedingly severe, but we gradually get accustomed to it. There is very seldom any sickness among the Trappists. They generally die from old age and seldom before eighty years of age. Through the kind privilege of our good Father Abbot," continued he, "the lay brothers who are of a weak constitution may take a small meal before going to work in the morning, but that is against the common rules of the order."

"Yes, it is a severe life; we never speak to one another except to our Superior, and that in case of extreme necessity, with permission. We never receive newspapers, and can write only occasionally to relatives, our letters being read by the Father Abbot."

Excepting when confessing his sins and singing the offices of the Church the Trappists' tongue becomes, as far as possible, a superfluous member. He speaks only by permission to his Superior, and always simply to the point. Even for necessary speech he is taught to substitute a language of signs as fully systematized as the speech of the deaf and dumb. Should he, while at work, for example, wound his fellow-workman, sorrow may be expressed by striking his breast. A desire to confess is shown by lifting one hand to the mouth and striking the breast with the other. The maker of cheese, again crosses two fingers at the middle point to let you know that it is made half of milk and half of cream. It is silence, says the Trappist, that shuts out new ideas, worldly topics, controversy. It is silence that enables the soul to contemplate with singleness and mortification the infinite perfection of the Eternal. Men eminent in law and medicine, who formerly belonged to rich families and fashionable circles in various parts of the world, are members of the order.

"In the chapter room," said my learned instructor, "is where the Trappists who have violated the rules of the order make their self-accusations, prostrating themselves upon their faces on the floor and begging pardon of God and their brethren. It is there, also, they receive their penance, which, at times, is very severe. On every Friday morning all Trappists go through the ordeal of whipping their naked shoulders, and "the way they voluntarily whip themselves," said a secular priest to me the other day, "is simply wonderful. There must be saints among them." "Oh what fools!" some will say. But who are actually the greater fools, those who support occasions of sin, in cities, or those who avoid dangerous occasions? "As ye live so will ye die." Far easier it is to suffer the torture of whipping one's body than to cure certain diseases often contracted in the outside world. May this be sufficient to show the possibility of monks living a life of perfect celibacy? If any of my readers doubt the answer to this, it is because he needs a little more whipping than ever he received, or he must have read novels written by culprits who were much in need of horse-whipping.

At 2 o'clock in the morning on week days, at 1:30 on Sundays, and at 1 o'clock on feast days, such as that of St. Bernard (Aug. 20), their patron saint, or that of Easter, the Trappist monks rise and file into the chapel. Then begins the singing of Canonical Offices, Matins, and Lauds, to last till 4 o'clock, when private Masses begin which last till 5:30, about twenty Masses going on at the same time. That over, they go to the chapter-room, where they accuse themselves of their faults and receive penances. Then the lay brothers go to work, while the monks are at liberty to write and study till 7 o'clock in summer and 7:45 a. m. in winter, when they must proceed to the chapel again for the office of Tierce, High Mass and Sexte, after which they do manual labor till 11 o'clock. They have then their noon office, followed by dinner, after which they do manual labor or study till 4:30 p. m., when Vespers begin. At 6:30 in winter and 7:30 p. m. in summer they have "Salve Regina" or Office of Complime, followed by retiring for the night. Whether digging potatoes in the field, or mowing hay in the meadows, monks will always chant their day office. Altogether they spend about seven hours in church every day, and have about two hours for study in summer and four in winter.

In winter the Trappists retire at 7 o'clock, immediately after "Salve Regina." In summer they sleep for an hour in the middle of the day, from 12 to 1 o'clock, and retire at 8 o'clock till 2 o'clock in the morning, it is what they call dead silence. Not a word is spoken, even by the Abbot. If something extraordinary happens, if a friar be taken very sick, for instance, word is brought to the Abbot and he sends for a physician or does what is necessary.

Those who are priests and those who have been admitted as choir religious, wear white wools robes with cloaks of the same color and material reaching to their heels, and with large flowing sleeves. On the cloak is their hood. "These are the monks proper," said my learned instructor. "The others who wear the heavy brown habit, with hood," continued he, "are not monks but lay-brothers, and such they were called." On account of this difference between brothers and monks many mistakes have been made by magazine contributors in writing on this subject. If this article is authentic, though not without faults, give not the writer any credit but give it to my learned instructor at Oka, who so kindly supplied me with valuable information.

