

The Catholic Record.

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

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LEO XIII'S LATEST POEM.

COMPOSED AFTER READING "THE SECRET OF FREEMASONRY" BY MGR. KAYS, ARCHBISHOP OF GRENOBLE.

Extulit ecce caput vesano incensa furor
E stygis ignibus color eruptit lateribus.
Hivium Nubem inestatemque verendam
Aggrediente; Christi Sponsam modeste cruen-
Dente audet, premere insidias atque arte ma-
ligna;
Prælia mox effrons certamine miscet aperto.

At sacra iura Dei, sua iura Ecclesie Christi
Assuetæ infernas durare infortia pugnas
Vindictæ erectoque animo, virtute superna
Hostiles letus, hostilia tela refringit,
Et fera tartaræa detruit monstra sub um-
bras.

Tum palmas referens, illustri clara triumpho,
Altoque æffrens radiantis luminis coelo
Incedit merita frontem redimita corona.

TRANSLATION.

Fired with mad rage, from out its Stygian
lair,
Lo! bursts the hostile train and rears its head,
God send His awful majesty it dare
Assail, rending with fang ensanguined
And harassing Christ's spouse with wily
strives.
Ere brazen grown it wars in battle red,

Yea, but Christ's Church, lo! now to stand
hell's might,
Fearless as ay, upholds God's sacred right.
Anders, alert and heavenly armed, always
Shuts out the deadly shaft, and lays
The monstrous brood low in Tartarean night.

Glorious anon in triumph's wreathing rays,
Her eyes raised radiant to the Throne of Light,
She moves a queen, bedimmed with praise,
—St. Kilian More.

WHY NOT GO TO THE FRONT?

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.
That egregiously old crank and vagrant and Catholic lecturer, Justin Fulton, is at it again. He imagines our war with Spain is a war against the Catholic Church. Why, then, does he not get him a Rosinante and go to the front?

SAVONAROLA

London Catholic News.
Appropos of the Savonarola celebrations the Roman "Rosario" has unearthed a letter of Savonarola's proving that although the great Dominican had stood up against Alexander VI. for a time, he had nevertheless given positive declaration of his submission in the long run. The letter, the language of which is unquestionable, was suppressed by Savonarola's enemies before it could reach Alexander VI., and so history falls to be written as if the letter had never existed. The Dominicans, by the way, are highly pleased at the Franciscan members of the Sacred College and the Episcopal in Italy joining in the Savonarola celebrations.

RELEASE DYNAMITERS.

Life Sentence Will be Commuted to Twenty Years—Will be Soon Released.
The British Government has notified John Redmond, Parnellite member of Parliament for Waterford, that in the coming revision of the sentences passed upon the Irish dynamiters implicated in the alleged conspiracy of 1883, when there were numerous explosions or attempts at explosions in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Birmingham and elsewhere, life sentences will be regarded as twenty-year terms. This means that H. H. Wilson, Timothy Featherston, H. Dalton, Terrence McDermott and Flannagan will be liberated during the present year if their prison records are clean.

"ROCK'S" RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

London, Eng., Catholic News.
A "Cambridge Undergraduate," writing in "The Rock," declares:
"So far from passing a measure for the relief of the Jesuits, Parliament ought to decree their total expulsion from this country."
"The Rock" is the organ of Evangelical Protestantism. It writes for English Protestants of the Orange type who are accustomed to regard the Reformation "as the fount and character of religious liberty." And yet that is what it comes to. "Religious liberty" in the eyes of these people means liberty for themselves to believe what they please and do what they please. Jesuits—who believe differently—are not at liberty to do that. They are to be expelled the country—a good sample of religious liberty as "The Rock" and "Rock" readers construe the phrase.

JOHN MORLEY.

Catholic Standard and Times.
The contemplation of the misfortunes of other people, as Montesquieu said, is not infrequently a means of alleviating our own. So it is comforting to know that "yellow" journalism is not confined to this country. It shows very yellow in the news recently published in the capital of the Green Isle, that Mr. John Morley had become a Catholic. The statement was quoted from the Irish Daily Independent by the New York Sun. We commented on it last week, yet we did not by any means unreservedly accept it. Mr. Morley has been put to the trouble of making a public denial of the invention. We hope it is only a prophetic anticipation. Mr. Morley is a literary man, not a scientist and Herbert Spencer, like Huxley and Herbert Spencer, and so has not, like these agnostics, put forward any scheme of constructive philosophy retreat from which would be humiliating to scientific pride. So while he lives there is hope for him.

THE MOVEMENT FOR THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

The appeal which his Holiness Leo XIII. addressed to the Catholic of the world for prayers that those who are separated from the Catholic Church in England may return to its bosom is being responded to in more than one foreign country. Germany has now taken up the "crusade of prayers." An association has been formed to this end, and already it numbers twenty thousand members. Mgr. Kieser, of Freiburg, in Switzerland, has been commissioned to introduce into German-speaking lands, with the approbation of the Bishops, the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Compassion, founded by the Sovereign Pontiff. The movement has been placed under the patronage of the Blessed Canisius, and it will, no doubt, spread rapidly in those parts of Germany which were evangelized by missionaries from England and Ireland. We should like to see the German Catholics entering into rivalry with their French co-religionists in this matter. It is noteworthy that since the establishment of the Archconfraternity of Our Lady conversions have been particularly numerous in England.

THE OLD GALILEO FALSEHOOD.

Catholic Review.
A Western parson has been reviving the old Lutheran falsity that Galileo, the Philosopher, was imprisoned and tortured for demonstrating that the earth revolved around the sun! Even Protestant historians (notably among those Mr. Wegg Prosser of London in his book published in 1889 by Chapman and Hall entitled "Galileo and His Judges") have shown that Galileo never was tortured nor subjected to physical pain; nor was imprisoned for his astronomical opinions on the Copernican system; but that being a Catholic priest and cautioned not to become too speculative in criticizing the tenets of Scripture as construed by the Church respecting the creation of the world he ventured to defy the caution. The censures pronounced by Cardinals on his priestly contumacy were disciplinary enactments and not at all dogmatic decisions refuting his astronomical discoveries. Says the Protestant historian Prosser at p. 167: "I have maintained that the Catholic Church has a right to lay her restraining hand on the speculations of natural science just as much as she has in the case of other speculative inquiries."
Notwithstanding history Protestant books used even in our New York public schools continue to falsely teach that Galileo was persecuted by the Church for maintaining that the earth revolved on its own axis.

A CATHOLIC TRIUMPH.

Catholic Columbian.
While they may not, perhaps, have in the new Reichstag, the full strength they wielded in the last, the German Centrists are morally certain of being still the most numerous party in that body, for in the elections held in the Fatherland last week, they elected eighty-five of their candidates, and they stand a chance of seating sixteen others in the supplementary elections that were then rendered necessary. Evidently the reports which were recently sent to this country to the effect that dissensions were rife in the ranks of the Centrists, threatening the dissolution of that Catholic party, were without foundation or, at least, were gross exaggerations.
The Conservatives came nearest to the Centrists in the number of candidates they elected last week, thirty-four of their representatives winning their seats. The third place went to the Social Democrats, thirty-two of whose candidates were seated. The Conservatives stand a show of electing, in the supplementary elections, twenty-five other candidates, and the Social Democrats will participate in sixty secondary elections. It is, however, certain that the Social Democrats will lose a large number of these contests; while it is equally certain that the Centrists will carry a fair share of the seats they failed to win in the first elections. As the Centrists have already a long lead over the Social Democrats, it is safe, consequently, without waiting for the results of the second elections, to assert that they will maintain their former supremacy in the Reichstag.
Germany, more particularly Catholic Germany, is to be congratulated on that fact; and Catholics everywhere will rejoice that the party which enabled Windthorst to win the splendid triumph he did in his day for the Church and faith, still lives and is again victorious.

IT'S CONSCIENCE MONEY.

Penitent Turns Over \$1,600 to a Chicago Railway.
Conscience money in the amount of \$1,600 has been restored to the treasury of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad Company through the agency of the Jesuit priests of St. Ignatius college, Chicago, Ill. O. S. Lyford, vice-president of the railroad corporation, called by invitation a few days ago at the college and in person received the unexpected cash from the

president of the institution. The identity of the conscience smitten person is merged in deepest mystery. The railroad officials say they will try to trace the corresponding leakage of the funds so they may be able to reward the restorer of the cash with a good position at a large salary.

A LARGE SUM.
The magnitude of the sum returned is considered by the recipients the most remarkable feature of the act of restitution. Conscience money in small sums has often been restored to the owners anonymously by mail or through clergy members acting as agents for penitent wrong doers. When large sums are involved, however, the holder is popularly supposed to have a tendency to take longer chances in the other world or to indulge in colloquial sophistry in fruitless quest of justification. The instances of restitution of large sums come almost entirely as results of auricular confession.

THE RAILROAD OFFICIALS AMAZED.
When the president of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroad found in his mail a communication from President Hoefler of the college conveying the information that a sum of money was being held at the institution to be placed at the disposal of the directors' impromptu meeting at the general offices of the company in the Ellsworth building.

As Father Hoefler had requested that someone be authorized to call and receive for the money, Mr. Lyford was detailed for service in negotiating the mysterious deal.
Upon his arrival at the college the railroad man, was ushered into the parlor. He made known his mission and was given sixteen \$100 bills by Father Hoefler. Then he signed for the same in the receipt made out to Father Hoefler. The priest declined to reveal the identity of the person, as the act of restitution is made under the seal of the confessional.

THE MODEL OF TRUE WOMANHOOD.

Catholic News.
Now that the commencement seasons is upon us there in the usual flow of speeches. The fair and the brave among the graduates read their essays and declaim their orations, and receive commendations, medals, diplomas and much good counsel from their wise elders. Usually there is nothing novel about these speeches to the graduates. But we venture to express an opinion to the contrary in regard to an address delivered lately by a minister in Waterbury, Conn., to a class of young lady graduates from a seminary in that locality. The minister, the Rev. Dr. Riley, actually held up as the type and model of true womanhood the Blessed Virgin Mary. These words are attributed to him:

"There was one sublime womanhood, that of Mary. Its chivalry, modesty and majesty should appeal to woman. Here was the model womanhood of human society. She was gentle, retiring and modest. She was a true woman, while never weak. No, she was not weak nor ungifted nor unintelligent."
"My dear young friends, the example of Mary has made womanhood what it is. True womanhood devotes itself to the silence and the sweetness of the home. She was always Mary, and even though she was a reigning princess, she would be the same."
"Young ladies, I commend to you Mary, that model among women, whom all generations call good, as the model the woman to love and keep before you. Young men and women have no idea of how they are drifting. If one has the ideal of honor, how thankful he or she may be to God! The ideal may be the brave and true, the chivalrous, or truth, dignity or uprightiness. Use your gifts well, and to whatever place you are called perform the duty with the sweetness of Mary. So that you may be a benediction. A good woman is the companion and solace of man. Womanhood is beautiful, when one thinks of it on all of its beautiful sides. Beware of false ideals. Womanhood is content to abide where God has wished to place woman. Remember the model, Mary, and you cannot have a false ideal."

