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URIEL; Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX. THE RESTORATION.

The weeks sped by, and at length, towards the end of September, the welcome letter arrived announcing that Uriel was now sufficiently recovered to travel, and that in a couple of days from the receipt of that despatch he and his little son, under Julian's escort, might be expected at Falmouth.

An interest deeper than curiosity, though, doubtless, not unmingled with it, stirred the neighborhood when they learned the day that the young heir was expected.

Mary and Gertrude took part in the general excitement. A convenient spot in their own demesne was found to command a glimpse of the public road; where, safely establishing themselves, they had the satisfaction of witnessing the passing of the carriage.

What was it they beheld? Three black figures, one of whom bowed as he passed to the wayside groups; and appearing for a moment at the carriage window, a little face, all smiles and golden hair, a vision of childish beauty and innocence, "as it were the face of an angel."

He came at last. "Well, it is over," he said; "wonderful how the old man bore it all. One would have said for the last year or so he had been but half alive; but somehow, there's no denying it, there's always a kind of go in the old blood, which nothing will extinguish."

"Did you see their meeting?" said Mary. "O, Geoffrey, I don't think I could have borne it." "No," said Geoffrey; "Aurelia took her brother straight to Sir Michael's room, and they were alone together for a good bit. We waited in the drawing-room, Julian, and Father Segrave, and Marmaduke—yes, he's there—and one or two others; and presently Sir Michael came in, with Uriel on one side, and Aurelia on the other, holding the little boy by the hand. You would have thought the old man had had twenty years given back to him; he looked like a grand old prophet, with his flowing white hair, and he presented his son to his friends, and they all welcomed him; and Uriel himself—well, I don't know what to think of him."

"Don't you like him, Geoffrey?" asked Gertrude. "I hoped he would be nice." "Oh, I like him well enough; it's not that; but I don't know if he is not exactly what you women call nice; he's well—and Geoffrey's descriptive powers seemed to fail him."

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"No, not that either," said Geoffrey; "he is like a man who does not belong to this world, who does not care for it, and has nothing more to do with it; dead and buried and come to life again; that sort of thing, you see."

"A curious description," said Gertrude; "but we must judge for ourselves by-and-by. And the child?" "Ah, little Uriel, as they call him; a real picture, he is, with his glittering hair and his French toggery. Imogen, it seems, has taken upon her to get up his wardrobe, and had tricked him out like a fairy."

"And Imogen," said Gertrude, "have you heard, can you make out, if there was anything in that report?" "No, nothing," said Geoffrey, with a strange expression for a moment passing over his features. "I asked Julian point blank, and he looked gravely at me, and only said: 'I don't change with the wind, Geoffrey; I thought you would have known me better.'"

"He stays at the castle, as a matter of course," said Gertrude. "I suppose the next thing we hear will be that the cartoons are finished." "Ah, I forgot," said Geoffrey; "the cartoons are finished, and the chapel will be opened on the 29th. It is one of Julian's secrets; he is a strange fellow. When he found that he should be detained at St. Florian, he gave orders to Gules to get them finished by some first-rate artist, provided only it was one who would execute his designs. So it is done, and no one knew it; and the chapel will be opened on the 29th, that is next Wednesday, you know, as a solemn thanksgiving for Uriel's return."

It was decided by the family conclave that they would wait till Wednesday's solemnity was over before presenting themselves at the castle to offer their congratulations. Every one felt, by a common instinct, that those who had been so sadly separated, and so wonderfully reunited, needed to be left alone for a while, and that on the first days of restored happiness none even of their best friends could intrude. Nor in the interval did they see anything of Julian, whose entire time from daybreak to sunset was spent in the chapel preparing for the opening ceremony.

His plans for the restoration had been skilfully and faithfully executed by Gules, but he felt a pardonable pleasure in the thought that their conception had been his own. Equally his own were the arrangements for the coming festival; it had all been planned and thought of as he had sat by Uriel's sick-bed at St. Florian, and the result of his cogitations had been communicated to Father Segrave, with directions how they might be carried out with the least possible amount of premonitory bustle.

On St. Michael's day, then, the little chapel was filled with an expectant crowd; and the eyes of some among them, used in old time to the mouldy walls and crumbling stone work it had displayed in its ruinous condition, wondered to behold it all not changed or replaced by carvings and adornments of a new design, but touched and restored, as it were, by some magic finger, which had only perfected and brought back the beauty which by time had decayed. Angels looked down from the carved bosses, and the flash of their gleaming wings might be caught on the walls of the sanctuary; while on the spot where the old defaced paintings had crumbled away appeared the Seven Spirits, executed by a master's hand from the cartoons which had filled so important a place in the family story. They were there; and there, conspicuous among them, was St. Uriel, with his golden hair and flashing sword, "the Light and Strength of God." None who had seen the heir of Merlyn could fail to recognize his likeness; only a few knew how that likeness had been obtained, and that, in very truth, it was that painting which had furnished the clue to the discovery that he was still alive.

But what hand was that which drew from the organ those sweet and solemn tones? And what voices were those which rose to the vaulted roof, and swelled in heavenly harmony, as though the angels themselves were joining in the chant? The hand was Julian's, as skilled in music as in other arts; and the voices were from a white-robed company he had brought together, who now filled the stalls of the old choir, and made its roof and walls give back the echo of the joyous words:

"Tibi, Christe, Splendor Patris Vita, virtus cordium. In conspectu Angelorum Vois, voce psallimus. Alterautes concerepando Melos damus vocibus."

But it was one kneeling group that attracted all eyes and moved all hearts. The father, with his son and daughter by his side; the tall gigantic figure of the son with his golden hair, marking him for a true Pendragon of Merlyn; and, kneeling by his side, in sweet unconscious beauty, the little Uriel, looking like the flash of a sunbeam. As they beheld that spectacle one thought passed through many minds, "the same day has witnessed two restorations; the Chapel of the Holy Angels is restored, and with it 'the Fortune of the Pendragons!'"

CHAPTER XX. SOME MISTAKES AND EXPLANATIONS.

It was all over; the thanksgiving ceremony and the subsequent visits and congratulations. Merylin was alive again; as though to impress on all the fact that the dark cloud and all its associations were gone forever. Sir Michael had driven through Tremadoc, with his son by his side; the first time for twelve melancholy years that he had crossed his own park boundary.

"And now, I suppose," said Gertrude, "we shall return to ordinary life again? One has lived such a story-book existence of late, that the first thought on getting up in the morning is 'what next?'"

"Oh, the next thing," said Rodolph, who happened to be one of the party, "the next thing, of course, will be a batch of weddings. Whatever course the story takes, at St. George's Hand-over square, it is bound to end. I know of no exception to that."

"Uriel does not look much like Hand-over square, to my mind," said Mary. "With all the talk about 'the Fortunes of Merylin,' I somehow can't get over the impression that their misfortunes are not yet quite come to an end." "You will see," said Rodolph. "Uriel had a hard knock or two, I believe; but he'll get over it. The Fair Imogen will then give her hand to her deliverer (for I hear Julian threatens to shoot any one who couples his name with hers); and then the devoted friend will turn into the devoted brother. I see it all, written with golden capital in the Books of Fate."

Geoffrey had no taste for this style of discussion; Rodolph's rattle wearied and secretly disgusted him; he rose, yawning a little, then leaving the room, retired to his own study, where presently after Mary joined him, and coming behind his chair found him, as it seemed, intently studying a map of North America.

"What are you looking at?" she asked, with some surprise; "what in the world has made you take to geography?" "Manitoba," answered Geoffrey, shortly; "it's the place where everybody goes. I'm thinking of looking it up myself some day."

"You!" said Mary, who thought him only joking; "then, you know, you will have to take me with you." "Ay," said Geoffrey, "that would be jolly. We'd clear the forest, build ourselves a log hut, and begin life over again like the patriachs."

"But what has put Manitoba into your head?" said Mary; "the strange old Geff, that you are! Could you really ever tear yourself from dear old Laventor and the mill?"

"I don't know," replied Geoffrey; "here's Gertrude to be married in the spring, I suppose; and you'll be getting spliced some day, Mary; if ever I were to be left alone at Laventor, I don't think, somehow, I could stand it. Besides, I should really like to have a look at their new country farming; I heard a lot about it when I was in London. There's a famous opening at a place, only I can't find the name on the map."

"I don't think I shall ever get spliced, as you call it," said Mary; "and if you go to Manitoba, I shall go too, that is certain; so I had better prepare for it, and shall begin by feeding the chickens."

She left him as she spoke, and for some time Geoffrey continued alone, pursuing his geographical researches. Presently the door opened, and some one put in a head.

"All right," said Geoffrey, without turning round to see who it was, and supposing it was Mary returning from the chickens; it's Arkansasow, that's the place; awful crows, they say; only you must look sharp after the bears; they'd make short work with your pet lambs, I fancy."

A light laugh made him look up. "Why, God bless my soul, is it you, Julian?" he exclaimed; "I thought it was Mary."

"Not exactly," replied Julian. "But can you spare me a minute or two?—you look deep in something."

"No, nothing pressing," said Geoffrey; "and you've not been here since all these great events. Well, on my word, Julian, between us, I think we have done it."

"Yes," said Julian; "I have done what I promised to do in this very room, some nine months or so ago, and now I have come to ask for my reward."

"With all my heart," said Geoffrey, earnestly; "I fancy, Julian, I can guess what it is, and I can only say, may God make you both happy!"

"Thank you," said Julian; "I was only waiting for that. I could not venture to try my fate without being sure you gave it your sanction."

"My sanction!" said Geoffrey, with a touch of bitterness in his tone; "you know well enough, Julian, that I have no sanction to give in such a matter."

"Well, not formally, perhaps; still I couldn't be happy to speak to her till I had said a word to you. I know what she is to you, and I feel like a villain for asking to take her from you. But come now, Geoffrey, don't look black on it. After all, I mayn't have a beggar of a chance, though Aurelia assures me it's all right. You know she has stood my friend all along. That day at Merylin, when we all said 'Good-bye,' she promised she would look after my interests."

"Well, if Aurelia consents, I suppose that is sufficient," said Geoffrey, coldly. "I thought I understood that you had not yet spoken to her?"

"Not to Mary," said Julian; "of course not, I could not till I had spoken to you. But to Aurelia, why, bless you, she has known all about it from the beginning."

Geoffrey looked at his friend as one fairly puzzled. "Look here," he said, "you know what a blockhead I am in taking a thing in. What is it you came to tell me?"