The lay brothers are not required to attend the singing of the various offices. After attending Mass they go to work, which they begin between 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning. The mitred Abbot works just as hard as the rest. Idleness to the Trappist is the enemy of the soul. Whatever a monk's previous station may have been he must perform, according to the rules just as rigidly as the humblest laborer in the monastery. He sleeps with his clothes on, like the others, upon a straw mattress placed upon a shelf in a cell, about six feet wide but open at the top. Each dormitory with thirty or more such stalls is always well ventilated.

When at work monks always wear their black scapulars, the brothers their brown ones, in front and behind reaching below their leather belts. On the scapular is another hood of the same color and material as the first. Their robe is turned up to the knees and held so by means of ropes to their hips. The lay brothers who attend the barn and laundry, and wherever dirt is likely to fall on their habit, wear a brown canvas overall. But neither friars nor monks when at work wear their long cloaks with hood. That they use to attend church service.

Quite a variety of occupations are found in a monastery. Besides a steam saw mill and a planing mill, a cider mill and a grist mill, a cheese and butter factory, a grape press and a large forge, there is a tin smith's shop and a pharmacy; a saddlery, where the broken gear used for the cultivating of the soil is mended; a tailor's shop where the worn garments are patched; a shoe maker's shop, where the coarse, heavy shoes of the friars are made and cobbled; also a barber's shop, where some of the Trappists' beards are shaved twice a month, and the Trappists' head is monthly shorn. During winter the most of the monks at Oka wear full beards, and the head of some of them is not shaved.

"To what do you chiefly owe your success," my instructor was asked. "God is good to us. We work only for His glory. We strive to re-clean the waste places of the earth and make them fruitful. The men work hard, and you see it costs us very little to live. Our clothing does not cost much, and our food practically nothing. Our lives are devoted to work, prayer and meditation."

"How do you carry on business with the outside world?" "When we have produce to sell our Father Abbot commissions some one who goes to Montreal and does the business transactions for the house. We have a lot of stock horses, cattle and pigs, and we make revenue out of them."

Their farm, the writer may add, is a grand object lesson to farmers and visitors. The sight of their one hundred cows, twenty horses, two hundred hogs, and one hundred young pigs, besides the poultry, would repay ones time and expense in travelling miles to visit their establishment.

It is so much that the monks at Oka have now one of the best colleges of agriculture in the country attached to their abbey, and this college of agriculture is now partly supported by the local Government, in order to encourage farming in the Province of Quebec.

Their fields differ in appearance from those of French Canadian farmers on the way between Como and Oka. The boulders which in some places covered the ground to such an extent as to make it difficult for a sheep to find pasture, have been gathered into well-shaped stone walls or fences. Some fields have been denuded of stones altogether and young orchards have been planted therein. There is an appearance of systematic industry as soon as we come upon the estate of the silent monks.

It is no exaggeration to say, it is even a well known fact, that the best cheese made in this country is made at Oka. The following are the well-known brands of their celebrated cheese, first made in France, now made at Oka and nowhere else in this country. "Port du Salut," "Camembert," and "Gruyere." They always find ready markets for it in all parts of the world. We might say that Oka is famous for its cheese and medicinal wines. Years ago an eminent physician in France, a Doctor De Breynne by name, left the world and became a monk. The wines at Oka, so famous in America, are made according to the scientific instructions and discoveries of that learned scientist and physician.

Their fruit nursery, renowned all over Canada, is one of the best in this country. They sold last year upwards of 15,000 young apple trees. That is their specialty. Besides this, they cultivate a vast number of plum trees, cherry trees, strawberries, raspberries and the best of wine plants which they sell every year in large quantities. Shall we ask, then, how the Oka Trappists pay for their valuable pile of buildings erected to the honor and greater glory of God?

As the above and following show, what the monks did for the cause of science, industry, and learning, as well as feeding the worthy poor, during the middle ages they continue doing at the close of the nineteenth century. Visitors to the monastery are always well received and cared for, hospitality being one of the rules of the order. Food and shelter it has never denied even to the poorest, and it asks no compensation, accepting as such what the stranger may give. But the greatest personage in the land receives exactly the same treatment as the humble wayfarer who may seek a night's shelter.

The first monastery of this order was established by St. Robert, in 1,098, then called the Cistercian order. The second Abbot was St. Alberic; the third St. Stephen; and St. Bernard, who established one hundred monasteries in Europe, was the fourth. He is looked upon as the patron of the Cistercian Order of Monks. A narrow gorge called La Trappe, in France, which gave entrance to a Trappist Monastery founded by Rotron Count of Perce, in 1,140 and kept by a colony of Benedictine monks, gave the name Trappist. In 1,664 the order was revived and organized by DeRance, a godson of Cardinal Richelieu.