Graduates of our Catholic schools and colleges are familiar with such precepts, but the girls to whom this advice was addressed must have been surprised, to say the least. A few years ago such an address would not have been tolerated, but we have not heard that there was any expression of disapproval at the reverend doctor's tribute to Mary. The ministers are realizing, perhaps, that if the life and purity of the Blessed Mother were to enter more largely into the thought of the women of to day certain social evils which are too numerous among us might be lessened.

SOME RECENT CONVERTS.

Who and What They Are.
London, England, Catholic News.
Mr. A. B. Sharpe, M. A., late Vicar of St. Peter's Anglican Church, Vauxhall, whose reception into the Catholic Church about three weeks ago excited so much interest in South London, had been in Anglican Orders for twenty-two years, and had done most energetic and earnest work as a clergyman of the Establishment. He is an Oxford man, and was a junior student (i. e., a scholar) of Christ Church. He took a second class in classical moderations in 1872, and took his B. A. degree, with a third class in the final school of "Literæ Humaniores," in 1874; and he proceeded to the M. A. degree in 1877.
Mr. Sharpe's first clerical appointment was at Epsom college, where he

was chaplain and assistant master for a year. He was subsequently curate successively at St. Philip's, Cheam Common; St. Andrew's, Wells street, and from 1880 to 1886 at St. Peter's, Vauxhall, under the late Rev. G. Herbert. He then held for a short time the Vicarage of St. Agnes, Exning, and in 1888 he went to the States on account of his health for a year's stay, during which he assisted at St. Clement, Philadelphia. On his return to England, he accepted a curacy at St. Saviour's, Luton, Beds., but in 1891 he returned to Philadelphia, U. S. A., in response to a pressing invitation, and became assistant minister of St. Clement's, succeeding to the incumbency in 1893. On the death of the Rev. G. Herbert, Vicar of St. Peter's, Vauxhall, in 1895, the trustees of that living pressed Mr. Sharpe to accept it, and he did so and held it until his resignation a short time ago, which took place in consequence of his conversion. Mr. Sharpe is well known and much respected in South London, and his conversion is a severe blow to local Anglicanism.

One of Mr. Sharpe's curates at St. Peter's, Vauxhall—Mr. Thomas Barnes, M. A.—has also been received into the Church. Mr. Barnes was educated at New College, Oxford, and at Cuddesdon Theological College. He took a third class in Classical Moderations in 1883, and a third in "Literæ Humaniores" in 1885. In the latter year he graduated as B. A., and took his M. A., in 1889. Mr. Barnes had been curate of St. Peter's, Vauxhall, since 1886, and was previously, for nine years, curate of St. Anne's, Limehouse.

A MIRACULOUS PHOTO.

Photograph of the Holy Shroud Showing Our Saviour's Outlines.
A sensation has been created among the people in Turin, Italy, by an alleged miraculous photographic reproduction of a likeness of Our Lord. The Osservatore Romano thus describes the incident:

Among the relics of the house of Savoy is the winding sheet in which it is said that Joseph of Arimathea wrapped the body of the crucified Saviour, and on which are almost imperceptible blood stains faintly outlining the contour of the body. The relic was recently exposed in the Turin cathedral.

The amateur photographer obtained the King's permission to photograph the relic. When the negative was developed the blood stains were reproduced with such clearness that the face, hands and limbs were accurately shown. They are so life-like, says the newspaper, that the picture seems to have been taken directly from Jesus. Crowds of pious persons are now flocking to the house of the photographer, whose name is Secondo Pia.

STORY OF THE WINDING-SHEET.
Turin has just been the scene of a great pilgrimage to pay reverence to the Holy Winding Sheet of Our Lord, which is being presented to the veneration of the public for the first time in thirty years. The exposition lasted for twelve days, and it is calculated that more than a million persons visited it during this time. It was during this time that the photograph was taken.

For the first thirteen centuries of the Christian era this, the greatest of all relics, was venerated in the East; towards the middle of the fourteenth century it was brought from Cyprus to the West by Godfrey, Count of Charney, in Bourgogne, who deposited it in his castle of Sirey, near Troye, and founded a canonical chapter to guard it. At Sirey it remained until 1418, when Champagne being harassed by war and the precious relic in danger of profanation, the canons requested Humbert della Loggia, vassal of Amadeus VIII., the first Duke of Savoy, to take it into his custody in his castle of Montfort, in Bourgogne, together with some other relics.

BROUGHT TO TURIN.
Thirty-four years afterward Humbert's widow bestowed it on the House of Savoy. During the present century of the Holy Winding-Sheet has been publicly venerated five times—in 1814, when Victor Emmanuel I., re-entered his States; in 1849, when Pius VII. was in Turin on his return from exile; in 1822 at the inauguration of the reign of Carlo Felice of Savoy, and in 1842 and 1863, at the marriages of Victor Emmanuel and his son, the present King Humbert.

DESCRIPTION OF IT.
The winding-sheet in which Our Lord's body was enveloped at His burial is mentioned by the four evangelists. Among the Jewish rites for the dead it was customary, after closing the eyes and the mouth, to bind them with strips of cloth, to comb the hair, wash the body, anoint it with unguents and wrap it in a sheet. This sheet does not correspond exactly with what we call a winding-sheet, being a rather narrow piece of linen which covered the body, back and front, with the extremities meeting at the feet, in such a manner that a double impression of the figure would be left if stained with blood or ointments. This double impression of Our Lord's body is clearly visible in the precious relic now at Turin, with the

wounds in the hands, feet and side, the marks of the crown of thorns and the outlines of the beard and hair of Our Saviour. The impression is a little over 5 feet 8½ inches long, and every member of the body is in exact proportion.

SELECTION OF BOOKS.

Cardinal Gibbons on Reading the Sacred Scriptures.

At the recent closing exercises of the closing of the Scholastic year at the University of Washington, D. C., celebrated in so grand a manner lately, Cardinal Gibbons spoke in a most masterly manner about the Reading of the Holy Scriptures. He said in part:

"Among the many advantages you enjoy in this young but flourishing institution of learning I may mention this one in particular that you are taught by your able and discriminating professors what books you are to study, what authors you are to consult in your ecclesiastical or civil career. And I regard the selection of books a decided element of success.

"While I must disclaim the ability which would enable me to recommend to you the authors you should study, there is one book which I commend to you first and last and at all times, and that book is the Holy Scripture, the priest's book by excellence. You might be familiar with the whole range of ancient and modern literature, and yet if you were but imperfectly acquainted with the Sacred Volume, your sermons would be dry and cold and lamentably defective. On the other hand, if you are well versed in the Sacred Scriptures, though a comparative stranger to human science, you will preach with a force and grace and unction that will not fail to make a salutary impression on your hearers and produce abundant fruit in their souls.

"It is a remarkable fact that our Saviour was never known to have read or quoted any book except the Sacred Scriptures. He makes no allusion to the classic literature of Greece and Rome which flourished in His day. The Fathers of the third, fourth and fifth centuries have seldom been equalled and never excelled as sacred orators. The only theology which they read was the Word of God on which they fed. St. Basil and St. Gregory Nazianzen spent thirteen years in solitude diligently applying themselves to the study of the Sacred Volume. St. Chrysostom never allowed a week to pass in which he did not peruse the 14 Epistles of St. Paul, and we know how intimately acquainted he was with the texts and spirit of St. Paul's epistles. Venerable Bede tells us that from the age of seven, when he went to a monastery, he spent his whole life in copious study of the Sacred Scriptures, and he died while dictating the last verse of the Gospel of St. John. The sermons and writings of St. Bernard are a veritable Scripture mosaic. Indeed, if the Bible were lost, a large portion of it would be found in the works of that Father of the Church.

"But I would recommend the Holy Scriptures not only to you, reverend gentlemen, but also to those of you who are destined for the practice of the law or of any civil calling. An argument from the Gospels will not fail to make a deep impression on a judge and jury in our country; for the common law of England from which ours is largely derived, is interwoven with evangelical maxims. The most illustrious statesmen of England and America have been conspicuous for their familiarity with the sacred text. The writings of the Earl of Chatham, Lord Brougham, Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster abound in passages from the Word of God. In the memorable speech delivered in the Supreme Court in '44 in the Girard will case, Daniel Webster quotes from the Scriptures twelve or thirteen times. One of his finest perorations is nothing less than a paraphrase of the 138th Psalm.

"But in order to make the perusal and study of the Sacred Scriptures profitable to your soul, you must never lose sight of the truth that the Sacred Volume is a message to us from our Father in Heaven. It is related that St. Anthony once received a letter written jointly by the Emperor Constantine the Great and his sons Constantine and Constans. When his brethren heard that the Emperor had sent a letter to their father, they were very much elated and gratified. But Anthony, witnessing their joy, remarked to them: 'You are pleased that the Emperor wrote to me. But should you not be filled with admiration that our Heavenly Father Himself should have written and spoken to us by His Son?'

FRIGHTENED AT PROGRESS OF CATHOLIC PRACTICES IN ANGLICANISM.

Boston Pilot.
Mr. Gladstone belonged to the Ritualistic, or, as it prefers to call itself, the "Catholic party" in the Church of England. His conviction of the utility of prayers for the dead—it should not be forgotten that Dr. Johnson confessed his faith in Purgatory when the Protestant spirit was rampant in the Church of England—was respected in his funeral services.

Writes George W. E. Russell, in the Churchman:
Mr. Gladstone's death has been marked by a much wider recognition than is usual here of our relation to the faithful departed. The special celebration in Hawarden church; the commemoration of the name at innumerable altars; the memorial services held all over the country, composed of prayers from the burial service, special lessons, and Mr. Gladstone's favorite hymns, with generally an appropriate address; the three nights' watch by his bier; the *Requiem in pace* on his pall; the enforcement of that thought in the Dean of Westminster's funeral sermon—all pointed in the same direction. And nothing could have been more exactly in consonance with Mr. Gladstone's own feelings. He used to declare, with that resonant emphasis which his friends knew so well and his opponents dreaded so much, that there was no stigma so entirely without foundation in Scripture as the Protestant doctrine invented at the Reformation, that prayer ceases to be operative at the moment of death. In his remarkable essay, called "The Sixteenth Century Arraigned before the Nineteenth," he drew out this point with suggestive earnestness; and he never wrote a letter of condolence to a friend without including in it some such aspiration as "May he enjoy the light, rest, and peace of the just" or "May light, and peace, and progress be his increasingly."