"That was why I cut up a little rough with you when you began chaffing me about Imogen; I thought you knew, or ought to have known, that I was not one to change in a month or so."

"My stars!" ejaculated Geoffrey, at last, "why, I thought, Julian—I know you think me an ass—but I felt sure all this time that you had been thinking of Aurelia."

The light merry laugh broke once more from Julian's lips. "Aurelia!" he exclaimed. "Was that what you were thinking of? Oh, set your heart at rest on that score for ever. We are tremendous friends; and she has been in my confidence since last Christmas; but for anything else, a British princess is far above out of my ken. I don't aim at metal of such superlative quality, not I."

"The homely round, the common task, Will furnish all I need or ask." "And provided Mary will put up with my erratic ways, I shall be the happiest man alive."

Geoffrey could only wring his friend's hand till it ached, and tell him that he would find Mary "somewhere with the chickens"—a hint which Julian at once prepared to make use of by departing in the direction of those interesting feathered bipeds.

"I have been a precious simpleton, it seems," thought Geoffrey to himself. He did not know whether to be glad or sorry. Sorry to lose Mary, and glad if he must lose her, to give her to Julian. Glad, just for a passing moment, glad to think of Aurelia as really free; yet sorry, too, for he could better have borne to have seen her Julian's than to hear of her marriage with a stranger. But it would be so in the natural course of things. Merylin was now restored to its natural position in the county; the world would be fast flowing into it and around it; great families would be seeking its alliance; and the old days—sad, lonely, yet full of sweetness in remembrance, when he was the only friend of the father and the daughter—those "dear old days" were gone forever.

It was more than he could bear to think of, and, seizing his hat, he was just setting off for his usual resource, the mill—when a note was brought in Aurelia's handwriting, begging him to call at the castle, as her father wanted to see him on business.

He would gladly just then have escaped presenting himself at Merylin, for he was conscious of a certain interior agitation, which threw him somewhat off his balance. However, he could not disregard the summons; so to the castle he went; and being ushered into Sir Michael's presence, found the old man engaged with his son in looking over deeds and papers connected with the estate.

"We wanted your help, Geoffrey," said the old baronet. "You must understand, Uriel, that for the last twelve years Mr. Houghton has stood to me in the place of a son. Never must you or yours forget what you owe him."

"I am not likely to forget what I owe him," said Uriel, grasping Geoffrey's hand in his, with warm affection. "My sister has told me all, Mr. Houghton; she has told me all you have been to her and to my father."

They sat down together, and went through various papers and accounts. It was Geoffrey's element, and he felt the hour of business had braced him, and made him himself again. But when the business was ended, and leaving the study he was making his way towards the hall-door, he encountered on his way the very person whom, at that moment, he would most willingly have avoided.

It was Aurelia, looking joyous and radiant, with little Uriel clinging to her side. At their first meeting she had won his heart, and the two were now rarely separated. "Oh, Mr. Houghton, how glad I am!" she exclaimed. "I was so longing to see you, and to say how happy I am about dear Mary."

Just then Uriel heard his father's voice, and with a cry of pleasure ran off to find him.

"Is he not charming?" said Aurelia. "To see his little cherub face and hear his laugh is like sunshine in the old house; it does not seem like the old place; too bright, far too bright, for Merylin. But now, Mr. Houghton, if it is not indiscreet, do tell me if it is all right with Mary."

She led the way as she spoke, into the sitting-room she had just quitted, and whether he would or no, Geoffrey had to follow.

"I suppose it is all right," he said; "Julian is now at Laventor, and left me to go to Mary;—how it has ended I cannot say. I was amazed!"

"But you had no right to be amazed, surely," said Aurelia; "you knew about it, I thought, when all that foolish gossip was going on about Imogen. Don't you remember assuring me that, though appearances were against him, you were certain Julian would prove faithful?"

"I believe I have been very thick-headed in the whole matter," said Geoffrey. "You see, I fancied—that is, I thought—that Julian had something quite different in his mind."

She looked at him in surprise; then, by a sudden sort of flash, seemed to comprehend his meaning. "O Geoffrey, how could you!" she exclaimed, then paused; and a very awkward pause they both felt it.

"I tell you I have been a simpleton," said Geoffrey; "I generally am, I believe. But this time my blunder has had some good results. It was really thinking that, which first set me to work on Uriel's business. From what I heard I thought the clearing up of his name would be removing the only bar to your happiness; and—you may believe it or no, as you will,

Aurelia—but for your happiness I am any day ready to give my life. There now, don't be vexed; I did not mean to speak like that; I shall never do it again. I wouldn't pain or annoy you for the whole world; but that was just how it was; and you see how it never came into my head to guess about Mary."

He hardly knew how he got back to Laventor that afternoon. He had never meant to say what he had said; and how Aurelia might understand it he could not tell. She would probably only have thought him blundering and stupid, and, in short, like himself. Still, odd to say, his heart felt lighter for having given itself that relief; and when late in the autumn evening Mary found him sitting alone, he received her with a bright gaiety unusual in his manner.

"Well, Mary, old girl," he said, gently drawing her to him, "I have you got anything to tell me, since I saw you last?"

"Yes, one thing," said Mary. "And what is that?" "That I have been thinking it over, and you must not go to Manitoba; for you see, Geoffrey, I could not now go with you."

"Ah," replied Geoffrey, "I perceive, it strikes me that conclusion was come to in the chicken-yard this morning. But who knows? Perhaps Julian will go with us!—we will talk it over with him this evening."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"When the Green Gits Back in the Trees."

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

In the spring when the green gits back in the trees, And the sun comes out and stays, And your boots pull on with a good tight squeeze.

And you think of your barefooted days; When you ort to work and you want to not, And you and your wife agrees It's time to spade up the garden lot—

When the green gits back in the trees— Well, work is the least of my ideas. When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

When the green gits back in the trees, and bees Is a buzzin' aroun' again, In that kind of a lazy "go-as-you-please" Old gait they hum rou'n in: When the ground's all bald where the hay- rick stood,

And the crick's riz, and the breeze Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood, And the green gits back in the trees— I like, as I say, in such scenes as these, The time when the green gits back in the trees.

When the whole tail feathers o' winter time Is all pulled out and gone, And the sap it thaws and begins to climb, And the sweat it starts out on A feller's forehead, a-gittin' down At the old spring on his knees— I kind o' like, jes' a lafter'n' rou'n' When the green gits back in the trees— Jes' a-poter'n' rou'n' as I do—please— When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

THE REASON

Why a Missionary Became a Total Abstinence.

In the American Catholic Quarterly Review is an article written by Richard R. Elliott, of Detroit, entitled "Frederick Baraga Among the Ottawas." Mr. Elliott tells how the late Bishop Baraga became a total abstinence:

In the progress of his missionary labors Bishop Baraga found his work greatly impeded by the prevalent evil of debauchery. He had to overcome the propensity of the Indian for whiskey and lead him to a life of sobriety before attempting to wean him from paganism to Christianity.

To what extent drunkenness prevailed among the unconverted Ottawas, is evidenced by the terrible experience of Bishop Baraga in the Grand River Valley, where he had extended his labors after evangelizing the Ottawas of Arbre Croche and vicinity.

It is stated in the papers referred to, that the whiskey dealers and others opposed to the missionary's influence over the Ottawas, instigated a drunken crowd of the people of his nation one night to attack his cabin. He had been hastily warned of their coming and strongly barred the doors and windows. Fortunately they were too drunk to effect an entrance. Had they succeeded he would have been murdered. For hours this drunken mob besieged his cabin. Their yells were frightful. He expected every moment to see the bark roof ablaze and contemplated his death by fire. Word, however, was sent to the acting United States Marshal, of the riot, and he came and dispersed the rioters. All during this infernal uproar Bishop Baraga remained on his knees in prayer. Convinced of the evil brought upon this people by the abuse of liquor, he came to the conclusion to offer himself as an example. There, in that cabin, but unawed by his assailants, he solemnly vowed to abstain from intoxicating drinks during the whole course of his life.

He kept that pledge faithfully to the end of his life. But many a time, when overcome with exhaustion, when his stomach was nauseated by unpalatable food, when shivering in his wet clothing or partly frozen during Lake Superior winters he sadly needed a glass of wine or of brandy to revive both body and mind; he may have been tempted, but the night scene in his cabin on the Grand River would recur to his mind and he offered the privation to his Redeemer whenever experienced.

Had La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months, [when I bought a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

Longings. O, give me the flush of the rosy morn, And the blush of the sun on the sea; And the blush of the laws on the black of the thorn.

O, give me the sweep of a light canoe On the deep of an opal lagoon; And the light aloft in the welkin blue; And the whirl and the swirl of the waters of pearl.

O, give me a day 'mong the firs and pines, With the play of the sun and the shade, And a shot at the moose with his towering horns.

O, give me the breeze of the Berkshire Hills, And the less with their stubble of fog; And the rum and the roar of the thunderous ghylls.

O, give me to ramble a summer's day Through brake and bramble, o'er field and fall. My heart's beating time to the music of May.

A BLOODY PAGE OF HISTORY. Story of the Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots.

The story of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, or, as it is told again just now by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott in a volume entitled "The Tragedy of Fotheringhay" (London: A. and G. Black), loses none of its intensity by reason of its further removal, day by day, from the present.

In the story as related by Mrs. Scott the reader is reminded that in the day of that tragedy there was no such thing as merciful swiftmess. Then, as now, in some of the old countries, there was the slow drag of red tapeism in every detail.

Mary's first request was for a priest of her own religion. The Dean of Peterborough was offered, but Mary refused his ministrations. The Commissioners, carrying out the wishes of Elizabeth, insisted, but Mary refused, and asked that no one should take any more trouble to persuade her.

Mary wrote her will, which kept her until 2 o'clock, and then lay down without undressing. Then, a little later, "It presently occurred to the Queen that a handkerchief would be required to bandage her eyes. She told one of her women to bring her a very fine and beautiful one edged with gold embroidery, and carefully put it aside for the occasion."

After this she rested on her bed with closed eyes and hands crossed on her breast. Without was heard the ominous sounds of hammering. But they did not disturb her.

When the hour of 8 o'clock struck, Mary was in her avatory saying her prayers. There was a knock at the door, but no response. It was repeated

and the door opened. The sheriff entered. Mary surrounded by her household, was at prayer. For a moment the sheriff respected her devotion, and then said: "Madam, the Lords have sent me to you."

The contrast makes a strange picture, and must forever remain one of the most melancholy in history. When the dean had finished Mary continued to pray aloud. She prayed for the triumph of her faith, for the Pope and pastors of the Church, hoping that God would pardon all, as she had done.