The establishment of "Our Lady of the Lake," or the Oka Monastery, my instructor said to me, dates from 1881, the year in which the "bad government of France" expelled the Trappists from that country. Three monks came to Canada, and the Sulpitians, a very wealthy corporation with headquarters in Montreal, gave the one thousand acres of waste land which the silent monks are rapidly transforming into a magnificent farm. The grand pile now at Oka represents the growth of that wonderful mustard seed which from a small beginning became a wide-spreading tree, and it illustrates the text: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land."

Besides the Oka Abbey in this country, there are "Our Lady of Gethsemane," near Louisville, Kentucky, U. S., a third monastery near Dubuque, Iowa, U. S.; a fourth near Winnipeg, Manitoba; a fifth at Tracadie, Nova Scotia, and a sixth, Our Lady of Mistassini, at Lake St. John, P. Q., belonging to the Trappist Order. The last named is a branch of the Oka monastery, established four years ago. The Quebec Government gave the land free for this monastery, to encourage agriculture and colonization.

Richard E. Delaney.

Honored by the Holy Father.

The London Tablet relates a touching incident that recently took place at Krensmier, in Moravia. The Archbishop of Olmutz, Mgr. Kohn, is the son of very poor parents—hard-working peasants—who at the cost of many privations had procured for their child the blessings of his early education. The Holy Father, desirous of rewarding this good old couple, had sent them by their son two special distinctions—a cross for the mother, and the badge of St. Gregory the Great for the father. The aged couple, accompanied by their other children, attended the Archbishop's mass in his private chapel and communicated at his hands. After hearing a second mass, he solemnly conferred the decorations sent from Rome.

Catholic France.

Two-thirds of the priests and four-fifths of the brothers and sisters who labor in missionary countries are of French nationality. It is also said that of one hundred and nineteen priests who have suffered martyrdom during the present century ninety five were French. A great glory for Catholic France, and something that ought to be remembered during these days when we hear so much that reflects on our French brethren.

Remember—only such medicines were admitted for exhibition at the World's Fair as are accepted for use, by physicians, in the practice of medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and Ayer's Pills being included in the list. They are standard medicines.

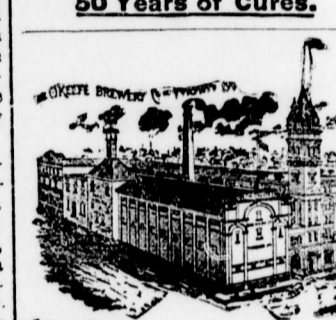
\$19.500 GIVEN AWAY IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS During the Year 1897. See full particulars see advertisements, or apply to LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 SCOTT ST., TORONTO



Fifty Years Ago. This is the way it was bound to look when grandfather had his "pictor took." These were the shadows cast before the coming of Conjuror Daguerre. And his art, like a girl in a pinaflore some day to bloom to a goddess fair. Men certainly were not as black, we know as they pictured them, 50 years ago.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla began to make new men, just as the new pictures of men began to be made. Thousands of people fronted the camera with skins made clean from blotch and blemish, because they had purified the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is as powerful now as then. Its record proves it. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record:

50 Years of Cures.



The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Ltd. High-class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales. XXX Porter and Stout. Pilsener Lager of world-wide reputation. R. O'KEEFE, W. HAWKE, J. G. GIBSON, Pres. Vice-Pres. 400-700

High-Class Church Windows Hobbs Mfg. Co. London, Ont. ASK FOR DESIGNS.

AUCTION SALE OF TIMBER BERTHS.

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

Notice is hereby given that under authority of Orders in Council, TIMBER BERTHS as hereunder mentioned in the DISTRICT of NIPISING; the Township of COPPING, ADDITIONAL, and certain small areas on the SPANISH and BISCATAWING waters in the DISTRICT of ALGOMA; and berths 36 and 37 of the DISTRICT of NIPISING; the Township of MANTON LAKE, and certain small scattered areas in the DISTRICT of RAINY RIVER, will be offered for Sale by Public Auction, at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, at the hour of ONE o'clock p. m. on WEDNESDAY, the EIGHTEENTH day of AUGUST next.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of Sale, with information as to Areas, Lots and Concessions comprised in each Berth, will be furnished on application personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands and to the Crown Timber Offices at OTTAWA and RAT PORTAGE. J. M. GIBSON, Commissioner of Crown Lands. E. B.—No advertisement publication of this advertisement will be paid for. 975-8

WESTERN ONTARIO'S SUMMER RESORT. "THE FRASER," PORT STANLEY, ONTARIO. (ESTABLISHED 27 YEARS.)

