

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

PALMS

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AUTHOR OF "COIANA," "FLEMINGS," "TANGLED FATHS," "MAY BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAMPANA AND ITS HEROES—FAGAN CHIVALRY AND PAGAN FANATICISM.

The dawn crept sleepily up the Sabine mountains, on whose snow-capped peaks the last pale stars looked down. The picturesque outlines of the Alban hills, with their richly wooded slopes and treasures of unsurpassed beauty, were still blurred and darkened by the lingering shadows of night. The massive arches of the great aqueducts, stretching along the Agro Romano, added to the solemnity of the scene wherever the grandeur of their proportions, which projected still deeper shadows into the dimness beyond, could be discerned. The hooting of an owl from an old ivy-covered tomb accentuated the silence; the wind swept with a low, plaintive sound through the feathered grasses, and echoed like a high through the pines, which reared their golden stems none by.

Everything looked ghostly, indefinable, shadowy; and when an armor-clad man, mounted on a powerful horse, emerged out of the near misty gloom, as if out of the air, they seemed almost unreal of all. The knight's hoofs made no sound on the motionless and earth; and his rider, motionless and silent, was content to let him choose his own gait until, having reached one of the great arches of the Anio Novus, of the two aqueducts referred to—the Claudian and the Anio Novus—the latter was by far the grandest, some of its arches reaching a height of a hundred and twenty feet, while its length, from the walls of Rome to the bosom of the mountain whose springs supplied it, was sixty miles, he drew rein. The halt was needed by both, the journey from which they were returning having been long and rugged.

The rider was Nemesius, on his way back from an old fortress that commanded an important pass in the Sabine range, and which was garrisoned by two companies of his own veterans. News had been brought to him of a threatened mutiny, and, after reporting to the Emperor, he had at once mounted, and proceeded with reinforcements to the scene. The sight of the old commander, under whom the soldiers had won their laurels in Gaul, aroused in their hearts a respect and reverence which inspired them with a confidence in his leadership, and he relaxed. The sight of his flashing eyes, his ringing words which recalled the victories of the past, excited their enthusiasm and re-awakened their loyalty. However, two of the ringleaders, a Gorman and a Briton, remained for a time obstinately silent and defiant; but the stern military law of that day, which required swift execution, removed the last obstacle to the restoration of discipline; and the commander, well satisfied with the result, after distributing his reinforcements among the recently disaffected garrison, felt at liberty to depart. He accepted an escort as far as the Campagna, then dismissed it, and proceeded alone.

For some time past, the never too friendly relations between Rome and Perugia were becoming more strained; there existed between the two nations a spirit of smouldering defiance, which at any moment was likely to break out in open hostilities. Conscious of this, and not averse to the issue, Valerian prepared for it by a vigorous reorganization of his armies, a strengthening of the Roman defenses, and near; and, so propitiated the gods, he issued more severe and unmerciful edicts against the Christians than any that had yet emanated from his malign soul.

This is how it happened that Nemesius was released from many of those secret duties which for some time past had been imposed on him by the Emperor—duties which only a loyalty had made endurable; and the reason why he was restored to the more congenial and unobtrusive exercise of his military functions; and it will also explain why he is waiting there alone, among the shadows of the Campagna, at an hour when only the unblest things of earth and air are supposed to be abroad. But no supernatural fears disturbed his mind; the indistinguishable, gloomy dimness around him, and the silence, were in accordance with his feelings; for his thoughts still dwelt on the haunting sorrow of his life—the blindness of his child.

Suddenly he became conscious that living objects were moving with stealthy steps somewhere near him; perhaps the soft tread of some wild creature, creeping home to its covert in a tuft of grass or ancient tomb. It was now retreating—not one, but several footsteps, which his keen ear discerned as surely human. Holding his breath, his hand grasping his sword, his head leaning forward, he listened to assure himself of the direction the sounds were taking, then followed the sounds slowly and noiselessly, until, halting on the opposite side, and cast a penetrating glance around him. Through the gray mist, he saw, a short distance in advance of him, several tall figures shrouded in dark cloaks, the hoods of which enveloped their heads—figures which seemed to glide in swift unison towards some object, which he could not discern. Their forms were dimly outlined, and, only that they were darker, they would have seemed part of the misty shadowiness which surrounded them.

Nemesius was at first startled; he wondered if they could be shades of the departed, who, finding no rest in the realms of the dead, had returned to earth in the vain quest of repose. Keeping his eye fixed on the receding forms, he rode towards them. A ruined tomb intercepted his view for an instant, and when he passed it, they had disappeared completely as if the earth had suddenly opened and swallowed them. He galloped to the spot, but saw no trace of them, nor clue of how they had escaped. Were they, indeed, shades from Plutonian realms? There were

one or two pozzuolana pits, an ancient travertine quarry and the ruined tomb, all overgrown with brambles, hanging vetches, and interlacing vines. That was all. A cow lay among the lush grass, lazily chewing her cud, and turned her great, sleepy eyes with supreme indifference upon Nemesius; a white goat, perched on a fragrant ruin, fixed his slanting, amber eyes on his, and with twitching nostrils seemed to ask the object of his intrusion.