She rose and resealed herself. To a request to say more she replied that there was nothing more to say. Then, without notification, she rose and prepared herself for death.

The executioner, his face hidden by a black mask, advanced to remove her dress, but the queen gently moved him aside with her hand, saying smilingly: "Let me do this; I understand this business better than you do; I never had such a groom of the chamber."

When the queen met Kent and Shrewsbury on the landing below the great staircase she asked that her servants be admitted to the execution that they might testify that she had died in the Catholic faith.

The procession now moved on and entered the hall, the sheriff and his escort leading the way, followed by Paulet, Drury, Beale, and the two Earls. The queen followed, attended by Bourgoing and her other servants, Melville carrying her train.

The executioner bore a large axe mounted with a short handle, like those with which they cut wood. In front of the black chairs were placed two other chairs, placed higher up the room, outside the balustrade, awaiting the men of Huntington.

Among the three hundred spectators who alone were permitted to enter the hall might be observed Lord Montague, his eldest son and Robert Tyrell. A large crowd surrounded the castle, kept in order by a troop of horsemen which had arrived the preceding night.

Mary seated herself on the stool with her usual grace. She made the sign of the cross, then she asked for her chaplain in order that she might receive from him his last blessing. This was denied. The commission for the execution was read. The musicians in the yard without played an air commonly played at the execution of witches.

Her thoughts could not have been on worldly affairs. At the conclusion of the reading of the sentence those present cried out: "God save the Queen." This was not noticed by Mary. She made the sign of the cross.

The Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Fletcher, advanced and offered her consolation. Mary refused to hear him. He insisted, and she turned her back upon him. The dean again insisted, and Shrewsbury bade him be silent.

Shrewsbury now proposed that as the queen would not listen to the Dean's exhortation they should all pray for her in common. "I thank you, my lords," said Mary. "I cannot pray with you because we are not of the same religion. Pray if you wish. I will pray also."

THE HEROISM OF A SLAVE. How He Saved the Burning St. Michael's in Charleston.

St. Michael's Church, in Charleston, S. C., is one of the venerable landmarks in American history. Many glorious memories cluster around this ancient edifice, which have been made the theme of story and of song.

The sunshine of many peaceful years have fallen upon and tipped its cross with golden flame. Storms and fire, and shot and shell, have made it the object of their fury, and have sought to destroy the ancient pile; but it still stands a venerable monument of the past, in serene old age, unharmed by the passing years which touch but to adorn it.

A great fire broke out, raging with such fury that at one time it seemed as if the entire city were doomed to destruction, and people stood helpless in the streets watching with weeping eyes the utter ruin of their homes.

The Abbe and the Students Say the Apostles Creed Together. La Crise Religieuse en Angleterre has just been published. It is edited by Father Raguey, a Marist, who has been honored by a letter from His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan.

The incident referred to relates that on May 25 last some forty students, members of the Association for the Reunion of Christendom, met at Christ Church College to discuss the letter of His Holiness Leo XIII.

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Dr. H. E. Merrill.

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 London not later than Tuesday morning.
 Advertisers must be paid in full before the paper
 can be stopped.

London, Saturday, May 23, 1896

THE CAMPAIGN.

The contest for the approaching
 Dominion elections is being carried on
 with unabated vigor, and now candi-
 dates have been selected by both
 parties for nearly all the seats.

The Manitoba school question is
 being made a prominent issue,
 especially in Ontario, and it has brought
 considerable confusion into the contest.
 We have had before in Canadian
 politics a few candidates who declared
 themselves independent, but never
 have there been so many dis-
 cordant notes heard in an election
 campaign, for we have now, beside
 the regular party candidates, several
 independent parties claiming the
 suffrages of the people; thus, there are
 Patrons, McCarthyites and P. P. A.'s,
 in addition to some who claim to unite
 in themselves two or three of these
 designations, so that we have Patron
 P. P. A.'s, Patron McCarthyites and
 P. P. A. McCarthyites in great pro-
 fusion. We notice, however, that the
 McCarthyite candidates are not so
 numerous as it was claimed a few
 weeks ago they would be. It is prob-
 able the supporters of Mr.
 McCarthy have discovered that
 it is not so easy as they thought
 to secure a large representation on a
 no-Popery cry in any province of
 Canada. This has been tried before,
 but it failed of any practical result,
 and we trust that the people of Ontario
 have now too much good sense to be
 led away from the principles of liberal-
 ity and justice by an agitation of this
 sort.

We have noticed with regret a
 disposition in the *Globe*, and some other
 Liberal papers, to traffic on the same
 cry, but while saying this we must
 also say that some Conserva-
 tive papers and candidates are
 dealing in the same way.

While the Liberal papers condemn the
 Remedial Bill, the Conservative papers,
 notably the *Mail and Empire* and the
 London *Free Press*, give it the cold shoul-
 der; and the *Hamilton Spectator*, the
 most prominent Conservative organ in
 Ontario, except the *Mail and Empire*,
 has all along been most bitterly opposed
 to it. We find, too, that while the
 Liberal candidates are pledged to vote
 against Sir Chas. Tupper's Remedial
 Bill, the Toronto *World* (Conservative)
 says that in the following thirty-four
 constituencies the nominees of the
 Conservative party will be pledged to
 oppose the alleged party programme
 with regard to Manitoba: Ottawa City
 Carleton, North Leeds and Grenville,
 Addington, Algoma, North Bruce,
 Cardwell, East Durham, West Durham,
 Frontenac, East Grey, North Grey,
 Hailton, North Hastings, East Lambton,
 North Lanark, Lennox, Muskoka,
 South Perth, West Peterboro, Prince
 Edward, North Renfrew, South Ren-
 frew, East Simcoe, South Simcoe, To-
 ronto (4), South Victoria, Center Wel-
 lington, York (3).

The Manitoba question is not one
 which should excite hostility against
 Catholics, for it is simply a demand for
 what is just and reasonable—a demand
 that the constitutional guarantees
 should be held as inviolate in the case
 of the Catholic minority of Manitoba
 as in that of the Protestant minority of
 Quebec.

The members of the Government
 have spoken with one accord to the
 effect that it is still their intention to
 grant justice in Manitoba. On
 the other hand, we notice that Mr.
 Laurier has spoken along the same
 line. In the Toronto *Mail and
 Empire* of Saturday appeared a sen-
 tence from a speech delivered by him,
 at Quebec, on May 7, translated from
L'Electeur, which reads as follows:
 "If conciliation results in nothing, I
 shall have recourse to the power fur-
 nished in the constitution—a recourse
 which I shall exercise completely and
 in its entirety."

This is a notable deliverance. It
 comes late, but "better late than
 never." We should be glad to see
 both of the great parties pledged to
 Remedial legislation, in the event of
 Mr. Greenway still refusing to give

Catholics their full rights in the matter
 of education, in which case the contest
 can be waged on the merits and de-
 merits of the public policy of each
 party. What we may call the third,
 fourth, fifth, and sixth parties, con-
 sisting of deserters from the Conser-
 vative and Liberal ranks, men
 who antagonize the Catholic Church,
 mainly for the purpose of bringing
 themselves into prominence, can be
 treated with contempt. People will
 naturally say that Mr. Laurier has not
 taken a whole-hearted stand in regard
 to Remedial legislation, and that the
 sentence quoted from his speech, and
 the circumstances surrounding its deliv-
 erance, will not entitle it to so much
 consideration as the outspoken pledge
 of the Government. There is undoubt-
 edly much force in this contention.
 If it is his intention to grant Remedial
 legislation, in case of failure of negoti-
 ations with Mr. Greenway, we should
 expect him to utter that sentiment
 boldly and fearlessly whenever and
 wherever he makes a speech from now
 until election day.

But right here we must ask the
 question: If Mr. Laurier is in favor of
 Remedial legislation as a last resort,
 what, in such an event, will the course
 of his followers? We would like to
 have a pronouncement from the *Toronto
 Globe* on this point. In case
 Greenway refuses to yield, will it
 be against Remedial legislation
 first, last and all the time, and
 will it claim that Mr.
 Greenway has a right to defy the
 Privy Council, and even the whole
 British Empire in his escapade to ride
 roughshod over the rights of Catholics?
 During the past week much dis-
 cussion has taken place in the papers
 in regard to a remark made by Sir
 Charles Tupper in his speech at
 Winnipeg. He is reported to have
 said that for the settlement of the
 Manitoba question it would not be
 wise to turn out the present Govern-
 ment and put in power a Roman
 Catholic and Frenchman as premier.
 This version of Sir Charles' words
 appeared in the papers of both sides
 in politics, but Sir Charles himself
 denies their accuracy. He explained
 himself at Montreal thus:

"I took the ground that every Conser-
 vative is bound in honor to stand
 by the party in its endeavor to restore
 the privileges of a feeble Roman
 Catholic minority that been robbed,
 and to stand by the party instead of
 striking down the party for the pur-
 pose of bringing into power a French
 and Roman Catholic Premier who him-
 self declared he had opposed the bill
 because it was too weak to accomplish
 its object."

THE A. P. A. FIASCO.

The Supreme Council of the A. P. A.
 of the United States have been in ses-
 sion in Washington during the past
 week, but their proceedings have been
 kept as profoundly secret as it was
 possible under their stringent rules
 aiming to keep the public at large in
 ignorance of their dark doings. In
 spite of all precautions, however, some
 of these doings have come to light, and
 they throw little credit on the proscrip-
 tive organization. To such an extent
 did these secret plotters carry out their
 plans to work in the dark that the
 same game was attempted which
 brought so much ridicule on their
 Canadian P. P. A. brethren in Hamil-
 ton two years ago, that of registering
 false names at the hotels in order to
 conceal their identity, though as far as
 we have learned this scheme was not
 carried out to quite the same ridicu-
 rous extent as was the case in our
 Canadian city on the occasion referred
 to.

President Traynor, who has occu-
 pied his position as chief of the society
 for several years, read his annual ad-
 dress, and it was resolved it should be
 kept secret; but the newspaper re-
 porters ascertained that the document
 attacks bitterly the campaign commit-
 tee of the association for the stand it
 took recently against Governor Mc-
 Kinley as a candidate for the Presi-
 dency.