WAS built in 1870 and is now open for the season. People who have heretofore gone to the expense and inconvenience of long and wearisome trips to the seaside, and other distant summer resorts, are gradually awakening to the fact that they have near their own doors one of the prettiest spots on the Continent, where they can obtain all the advantages of a summer outing—lovely climate, bathing, boating and sailing—without the discomforts of railway travel. The Fraser House is situated most pleasantly upon a lofty hill overlooking Lake Erie from a height of 150 feet, and commanding a magnificent view of the beautiful scenery surrounding it on every side. The handsome dining-room of "The Fraser" has a seating capacity for 200 guests. The proprietor recently erected an addition to the House, which will increase the accommodation by ten rooms. The bar-room has been removed from the hotel, and a barber shop and other accessories have been provided. Three Lake Erie and Detroit River Railway trains leave the Port daily, connecting at London and at St. Thomas, running east, west and north to all important points. Wm. FRASER, Proprietor.

FIVE-MINUTE

The Eighth Sunday COMMON H

"How much dost thou

We all love justice love of justice would to us. There is no morally dead as no ment of justice well and the public opinion never failed in the manifest injustice. the abstract! When amine the matter in personal aspects we reason to doubt why justice is so sincere seems, for we find which everlastingly ice there is a vast crying injustice, and that the lofty sentiment claimed from pole rather than absolute have justice done to apprehend it; but declined to do justice to the golden rule? sert that there is no in the congregation demn the flagrant in this day's Gospel; b are there who look the parable to ourse unjust transactions and resolve to repair of our ability? "How much dost awkward question met; not that the debtors whose debts tunes, not their fa there undoubtedly a not hosts of dishon debts are the result gance or dissipation and turn and quibb way in order to e tions. Yet these p the cry of justice, a for upright Christi men! Now we might certain fact once fo be an honest man, Christian, who doe reasonable effort to debts.

The man or the debt and who does endeavor to pay a little less than a fra and shall not eat heaven. Do you m man who owes his baker, or his grocer refuses payment, to spend for drinks cursious, and perha side or the mount man? Would y woman honest wh new dresses and b in debt for the old of justice has the p five or ten or fi neighbor in a pin neglects to pay it requested to do so ag

But what is one l to pay one's debt bound to starve family, but you ar the very verge of lawful debts are rigid retrenchment and all superfluit should be cut off.

Justice in the s thing to talk about esty is the real How much dost thou are you going to tical questions that put to his own co ber that there is reckoning appoint and if you appea tribunal with the your soul "You prison" and, in Jesus: "Amen. shalt not go out fr repay the last part

News comes from version to Cathol shrine of an Angli Louisa Hawtree, c Hawtree and thro Dr. Hawtree, priv of Eton, Mrs. Moly mother at the C. The impressive ce by a crowd of sy residents, French and American. I the High Altar. her first Communi able number of is communicated for Hawtree was rece on June 24, by the an American prie of Boston, who ha some years back.

was converted w strangers, with w she is not acquai had first visited 14th this year, the Lady's second app when she felt so th the supernatura objects amid whi that she at once tion in Christian version we have a of the manifest po - Catholic News.

After a Hood's Sarsapar scrofula. I was we Hood's Sarsaparilla me strong and well. had catarrhal feve Hood's Sarsaparilla complete cure." Sa Dolla, Nova Scotia.

Hood's PILLS a cathartic, easy to

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

The Eighth Sunday After Pentecost.

COMMON HONESTY.

"How much doest thou owe?" (St. Luke xvi. 1-8.)

We all love justice; to question our love of justice would be a gross insult to us. There is no human soul so morally dead as not to feel some sentiment of justice welling up within it; and the public opinion of mankind has never failed in the end to condemn manifest injustice. But all this is in the abstract! When we come to examine the matter in its concrete and personal aspects we at once find good reason to doubt whether the love of justice is so sincere and universal as it seems, for we find that in a world which everlastingly prates about justice there is a vast deal of the most crying injustice, and we begin to fear that the lofty sentiment so loudly proclaimed from pole to pole is relative rather than absolute. We all want to have justice done to ourselves as we apprehend it; but are we equally inclined to do justice to others, according to the golden rule? I venture to assert that there is not a single person in the congregation who does not condemn the flagrant injustice set forth in this day's Gospel; but how many of us are there who look within, who apply the parable to ourselves, condemn the unjust transactions in our own lives, and resolve to repair them to the best of our ability?