Strange enough, Mr. Russell's letter is immediately followed by an "Important Memorandum," agreed upon at a meeting of the Anglican clergy held in London on May 2. This, in effect, an expression of fright at the progress of Catholic ideas, forms and ceremonies among Anglicans, and an effort to turn their promoters back to a strict following of the forms prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer, "as the positive and sufficient rule and order," discountenancing all modifications.

The clergymen signing this memorandum safeguard themselves, however, against the possible charge of trying to check an irresistible development, by adding to the above, "except in so far as such modifications may be enjoined or allowed by lawful authority." Furthermore, they would not hinder "any prayers that we may desire to use for our own edification, provided that they be inaudible and be confined within the limits of the necessary, and customary pauses in the rite."

This latter proviso does not savor of the openness and honesty which many English people claim as a national attribute in religion and all other things. Many a pious Anglican prays for the dead inaudibly, for example, while conforming his act and voice of worship to the fact that the Book of Common Prayer does not admit the utility of prayers for the dead? The Bishop of Lincoln and his followers, as it has well been said, have covered the term "Protestant" with obloquy, and how shall our Ritualistic friends undo that work when bidden to hark back to the religious usages of the second year of Edward VI., and reminded that certain ceremonies "were at that time definitely 'abolished' by authority of Parliament? Nothing" was more emphatically "abolished" than the sacrifice of the Mass, which in outward appearance is to-day restored in hundreds of Anglican churches.

The signers of this memorandum make confusion worse confounded by reminding the Anglican that "subjection to authority is a first principle of Catholicism," and then thus defining the expression of authority:

Authority expresses itself, in the English Church as elsewhere, through the Bishops, jointly and severally. Jointly, the English Bishops speak with the authority of the Church when, after concordant legislation by the convocations of the two provinces, a canon or other synodical act is promulgated. Also by the custom of the Church of England all synodical legislation requires the previous consent of the clergy through their representatives in the Lower Houses of the convocations. Severally, the English Bishops speak with the authority of the Church, when, within the limits of the system of law and custom received by the Church of England, in the exercise of their pastoral charge they give instructions, directions and permissions to any or all of those under their jurisdiction.

Is there any likelihood that the Anglican Bishops will ever come to such an agreement on the progress of Catholic ideas and ritual among their flocks, that they will issue a joint order for a countermeasure back to Protestantism?
Should they do so, what would be the position of many prominent Anglican clergymen before their people, whom they have used to restore "Mass," "Fasting Communion," "Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament," "Confession," "Stations of the Cross," to say nothing of "Monks" and "Nuns"?
If this "Important Memorandum" have any effect at all, it will be, we believe, to drive earnest Anglicans numerously into the certitude and peace of the Catholic Church.

Hateful pride!—to be conquered as a man would conquer an enemy, or it will make whirlpools in the current of your affections,—nay, turn the whole tide of the heart into rough and unaccustomed channels.—Donald G. Mitchell.

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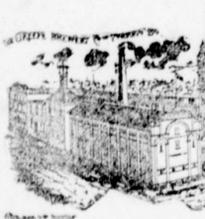
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THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY

Rejected for Conscience's Sake BY CHRISTINE FABER.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED. Her very prayers were made in a sort of desperation that had more of rebellion than submission in them...

XIX. In the little town of Ancey whose fame is more from its historical value, as being in the centre of Savoy...

There he overheard a rather noisy and emphatic dispute between a couple of tourists, one wishing to remain and continue the baths, the other to go immediately to Ancey and present some letter of introduction that was to enable him at once to see the relics of St. Francis de Sales.

"Relics of St. Francis de Sales"—curiously enough that phrase brought back to Wilbur all the thoughts about Catholic saints to which his brief acquaintance with Miss Hammond had given rise and he found himself again recalling that which he had read once accidentally of one Catholic Saint, and wondering whether Agnes had just such herosim.

The day was somewhat chill and dark, but the people he met looked cheerful and friendly, and many of them, noticing that he was a stranger, saluted him with a courtesy common to European countries.

His eyes were small, but very bright, his whole countenance refined and intellectual, but his mouth and chin indicated weakness; not the weakness that comes from a bad moral nature, but a lack of ability to resist the influence of a stronger and more evil will.

THE DEAF HEAR.

DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE Working Wonders in Toronto.

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About 3 years ago, Mrs. Bindon, of 11 Malloy St., Toronto, was attacked with a Grippe, which affected her hearing to such an extent that she was completely deaf.

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and with a slight bow was about to pass on. The danger also had seemingly failed to make any recognition, and returning the bow he too appeared to be about to resume his way.

"Your pardon sir, for detaining you, but you looked at me so earnestly, it has excited my curiosity. That you are English, or American, I judge by your dress and general appearance, and if you are either, you may have met me before."

"And what a man you have become, my dear fellow," he continued, seeming to look at Wilbur with a certain interest in the world he was now in.

"That was it," he repeated in the changed voice, "I went to spend my vacation with that uncle and there was attached to an influence—but about that no more"—recovering his former pleasant tones, and straightening himself as much as his curved shoulders would permit him to do.

"You ask me what became of him. I do not know; but best, some day the world may hear of him, and my testimony may be necessary, I subscribe for all the most prominent daily papers published in the United States; a fact that I will account to you for by number and kind of American papers you saw in my study two hours ago."

"That you may hear of him through the papers?" questioned Wilbur profoundly interested.

"That I may," repeated Tollebein, "but we will change the subject to something of your own, I prefer not to speak. I purposely refrained from saying much of my life, and I am going to stay a couple of days. Now you have the story of my coming to Ancey."

"True, I have not; but I fear the account will have little interest for you. You were in religious principles, if I remember correctly, Wilbur, a staunch Presbyterian."

"Our luck in the mines," he resumed, "not being what we had expected, my cousin and I left California, and after some time, during which we had made another stay in Boston, we went to Sydney, Australia. When we were there a number of years, my uncle died, leaving me sufficient means to live comfortably, and being tired of life in Australia, and very tired of life with my cousin, I determined to separate from him."

One day, when six months of her aimless life had passed, there came to her a letter from Florence containing a most unexpected invitation.

"As I told you in my last letter, dear Agnes," it ran, "mamma and I have fully decided to go to Italy. In her state of health the English climate is too trying, and we shall start to-morrow for France, and we shall start to-morrow for Florence, and thence by train to Rome, where we shall remain a whole year. Having imbibed from me an affection for you, she desires me to ask you to join us. Knowing your independent spirit, dear Agnes, I can assure you that your income will be ample for all expenses, and as we must, because of mamma's health, live very quietly, your wardrobe need not be extensive. There will be no danger of meeting Uncle Sydney, for yesterday brought one of his brief and most infrequent letters in which he said that he had been wandering through France, but was about to start for Germany, and thence home, after which he would go probably to the western part of the United States to remain permanently in order to comply with the terms of some queer will of which I believe my mother knows, but neither he nor she has ever taken the trouble to inform me. So, dearest, if that dear Mr. Mallaby, having had the felicity of your presence for all these months, can bring himself to relinquish that felicity for a time, come to us; and write immediately so that I may send you all the necessary directions without further delay. I am so happy at the prospect of seeing you again, that I can hardly contain myself, so, come, come."

"Your own Florence." The information that Sydney on his return home would go probably to the West to remain permanently, brought a dash of pain to Miss Hammond's heart. She could no longer persuade herself that she did not love him as ardently as ever, and she had to acknowledge to her own consciousness that this was so keenly wounded by this evidently total forgetfulness of her as to voluntarily descend in her secret heart had been the thought of his return when she could at least have the comfort—slight though it might be—of feeling that they were both in the same city; now, however, even that must be given up since it was evidently his intention to continue to keep a long distance between them.

How in her pride, she hated herself for her weakness, and in a desperate endeavor to conquer her bitter and painful feelings, she turned again to the letter, to consider the invitation. Her aching heart hailing it; its acceptance perched on her weary, restless, unhappy self, and more than all, for a time, for a time of the companionship of Florence, which she so sorely missed. Never, it seemed to her, had she so longed for a mother, she whose earliest memory could not recall one, and in her wild, strange, bitter yearning, she bowed her head upon the letter and wept on it scalding tears.

When she became calmer she quite decided to accept the invitation, and she only waited Mr. Mallaby's return in the evening, to acquaint him. But while she made her decision she could not help feeling a sort of regret for him; she knew that he was attached to her; his quiet, gentle, generous cast of her told her that, and the very unostentatiousness of his tender watchfulness touched her, though at the same time his timidity, and even sometimes embarrassment, in her presence, puzzled her. Remembering all these things she felt that she would miss her, perhaps even object to her departure; but at the thought of her told her that she should meet his objection knowing the little right he had to urge any, being no relative. And then, her reflections seeking the more practical part, she almost regretted having made certain expenditures in the cause of charity that drew largely out of the income of the present income; she remembered with a sort of distaste the manner in which she requested her semi-annual allowance before the usual date of its payment.

However, she met him the moment of his return, before even he had ascended to his room, and she drew him into the parlor, feeling that she waited until after the evening, she would have the eyes of some of the boarders upon them.

"What is it, my dear?" asked Mr. Mallaby, wondering that his ward should meet him at the very threshold of the hall-door, and wondering still more at the summary manner in which she drew him into the room. She seemed unusually excited, a crimson spot glowing on each cheek, and until she answered him it seemed as if his own breath stopped because of a sudden and horrible foreboding.

"I received a letter from Florence to-day; she and her mother are going to Italy, and they have invited me to join them. I should like to do so for a few months."

Florence says the expense of living abroad will come quite within my limited allowance for the present half year, and have disposed of it, I must ask you to let me have at once the amount that will be due on the next date of payment. I can make it all up by future economy."

"It is not that, my dear," replied Mallaby at length with strange hesitation, "that I was considering. I was thinking—that is, I fear I may not be able to let you have the money you desire. Unexpected liabilities in my business have crippled me financially just now, and—"

"Liabilities in your business?" pray, sir, does my income go to defray liabilities in your business? He started from his position by the wall as if he had been stung, and he approached her with a sort of deprecatory motion of his large, forked hands.

"What did he mean?" The question whirled through Miss Hammond's brain bringing in the horrid amazement of the moment but one cruel answer; that he had been false to his trust, using for his own purposes, her money, and that all his kindness to her was but a sort of arrangement for this breach of duty; how did she know even that her income ought to be much more than its present pittance sum. Hatred of him mingled with her indignation, and gave to her voice an emphasis that smote him to the soul.