Only a few weeks ago Mr. Traynor
 was quite in unity with the committee,
 and while he was on a visit to Savan-
 nah, he stated in an interview given
 to a representative of a New York
 paper, that the A. P. A. is determined
 to oppose McKinley. The reason for
 this opposition is the fact that Mr.
 McKinley has steadfastly refused to
 commit himself in any way to the A.
 P. A. policy and principles, and the
 committee in issuing their instructions
 fully counted on being sustained by
 Mr. Traynor as President; but time
 has developed a strength for the Mc-
 Kinley boom which was quite unex-
 pected, and it is the policy of the A.
 P. A. leaders to boast of exercising an

influence far beyond that which they
 really possess.

It is their wish to make the public
 believe that they really control the
 Republican party, though in reality
 they do not, and they now see the folly
 of having committed themselves to a
 fifth rate politician like Linton of
 Saginaw as their presidential candi-
 date, whereas it is now certain that
 Mr. Linton has not the ghost of a
 chance for the party nomination which
 is to be made on June 16, at St.
 Louis. Still many of the delegates
 wear Linton buttons which have Mr.
 Linton's likeness on them; but others
 wear the McKinley button, in open
 defiance of the recent pronouncement
 of the campaign committee and the
 executive council of the association.

Many States have chosen a full slate
 of McKinley delegates to the St. Louis
 convention, among the number being
 Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, and now it
 is stated that Maryland has unex-
 pectedly appointed at least twelve out
 of sixteen delegates who will also sup-
 port the Ohio governor. In fact the
 Apatists have discovered that their op-
 position to McKinley has turned out
 to be a complete fizzle, and as they
 wish to make it appear that however
 matters may go, the victory was due to
 them, they are already exhibiting
 signs that they regret the course into
 which their rashness betrayed them,
 and in the session of the Supreme
 Council they are endeavoring to make
 a show of having no spite against Mr.
 McKinley, and, in the meantime, as
 they have been made to feel that their
 nominee, Mr. Linton, is now out of the
 race, they are backing down by asking
 that their favorite shall be the Republi-
 can nominee for the vice presidency.
 They are willing now to play second
 fiddle, where only a few weeks, or even
 a few days ago, they pretended that
 they were leading the orchestra.

It is not at all likely the Republicans
 will commit the folly of nominating so
 poor a specimen of the statesman as
 Mr. Linton, even for second place on
 their National ticket, though in a few
 States, such as Kansas and Michigan,
 the local Republicans have un-
 doubtedly had alliances with the or-
 ganization for the purpose of securing
 the A. P. A. votes of those States.
 But the National Republican party has
 by no means committed itself to Apatism,
 nor will it probably take so fatal
 a step. We predict confidently that
 the St. Louis Convention will complete-
 ly ignore Mr. Linton, who has re-
 cently proved himself to be so weak
 that in the decidedly Republican city
 of Saginaw, which is his home, his
 municipal nominees were routed by
 majorities ranging from 1,000 to 1,600,
 though the city never cast before more
 than about 500 Democratic votes.

Apatism has nearly run its course in
 the United States, just as it has done
 in Canada, like previous societies of
 similar principles in both countries—the
 Know-Nothings of olden time, the
 Equal Righters, etc. The present Su-
 preme Council session appears to be
 able to do nothing but deal in the
 empty braggadocio we are so well
 accustomed to hear from the society.

The secretary reports that during
 the past year nine hundred and sixty-
 three new councils were instituted,
 and that the membership of the order
 was doubled. We scarcely need say
 we do not credit the statement.
 The officials of the order have
 boasted before that they had 7,000,000
 votes under control, and if they have
 doubled their membership they must
 now have 14,000,000, which is
 about as many as the whole voting
 population of the United States; and
 yet it can scarcely be said they have
 the whole electorate at their back,
 whereas even in Michigan alone,
 which state is acknowledged to be
 their greatest stronghold, they have
 lost at the local elections within the
 past month nearly a dozen cities which
 last year were completely under their
 control. We believe that Apatism in
 the United States is now on its last
 legs, like its Canadian branch, the P.
 P. A.

It is highly significant of what the
 society has to expect, whereas its own
 Washington organ, *The United Ameri-
 can*, said a few days ago that Linton
 would have been the Vice-Presidential
 nominee were it not for the "Big
 Seven," by which name the A. P. A.
 campaign committee is designated.
 This paper accuses them of taking
 bribes, and endeavoring for filthy
 lucre's sake to bring the whole A. P.
 A. vote with them, but they have
 accomplished only a great fiasco.

A niece of the Protestant Archbishop
 of Canterbury was given the unusual
 permission of being present at the
 private Mass celebrated by the Holy
 Father Sunday, April 19.

MR. A. MCGILLIS ON THE
 SCHOOL QUESTION.

We publish in another column three
 letters from Mr. A. McGillis, of Winni-
 peg, on the Catholic school question of
 Manitoba, which appeared in the
Winnipeg Nor'Wester, the Conservative
 organ of that city; and as they treat
 the subject in a masterly manner we
 are sure they will be read with interest
 and pleasure.

Mr. McGillis shows with clearness the
 reasons on account of which Catholics
 desire to give a religious education to
 their children in the schools, one of
 which is because parents have not
 always the time, nor the ability or
 fitness otherwise, even when they have
 the time, to educate their children
 themselves; and, on the other hand,
 the half hour or whole hour devoted
 to the teaching of the Catechism in
 Sunday schools is not enough to train
 them in the way they should go.
 Surely, then, it should not be the aim
 of the State to throw obstacles in the
 way of such teaching. It is no wonder
 that Catholics should regard as a
 tyranny of the worst kind such inter-
 ference, and it is all the more a tyranny
 in Manitoba because the schools to
 which the Government of that Province
 wish to force Catholic children to be
 sent are Protestant schools in the
 strictest sense of the term. This
 tyranny was acknowledged even by
 Mr. Joseph Martin, the author of the
 objectionable Manitoba school laws,
 in a moment of candor soon after the
 discussion of the matter was begun in
 Parliament.

Mr. McGillis also shows the absurd-
 ity of the pretence which our adversaries
 are constantly making, that the object
 of the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops
 in urging the just claims of Catholics,
 is to gain a control over education
 which will enable them to keep the
 people in ignorance.

Equally fallacious is the pretence
 that the Catholic hierarchy are demand-
 ing separate schools against the wish
 of the Catholic laity. There is no dis-
 agreement between priests and people
 regarding the importance of religious
 teaching, and it will be found that on
 this question the whole Catholic body
 of Canada are a unit, and their de-
 mand for religious liberty cannot be
 ignored by the Government and Parli-
 ament of the Dominion.

The assertion that Catholics wish to
 coerce Manitoba is a gross misrepresen-
 tation. We do not desire anything
 of the kind. It would be coercion of
 Manitoba if we desired to force the Pro-
 testant majority to send their children
 to Catholic schools, but as the case
 stands it is against the Catholic minority
 that coercion has been attempted,
 contrary to the constitution of the
 country; and it is against this coercion
 we protest, and we shall continue to
 protest against it until Catholic rights
 are completely restored, which we have
 confidence will soon be case.

We recommend to our readers the
 careful perusal of Mr. McGillis's letters.

THE NEO-THEOLOGY.

The Rev. Dr. McLaurin, the minis-
 ter of the Woodward Avenue Baptist
 Church of Detroit, treating of the new
 methods adopted for the interpretation
 of Scripture, stated last Sunday that
 "the Scriptures have never yet been
 intelligently interpreted."

In this age of religious fads and fan-
 tasies, no new statement of religious
 doctrine can surprise us much, and
 Mr. McLaurin's doctrine is simply to
 be put down as among the idiosyncra-
 cies of modern preachers who have set-
 tled themselves in the conviction that
 their brains contain all the wisdom
 that the human race possesses.

More than one hundred generations
 of human beings have lived and passed
 away since Moses wrote the first five
 books of Holy Scripture, known as the
 Pentateuch, and about fifty-four
 of these generations have passed since
 the last book of the New Testament
 was written, completing the sacred
 volume, and closing Almighty God's
 revelation to mankind. Are we to be-
 lieve Mr. McLaurin's statement, which
 is equivalent to a declaration that there
 has been no revelation at all, and that
 it requires the fanciful commentaries
 of such preachers as himself to make
 the Scripture intelligible even its
 clearest passages?

We do not at all deny that there are
 difficulties in the Sacred Volume, some
 of which may possibly be cleared up
 by modern research and discovery;
 but it is certain that the general scope
 of the Bible has been understood, and
 its precepts of morality acted upon in
 every age since the first institution of
 Christianity. The parts of Holy Scrip-
 ture which were obscure eighteen
 centuries ago are obscure still, as a

rule, but they are such pass-
 ages as do not affect seri-
 ously Christian doctrine and mor-
 ality; for there has always been a
 supreme authority in the Church to ex-
 plain and define the meaning of Holy
 Scripture so far as its principal pur-
 pose is concerned, the salvation of
 mankind through the knowledge and
 practice of Christian truth; yet we ad-
 mit that the fanciful notions of such
 preachers as Rev. Dr. McLaurin, in
 regard to a kind of Christianity which
 Christ never intended to establish when
 He established His thoroughly organ-
 ized Church in which all should be-
 lieve, have not been discovered in the
 Bible during ages past.

The vagaries of such teachers as Dr.
 McLaurin constitute one of the strong-
 est arguments which can be advanced
 to show that the system which produces
 such vagaries is radically wrong.
 There can be no true Christianity
 without union with and submission to
 the divinely appointed successor of
 St. Peter, the first Supreme Head of
 the Church.

The truth of the matter appears to
 be that the Rev. Dr. McLaurin belongs
 to the new school of so-called theology
 which would abolish any actual belief
 in the real meaning of Holy Scripture
 as it has been believed during past
 ages, but he is laboring under a sad
 mistake if he believes that all the wis-
 dom the world ever had is concentrated
 in his brain and in the brains of the
 neo-theologists, who, instead of en-
 deavoring to understand Christianity,
 aim only at explaining away its real
 significance. We could not expect
 anything else than such absurdities
 as these from a system which makes
 each individual the supreme judge of
 Scripture and its meaning. The
 Baptists, if we may judge by the
 opinions of Dr. McLaurin, are as
 much on the down grade toward Infid-
 elity in this country, as the Rev. Mr.
 Spurgeon a few years ago declared
 them to be in England.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

At a political meeting held in this
 city on last Saturday, Mr. Henry
 Macklin told the people that he had
 been a Conservative all his life, and
 had always voted Conservative, but he
 was not going to do it this time. He
 had no confidence in Sir Charles
 Tupper, who had promised to coerce
 Manitoba. We might say to Mr.
 Macklin that every person is expected
 to observe the law, and that if they do
 not do so they must be coerced. In
 all our prisons there are many persons
 who are bitterly opposed to coercion.
 We do not know what the Conservative
 party will do in case Mr. Henry Macklin
 carries out his intention of deserting
 his ranks. Sir Charles Tupper and
 his ministry will, no doubt, be very
 sorry to hear of Mr. Henry Macklin's
 defection. Possibly they will call a cabi-
 net meeting with a view to putting on a
 large force of men to have the breach
 repaired. Meantime, what in the
 world will become of Mr. Henry Mack-
 lin? Where will he go? The miscel-
 laneous parties are hardly extreme
 enough for Mr. Macklin, and it is quite
 possible he may form a party of his
 own. In this event how would it do
 to call it "The Henry Macklin-Mar-
 garet-Sheppard Party" (Limited.)