"How much doest thou owe?" is an awkward question for some of us to meet; not that there are no honest debtors whose debts are their misfortunes, nor their faults. Many such there undoubtedly are. But are there not hosts of dishonest debtors whose debts are the result of their extravagance or dissipation? and who twist and turn and quibble in every possible way in order to escape their obligations. Yet these people, too, take up the cry of justice, and would feign pass for upright Christians and honorable men! Now we might as well face the certain fact once for all. No one can be an honest man, much less a sincere Christian, who does not make every reasonable effort to pay his lawful debts.

The man or the woman who is in debt and who does not conscientiously endeavor to pay the last farthing is little less than a fraud and a hypocrite, and shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. Do you mean to say that the man who owes his butcher, or your baker, or his grocer a bill, and who refuses payment, when he has money to spend for drinks and cigars and excursions, and perhaps a trip to the seaside or the mountains, is an honest man? Would you consider that woman honest who constantly buys new dresses and bonnets while she is in debt for the old ones? What sense of justice has the person who borrows five or ten or fifty dollars from a neighbor in a pinch, and afterwards neglects to pay it back, though requested to do so again and again.

But what is one bound to do in order to pay one's debts? You are not bound to starve yourself or your family, but you are bound to live on the very verge of poverty until your lawful debts are paid. The most rigid retrenchment must be observed and all superfluities, even the least, should be cut off.

Justice in the abstract is a grand thing to talk about, but common honesty is the real thing to practise. How much doest thou owe? and when are you going to pay? are the practical questions that every debtor should put to his own conscience. Remember that there is a supreme day of reckoning appointed for all debtors, and if you appear before that dread tribunal with the burden of debt upon your soul "You shall be cast into prison; and, in the words of the Lord Jesus: "Amen, I say to you, thou shalt not get out from thence until thou repay the last farthing."

News comes from Lourdes of the conversion to Catholicity at the famous shrine of an Anglican lady, Miss Mary Louisa Hawtry, cousin to Mr. Charles Hawtry and third cousin to the late Dr. Hawtry, provost and head master of Eton, Mrs. Molyneux acting as godmother at the conditional baptism. The impressive ceremony was attended by a crowd of sympathetic visitors or residents, French, German, English, and American. Holy Mass followed at the High Altar. Miss Hawtry made her first Communion, and a considerable number of ladies and gentlemen communicated for her intention. Miss Hawtry was received into the Church on June 24, by the Rev. T. A. Metcalf, an American priest of the Archdiocese of Boston, who has resided in Pau for some years back. The lady when she was converted was surrounded by strangers, with whose very language she is not acquainted. Miss Hawtry had first visited Lourdes on February 14th this year, the anniversary of Our Lady's second apparition to Bernadette, when she felt so strongly impressed by the supernatural atmosphere and objects amid which she found herself that she at once sought proper instruction in Christian truths. In this conversion we have a striking illustration of the manifest power of Divine grace. — Catholic News.

After a Severe Cold. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of scrofula. I was weak and debilitated and Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and made me strong and well. After a severe cold I had catarrhal fever. I again resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla which accomplished a complete cure. SARAH E. DEVAU, Anna-Poll, Nova Scotia.

HOOD'S PILLS are the favorite family cathartic, easy to take, easy to operate.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Short Sermon.

Children who read my lay, This much I have to say, Each day and every day, Do what is right!

Right things in great and small; Though the sky should fall, Sun, moon, and stars, and all, You shall have light. This further I would say: Be you tempted as you may, Each day, and every day, Speak what is true! True things in great and small; Then, though the stars should fall, Sun, stars, and moon, and all, Heaven would show through. Figs, as you see and know, Do not of thistles grow, And though the blossoms blow White on the tree, Grapes never, never yet, On the limbs of thorns were set; So if you a good name would get, Good you must be.

Lula's Journey, through and through, Speaking what is just and true, Doing what is right to do, Lula one and all. When you work and when you play, Each day and every day; Then peace shall gild your way, I Though the sky should fall. — Alice Cary.

Lula's Birthday Guest.