"It is time, Mr. Mallaby, that you rendered to me some distinct account of how my financial matters stand. I was of age five months ago, but trusting you entirely I did not then demand any further knowledge than you had chosen to impart to me that last Sunday afternoon in the convent, when you told me that my income would be six hundred a year. I made that statement, and connecting it with your present manner I can come to but one conclusion, that you have not fulfilled the trust reposed in you by my father; or if I wrong you by such an accusation, give me the proofs of your honesty. From what investment do I derive my income? Who were the witnesses of this trust reposed in you?"

"I have tried to be true to my trust, and I should not have made this revelation, but that in justice to myself it was necessary to make it. I could not let you continue to think me guilty of the dishonesty with which you have charged me."

"I should have acted so differently. I should have been neither the incumbent nor the care that I must have been to you." "You have never been an incumbent," he said quickly, but with so much trembling earnestness that she was unable to believe him, and in a grateful impulse she tried to smile in order to assure him while she replied:

"It is very good of you to say so, but in spite of your assertions I feel that I must have been. I shall endeavor not to be much longer, however, for I feel that I can turn to some account the education you have so generously given me."

DIOCESAN PILGRIMAGE.

We call the attention of our readers to the date, July 1st, of the great Diocesan Pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beauregard, Quebec, of the Archbishop of Kingston, under the patronage of the Right Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, Administrator. Fare from Toronto and return on both the C.P.R. and the G.T.R. only 80c. Those who do not desire to visit the Shrine of St. Anne will have a grand opportunity by taking in this Pilgrimage, to visit the chief cities of the Province, and to make a side trip to plain and vicinity, as all tickets will be good for a week and good to return on any regular passenger trains.

Can Heart Failure be Prevented?

Startling and brief the announcement. "Sudden Death Caused by Heart Failure." Such is the stereotyped announcement of the forebodings of those victims of indigestion and mal nutrition, who so frequently disturb themselves upon the manifestation, in palpitation or fluttering, of functional disturbance of the heart's symptoms which they are foolishly prone to accept as signs of an incurable and speedily fatal malady. Malnutrition with Coca Wine is potent in restoring to health the disorganized system, possible such alarmingly disturbing symptoms. Malnutrition with Coca Wine, through its remedial influence upon the nervous system, averts the chain of events which lead to the disturbance of the heart, in response to increased nerve force, no longer plunges and beats as it determined to break.

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THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

CONTINUED.

Having read this letter Mrs. Simon felt deeply grateful to her brother and sister-in-law for their expression of love and sympathy, but her heart was saddened by the invitations to little Mabel. Here was another trial. Must she part with her darling, even for a few months? To keep her at home was to deprive her of a good education, to associate her childhood with misery and degradation and to lessen her respect for her poor father. To send her away whilst naturally increasing her own sorrow and loneliness, would benefit their dear child, afford her the advantages of a good education and associate her with all that is refined, religious, edifying and peaceful.

Mrs. Simon awaited a favorable opportunity to discuss the subject of the letter with her husband; he was, at first greatly opposed to the proposed arrangement concerning their child; but after listening to his wife's arguments, it was settled that Mabel should accept the kind invitation. When the little girl was informed of the plans in which she was interested, it grieved her much, being most unwilling to be separated from her loving parents. Happy child! She had never been affected by the change of circumstances when she removed with her parents from the fine mansion to the humble cottage, in which they now lived. She was just as joyful in the one as in the other: her happiness depended upon her parents' love; indeed, it is the pure love that makes home happy rather than the grandeur of the house in which we live; one home can be provided with all the luxuries which wealth can purchase yet it may not be a happy home. There is a great variety of homes; in some there is an abundance of food and clothing; in others, circumstances demand constant self-denial and abstinence; there are others again where there is occasional destitution and misery. But the only home in which happiness dwells is the one where there is mutual love, where parental devotion is responded to by filial affection and gratitude; where the members of the family are so united that they constitute one heart and one soul. No home can be happy where the parents do not regard the children "as part of themselves." It should be ever impressed on the parents' minds that, whether good or bad, children should be loved and cherished by them; a child, it should be remembered, "is a part of its parents, and if faulty should be treated like an ailment part of themselves." Parents who are selfish, worldly and without affection, beget children disposed to disobedience, self-will and ungodliness. Home is a divine institution; it is a miniature of the Church, a type of that heavenly home which the Almighty Father has prepared for His children when they have ended this life of probation. Home must be the centre of love and protection, where the helpless babe is fondly caressed and nourished, where the parental eye watches over the child during the critical period of physical, mental and spiritual growth; where there is a shelter and defence from the snares and dangers of a deceitful world; where there is a consolation, sympathy and love under all circumstances; where there is piety, patience and charity.

Mrs. Simon having provided her darling child with all that was necessary for her journey, the day was fixed for her departure from home. Fortunately, it happened, that Mrs. Dixon, an acquaintance of the Simon family, was to be a passenger on the same train by which Mabel was travelling. To this lady Mrs. Simon entrusted her daughter, who kindly undertook to see that the little girl was placed under the care of her uncle. It was a beautiful morning in the month of June when little Mabel after bidding a loving good-bye to her parents took her seat in the Pullman car by the side of her companion. The train left the station punctually, at an early hour, but would not arrive at the city of C— in Maryland State, till late in the evening of that day. The excitement and novelty of this first journey by rail kept Mabel from sorrowing over her separation from her mother. The different villages and towns through which they passed and the lovely scenery in the country which they had glimpses, attracted so constantly the little girl's attention that the time did not appear to be long before she reached the place of her destination.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil were awaiting at the station of C— when the train arrived, to whom Mrs. Dixon gladly presented her little companion. The loving welcome which Mabel received from her uncle and aunt quickly dispelled the feeling of loneliness and homesickness with which the child was beginning to be affected, on arriving at the depot, realizing that she was in a strange city. With her uncle and aunt, Mabel took a seat in the carriage, in which they until they reached a short avenue shaded by trees which conducted them to a beautiful cottage. "Here, is your home dear Mabel," said her uncle, whilst he lifted her out of the carriage. Taking her aunt's hand she entered the house which verily had the appearance of being a happy and peaceful home. A beautiful little Spanish dog ran up to the little girl and licked her hand, as if he was also glad to see her, and a motherly cat with her playful kittens welcomed her by running around her and jumping on her lap, as soon as she was seated.

Having partaken of a delicious repast Mabel began to feel the weary effects of her long journey, and was glad when her aunt took her to the bedroom assigned to her. It was a beautiful, cosy room, adjoining that of her aunt's; the walls were decorated with sacred pictures and illuminated texts of holy writ. Having attended to her evening devotions the little girl retired to her comfortable bed and was soon in a sound sleep. The next morning on her wakening she was at first confused on finding herself in a strange room, but before completing her toilet her aunt opened the door and cheered the darling child by a motherly embrace. With the assistance of the maid, who was instructed to attend on her, Mabel was soon dressed and ready for breakfast. So soon as she began to feel at home in her uncle's house arrangements were made by her aunt to make the visit both entertaining and profitable to her niece.

Mrs. O'Neil and her husband found much satisfaction and happiness in doing acts of kindness to their fellow-creatures, especially as they had means sufficient to enable them to be occasionally charitable and generous to those in want. Mr. O'Neil was a very different man in character from his sister's husband. The former was a zealous and practical Catholic, temperate and industrious in his habits and averse to men who were irreverent, immoral and dissipated. He had gained the esteem of the community where he lived, by his integrity, attention to business, ability and good judgment, and had attained a high position in a certain railway company, with which he was connected as Civil Engineer and Director. He had married a lady of highly respectable associations, the only daughter of a prominent merchant in Baltimore. She had been carefully educated at the convent and was both accomplished and pious. Mr. O'Neil had been married at this time about seven years. His home was distinguished for its refinement and culture, but it had not been blessed with children. The parental love which is implanted in our hearts interested Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil in the welfare of the children of their neighbors, and they were always desirous of rendering services to those parents who having children did not possess means sufficient to educate them according to their abilities and tastes, or according to special vocations in life. It was with this good object in view that they had invited their niece to pay them a visit. Having learned about the troubles and reverses of his dear sister's household Mr. O'Neil foresaw the serious effects of them upon his little niece, especially at an age when the child's mind is most impressionable.

It was too near the closing of the scholastic year to send Mabel to the convent as a pupil, therefore it was considered advisable that she be privately instructed for a few hours every day. On the morning of the 15th of June, Mrs. O'Neil received a letter from a lady, Mrs. Tetley, inviting Mabel to join her daughter in her studies, who had a very capable governess. This was such a happy coincidence that Mrs. O'Neil at once acceded to the kind proposal, especially as Mrs. Tetley and herself were intimate friends. The two girls in becoming classmates soon became loving companions, and their daily associations stimulated one the other in several respects. The piety of Mary Tetley, who had been religiously trained from her infancy, increased Mabel's interest in religious instruction, whilst the latter's application to her studies and her cleverness made her schoolmate more attentive to her lessons, and ambitious to learn.

On the first Sunday after Mabel's arrival at her new home she accompanied her uncle and aunt to the Church of the Sacred Heart, and was present with them at the celebration of High Mass. The earnestness of her uncle to his devotions seemed particularly to interest his little niece. She had never seen her father in church, and her childish thoughts had led her to conclude that it was not necessary for gentlemen to accompany their wives to the House of God. But it was not only on Sundays that she went with her uncle and aunt to Mass, but very often during the week-days, so that this little observing girl began to understand that religion was not a matter which only requires our attention on Sunday, but on every day, and that the Mass was not only for mothers and daughters, but for men and boys. A very important lesson which the Catholic Church inculcates strongly in the minds of the laity is that they require daily communion with their Creator and Saviour through prayer, and that the particular grace associated with hearing Mass is very useful to our souls, on the week-days as well as on Sunday. When the priest celebrates Mass he honors God, rejoices the angels, edifies his congregation and comforts the souls of the departed. At that time especially is our Lord and all His angels near us. When the angel of God appeared to the priest Zacharias to communicate to him the decree respecting the ministration of John the Baptist and the advent of the Saviour, it was when the priest was in the act of executing the priest's office in the Mass. It is therefore expedient, when our daily labors or official duties will permit us, to begin each day of the week by worshipping in the House of God at the time when the priest is offering up the daily sacrifice of the Mass.

The priest of the parish in which Mrs. O'Neil lived was Rev. Father E—, who was very much revered not only by his parishioners but by the community generally; he was an old friend of the O'Neil family and had prepared Mabel's mother for her first Communion. Accompanied by her niece, Mrs. O'Neil

called at the rectory, where they found the priest at home. He was pleased to meet the grand-daughter of his old and esteemed friend, the late Joseph O'Neil. He seemed to know all about the parish where Mabel's parents were living. He had heard that the Catholics were not a strong and influential body there and that the priest had to contend with a class—descendants of the Puritans—who were very prejudiced against the Catholic faith. Addressing Mabel, the Rev. Father said: "My dear child, I prepared your mamma for her first Communion and by me she was married to your father. I therefore feel a deep interest in your welfare. During your visit to your aunt's, I will take you to my spiritual care and try to make you such a good Catholic child that when you return home you will help the faithful priest there in his work by your good example and be also a great comfort to your mother. Many prayers have I offered up for your father and mother in their trials, and I trust that God will have mercy on them. It was arranged that Mabel should go to the vestry on certain days for a short time to be instructed with other children in catechism.