ARRANGEMENTS have been completed
 for the establishment of a Catholic
 college at Cambridge, England, in affil-
 iation with the famous university there,
 and though a similar arrangement
 has not been completed with regard to
 Oxford it is expected that this will
 soon be the case. In any event, the
 Jesuits will immediately open a house
 there for novices to pass through the
 university course in higher studies be-
 fore their ordination to the priesthood.

Mr. F. J. GILLESPIE, of Uptergrove,
 is one of the applicants for the Regis-
 trarship of North Ontario. He is a
 most enterprising and public-spirited
 gentleman, and has from time to time,
 for many years been elected to very
 prominent municipal positions. No
 man in the Riding named holds a
 higher place in the estimation of his
 neighbors. Besides this he has rendered
 the Government many a valuable
 service in his day, and is still one of
 its foremost bulwarks in the section in
 which he carries on his business. It
 might therefore be reasonably expect-
 ed that he would obtain this position.
 He ought to have it, for well has he
 earned recognition at the hands of the
 Ontario Government.

The question of the removal of the
 statue of Father Marquette from the
 Capitol Statuary hall at Washington
 has been finally dealt with by the

United States Senate in a manner
 which puts the A. P. A. agitators who
 raised it into the ridiculous position
 they have justly earned for themselves.
 The Senate by a unanimous vote
 decided upon the acceptance of the
 gift, and the objections of the Apatists
 were treated with contemptuous in-
 difference. The only consolation
 which the bigots are applying as a
 balm to their wounded vanity is the
 fact that there was no solemn ceremony
 observed in the unveiling of the statue,
 and they are welcome to whatever
 consolation they can derive from this,
 but there was simply the usual cere-
 mony, observed on such occasions,
 with speeches, delivered by several
 senators in eulogy of the great Jesuit,
 but it appears that it has not been
 customary to have an elaborate cere-
 monial, and anything extraordinary
 was not attempted, nor does it appear
 to have been contemplated by the
 authorities, though there was some
 talk at first of something of the kind.

AN A. P. A. school superintendent
 in Wisconsin, who attempted to per-
 petrate a piece of official bigotry and
 tyranny, has been foiled by the resolute
 stand of the Sisters of Notre Dame who
 are teaching the schools at Freedom
 and Little Chute, in that State. The
 people want the Sisters, and the schools
 are well taught, as is evident by the
 satisfactory progress of the pupils, but
 no religious instruction is given during
 the legal school-hours, nevertheless
 the superintendent, being desirous to
 drive the Sisters away, cancelled their
 certificates on a pretext of incompetency.
 The Sisters entered a suit at
 law in order to prove their competency,
 and the superintendent, finding that
 they were determined to maintain their
 case, was glad to come to terms by
 restoring the certificates, and the
 teachers are continuing to conduct the
 schools as before.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL SATOLLI
 has sharply rebuked some French-
 Canadians of St. James' church, in
 Danielson, Conn., because they are de-
 termined to have no priest but a
 French-Canadian, not being satisfied
 even with a French priest or a French-
 speaking priest of any other national-
 ity. The malcontents appealed to
 Rome last year to obtain their demand.
 His Eminence tells them they had a
 perfect right to do this, but adds that
 they should have informed the Sacred
 Congregation that the case had been
 decided by the Apostolic Delegate.
 This they neglected to do, but the
 Sacred Congregation, after investigat-
 ing the matter fully, decided that the
 spiritual welfare of the congregation
 has been sufficiently provided for by
 the Bishop, and the appeal was dis-
 missed, as the course of the appellants
 had no foundation to rest upon. The
 Cardinal says in his letter to the dis-
 contented ones:

"I know what has since been done
 to provide you with a priest who, being
 French, can supply all needs of your
 language. Your obstinate op-
 position to this provision causes the
 suspicion that you are not in good
 faith, but have in view some other end
 than that expressed in the original
 complaint. I can only say that it is
 your duty now to show yourselves good
 Catholics, submit to the government of
 your Bishop, attend strictly to your
 own affairs, return to your church as
 Catholics, and you will find peace and
 success will follow."

In the Catholic Church, all national-
 ities are to be regarded as brethren,
 and though it endeavors to supply a
 native clergy as far as possible, there
 are not always a sufficient number of
 priests of any given race to provide
 every congregation with a priest of its
 own nationality, and when the wants
 of the congregation are properly sup-
 plied there should be, no dissension
 nor complaint. The nationality of the
 priests ought not to be regarded in the
 question of their fitness to fulfil their
 duties.

Converts.

A great many distinguished men of
 our time who never actually embraced
 the Catholic faith—dying, it would
 seem, as they lived—were, nevertheless
 advancing nearer and nearer to the
 centre of truth. No doubt, in many
 cases, the journey was happily com-
 pleted at the hour of death. Grace
 worked in mysterious ways. Mr. Ed-
 mund Gosse says of Mr. Walter Pater:
 "When I had known him first he was
 a pagan, without any guide but that of
 the personal conscience; years brought
 gradually with them a greater and
 greater longing for the supporting so-
 lace of a creed. His talk, his habits,
 became more and more theological;
 and it is my private conviction that
 had he lived a few years longer he
 would have endeavored to take Orders
 and a small college living in the coun-
 try." A writer in the *Weekly Regis-
 ter*, who probably knew Pater better
 than Mr. Gosse, remarks: "For our
 part, we should have gone further than

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian. The chief topic for to-day's talk is supplied by one of the leading physicians of London, Dr. Norman Kerr, who answers the question—

Should We Drink in Moderation? At the present time there are few more important questions for a young man to answer aright, on entering on active life, than the question—Ought we to drink in moderation? On his answer may largely depend his future happiness and usefulness. I have no hesitation in replying—No.

1. We ought not to drink in moderation, because no human being can be absolutely certain that he will be able to long remain a "moderate" drinker. Of the many young men whom I have known, those who have "done well" as well as those who have "done badly" as the world goes. I have never yet known one who set out as a "moderate" drinker with any intention to become, or fear of becoming, a drunkard. Every man of them began to drink with a strong determination to continue a "moderate" drinker as long as he lived. Many of "the world's grey fathers," like Noah and Lot, did their best to be "moderate," but sadly failed in their endeavor. Yet in our day it is immeasurably more difficult to preserve strict moderation than it was in our race's early history. There were no brilliant saloons, no gilded restaurants, no gorgeous hotels and music halls, to tempt our remote ancestors to empty cup after cup, nor indeed the "strong waters" of the distillation of later ages, to infuse into their veins, immediately on drinking, liquid fire producing speedy and deep intoxication, and so penetrate the whole being of parents as to bring forth children practically drunk before they were born. In our day and generation, products as we are of the accumulated alcoholic heredity of centuries, and living in an age of nervous overstrain, how tremendously more arduous the fight to remain "moderate" in our drinking!

2. We ought not to drink in moderation, because even if we were absolutely certain that we would never overstep the bounds of moderation ourselves, there are all around us in life young men and maidens, joyously or timidly engaging in the struggle for existence, who, whether from inebriate inheritance or from some other nervous defect of constitution, are totally unable (from no misdoing of theirs) to drink in moderation. They can abstain and they can drink to excess, but to drink "moderately" is beyond their power. Such handicapped ones are just the very persons generally whose mental balance is so delicate and whose resisting power is so defective that they are often the least able to abstain altogether. If they try to follow your apparently safe practice of "moderation," they cannot continue "moderate to the end."

3. We ought not to drink in moderation because intoxicating drinks are unnecessary and useless in health. We need, to live at all, well or ill, fresh supplies of certain things to repair the waste of substance, heat, fluid, and energy, which is constantly going on in body and brain. Does alcohol meet any or all of these wants? It does not, neither does it give healthy tissue, nor internal vital heat (though it makes our skin hot), nor an innocent liquid, nor even force. Alcohol cannot build up a sound frame. Though it makes us feel warm it robs us of our very life's heat, and if too much is withdrawn from us, it leaves us too cold to live. We are all practically two-thirds water, which conveys the nourishing matter over the system, cleanses our bodies, and preserves our personal identity, like a liquid paste or glue. Every addition of alcohol impairs this three-fold beneficent capacity of nature's beverage, "honest water that never left sinners' mire." Therefore "moderate" drinking is extravagance alike for body and purse. What we pay for our liquor, if that is intoxicating, is simply wasted, wasted as if we threw the money into the sea.

4. We ought not, therefore, to drink in moderation because moderation is wasteful, extravagant and uneconomical, physically and financially.

5. We ought not to drink in moderation because this is a practice injurious to health. Alcohol is an irritant narcotic poison. It irritates and inflames the stomach, liver, and kidneys and other vital organs, overworks the heart and disturbs the brain; not much perhaps, at first, but certainly in the long run. Of drunkenness I do not speak. No one defends that nowadays. I limit what I have to say to so-called "moderate," steady drinking. Medically and pathologically, the man who gets abominably drunk once a month for a couple of days and is a strict teetotaler in the intervals, humanly speaking and leaving aside the ethics of the question, will, other things being equal, undermine his health less than the man who practices day by day such "moderation" as a drink of whiskey, three glasses of wine, or four "schooners" of beer. It is your regular drinking, whether limited or unlimited, that induces disease. The proportion of disease among abstainers has been shown, in large groups of soldiers and others under similar conditions, to be about one to two.

We should not drink in moderation,

therefore, because moderate drinking is injurious to health.

6. There are many other good reasons why we should avoid drinking entirely. I will add only one more. Alcohol, in any appreciable quantity, reduces muscular force and lessens mental sharpness. Carefully conducted experiments have shown this. Other conditions being equal, alcohol takes the keen edge off our perceptive faculties, so that we take some seconds longer to see an object, while it mocks us by causing us to think that we have seen it sooner. So with thought. Thus it is that an abstainer can often do business more to his own advantage than the person with whom he deals has imbibed in intoxicants. Alcohol is a reducer, a blinder, and a paralyser.