Little Lula Johnson was a pet and only child, and when her mother asked her what she would like to have as a present for her twelfth birthday, which was approaching, and she replied that all she wanted was a pretty new dress, her mother replied, "Certainly, my dear, you shall have the dress, and you shall have a birthday party, too, and invite all your best friends."

This delighted Lula very much, and she ran at once to find the latest fashion magazine to decide how her new dress should be made, and the same morning went to the stores to bring home samples of cloth to show mamma. Now Lula had a grandmother, who lived with her parents, and who was growing quite old. She was very little seen, for she staid in her room most of the time, and I am sorry to say that Lula's parents did not show her the attention that people ought to pay to their old mother. Still, though her heart often ached at their neglect, she made no complaint, but patiently worked away doing the mending for the family, and whatever other little things she was able to. She loved Lula very much, and when the little girl told her of the new dress and of the coming party she felt glad to see her happy.

"Mamma, have you sent out the invitations to the party?" asked Lula a day or two before the birthday arrived. "Yes," said her mother, "they have all been sent some time ago." "But there is one you forgot, mamma! Never mind, though, I will invite her myself." "But, Lula, there are too many now, and the rooms are small." "Oh, well, mamma, she will not take up much room, and she does not dance. I could not enjoy my party if she were not there."

"Very well, my child," said Mrs. Johnson, "have your own way. It is your party." That afternoon the waist of the new dress came home from the dressmaker, and after it had been admired by her father and mother, Lula carried it up stairs to show it to her grandmother. As she entered the room she found the old lady hard at work knitting. "What is that grandma?" she asked. "Oh, nothing much, dear; it is only a little work to pass my time."

"I've brought you my new waist to show you," said Lula; this is for my birthday party. Ain't it pretty, grandma?" "Certainly, it is, my child," said the old lady in a cheerful tone, but Lula said that she had to turn her head quickly to prevent tears falling on the new waist.

"What is the matter, grandma, ain't you happy?" "I was only thinking of the past, my child, when I was your age. I was so happy. But now I am old, and though my birthday comes on the same day as yours, nobody thinks of it."

Lula threw her arms around her neck, and giving her a loving kiss, said: "But grandma, your little Lula thinks of you, and you will celebrate your birthday with me. I come on purpose to invite you, because mamma said I could invite whoever I wanted to, and I want you more than anybody. Now don't say anything to mamma and papa about it, but get ready and come to my party."

That evening the skirt of the new dress came home, and when it was shown to papa he complimented his little daughter's taste, and said: "Now, I must put some money in the pocket of your new dress for good luck. It will be my birthday gift to my daughter."

So when he handed the skirt back to Lula she put her hand in the pocket and pulled out a bill. "Oh, it's a \$5 bill!" she cried. "You're too good papa, and I know what I'll do with it." The time for the party came and the rooms were all aglow with lights, and beautifully decorated with flowers. Lula was very happy as her little guests began to come in, and she received them in her beautiful new dress. The children were all ushered into the playroom, where they amused themselves with various games until the time for supper came. Then the piano began to play a pretty march, and the children were ushered two by two into the dining-room and seated around a beautiful table covered with good things. By the time the children were all seated it was noticed that Lula was missing. Her mother started to call her, when the door opened, and in came Lula, leading her grandma by the hand. She seated the old lady in

the place reserved for herself at the head of the table, and then presented her grandma to the company, saying that this was grandma's birthday, too, and that they were celebrating it together.

After supper was over the children all returned to the parlor, and Lula, leading her grandma in, placed a chair for her in the middle of the room, and then made a little speech. Said she: "My dear little friends, as this is my grandma's birthday I wish to make her happy as well as myself. Because she is old, she should not be forgotten nor neglected. So now I present her with this beautiful cap and this nice shawl to keep her warm. I love her very much, because she is a good grandma, and mends my clothes and tells me nice stories."

The old lady put her arms around Lula and kissed her, while the tears dropped from her eyes, and all the children came around to shake hands with grandma and wished her happiness.

It was a very happy birthday, and all the children went home thinking of the nice way in which Lula had treated her dear old grandma.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Under the head of "Plain Talk" we came across the subjoined observations in one of our contemporaries which will well repay perusal by every young man capable of understanding the seriousness of the tasks and efforts and requirements which even a moderate degree of material prosperity involves.