During the summer months, though the heat was sometimes very oppressive, Mabel made much progress in her studies, but she was not allowed to devote more than two hours of each day to her lessons; she enjoyed much recreation by delightful excursions into the country or to the seaside. When the summer holidays were nearly ended, Mrs. O'Neil with her niece visited the convent to pay their respects to the Mother Superior and prepare for Mabel's reception there as a pupil. It was at this convent where Mabel's mother had been educated. Her name was lovingly recalled by some of the nuns who had known her as a pupil, and with great pleasure did the Religious welcome her little daughter to be also trained and educated by them.

What important institutions have the convents become to the society at the present day! What help do they render the pastors of the Divine Shepherd in that special duty of feeding the lambs! What comfort and support do they render to Christian parents in their efforts to rear their daughters to be wise, discreet, modest, chaste and pious. What encouragement do they give to the young to be unworshipful, to flee youthful desires, to pursue faith, charity and peace with them that call on the Lord with a pure heart. Those pious nuns who devote their lives to the charitable works of the Church, who have consecrated themselves to God exemplify those cardinal virtues which adorn and ennoble womanhood.

Mabel had only been for a short time a pupil of the convent when her teachers perceived that she was exceptionally intelligent and anxious to learn. She took a great interest in religious instruction and mastered quickly the abstruse questions of the long catechism.

Mrs. O'Neil was very anxious that her niece should make her first Communion and receive confirmation before her return to her parents. Fearing that her visit might be interrupted by some unexpected circumstance, and prevent her from prolonging her visit after the Christmas holidays, it was arranged, with the consent of the parish priest, that Mabel be allowed to make her first Communion on the Feast of all Saints. The venerable pastor, therefore, took her under his special care to prepare her for the participation of that Blessed Sacrament.

The unceasing interest which the faithful pastor of the Catholic Church has in the salvation of souls is one of the peculiar characteristics of the Christian priesthood. He is like the good Shepherd whom our Lord in his own person represented, who rests not until he finds the sheep that has gone astray and restores it to the fold; he is really to give his life for his flock; he is ever watchful to protect the sheep from the wolf and to keep them from being scattered.

The ministry of our Divine Lord is, in this respect, different from other learned professions, having also a relation to the welfare of society. The medical practitioner or physician is not expected to interpose himself in the welfare of his fellow creatures individually and collectively, unless his services are solicited in accordance with equivalent remuneration. The lawyer practices his profession, not for the sole object of upholding justice, defending the weak, freely giving legal advice to the ignorant and imprudent and of benefiting society, but for the profits and honors which his profession yields for his own selfish ends. It is not so with the sacerdotal office: it was ordained not for pecuniary or hereditary ends, nor for merely personal honor and glory. Our Lord said to His Apostles when He first instituted the ministry of the Catholic Church: "Go ye to the lost sheep of the house of Israel and preach, 'the kingdom is at hand'; 'heal the sick, raise the lepers, cast out devils'; 'freely ye have received, freely give.'" "Do not possess gold nor silver nor money in your purses or scrip for your journey."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The victory rests with America's Greatest Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, when it enters the battle against impure blood. A Life Saved—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reluctant to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE. (Continued from page 2)

A Definition of the Faith.

Here is the definition of faith given by Louis Veuillot, the once well known French journalist: The true faith is the one only faith, for it alone produces works of faith wholly honorable to him who performs them, wholly helpful to all other men. Were there in the Catholic religion nothing but religious Orders, the fact would suffice of itself alone to prove the divinity of that religion. To consecrate one's life to God, to devote it to the neighbor for the love of God; to embrace every kind of privation and toil and fatigue, in the one hope of heavenly reward, is an act of faith which no other religion has been able to produce; it is an act of charity which they will never perform. The Catholic religion easily accomplishes all this by means of three virtues: poverty, chastity, and obedience, which she alone has the right and power to counsel. Seek where you will, the fruit they bear are to be found only in the garden of the Church, they do not live or produce their kind elsewhere. Elsewhere is not to be found the dew they need.

A RELIGIOUS CRAFTSWOMAN. The old saying that a woman can not sew a board or drive a nail may apply to a majority of women, but not to all, at least not in Missoula, for there is one here who is not only a carpenter of no mean ability, but an artist as well. The woman is a daughter of a carpenter in Montreal, Canada, and is now a lay sister of the Sisters of Providence in Missoula. Her name is Sister Magnan, and what she can do with a set of carpenter tools must be seen to be believed. Hearing of her wonderful work, a Missoulian reporter called at the academy one afternoon, and, with others, was shown into the chapel on the second floor, on the south side of the building. Here a beautiful altar of modern structure, in white and gold color can be seen, the handiwork of Sister Magnan, who made every part of it. It stands some ten or twelve feet high and is set off in well proportioned panels, around the tabernacle as well as below the table of the altar. Every piece of wood and moulding in it is introduced as close as though done by a hard wood finisher. To the right of the altar sets a dresser or vestment receptacle, which is also finished in white and gold, and is as perfect in construction as though it had come from the shop of a cabinet maker. In front of the altar is a turned railing, which was put together by this remarkable woman.

While the party was inspecting this work of art a woman was noticed by a wall of the chapel painting the wainscoting, so the party was told, and on going near it was discovered that she was graining the work in oak color and handling the graining comb and other tools as artistically as the most expert painter. The seats in the chapel have already been grained and have been well done.

Once on the outside of it was learned that from childhood Sister Magnan had had a liking for that kind of work, and when a child about her father's carpenter shop, was always building houses, etc., for herself and playmates. As she grew older she advanced in knowledge in that direction until today she can build anything in the woodwork of a line.

Building is her hobby, but she is confined to indoor work and excels at all her undertakings. She has made many pieces of furniture, which now adorn the many buildings of the Sisters of Missoula. Like a man she is awkward with a needle but she is an artist still. Her co-workers do her sewing meanwhile. She is not idle, for she is the convent baker and can make bread which makes the boarders smile out loud. This is not all; she is a shoemaker, too, and is as handy with a last and awl as she is with a saw and hammer. She is unassuming about her work and is said to seldom speak about it to those about her.

Maltine with Coca Wine has long been recognized as the most pleasant and efficient remedy for all those functional derangements that find manifestation in lassitude, sleeplessness, despondency and loss of appetite and digestive power. A nerve tonic, a body-builder, a nutrient and digestive agent of inestimable value. All druggists sell it.

The People's Faith. Firmly Grounded Upon Real Merit—They Know Hood's Sarsaparilla Absolutely and Permanently Cures When All Others Fail. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillington and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent alternatives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipsissewa. Nor are these all. Other very valuable curative agents are harmoniously combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is carefully prepared under the personal supervision of a regularly educated pharmacist. Knowing these facts, is the abiding faith the people have in Hood's Sarsaparilla a matter of surprise? You can see why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, when other medicines totally, absolutely fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion, etc.

If your digestive powers are deficient, you need something now to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties:

Take the pleasantest of Malt Beverages— JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER. They are PURE and WHOLESOME and will do you good. TRY THEM. For sale by all Wine and Liquor Merchants.

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LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY, 1898.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Charity is a universal virtue, and our prayers should be extended to all men, irrespective of nation or race or creed.

And yet there are degrees even in well ordered love of our neighbor.

Grace builds upon, but does not destroy, natural affection, and, naturally and supernaturally, it is but just and proper that we should pray with special earnestness and insistence for those who are of the household of our faith.

Such prayer is demanded more particularly when we are reminded more particularly by the household of our faith.

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religious services in the Cathedral. What a grief this must have been to our loving Saviour! Pointing to His thorn-crowned, riven heart, might He not say as of old, "These are the wounds that I received in the house of a friend?"

And yet, dark as is this picture, we may glean from the letters just referred to reasons for hope and consolation, may distinguish figures of heroic sanctity, hues and colors of rainbow brilliance. These crimes are but the work of a few impious individuals, who have at present the reins of power in their hands. The great mass of the people are well affected towards religion and religious institutions, and, with the words of the dying Garcia Moreno ringing in our ears, "God does not die! God does not die!" we may confidently trust that order may ere long be restored to the State and peace to the Church.

That this event may be hastened is a worthy object of prayer during this month of the Precious Blood. As Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, as clients of the Sacred Heart, we shall offer Him reparation for the outrages to which He has been subjected in the Sacrament of the Altar, and pray for the return of the day when Ecuador will again be the Republic of the Sacred Heart.

Sacred Heart Review.

POPULAR PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

IX.

The spurious Jesuit oath has two forms. In the American form, as given by Mr. Lansing, the new member is made to declare that he is dispensed to assume any heretical religion. The German translation, as I have it before me, more judiciously omits this declaration. And, indeed, while the Jesuits have been accused by their Catholic opponents of almost every form of dissimulation, including even the apparent (though not the real) rendering of worship to heathen divinities, no Catholic enemy of the society appears to have charged them with having ever conformed to a Protestant church. No allusion to any such offence is found in Pasquel, Collinger and Reusch, Huber, Gioberti or Sainte Beuve. The society seems to have been regarded as more hostile to heresy than even to heathenism, just as I have known Protestants that hated Catholicism much more than they hated infidelity.

Fenelon, though not a Jesuit, was a friend and favorite of the Jesuits. In his works he considers at full length how it is lawful for a Catholic, in a Protestant country, where at that time the knowledge that he was a Catholic might have exposed him to the loss of goods, of liberty and of life itself, to justify in complying with Protestantism. The Archbishop decides that he may lawfully conceal his creed. He also permits him to attend Protestant sermons. Here the Archbishop draws the line. In no circumstances does he allow that it can be lawful to receive the communion from Protestant hands. Prevailing Catholic theology is much more rigorous than this.

In the Middle Ages, as we know, there were repeated disputes over a Papal election, something which has not now happened for four hundred and forty-eight years, and even the shadow of which has not been cast upon the Roman See for three hundred and ninety-five. Some of these disputes, as we know, lasted some time, and finally culminated in the Great Schism of thirty-nine years. The Middle Ages had their illustrious merits, but they were certainly violent and ill regulated in procedure, and the Church, as a human society, pretending to no infallibility in the administration of discipline, had to labor through this tumultuous waters as best she could, trusting in the Redeemer's guidance. The moral and disciplinary energy latent in her manifested itself remarkably in that great Council which finally composed the dispute. So much all reasonable Protestants ought to allow.