7. We should not drink in moderation, finally, because by so doing we are hindering ourselves from enjoying and exerting to the full the various capacities with which Heaven has endowed us.

8. No One Dies from Overwork. A number of successful business men were engaged in animated conversation on the announcement made by a newspaper of the approaching death, from overwork, of a well-known writer and humorist. A man of sixty-five, who had been silently listening to the talk, suddenly declared:

"I do not believe any man died from legitimate hard work, and I am willing to back my statement against any reasonable proof furnished."

"Men do not die from legitimate work nor from what they do during business hours," he continued, when the agitation his first words had caused had subsided. "If a man would leave his office and go home to rest or indulge in reasonable recreation, he would not suffer in health. But he does not do this. Instead, he goes to the club, the billiard room, saloon, gaming-house, or to other amusements, even less reputable. Indeed, many a man rushes away from business that he may plunge into dissipation of some sort."

"It is true there may be instances in which a complicated business, handicapped by lack of means to carry it on in a comfortably smooth fashion, may wear on a man's mind during sleeping and waking hours. But this is not legitimate business. No man should work against such desperate odds. It is much better to begin on a smaller scale, to adapt one's hopes to the means at hand, and to remember that vital force is too valuable to be squandered in striving for the almost impossible. Straightforward commercial transactions, unattended with the enormous risks that many men take, are healthful and rarely bring bad results. Indeed, all things being equal, it is not business worry that kills except as a man lifts the burden of business worry on shoulders weakened by excesses and dissipation."

9. Act: A member of the United States Senate has expressed this opinion: "We have all heard the axiom that 'Knowledge is power.' But mere knowledge is not power, it is simply possibility. Action is power, and its highest manifestation is action with knowledge."

A desire for power is said to be the secret of the hoarding done by rich men, but while they have made their "pile" they have merely accumulated "possibility," and not power. They are too old or too unskilled to exert power.

10. There must be action as we go along the pathway of life, if there is to be any power, or force or mark in the career we are having. If one has convictions, let there be no time-serving; now is the appointed time for their expression. If there are good deeds to be done let there be no procrastination. With some men life is wasted in a vain forecast of "To-morrow and to-morrow."

11. They put off achievements by which posterity might know them; they dream that some day they will act; but life passes, and the end of it finds the action still undone.

12. Be Agreeable. One very important branch of worldly wisdom must not be neglected in the young man's education, and that is the art of being agreeable. It is hard to find the dividing line between affability and hypocrisy, because one must often be amiable to persons whom he may thoroughly dislike. But no one has a right to take his ill-feelings into the homes of others. Guests under the same roof must be

polite to one another, no matter how much bitterness is in the heart. Cicero said of Catiline, "He lived with the sad severely, with the cheerful agreeably, with the old gravely, with the young pleasantly, with the wicked boldly." Whether he had these feelings himself, or simply assumed them, we are not told, but it is not probable that he really felt them; he simply was making a high art of being agreeable.

13. Addison says in the Spectator: "The true art of being agreeable in company (but there can be no such thing as art in it) is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained than to bring entertainment to others." Of course, one must have an unusually happy temperament to associate intimately with a variety of dispositions; and that he can do so agreeably, shows that he is content to do what is most pleasing to others, instead of asserting his own preferences.

14. A man who imagines himself a wit can render a whole company miserable without seeing his mistake; for he is usually a person of less delicate sensibilities than one of a more reserved nature. Real wit is spontaneous and is always pleasing, but the man who assumes it is certain to be a bore. On this topic, also, Addison advises most sensibly. "Witty men," he says, "are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that means grow the worst companions imaginable; they deride the absent, or rally the present, in a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a man until he is uneasy, or ungraciously distinguished from the rest of the company, you equally hurt him."

CONCLUSION. AN HOUR WITH A SINCERE PROTESTANT.

By Rev. J. P. M. S. STUDY OF HISTORY. LXI.

There have always been and will always continue to be miracles in the Roman Catholic Church, miracles so well proved that only want of good will can refuse to admit them. But outside the Roman Catholic Church not one miracle has ever been proved.

LXII. Reflect on what St. Augustine told the Donatist schismatics: "Whosoever is separated from the Catholic Church, however innocently he may think he lives, for this crime alone, that he is separated from the unity of Christ, will he not have life, but the anger of God remains upon him." (Council, Labbe, tom. ii. p. 1520).

LXIII. UNWORTHY OF A MAN. There can be no action more unworthy of a man than to live as a Protestant, troubled in mind with serious doubts, without taking pains to have them cleared up; and still more to continue to be a Protestant after having arrived at the knowledge that the Catholic Church is the Church founded by Christ. This is like the conduct of a man who, wishing to arrive in a certain city, enters a railroad car. Soon doubts arise in his mind whether the car is the right one or not. He then is told that the car does not go to the city he wishes to reach; yet, instead of leaving it at once to go to the right one, he begins to consider how comfortably he is seated, and how inviting everything is that meets his eye. Admonished to leave, he answers, without bestirring himself: "All right; I don't care whether the car goes to the city or not. I wish to remain in it; I find it too comfortable and too pleasant to leave it."

LXIV. GOD NOT INDIFFERENT. Do not repeat after others that foolish saying: "God will not ask of men to what Church they have belonged, but whether they have led a good, honest, and moral life"; for God would cease to be God if, after having made known a religion, and after having founded a Church, He should be indifferent as to whether men should profess His religion and belong to His Church or not. In the second place, a good, honest life includes the perfect fulfilment of God's holy will; it includes, consequently, the observance of all the commandments of God and the firm belief in whatever Jesus Christ has sent the Apostles to teach; it includes submission to the prelates of the true Church as successors of the Apostles, to whom Jesus has said: "He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me" (St. Luke x. 16). If a man fulfills all the other commandments of God, but fails in this, he toils and lives in vain. There are many who have, like you, led good and edifying lives; but having come to the knowledge of truth they were fully convinced that all would avail them nothing unless they submitted to the authority of the Roman Catholic Church and lived according to her doctrine and precepts. This was the reason why they gave up, and continue daily to give up, all that this world can offer, in order to cling to the mother of all the saints, the holy Roman Catholic Church. The approval of their conscience and the consolation of the Holy Ghost make their sacrifices light and even delightful.

LXV. A PROMISE NO LONGER BINDING. Be not troubled on account of the promise which you have made to live and die as a Protestant. When you made this promise you thought that Protestantism was the true religion; but having become convinced of its falsity, your promise is no longer binding. It would even be sinful to think one's self obliged to keep a promise to do what is displeasing to God.

LXVI. Now, my dear friend, let me take leave of you by recalling to your mind

the words of our Lord: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (St. Matt. xvi. 26). What will it profit you to have treasured up all the goods of this world; to have won by your honesty, by your kindness, by your condescension and generosity, the affection and esteem of all who ever approached you, if you have not at the same time fulfilled the great commandment of Jesus Christ, to "hear His Church" and to submit to her authority and direction? Be not like those foolish persons who, in exchange for some little passing earthly honor and comfort are willing to renounce the hope of an eternity of bliss and happiness. Be not like those weak-minded and ungrateful people who prefer to ignore God, their greatest Benefactor, rather than suffer the sneer of a friend or to grieve a family blinded by ignorance and prejudice! Imitate St. Paul, and say with him: "Lord, what dost Thou wish me to do?" desisting all earthly and vain things to secure those which will last forever. But, rely not on yourself alone. The knowledge of the true religion and the embracing of it must both be the work of God. Ask of Him without ceasing, especially through the intercession of His Virgin Mother, to enlighten your mind and to strengthen your will, and you will one day increase the happy number of those who will praise God for the unspeakable grace of having brought them out of darkness into the splendor of

"HIS ADMIRABLE LIGHT!" Archbishop Ryan's Wit.

The stories that are told of Archbishop Ryan's wit are public property, and would fill a small volume. Like all other wits he has suffered from the habit of crediting some people with witticisms which other people invented. He did refer to Archbishop Ireland as the consecrated blizzard, but he did not call the suffragan Bishops of St. Paul the Young Irelanders. The apocryphal stories are numerous. A well-known and esteemed priest called upon him one day to ask for a vacation, on the ground that his health required it. As he was noted for his frequent absences from his parish, the prelate could not let slip the opportunity. He granted the leave of absence promptly, with a recommendation. "The physicians say that you need a change of air, Father?" "They do, your Grace." "How would it do, then, to try the air of your parish for a month or two, as a change?" He remonstrated once with a priest whose silk hat had seen its best days before the war. I would not give up that hat for twenty new ones," said the priest. "It belonged to my father, who fell in the rising of '48." "And evidently fell on the hat," said the Archbishop. His wit had no sting in it, for it sprang from a genial and kindly nature.

The newspapers told at one time his reply to the reporter who wished to know where he stood in a supposed difference between Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Corrigan. "As Archbishop of Philadelphia, naturally I stand midway between New York and Baltimore," was his reply.

Lord Russell Coming. The lord chief justice of England has accepted an invitation from the American Bar Association to attend its annual meeting, to be held at Saratoga Springs, New York, on Aug. 19, 20 and 21 of the present year. The association, which has been in existence for eighteen years, is composed of members of the bar associations of nearly all the states and territories of North America, its objects being "to advance the science of jurisprudence, promote the administration of justice and uniformity of legislation, uphold the honor of the profession of the law, and encourage cordial intercourse among the members of the American bar." Lord Russell of Killowen will be accompanied by Sir Frank Lockwood, Q. C., M. P., Mr. Montague Cranthorpe and Mr. James Fox of the south-eastern circuit.

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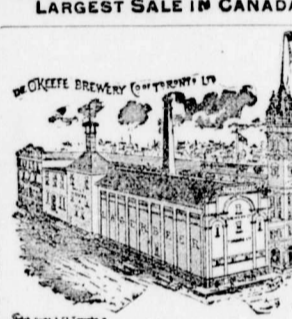


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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Pentecost, or Whitsunday.

HOW TO PURIFY OUR SOULS. "There appeared to them parted tongues as it were of fire, and it sat upon every one of them." (Acts ii.3)

Ten days ago, my dear brethren, we celebrated the feast of the glorious Ascension of our Lord into heaven, at that time He departed from the midst of the Apostles, leaving them, at all appearances, in rather a sad and perplexed condition as to their future mission; but not so, for though He, their guide and chief Pastor and Teacher, had gone from amongst them, yet before doing so He had promised in His place another Comforter in the Holy Ghost, the third person of the Blessed Trinity: "The Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you."