I have heard a great deal recently in reference to the necessity for young men learning a trade but it seems to me that the need exists for a plain talk to the young men who are so prone to take the places of our gray-haired workmen. As the matter stands our young men are more interested in prize fights and baseball than in the consideration of their own future and the choice of a trade or profession. Most of them read too little considering that I did once that there is nothing obtained by reading but that all knowledge is obtained in the school of experience. This is true to a certain extent, but if they do not devote time to useful reading they will find when they take up their trades that they are mere automatons—the brains required in the work must be supplied by others.

To learn a trade thoroughly requires not only practice but brains and study. The young man who is ambitious to succeed in his chosen calling should consider well the importance of breaking away from the associations which lead him to squander the money in billiard halls and similar resorts which should go towards the purchase of books and other aids to a higher education. A certain amount of recreation and pleasure is, of course, desirable as well as the society of helpful friends, but the young man who can not enjoy his own companionship occasionally is in a bad way. Take a few hours every week if not every day to devote to the study of your trade, visit the library and other places where you can find valuable information—perfect yourself in your calling and make your services indispensable. Aim to be at the top and help others to climb.

Every word of this is true and every suggestion is wise and practical, as the experience of millions will verify. It applies not only to those who are beginning a career in the mechanical trades but as well to every young man who has his way to make in commercial business or in the professions. Constant and unremitting study of everything bearing upon the work in which we propose to engage, or at least the acquisition of as much knowledge as we can reasonably encompass is indispensable to success. The conditions of labor in every line are becoming harder and harder, so that success depends more than ever largely upon one's superiority both in the theory and practice of his calling. No young man can hope to make any substantial or permanent headway until realization of what is demanded has become firmly fixed in his mind and serves for a beacon as it were by which to steer for the goal upon which he has fixed his hopes.

There is another consideration to which the attention of Catholic young men should be more commonly directed than it is, namely that as young men they have a mission in the world which it is incumbent upon them to fulfill. Father A. A. Lambing has written admirably on this subject, and we cannot do better than quote from his essay. After touching upon the immunity of adolescence from the stern duties entailed by the supreme gift of true faith Father Lambing describes what is exacted of young men of good lives who have reached maturity of years and reason. As the heads of families in years to come they will be settled down in life and though they will have to move in the world and hear much against their religion still they will generally be so fixed in its practice that there will be little danger of them being influenced by what they hear. And as they advance in years their very age will be a protection by the respect which it commonly inspires. But as young men they are in the very whirlpool of a feverish and in a measure unrestrained life among others of their age, many of whom are little less than downright infidels, who think nothing so much as ridiculing what

others hold sacred; who have little idea of the supernatural, and no reverence for it. Add to this that these enemies of our holy faith generally pride themselves in being posted on all the objections that are commonly urged against religion in general, and the Catholic religion in particular. It may be said that these objections are shallow and have been refuted a thousand times; but, be that as it may, they are as often resuscitated, and he will be thought vanquished who is not able to meet them with solid arguments.

On the question, how are our young men equipped in this particular? The same writer says: In childhood they learned the catechism, more or less perfectly as to the letter, and understood it as well as children could be expected to understand it. We seldom get the full benefit of all that we read, and never long remember all that we have learned. Much of it passes from the memory altogether, and the greater part of what remains becomes indefinite and vague, so that a large number of persons retain little more than the outline and generalities of religious teaching.

There are reading circles and other organizations in many congregations, and it is an encouraging sign that these are multiplying, and, when properly conducted, they are productive of great good. But they include only the minority—perhaps not one in every five of our Catholic young men. The rest are almost hopelessly at the mercy of their indifferent, irreligious, infidel or scoffing companions. They may feel certain that what they hear is exaggerated, misconstrued or false, but they are not able to prove that it is so; and they must hang their heads in confusion, give the enemy the victory, and not infrequently suffer a weakening of their own faith in the teachings of religion.

Much might be done by them individually to better equip themselves for the battle of life, in this particular, by the careful study of some of the excellent books of instruction which the Catholic book market now affords; but much more can be supplied by the united efforts of the young men of a congregation, a town or a district, in reading circles and in the organization of societies of mutual aid and brotherly intercourse. In unity there is strength; there is mutual encouragement, mutual assistance and a mutual sharpening of the mental faculties, and when properly conducted, there is especially a school of training in the formulating of arguments and in the orderly and forcible expression of ideas. It is the Christian duty, and it is for the personal advantage of our Catholic young men, to arm themselves for the struggle in which many of them have already entered, and in which all must, sooner or later, take part. They are the hope of the Church: religion and morality is in a great measure in their hands, and they must see to it that they are not derelict in so important a trust.