In these divisions the contending parties naturally accused each other of schism. Yet the schism was rather of form than of fact. The ordinations on either side were valid, the benefices legitimately held, the doctrine identical, and the disputes temporary. Men and women of equal sanctity were found with each claimant. Posterity has not ratified the ill advised opposition which the contestants cast on each other. Catherine of Siena was on one side, Vincent Gerrer on the other; yet the Church has canonized both. It is not strange, therefore, that even then emigrants from one region to another, especially princesses marrying abroad, were sometimes dispensed to receive, not merely the final but the ordinary sacraments from the Bishops and priests of the rival obedience. A rival obedience was very different from a rival communion. An uncertain Papal election might possibly, though in no way probably, divide Boston and New York for a time even now. Yet such a dispute, should it improbably occur, would leave the people of both dioceses orthodox Roman Catholics.

Even after the great breach of England with Rome under Henry and Edward, the Pope dispensed Philip and Mary to be married by the Bishop of Winchester, although officially in schism with the Holy See. Gardiner, who had been Papally instituted, but had broken with Rome at his master's command, was known to be staunchly Catholic in doctrine, and well inclined to a reconciliation. The Pope had therefore no difficulty in dispensing him to celebrate the royal marriage. Whether the king and queen also received the communion from his hands

I do not remember, but it seems not improbable. His vanishing schism was rather a shadow than a substance, even while it lasted.

Instances of Roman Catholic attendance, even communion, early in Elizabeth's reign, can hardly be pleaded, because it was not until 1570 that the bull of Pius V. gave a final sentence against Anglicanism, as hopelessly schismatical.

Anglican orders were then at Rome held under advisement. Accordingly a Roman Catholic might have maintained that even from a priest of the Establishment he at least received a true Eucharist. So also, as Cardinal Belarmine remarks, should a validly ordained priest become a Protestant, and, though having ceased to intend the true end, namely the Transubstantiation, still intend the true act, namely the consecration, his Protestant people would receive from him a real communion. Yet no Roman Catholic could be dispensed to receive from him. As to all ordinations, however, given by non-Episcopal churches, Independent, Presbyterian or Lutheran, Catholic theology, of course, declares with one voice that, being given out of the line of episcopal succession, orthodox or schismatical, they are null and therefore the communion consecrated by such ministers is also null, even when, as is often not the case, the words of institution have been used. To assume, therefore, that the Pope can possibly dispense a Catholic to receive the communion from a Protestant minister, is to suppose that the Pope can authorize a Catholic to receive as a sacrament that which in the Pontiff's view is a nullity, and being received as a eucharist involves a sacrilege. Let me advise Mr. Lansing that although Dens may, as he says, maintain that the Pope has the power "to dispense with all laws"—inasmuch as the laws of the Church are held to be only of human right—all divines allow that he can not change either the matter or the form of the sacraments. These are held to be a part of the *ius divinum*, "given to the Church with the note of unchangeability." They are not, like the commandments of truth and purity, founded on the immutable nature of God, but they are founded on His immutable will. The Pope can not in any emergency make that to be a eucharist which is not a eucharist. He can not, therefore, on any possible supposition of advantage, excuse a Catholic for receiving before the world as a sacrament that which, in the Catholic's own eyes, is a nullity. He could no more do this than he could have dispensed an ancient Christian to throw incense on the altar of Jupiter. Such a dispensation would render him a factor of heresy, and a factor of heresy, obstinately persisting for a year, becomes himself suspect of heresy. Could such a thing be imagined of a Pope? Not even by the stiffest Protestant. Whatever compliance Mr. Lansing may suppose a Pope ready to extend to the Jesuits, he certainly could not be supposed willing to grant a dispensation which in his eyes and their eyes would be, by divine ordinance, absolutely null and void, sacrilegious and heretical, and which would expose him to the loss of his chair. Putting aside all questions of divine right, there are some assumptions which sin against all human possibility.

Moreover, we are not confined to these negative arguments, although they are quite sufficient. We have two positive pieces of testimony of convincing weight, and immediately referring to the Jesuits. In 1654 Queen Christina, of Sweden, had been converted to Roman Catholicism by Jesuits. It was of the highest moment, both to them and their Church, that she should retain the crown. To keep the crown, it was requisite that she should receive the Lord's Supper once a year after the Lutheran rite. She asked her Jesuit friends to procure her a dispensation to this effect from the Pope. They were obliged to inform her that this was beyond his competency. Accordingly, she was compelled to abrogate.

The other case is that of the young James III. of England. It is highly probable, perhaps I may say morally certain, that his sister Anne would have bequeathed her crown, and that the English would have gladly received him—being indisputably the heir in point—once, at his coronation, to receive the communion at the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Their hearts yearned over their young countryman, the authentic Stuart, and turned away with cold dislike from the German elector, who could not even speak their language, and who cared nothing for them or their land. Had James even answered vaguely, he might perhaps have come in and George have been kept out. James had been brought up by Jesuits, at a court where they were supreme. It was of sovereign moment for the society and for its patron Lewis that James III. should be reigning in London. A little equivocation here would have been pardoned by many men who boast that they are not as these Jesuits. Yet this young disciple of Loyola sent a manly answer, that he could not think for a moment of negotiating with a religion which he had not the remotest thought of ever professing. Let anybody, after that, accuse the Jesuits themselves of doing what, against all their own interests, they would not suffer this young layman to do!

It never seems to occur to the Lansings, and Stoekers, and such people, that for generations back many men have been leaving the Jesuits, and not a few of these the Church, and yet that not one of them has ever heard of this

oath, which we are told that every one of them has had to take. The great enemy of Roman Catholicism in Germany now, Count von Hoensbroech, has been himself a Jesuit. Yet he declares the accusations against Jesuit morality, of practice or teaching, purely calumnious. Even such propositions as those condemned by Innocent XI. he explains, not without some straining, as ingenious casuistry, running away with the casuists. He thinks the Jesuit tone of feeling lan guid towards German patriotism. Yet he accuses the Jesuits of no denial of allegiance to Protestant governments. The most he has to say is, that he has heard one prominent German Jesuit avow that he had never been able to bring himself to pray for the emperor. And indeed, seeing how many men in the present William is, I think the attempt to pray for the same men two consecutive mornings is a little discouraging. Still, I do not justify this one disaffected Jesuit.

Forgers of such affairs as this pretended oath have usually picked up scattered bits of information, and then do not know how to manage them. Thus, this forger, having heard that most superiors govern with the help of a *conventus*, or chapter of the brethren, makes the Jesuit to swear "in the presence of this whole *conventus*." He has not discovered, as Bernard Durr remarks, that conventual government does not exist among the Jesuits. So, too, he makes the candidate address "my spiritual Father," evidently not knowing the difference between a confessor and a superior. "Reverend Father" is the invariable form of Jesuit vows. So, too, he makes him append his hand and seal, although a Jesuit has no seal. Nor does any one inform us what has become of the countless copies of this oath, signed and sealed, that would have been gathering for three hundred years, the one of which, under all the sudden seizures of Jesuit records, has ever been found.

In short, this oath is the forgery of a knave crossed with a fool. The composition of its propagators I leave un discussed. Charles C. Starbuck.

Andover, Mass.

[Being away from home and having, therefore, no opportunity of reading Fenelon, we are somewhat in the dark as to the precise character of the case quoted above by Rev. Mr. Starbuck. We have no hesitation, however, in saying that no one can be "justified" by Fenelon, or even the Pope himself, "in complying with Protestantism" to any degree. To conceal one's faith when the concealing is equivalent to the denial of the true or the profession of a false faith, is not allowed. One may dissemble the true, but not simulate the false. Fifty years before Fenelon was born Pope Paul V., having been consulted by the English Catholics who by law were threatened with "the loss of goods, of liberty and life itself," unless they would attend the Protestant churches, replied, commanding them "not to enter under any pretext the temples of the heretics, not to listen to their sermons, and not to communicate with their rites." This was the only possible answer. It was the old answer—the Apostolic answer:—

"If any man come to you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into the house, nor say to him God speed you."

Irish Catholics know by sad experience that this is indeed the teaching of the Church, and the history of their sufferings, their starvations and martyrdoms, gives ample evidence of their loyalty to this faith.]

APRACTICAL CATHOLIC.

The Popular Idea of Such is a Misconception.

The popular idea of a good practical Catholic is entirely a misconception. The Catholic religion is a religion of joy, of cheerfulness, of gladness. It is the fulfillment and outcome of the tidings of great joy imparted by the angelic choirs to the Eastern shepherds. It is a religion of peace on earth to men of good-will. It does not require its members to go about moping and melancholy, "seeking with veiled lids their salvation in the dust." She wants them to march erect, with their eyes directed to the sky, the goal of all their hopes, than to the earth, looking every man straightly and honestly in the face, fearing no man, but trusting absolutely in God. Whining, crying, canting Christianity is no part of a Catholic's creed. Some have been at the same time the most cheerful and animated of men. These austerities and asceticism they have kept to themselves. It is no sin to laugh. On the contrary, it is beneficial alike for the health of soul and body. Doctors will tell you that frequent laughter is one of the best physiological exercises that can be indulged in. Laughter expands the lungs and the diaphragm and sends the warm life-giving blood coursing rapidly through the veins and arteries to the very confines of the human frame. It acts as a natural and healthy stimulus, renewing and rejuvenating the worn out tissues and giving them renewed life and vigor. But more than this, it is nature's remedy for a jaded brain, for the mind wearied and disheartened of everyday life; it is the natural antidote against the worry and fret incident to every avocation in life and which not the most fortunate can escape. What is more exhilarating, more refreshing than an honest, healthy laugh? What, at the same time, is more infectious and catching than the laughter of a man who, at peace and content with God and the world, possesses a "mens sana in corpore sano."

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Text: "EASY QUICK WORK SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES. SURPRISE SOAP MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY."

Advertisement for Carling's Gold Medal Ale, Porter & Lager. Text: "CARLING'S GOLD MEDAL ALE, PORTER & LAGER. These Brands are exclusively used in the House of Commons."

Advertisement for Catholic University of Ottawa, Canada. Text: "ESTABLISHED 1848. State University 1866. Created a Catholic University by Pope Leo XIII. 1890. TERMS: \$160 PER YEAR. Catholic University of Ottawa, Canada. Under the Direction of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate. Degrees in Arts, Philosophy and Theology. Preparatory Classical Course for Junior Students. COMPLETE COMMERCIAL COURSE. Private Rooms for Senior Students. Fully Equipped Laboratories. Practical Business Department. Send for Calendar. 1907-10. REV. J. M. McQUINN, O. M. I., Rector."