This sending down of the Holy Ghost, His descent upon the Apostles and the other believers, we are celebrating to-day, the Feast of Pentecost. "And when the days of Pentecost were accomplished they were altogether in one place; and suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them parted tongues, as it were of fire, and it sat upon every one of them: and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak."

You have noticed, in these words of to-day's Epistle, that the Holy Ghost came in the form of tongues of fire; now, as one of the principal properties of fire is to purify, we may naturally conclude that the Apostles were from that time purified from their former imperfections and defects. Concerning these faults of the Apostles we read that they were easily excited and gave way to feelings of revenge; speaking of the Samaritans they say: "Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them?" And, turning, our Lord rebuked them, saying: "You know not of what spirit you are."

The Apostles were ambitious, they sought precedence and distinction, and our Lord again rebukes them by placing a child in the midst of them, saying at the same time: Amen, I say to you, unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Lastly, we all know of the threefold denial by Peter of his Divine Lord and Master. Such, my dear brethren, was the condition of the Apostles before the descent of the Holy Ghost; they were filled with the faults and imperfections of human nature, and remained so after the Ascension of our Lord, and hence we see the reason of their fear and sad condition.

But the time has now come for their purification, and the fire, the grace of the Holy Ghost, performed a wonderful change in the followers of our Lord, for just as in nature fire purifies the iron, consumes the rust, and renders all things bright, and by fire only can the results be obtained, so also the grace of the Holy Ghost, the fire of Divine love, penetrates the hearts of the Apostles, changes them from proud, ambitious men, to men full of humility, of meekness, and of love; so that henceforth all worldly desires were banished for ever from their souls, and their aspirations were directed with ceaseless zeal to things heavenly; such are the workings of Divine love in man's soul.

From all this we clearly see the condition of the Apostles before and after the descent of the Holy Ghost, and what a marvellous effect the grace and fire of the Divine love of God had on their souls. Now, if such was the case of the Apostles, may we not hope for and obtain the same favor from our Heavenly Father? Surely we can if we but pray for it, and pray earnestly and patiently with entire trust in the goodness of God, that the Paraclete may descend into our souls and abide with us for ever.

The Chinese Welcomed the Priest. The Rev. Thomas McLaughlin, of the Church of the Transfiguration, New York, who has been spending a few months in Europe, was accorded an unusual welcome home last week. His church is in the heart of the Chinese quarter and he has so endeared himself to the Celestials by his kindness to them when they are overtaken by trouble and sickness, that when they learned that his parishioners intended giving him a reception they begged to be allowed to take part.

Permission was given them, and had the Emperor himself been expected their enthusiasm could not have been more sincere. Never did Mott Street witness such decorations. Myriads of Chinese lanterns illumined the way; the houses and stores were in festive attire, and Caucasians and Mongolians, Christians and Pagans joined hands in welcoming the good priest home.

It is a fortunate day for a man when he first discovers the value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood-purifier. With this medicine, he knows he has found a remedy upon which he may rely, and that his life-long malady is at last conquered. Has cured others, will cure you.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Nearer to Thee"

They were singing sweetly singing, And the song melodiously, On the evening air was ringing; "Nearer, O my God, to Thee!" In my eyes the tears were glistening, As it stirred the twilight dim, And I wondered as I listened, If it brought them nearer Him.

Were they like the wanderer, weary, Song and life in sweet accord, Resting in the distance dreary, In that nearness to the Lord? Had His spirit ever sought them, To be solicited or denied? Had that dear song ever brought them Closer to the saviour's side?

I have heard the music often, Felt its meaning deep and sweet, And my weary heart would soften Singing at my Master's feet. "Nearer to Thee—O precious feeling! Nearer Thee in gain and loss; Nearer Thee when I am kneeling In the shadow of the Cross!"

Nearer Thee when, love descending, Falls in blessing on my head; Nearer Thee when I am bending 'O'er the graves that hide my dead! Nearer Thee in joy or sorrow, 'Tis the same whether I roam; Nearer Thee to-day, to-morrow O my King, my Christ, my home! —Frank L. Stanton, in "Songs of a Day."

May. The month of May is here. Nature is bright with sunlight and flowers. The birds twitter gaily in the blossoming trees as a greeting to the rising morn. New life and warmth pervade the earth and sky. Beautiful May, Greetings to thee! The child of Mary welcomes thee with a renewed joy, for thy fragrant flowers will make charming garlands with which to deck the shrine of our heavenly Mother. Fair are thy blossoms O May, but still fairer is our Mother. Thou art all fair and there is no spot in thee! Mary, our Mother, accept the homage we make to thee of this month of flowers, and, in return, plead with thy Son, that through thee He may shower His choicest graces upon thy trusting children in this valley of tears.

Going to Leave the Farm. The work of the farmhouse was over for the day; the children—with the exception of the oldest son, who had gone to the village—were in bed, and in the big comfortable kitchen, Farmer Harwood, his wife and his wife's sister, Mrs. Lucas, were sitting around a centre table. The farmer was reading a paper, his wife was putting a patch on the knee of little Harry's diminutive knickerbockers, and Mrs. Lucas was crocheting a hood of blue and white zephyr for a small niece.

There was silence in the kitchen, save for the snapping of the fire in the stove, the ticking of the big eight-day clock in the corner, and the rustle of the farmer's newspaper, and when Mrs. Harwood sighed deeply, both her sister and her husband looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" asked the latter. "That sigh was the loudest I ever heard you give. Has anything gone wrong? You look as though you have a big load on your mind."

"I have," answered the wife. "And it is a load you must share, John. I have borne it alone as long as I can bear it. There is great trouble in store for us, husband—George is going to leave the farm."

The newspaper fell to the floor, and for a moment the farmer looked at his wife, too much surprised to utter a word.

"Going to leave the farm!" he repeated at last. "Sarah, you must be dreaming."

Mrs. Harwood shook her head sadly. "I wish I were," she said. "No, John, it is true, George has made up his mind to leave it. I have noticed for months past that he seemed dissatisfied and restless, and since you sold Vixen he has grumbled a great deal about work and the dullness of his life. And to-day I heard him say to Jasper Flint that he would not be here a month from now; that he had enough of farm life; and if we refused our consent to it he would run away and take his chances."

"We'll see about that," said the farmer, angrily. "Consent to it! I rather think not. I won't consider it for a moment. What would be a year from now, if I let him go! He'd fall in with all sorts of rascals in the city, get us all into trouble. Besides, I need him here. It'll be ten years at least before Harry can take his place, and he's got to stay if I've got to tie him down."

"Why don't you make him want to stay, John?" asked the gentle voice of his sister-in-law.

"If he's got the city fever on him all the talk in the world wouldn't do any good," rejoined the farmer. "He wouldn't listen to a word."

"Don't talk. Don't let him ever suspect that you are aware of his desire to leave you. Try a new plan, John, a plan I have been thinking of all day."

"The best plan I know is to tell him my mind freely, without any beating about the bush, and the sooner it's done the better."

John. He is eighteen years old, and has worked faithfully for you ever since he could talk plain. He has his food and lodging, and two suits of clothes a year, to be sure, but all he actually owns is the collie dog which is always at his heels. You even sold the only horse you had that was fit for the saddle, and George was extremely fond of Vixen."

"It seems a pity to keep a horse that no one but George ever rode," said the farmer, "and she was too light for work. I'm a poor man, Hester, and can't afford playthings for my children."

"You can better afford to keep an extra horse than to have your son leave you, John. Whom could you get that would take the interest in the work that George has? You have thought it only right that George should do a big share toward running the farm, and have considered your duty done in giving him a home. You are disposed to think him ungrateful because he wants to leave you. Every year his services are more valuable. The boy is ambitious, and is not satisfied to travel in a circle. He wants to make some headway, and it's only natural."

The farmer leaned his head on his hand, a look of deep thought on his face, weather-beaten face. His gentle rise-in-law's plain speaking had given rise to thoughts which had never before entered his head.

"I believe you are more than half right, Hester," he said at last. "I'll think it all over to-night, and make up my mind what to do. I'd be lost here without George, and he shan't leave the farm if I can help it."

"Force won't keep him, John; remember that," and Mrs. Lucas, feeling that she had said enough, folded up her work, and taking up a lamp from the shelf by the stove, went upstairs to her own room.

Just at daybreak she was aroused from a sound sleep by the sound of horses' hoofs in the yard, and looking out of the window saw John trotting away on Roun."

"Where can he be going at this hour?" When she came down stairs at 6 o'clock, George was standing by the kitchen table, having just come in with two pairs of milk. His face wore a discontented, unhappy look, and he merely nodded in return to his aunt's cheery "Good morning."

A few minutes later his father entered, but George, who had gone to one of the windows and was looking out dejectedly, did not even glance up.

"You were out early, John," said Mrs. Lucas. "I heard you ride away at day-break."

"Yes, I went to Pine Edge on a matter of business."

"That's where you sold Vixen, papa, isn't it?" asked little Harry, and Mrs. Lucas saw a quiver pass over George's face as the child spoke.

"Yes, my boy, I sold Vixen to a lawyer Stanley. George," turning to his son, "I've made up my mind to part with that fifty-acre lot by the river. What do you think of that?"

"Of course you are to get a good price for it, sir," said the young man indifferently. "It's the best piece of land you have."

"But I haven't. I am going to give it away."

"Give it away!" repeated George, roused out of his indifference and staring at his father as if he had not heard aright.

"Yes, indeed it is, every inch of it, to some one I think a great deal of, and who deserves it, laying his hand on his son's shoulder, and his voice weakened a little. "I'm going to give it to my son, George Harwood, to have and to hold as he sees fit, without question or advice."

"To me! You intend to give that fifty acres to me, father?"

Best for Wash Day For quick and easy work For cleanest, sweetest and whitest clothes Surprise is best

ST. BONIFACE HOSPITAL. D. F. B. in Winnipeg Kindergarten Magazine. The voyage smiles as he listens To the sound that grows apace; Well he knows the vesper ringing Of the bells of St. Boniface.

To one who possesses imagination or heart, and even so small a modicum of history as the present scribe, the first sight of St. Boniface is full of interesting suggestions. The fact that by crossing a bridge, one passes from Protestant English-speaking Winnipeg, into a bit of Roman Catholic, provincial France, is in itself fascinating. Such signs as "Bureau de Poste" on the first building at the right beyond Broadway bridge, and "Au Bon Marche" being out on the main street, mark the transition; the houses with their green shutters, the people with their dark, expressive faces and their patois—even the very horses and carts themselves have a Gallic look that warms the heart and stirs the memory of one who has travelled through France and learned to love it.