The purveyor of "Scottish News" for the English Churchman draws attention to the fact of the presentation to the Provost of Banff, as a memorial of the Diamond Jubilee, of a gold chain of office bearing a medallion in the centre of which is "carved" a Madonna and Child. The writer is surprised to regard this as "Romish superstition," and thinks "they might have adopted many other subjects more appropriate and in keeping with the intelligence and Protestant sentiment of the town." It is hardly complimentary to Banffshire intelligence to assume that it is so obtuse as not to perceive the association between this symbol, copied from a very old chain worn in Catholic times, and our own Christianity. — London Catholic Monitor.

Wherever the sun shines Dr. Chase's remedies are known, and no music so sweet to many a poor soul as the song of rejoicing over restoration to health in the use of them. Ask your dealer about them.

NERVOUS Troubles are due to impoverished blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier and NERVE TONIC.

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly, and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

Grover G. Connelly, of Richmond Corners, N. B., says of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure: "I am pleased I used Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I had it in a very severe form for nearly five years. I used several so called cures, but to no relief. None of them did me any good. One box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure completely cured me."

"Just as Good as Scott's Emulsion" You hear it in nine out of ten drug stores. It is the reluctant testimony of 40,000 druggists that Scott's Emulsion is the standard of the world. And isn't the kind all others try to range up to the kind for you to buy? Two sizes, 50 cts. and \$1.00.

NO ONE KNOWS how easy it is to wash clothes all kinds of things on wash day with SURPRISE SOAP, until they try. It's the easiest quick best Soap to use. See for yourself.

ESTABLISHED 1848. State University 1866. Created a Catholic University by Pope Leo XIII. 1869. TERMS: \$160 PER YEAR. CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, CANADA. Under the Direction of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate. Degrees in Arts, Philosophy and Theology. Preparatory Classical Course for Junior Students. COMPLETE COMMERCIAL COURSE. Private Rooms for Senior Students. Fully Equipped Laboratories. Practical Business Department. Send for Calendar. REV. J. M. MCGUCKIN, O.M.I., Rector.

"DOWN BRAKES, AND REVERSE!" When a train is discovered rushing on to a frightful collision, it is a thrilling instant as the engineer whistles "Down brakes!" and reverses his lever. Brakes alone are not enough; the whole propelling power of the engine must be reversed, and made to work in the opposite direction.



merely as breaks to "slow up" the dis- but that isn't enough. What is needed is a medicine that will instantly reverse the entire wasting, degenerating process. When people are losing flesh, strength and vitality, they need Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which acts directly upon the vital forces, completely transforming the entire nutritive organism and totally reversing the wasting, debilitating process which is at the root of all diseases. It enables the digestive and blood-making organs to supply the system with an abundance of pure, healthy, red blood. It stops the wasting of tissue, builds up solid, muscular flesh and healthy nerve-force.

"About four years ago I had an attack of grip which left my throat and lungs in a bad condition," writes Mrs. Mary Hartman, of 300 Harker Street, Mansfield, Ohio. "The doctor said I had disease of the throat and bronchial tubes. I continued to grow worse all the time until I had pain in the upper part of my chest and severe cough, which grew worse at night and in the morning, with expectation. Quite often I would cough up what seemed to be matter which I had never experienced a burning and smarting sensation in my throat. I took the doctor's prescriptions without number, but all did not seem to do me any real good. At last he told me to try cod liver oil. I took sixteen bottles of the oil, this seemed to help me for a while and then I had another attack. Next I tried the extract of malt. I took five bottles, and not deriving any benefit from the malt, I was feeling so weak I could hardly get up. I consulted a friend who advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I bought five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and one bottle of his 'Favorite Prescription' and three of the 'Pellels'. I began taking the medicines as directed and immediately began to improve. In every way I have obtained more lasting benefit from these medicines than from all others combined. Indeed Dr. Pierce's medicines have done wonders for me. I enjoy quite good health and have not taken any medicine for over six months."

Miss Mary Whittman, of East Dickinson, Franklin Co., N. Y., writes: "For nearly ten months I had a bad cough, and instead of getting better, it grew worse, until I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and three of the 'Pellels'. It seemed to me nothing would give relief only death. My parents were anxious about me, and I was said to have consumption. I tried your medicines, and before I had taken many doses there was a great change. When the second bottle was empty I had no cough and was a great deal stronger."

Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter, free of cost, by addressing him at No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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