Advertisement for a Singer Sewing-Machine. Text: "A SINGER SEWING-MACHINE. THE BEST INVESTMENT ON EARTH. Earning more in proportion to cost than any other purchase possible. THREE DIFFERENT KINDS, either lock-stitch or chain-stitch. BUILT LIKE A WATCH. At the largest and best-equipped factory in the world, where every machine is carefully tested on practical stitching. SOLD ONLY BY THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO."

The Scapular. Wear piously the scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and never take it off day or night. The late Father Ryan (the poet priest) used to say: "No strings in the world broke so easily or so often as the strings of one's scapular, and then the poor little scapular was left hanging on a bed post or toilet stand, until the clap of a thunder storm frightens it back on the wearer's shoulders!"

TEMPERANCE NUGGETS. Sacred Heart Review. People who "brace up" on whisky are liable to break down on sin. Avoid the occasions of sin. Keep away from drinking companions. Educate the children in temperance matters and you begin at the right end. Temperance is only one of the stones in the building of Christian character, but it is a very important one. The true total abstainer has no inclination to be pharisaical, knowing full well that the strength to resist temptation is not of himself but of God. From an occasional glass the descent is easy to an occasional debauch, until eventually the man is only sober occasionally. Avoid the beginnings of evil things. "The firmest and truest advocate of total abstinence is not the one who hollers the loudest," said a friend the other day. And we agree with him. There is such a thing as protesting too much. There is but little attraction for boys in abstract theories. Make total abstinence inviting by means of cadet companies. Instances may easily be multiplied of the success among boys of such organizations.

Yonge St. Fire Hall, Toronto, March 6th, 1897. Gentlemen—I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for Biliousness and Constipation, and have proved them the best that I have ever used—will use no other as long as they are obtainable.—Remaining yours, respectfully, E. C. SWETZMAN.

Advertisement for Windsor Salt. Text: "Windsor Salt. Purest and Best for Table and Dairy. No adulteration. Never cakes. Purest and Best for Table and Dairy. No adulteration. Never cakes. Purest and Best for Table and Dairy. No adulteration. Never cakes."

FIVE... AND... "Who... be in... The... ponding... that m... ful: ang... a place i... But our... and def... with his... the judg... tions var... ferent d... fact, des... what an... persons, nor... Have yo... its mad... presents... the sam... same fun... his teeth... his voice... Ah! can... brutal s... ing of t... "Man, u... underst... senseles... And a... devast... even fo... disces... caused... Chest a... the wis... shorten... And ho... man me... no one... "Who... Solom... gered? ... is no c... passion... be even... actions... some in... other... within... from his... creatu... subject... tures, s... should... and sh... And... of aug... woe of... find w... that t... Truly... in a fe... ger is... fills th... ful, bi... peace... From... cape t... calum... tions... his ow... ger r... make... friend... to a r... in v... every... In... broth... to na... innoc... In a... broth... domo... of B... could... his l... cons... amp... fear... ate e... erators... ers, W... of th... faith... when... and... curs... daily... when... little... the... pic... the... in a... sho... sho... in an... an... us... ly... W... cal... me... pe... th... ed... re... if... ne... he... g... th... th... m... (Q...)

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fifth Sunday After Pentecost.

ANGER'S CURSE AND WOE.

Whoever is angry with his brother, shall be in danger of the judgment. (Matt. 5, 23.)

The caprice of the Pharisees in expounding Holy Scripture went so far that murder alone was considered sinful; anger, however, no longer found a place in the commandments of God.

But our Saviour to day tells us plainly and definitely: "Whoever is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment," and then He proportioned various punishments for the different degrees of anger.

Aud, in fact, dear Christians, to understand what anger is before God and all good persons, you need have neither faith nor religion, but only eyes to see.

Have you never seen a wild beast in his madness? Such a sight the man presents who is raging with anger, the same contemptible behavior, the same fury of the eyes, his hair erect, his teeth gnashing, his fists clenched, his voice raging, his mouth foaming.

Ah! can you view such a picture of brutal similarity, without sadly thinking of the words of the royal psalmist: "Man, when he was in honor, did not understand; he is become like to senseless beasts." (Ps. 48, 13.)

And again how horrible are not the devastations which this vice causes even to the body! Who can count the diseases, yes, even the sudden deaths, caused by anger alone; as the Holy Ghost already testifies by the mouth of the wise man: "Envy and anger shorten a man's days." (Ecc. 30, 26.)

And how unhappy does not an angry man make himself even in this, that no one can or will associate with him!

"Who can bear," as says the wise Solomon, "a spirit that is easily angered?" (Prov. 18, 14.) In truth there is no communication to be held with a passionate man; for though one may be ever so circumspect in words and actions he must always fear that, by some inadvertence he may excite the other and arouse the raging animal within him.

Hence every one flees from his presence and avoids him, as he would a mad dog. And so the poor creature is a solitary in the world, a subject of derision to his fellow-creatures, a torment to himself. And should this not be a subject of grief and shame to him?

And still, what I have thus far said of anger is, as it were, only the earthly woe of this vice. But where shall I find words to describe the destruction that this vice brings to the soul!

Truly St. Jerome declares everything in a few words, when he says: "Anger is the door to all sins." For anger fills the heart with haughty, revengeful, blasphemous thoughts, to which a peaceful heart would not give access.

From the lips of a passionate man escape the most horrible blasphemies and calumnies, the most fearful maledictions against God and himself, against his own soul and that of others.

Anger arms man with beastly cruelty, makes him forget all ties of blood or friendship and love, makes him similar to a rushing mountain torrent, which in wild impetuosity dashes to pieces everything that comes in its way.

In anger Esau wished to kill his brother Jacob; in anger Saul wished to nail to the wall with a spear the innocent David and his own Jonathan.

In anger Absalom killed his own brother Amnon. In anger Nabuchodonosor commanded all the wise men of Babylon to be killed because they could not recall for him, and interpret his forgotten dream. But why do I consult the sacred Scriptures for examples when life shows us daily in so fearful occurrences, of what a passionate man is capable. Who can enumerate the murders, the bloody encounters, the assaults that occur in anger!

Who can express the misery and woe of these families where a revengeful father or a passionate mother resides, where one sees naught but quarrels and dissensions, hears naught but cursing and swearing, where youth is daily scandalized by bad example and where the poisonous seed of ungodliness is daily sown in the hearts of the little ones. Verily, if you wish a picture of hell, enter into such a house, there you will have it before your eyes in all its horrors.

Oa, fearful vice of hell! How we should abominate anger! How we should do all in our power to eradicate such a passion from our soul!

Oa, yes, in all earnestness, we must struggle and fight and overcome ourselves that anger may not overpower us and cause us to do that which later we will bitterly lament. May our meek Saviour, Who, with His heavenly patience and calmness, bears all, be always our model and teach us to walk the way of peace and reconciliation. In future may no word come to our lips, no action be done, when the heart is excited and bears resentment. Let reason return before we speak or act. Truly, if we struggle and combat in this manner, our look directed to Jesus, the heart raised to God in prayer, then the grace of Heaven will be with us and grant us the most glorious victory; then we shall participate in the promise of the Redeemer, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land." (Matt. 5, 4.) Amen.

When the hand ceases to scatter, the mouth ceases to praise.—Irish saying.

An Explanation.

The reason for the great popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla lies in the fact that this medicine positively cures. It is America's Greatest Medicine, and the American people have an abiding confidence in its merits.

They buy and take it for simple as well as serious ailments, confident that it will do them good.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A TEST.

"Ah, me!" sighed Katreena, "a sad problem have I to solve; the problem of bread and butter for two hungry boys; shall I pick fagots from the hillside, and like the witch of fairy lore, believe and believe, until belief turns them to gold; shall I pick heather and go on the highway and cry, 'will you buy?—or shall I take my thimble and thread and go from door to door and cry, 'any garments to mend, to mend?' When one has lived to do good, to be good, why should such sorry fate as want befall them! but to find bread and raiment! ah, me! one must be good, and good for something, too—but here's the post boy."

"Letters from father!" announced Hugo, catching breathlessly at the mail, "and there's one for Sanders, and one for me, and one for you, mother dear."

Sanders broke the seal of his own precious epistle, and read as follows: "Be a good boy, Sandy; chop the wood, and herein find a dollar for the 1st July, from your father, Hantz Magruder."

Hugo opened his letter and read likewise: "Be a good boy, keep the garden clear of rubbish, and herein find a dollar for the glorious First."

"My Katreena," wrote Hantz to his spouse, "you will find \$5 in your letters; my Katreena, will you have a little talk; business is dull, but you know we have ever agreed it good policy to give the boys allowance; boys who do not get allowance are apt to covet, so I have given each of the boys a Dominion Day allowance; say neither yea nor nay to them as how they are to spend it."

I am your husband, Hantz."

Hugo, the oldest of the flock, locked his dollar away, and hid the key up the chimney.

Sanders carried his dollar in his boot.

Katreena knotted her precious "Five" in her handkerchief and put it under her pillow by night, and in her bosom by day.

Lo, one memorable morning, an alarming knock sounded on the door, and in the ominous silence following could be heard Katreena's heart beat.

Opening the door tremblingly, she found just what she expected, the butcher with his bill. "Honesty at any risk," decided she, as she counted out the debt, "but oh, what if the baker should come!"

Lo, already peering through the window screen, stood the squat little baker in his paper cap, with a "good morning, kindly, and will you please settle to day?"

"Oh, yes," said Katreena, resignedly, "I will settle to day, and she counted out to him the last of her store. Not a fraction has she left for extras, and oh! such a Dominion Day dinner she had intended for "them boys!"

So she went to her trunk, and still thinking of the boys, sought for treasures: there was her ring, and her bit of turquoise, that she had got far back in her girlhood; what value were they now to her when placed aside by side with the disappointment of those boys, at getting no Dominion Day feast from mother. That Hantz had done his very best she accepted in right loyal faith, and if the work was slack how could he help that; she must manage things out and sell the trinkets.

So she stole off to town, a great Jeweller's on an unfamiliar street, and came back at dusk with three dollars in her pocket and great plans in her heart; but when she reached the door of her humble little home, oh! there stood something that made her heart quail within her—the landlord.

"The rent is overdue these three months, ma'am," said he, "and I'll have to put ye out."

"Oh," cried she, with clasped hands "wait a little, kind sir, don't be harsh. Don't visit homelessness upon the children, don't do that. I have \$3—take it," said she, eagerly, "and wait a little; times will mend; Hantz will yet be able to pay for our shelter; why not, does not the good God still live?"

Grumblingly he took the \$3 and went his way, and a sorry mite he valued it, though to Katreena it seemed at that moment part of her own heart's life.