In writing of St. Boniface within the limits of a short article, one's prime difficulty is an "embarrassment of riches," as our French neighbors would say. Visions of all sorts of fascinating subjects rise as one enters the Jesuit college, a large, white stone building east of Broadway bridge, and is met by the most beloved of its guardians, with his charming grace of manner, his wide culture and calm self-control, common to the order of Jesuits, but most marked in Father Drummond. Listening to his history of the founding of the College, the names of Fathers Provencher and Dumoulin rise the Anglican that to the Roman Catholics is due the honor of first establishing the Church in Manitoba. Anecdotes of the simplicity and saintly self-sacrifice of their lives, of their patient and unceasing toil, invite the visitor to linger here, having learned, amongst other things, how happy was the choice of the name "St. Boniface" for a settlement peopled by mixed nationalities.

The patron saint, St. Boniface, an Englishman by birth, and first to use the ritual of consecration for a Frankish king, Pepin le Bref, is the chosen apostle of Catholic Germany.

Leaving the college and turning southward along the banks of the Red River, dancing under a summer sun and light west wind, yet scarcely clear enough to reflect the delicate white clouds that sail across a sky of almost Italian depth and color, for truth to tell its waters are somewhat muddy, one leaves on the right the Archbishop's Palace; the twice built cathedral, with Riel's grave in its churchyard; the schools, and the imposing convent, a long, white frame house with a deep roof of weather-colored shingles, green shutters, and pleasant avenue of trees and garden ways. Beyond is the hospital, standing on the river bank. It is a large building of white stone, with stables, outhouses, and gardens, and from its three stories of windows and balconies it commands one of the finest views in the country.

To the north and east lie Winnipeg and St. Boniface, with the winding Red River between them. The church buildings and towers are clearly marked against the brilliant sky; to the south green meadow-lands framed in by a belt of green woods; to the west, Winnipeg's Government Houses, the pretty suburbs of Fort Rouge and Armstrong's Point, and the meeting of the Red and Assiniboine rivers. The windows of the house are built so low that the patients can see the surrounding country from their beds, and this is one of the reasons why the hospital loses so few lives. Too sick to read, too weak to see many visitors, the patients suffer in a sort of pleasure and alleviation in the ever-moving river, with its boats and canoes.

"Vixen!" The word came from George's lips with a long sigh of joy, and with one bound he was at the side of the black mare he had thought never to see again, and had both arms about her neck. "Oh, father, I'd rather have Vixen than anything else in this world!"

And he buried his face in the pretty creature's mane, and in spite of his eighteen years, fairly broke down and sobbed.

That ended George's desire to leave the farm. He was never again heard to mention the subject, and he grumbled no more about hard work and the monotony of his life, but in every way tried to show his appreciation of his father's kindness. In fact, John Harwood was wont to say occasionally in confidence to his wife that he had reason to bless his sister-in-law for her good advice, and that he owed it to her that he had a stalwart arm to lean on in advancing years.

But George never knew to what he owed the change in his fortune—Angelus.

POOR DIGESTION leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and gastralgia. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

merry, too, in their quiet way. Having "struck" on my first visit the small but perfect operating room at an unhappy moment, anxious to test my strength of nerve, I had seen an operation on the foot of a nine year old boy.

While talking with a Sister in the private ward, I was reduced to sitting down suddenly and begging for water. The Sister Leo laughed a little, and brought some water with a strong dash of brandy in it. When I demurred, she said, with a twinkle of her large, dark eyes, that one must take what "the Pope" sent without question, "the Pope" being her sobriquet among the Sisters. She also told an amusing story of a small patient who on recovery objected strongly to leaving the Hospital. "But what would you do, my little man, if you stayed here?" "I'd be a Sister" was the stout reply. "But little boys can't be Sisters, you know." "Can't they?" sadly—then brightening—"But with the good God everything is possible!"

Till quite lately the Hospital was ruled by Sister Mary Xavier, who, after forty-two years spent in devotion to it, has been sent by the Mother House, at Montreal, to establish a new hospital at Edmonton, her place being taken by Sister Letellier. It is impossible to exaggerate the loving veneration given to Sister Mary Xavier by all who were fortunate enough to know her. Catholics and Protestants have but one word for her—"the loveliest and most saintly of women." One could trust her so absolutely, and she never failed.

"A strong, noble woman," said one of the doctors, in speaking of her. The atmosphere of gentle, unpretending devotion that pervades the hospital is the first and last impression one receives. Standing in one of the pretty, private bedrooms, looking out of the window, I noticed another window on my left. "What does that look into?"

"Into the chapel on the first floor below us," said the nurse, raising the window. "We looked down upon the little House of God, set in the heart of so much suffering. It is richly but quietly fitted up, and is of exquisite spotlessness. One favored Sister has the sole charge of it."

As we looked, fourteen of the Sisters came softly in, and kneeling in front of the altar, recited the Miserere and the Angelus. At the moment, an operation was taking place in the operating room above, and the thought of it gave an added pathos to the prayers offered daily by these pure, devoted women, for the mercy of Him whose beloved Son was Himself "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Will those whose love of Him is greater than any sectarian differences, remember the hospital? It is doing good work under many difficulties. Winnipeg will not have forgotten the devotion of its Sisters during the small-pox outbreak.

There is a significant motto written upon the entrance door of the hospital, the context most of us can remember: "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

The Pope and Christian Union. Recent and authentic news from Rome states that the subject which interests Pope Leo above and beyond all others is the reunion of Christendom. None knows better than he the magnitude and the complexity of the difficulties which stand in the way of its achievement. He has reckoned with the powers of pride and prejudice, of misconception and ignorance, of hatred and distrust, of intolerance and apathy, of political interests and private ambition, and in the face of them all has given himself, heart and soul, to the cause of Christian unity. Surely it is one of the most sublime spectacles in history to see the tireless Pontiff, with the weight of eighty-seven years on his frail shoulders—years of toil and responsibility and teeming fruition—gird himself, like a new Judas Maccabeus for a last and most glorious conquest. He must not be single handed in the fight. Catholics of all ages, conditions and countries must help in holding up his hands while God's battle is being fought, and before the sun goes down in the night when his work will be done. Within the last twelve months it has become little short of a positive duty for every intelligent Catholic to understand and take an interest in this subject of Christian reunion, which Leo XIII. has made the great religious question of the hour. N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Pulmonary consumption, in its early stages, may be checked by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It stops the distressing cough, soothes irritation of the throat and lungs, and induces much-needed repose. Hundreds have testified to the remarkable virtues of this preparation.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

TWO SERMONS.

The sermon had been announced the Sunday before; it was to be a plea for charity for a local orphan asylum. The speaker was unknown to me; and when he rose, I mentally commented that the cause of charity would not prosper in his hands.

He was a man past middle life, with a heavy figure and a face of stolid mildness. He made some announcements in a monotonous drawl, gave the intention and scope of the particular institution, began dilating on asylums in general, and at that point falling involuntarily into a fit of abstraction, I listened no more. His manner was so dull and his voice so lifeless that I let my attention concentrate itself unchecked upon speculating why the little woman beside me wore such a worried frown. Suddenly something in the speaker's voice caused me to look again toward the pulpit. It was not the same man. The face had utterly changed. The eyes glowed with sweet benevolence; the mouth had softened to almost a womanly tenderness; pity had glorified an almost common face into beauty. He was saying: "Methinks, think of the ache of your hearts, if you knew your children would never receive a smile except by chance; that there was no certainty of love for them in this world. It is cruelly hard for us to see a little hand thrust out to beg for a penny, but how much harder to know little hearts are begging for love."

His voice had lost its dull inflexibility, it vibrated with sympathy, and through its tender cadence one seemed to hear the pleading tones of little children.

I looked around upon the congregation; that voice had found an ear in every heart. Every face was lifted toward the speaker, and was touched by some feeling that refined and softened it.

It was a wonderful effect wrought by genuine sympathy. The man's great humanity had become articulate, and all that was human in his hearers listened.

At the close of the sermon, when the collectors rose to get their baskets, there was a stir, then for a few minutes nothing was heard but the tinkling of silver and the rustle of bills. Four baskets were heaped with generous alms, and as we left the church I noticed that the fathers' faces wore a look of deep tenderness as their eyes fell upon their children and that mothers held very closely the little clinging hands.

The second sermon was by a man whose eloquent tongue had won for him both popularity and fame. He had everything in his favor. A head and face nobly fashioned; grace of bearing and gesture; a voice that nature had made sweet and art rendered capable of expressing every shade of thought. He was a pleasing figure in the pulpit, and as he rose and faced the vast congregation, his eyes wore the look of a conqueror. You felt his glance would hold a multitude. He took for his text: "Woe to thee, Chorazin; woe to thee, Bethsaida; for if in Tyre and Sidon had been wrought the miracles that have been wrought in you, they had long ago done penance in sackcloth and ashes." He read beautifully; his voice fell upon the ear with the authoritative warning of a prophet.

After a well-calculated pause his discourse followed; it was brilliant, overflowing with illustration and imagery. One could not help but listen; the ear was pleased with the measured music of his voice; the mind satisfied with the fullness of his thought. But soon I found that I was giving him the same kind of attention that one would bestow upon a clever actor who was playing a difficult part. Involuntarily I found myself saying: "That was capital! What a clever hit!"

He spoke to men and women of repentance and their eternal salvation, subjects of deep interest to most human lives, one would think, but in the faces near I could see nothing deeper than intellectual expectancy.

He spoke to the soul, but it was the mind that heard, and when the hour was ended, not one humble aspiration had lifted any man nearer heaven.

In contrasting these two sermons I could not help thinking of the Cure d'Ars, that simple, almost illiterate priest who wrought such wonders in an obscure country parish. Although not gifted with eloquence in the common acceptance of the word, when he preached there flowed from the rich garden of his soul such a stream of sympathy and sincerity and tender pleading that his words, vibrating through responsive chords, touched hearts the most obdurate and mellowed the soul for the influx of divine grace. The despondent found cheer, the penitent hope, and all renewed strength under the magic of that humble, earnest, sympathetic presence.—M. C. in Catholic Columbian.

A Member of the Ontario Board of Health says: "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in Consumption and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results." H. F. Voornas, A. B., M. D.