And so it came about that when the Dominion Day arrived it found her sorrowful. The boys, on the principle that "walls have ears," knew their mother was moneyless. Hugo would die for her, but his "dollar," his allowance, meant all 1st July to him, and he could never give that up; besides, the other boys, his playmates, were to have each a whole dollar to spend; and he had boasted to them of his own allowance and made great celebration plans, and he guessed mother'd "make out and manage somehow." Katreena turned over in her mind the possibility of the boys giving up their allowance to her, in which case she could bridge matters—ask them for it themselves would, but would they of themselves surrender.

Sanders was nowhere to be found, but Hugo hovered around like a restless spirit for a while, his conscience vacillating, as it were, between his precious dollar, and his mother's pressing need.

A shout from his playmates without rose upon his ear; he hesitated a moment on the threshold.

"Got anything for dinner, mother?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, dear," she said, with an assumed cheerfulness; "mother will always have something for dinner— for her boys."

"And will there be anything for you, mother?" he said, in a faltering whisper.

She turned away in silence, fearing to trust her voice. "Run out and enjoy yourself, Hugo, dear," she said, presently.

"Mother," said he, coming to her side, in a pleading whisper, "I'd give you my dollar if 'twasnt Dominion Day."

"Run out, dear, run out and play, and think no more about it. Come in at twelve and there will be a bowl of milk and bread for you and another for Sanders," and she turned aside, and pretended to be very much taken up with dusting about and fixing things.

So he went away, and shortly, Katreena, who had these last days totally forgotten self, and given up all thoughts to "the boys," and had done a great deal of running back and forth, and had gone through untold anxieties, at last became conscious that nature was protesting. She looked faintly toward the empty cupboard; there were the two bowls, the two allowances of bread; she felt she could not take one crumb for herself; lest the boys should fall short. She was weak and depressed, and at last went into her little room, and, with a strange blindness settling upon her, sank down to rest. For a while she lay there, looking out through the open window, at the great mansions opposite built of stone.

"The world seems turned to stone," thought she.

At last a sound smote her ear: 'twas Hugo's voice.

She raised on her elbow and peered out to view his face. It was difficult for her to think that that erect head, with its thatch of golden curls, those heavenly blue eyes, that active, graceful form, belonged to a boy whose heart could steel itself against the needs of a loving mother.

Fervently she watched him, as he waved his high school cap and sent out such cheers for Canada as made every boy within sight of him telford a patriot.

Then she lay back again on her couch. "Sleep," thought she, "removes hunger. I wish I could fall asleep and forget." Presently she did fall asleep.

Hugo returned at noon to find his bread and milk, and, missing her, went from room to room calling her name.

At last he found her.

Sanders was there by her side, like a good, guardian angel, watching over her while she slept. His arms, too, were heavily laden with bundles.

"Has anything happened?" asked Hugo in a whisper.

"She has been crying," said Sanders, softly, tracing the tears. "She misses father and she has no money; I hate to wake her, but, with a glorious smile, 'I've got such a party for here as will make her stare when she does wake.'"

While he spoke she opened her eyes and intuitively sensed the meaning of the packages. She had feared Sanders might too be of Hugo's spirit. She reached her arms to him; something in the glad intensity of her manner thrilled the boy's soul.

"See," he cried, snapping the words. "I bought everything here for you mother, with my dollar. Then I earned another running message, and bought more with that, and I meant to have got home sooner, but one of my errands took me so far away that I couldn't get home quicker. I was never so tired or thirsty in my life. You may be sure I was glad when I got to the drinking fountain in the park. I think I drank four dipsers of water—"

"Bless all here!" cried a voice, breaking in upon them like a cymbal.

There was a loud rejoicing cry of "Father!" from the boys who ran to embrace him.

Said Hantz, when the family greetings were over, "I have a confession to make. I planned to get here in time for Dominion Day, or in other words, in time for the night before, but the train ran off the track in one place, and the borge broke down in another, and so in my journeying I had to walk much, and walking Dominion Day, said Hantz, wiping his brow, rockets over you, and pyrotechnical conundrums under you, and one's hat afire on his head, means navigating under difficulties.

"My Katreena, I hope you will forgive me. I held back good news the better to surprise you. I have speculated with unexpected good results. I have brought you home five hundred gold dollars. Boys, you too must forgive father. He has been playing pranks; he sent you a dollar each just to see you, know, who would be the 'gentleman' to mother."

"New," gasping around and holding up a beautiful gold watch, "this is for the boy who has been the 'gentleman' to mother. I knew she'd feel the need. I knew there would be a great many birds of necessity picking at her few grains of corns and I just wanted to see how you would look out for her in case it so happened I was not on hand. Sanders, speak up, son, how much did you give mother?"

"All I had," avowed Sanders, "and all I could get."

"Hugo," said his father, "how much did you give mother?"

Hugo seemed to have retreated so far within himself as to admit of a very thin, whining voice that sounded as if coming from behind a tree in the far west; it said:

"Mother never asked me for any."

Over the mantel of the best room, and in the best frame of its size the town could afford, Master Sanders' portrait was hung, taken with his arms full of "goody" bundles just as he brought them to his mother that Dominion Day.

CHATTS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Cheerfulness and Wisdom.

It is good to be merry and wise in an old proverb that Robert Burns has utilized in one of his songs, which, Anglicized, has these lines,

"It is good to be merry and wise, 'Tis good to be honest and true."

I was reminded of this bit of old time wisdom when I went into one of our large shops, the other day, to make some purchases. At first, I struck a very surly fellow, who, to my inquiries, replied in the curtest manner possible. He gave me little or no information, and I left him, disgusted with his impertinence and lack of common sense.

I said to myself, "the quicker your employers get rid of you, the better it will be for their trade." I had occasion to go to another part of the establishment, and when I returned to the vicinity of the counter where I had been so uncivilly treated, I saw that there was another young man in attendance, and as he looked bright and cheerful I surveyed the goods again, for they appeared to be just what I wanted. He answered all my questions promptly and in a winning manner, and the result was he made quite a large sale, for I was buying for a society of ladies who were preparing articles for our brave soldier boys. The other salesman came back before I had noticed making my selections, and I noticed that he was somewhat crestfallen when he realized that he had let a good opportunity to add largely to his sales for that day pass him by, through his surlyness and lack of politeness.

It pays to be good-natured and courteous, especially if you are occupying a comparatively humble position, and are trying to make your way in the world, for no one likes the surly young man. I do not mean by this that you should be as good-natured as a fool, and have no self-respect. You can preserve your dignity and, at the same time, have a pleasant word for everybody you meet, and you can be obliging without being servile, or imitating Uriah Heep in his hypocritical humbleness. And one thing above all, remember—do not inflame your disagreeable moods upon your neighbors, who are in no way responsible for them. If things bother, as both they must at times, keep your troubles to yourself and preserve an outward serenity of bearing. Let the storm rage within, if it will, but show a sunshiny front to the world. It is not sympathetic, as a general thing, its smiles are for those that it believes are successful. There is only one true resort in spiritual and earthly troubles, and that is the Church of God. You will get little comfort elsewhere in your trials; therefore, keep them to yourself. The man who is always abused, who has a grievance, according to his own statements, is a nuisance. He will air the miseries that he has brought upon himself in a bar-room, as if his family and his friends were prime-movers in his downfall, when in reality they have suffered and been disgraced through his beastly actions. I knew a fellow once who, after spending his own fortune and that of his wife in low dissipation, cursed the mother who bore him, because she did not set aside other heirs to leave all her little property to him, so that he might waste it in selfish, riotous living.

There are men in this world who want everything cushioned for them, and if they do not have a soft time they are ugly, ill-mannered and brutal. They never amount to anything. They are not respected, they are incompetent, they lack everything that men admire. Therefore, I say to the young man who wishes to be a success, lay in a stock of good nature and do not let it get exhausted in your energetic efforts to avoid failure.—Benedict Bell in The Sacred Heart Review.

Keeping House in the Country.

That interesting and witty author, Miss Kate Sanborn, wrote some years ago a book entitled "Adopting an Abandoned Farm." In this work she related her sad experience as a city-bred person, in farming. The purpose of this article is entirely different. I am not in sympathy with the idea of city-bred men (much less women) trying to be farmers. There may be a few men who are able to take up an occupation with which they are not familiar and, from book learning and experience—principally experience and a vast amount of it—arrive, toward the octogenarian stage, at a certain degree of success. But the farmers, born and bred to the soil, still remain the men who know about farming; and men who know about his himself to fresh fields and pastures new and ventures beyond raising a few heads of lettuce, or cultivating a bed of soup greens, will quickly find himself lost in a labyrinth of agricultural problems, and the fit subject for ridicule by his plain, old home-spun neighbor whose business really it is to know all about such things.

But, in almost every old farming region, there are farms, of a few acres, that can be bought very cheap, and rented still more inexpensively.

It occurs to me that there is a certain class of men who could occupy to

A gold watch is seen peeping above his little watch pocket, a smile bright as the morning lights the countenance.

This monument has no written epitaph, it preaches in silent sermon of filial affection, day after day, to that little family circle, and now and then Hantz stands before it admiringly, and says in a whisper to his youngest son:

"The boy who conquered self, and stood by his mother, eh, Sandy?" and points to the picture.

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It occurs to me that there is a certain class of men who could occupy to

great advantage, these farms and houses I have referred to for their summer vacations. I refer particularly to men with large families. Boarding-house life in the country, if it fits in the best locality, is expensive; and the life there is often no more wholesome than it is at home. Cheap boarding at the country farm house is unsatisfactory on account of the food and cooking, and sometimes the presence of undesirable fellow-boarders. The greatest comfort can only be secured by having your own home where you can eat when and (to a certain extent) what you please, where you can choose your own companions or enjoy that solitude which sometimes is the best society.

The advantage of buying a cheap farm is that you can enjoy making your own improvements, for they will be yours to keep and you can have them to suit yourself; you can live as you please; and you can have good food at little cost.

Of course, you will forget all "city style" if you make this experiment. You must make up your mind to live out doors as much as possible. Wear old clothes. Let the children forget the horrors of starched garments; let the boys banish their straight jackets and put on thick outing shirts; let the ladies wear some light woollen material which will permit them to go on tramps around the roads, to make up a black-berrying party for the young folk, to go fishing with the men or squirrel hunting with the boys. What will be the result? All will come back to the city in the fall with strengthened constitutions, bronzed faces, and will show, by all visible signs, that they have had a real, honest vacation, and that it has done them good.

If you wish to be good, first believe that you are bad.—Epictetus.

A Running Sore Pronounced Incurable by Eight Doctors.—Cured by Dr. Chase.

Mr. R. D. Rybhins, 148 Cowan Ave., Toronto, says: "I had a bad leg which was simply unsightly. From below the knee to the ankle was one great sore. Eight doctors treated me without success. I was induced to try Dr. Chase's Ointment which cured me, and all that remains to be seen are the scars."

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, headache, loss of appetite, turned tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of headaches. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes, at their heads: "I am now taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

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