A moment's reflection, however, seemed to explain the mysterious occurrence. Nemesius felt assured that those he had seen were Christians, going into the catacombs to assist at the secret functions of their banned and outlawed faith. Did not the quarries of tufa and travertine, and the pozzuolana caves, which had been worked from the remotest times to supply Rome and the neighboring cities with building material, give access to the ancient sand-pits, with which the whole extent of the Agro Romano had been pierced for the same purpose? Was it not known that in these subterranean labyrinthine caverns, criminals, robbers and political offenders, had in former times found refuge from avenging justice, and safety from pursuit? And had not even Emperors here concealed themselves from the swift vengeance of insurrections? Had not the first great persecution of over two centuries before, under the edicts of Nero, opened the secret ways of these retreats to the hunted followers of the Christus, who survived the rack, the flame, and the sword; and to their dead, who, having sealed their faith with their blood, and won their palms, were deposited here in peace?

From that early time the key to these intricate, winding galleries, these secret retreats, had been known to the Christian priesthood, and transmitted—a sacred trust—to those who came after them. And now in this fresh persecution, under Valerian, new generations of the despised sect, defying the gods as their predecessors had done, found safety in these wide-spreading, subterranean cities of refuge, where no man, however brave he might be, unacquainted with their mysterious network, would dare venture in pursuit.

Nemesius knew that in seven great persecutions since that of Nero, although hundreds of thousands of Christians had been put to death, the sect was not extinct; their numbers not lessened, but increased in their strong faith in the Christus of their worship not diminished, but strengthened. To what principle was to be attributed such deathless faith? What mighty demon, at enmity with the gods, helped them to defy and endure torture and death under its most frightful aspects, rather than compromise their faith by the faintest sign, or a momentary wavering in their worship? What mightily demon, at enmity with the gods, helped them to defy and endure torture and death under its most frightful aspects, rather than compromise their faith by the faintest sign, or a momentary wavering in their worship? What mightily demon, at enmity with the gods, helped them to defy and endure torture and death under its most frightful aspects, rather than compromise their faith by the faintest sign, or a momentary wavering in their worship?

It had been, it is true, in days remote from that period, the thrashing floor of hostile and semi-barbarous invaders, who had trodden out its rich cities, leaving only their husks in heaps of formless ruin to mark the sites where they had stood, until the soil of centuries buried them out of sight, and their memory faded into mists of time. However, while the cities of the Campagna were no more, a vast system of tillage, the heavy snows (Strabo, Pliny, Fenestrelle, Livy, and other writers, speak of the severe winters, heavy snows, and frozen rivers), that lay upon it during the winter months, the sacred groves, bordering the Pomptine fens, whose luxuriant foliage abounded in flowers, and whose vines and olives, and whose interlacing arms seemed to shield them from desecration. But now it was marked by ruins of stately temples, of ancient tombs, and crumbling towers of a later time; and scattered here and there stood old gray villas, half buried in groves of olive and palm, that seemed to have sprung from the mists of time.

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Such was the Campagna on the morning he was described, with its pure, healthful air, and its hardy, light-hearted people, who, buoyant with life, were never saddened or stayed by thought of the countless generations that, in the repose of Hope, lay silent beneath it.

Nemesius had reached the suburbs of the city, outside the walls, near the gate of the Via Ardentina, whose denizens, of the lowest class, were mixed with many of the most degraded. A small wine-shop here and there and one or two miserable inns were being opened to the sunshine and air, as well as to the early customer that might straggle in. A few ragged, homeless beggars were prodding among garbage heaps, looking for scraps wherewith to appease their hunger. A squad of soldiers, who had been on guard all night, tramped heavily along the nar-

row, stone-paved street, on their way to the barracks; and two dogs, each holding the ear of the other in the vicious grip of its sharp teeth, as if struggling together, were the only signs of life apparent in the sleepy quarter.

Suddenly a wild, shrieking shriek rent the air—a shriek such as only a woman in instant peril could utter. Nemesius spurred his horse in the direction whence it came, and saw a black-browed man in a large stature and muscular build, in pursuit of a half-clad woman, whom he overtook and seized, held back her head with one hand, and rendered struggle impossible by twining his leg like an iron trap around her feet. In his right hand gleamed a short, two-edged knife, his blade broad and keen, which he uplifted and in another instant would have plunged into her bare bosom, had not Nemesius, with the quickness of thought, sprang from his horse, strode swiftly behind him, and grasped his arm with a sudden and powerful wrench. Surprised and thrown off his balance, the ruffian loosened his grasp on the woman, to defend himself against his unseen assailant, but received a blow on the head from an iron-gloved hand, which sent him reeling into the street, where he fell, stunned and motionless.

The woman, a coarse, handsome virago, whose long, black hair fell in disorderly masses around her head, had fainted in the arms of an old crone, who howled piteously over her. By this time a group of half-dressed men, who had been aroused from their sleep by the woman's shriek, gathered around, and now a party of the civic guard appeared on the scene.

"Manacle that brute, and take him to prison at once; he has just tried to murder a woman," said Nemesius, addressing them. His tone was commanding, and recognizing him, they proceeded to obey.

"It is the first time, by Cerberus, that the prize-fighter Cecco has ever been thrown off his legs!" exclaimed a man, grinning.

"I always thought his conceit would have a fall; it's in the nature of things," laughed another. If the bully had any friends, they were not there, it seemed.

"It wasn't his conceit altogether, but a hand better skilled in pugilism than his own," observed a man, gazing admiringly at the tall, stately form of Nemesius, who moved towards the woman to ascertain if she was living or dead. At that moment she opened her great, black eyes, and gazed with a wild, fixed stare on his face. He dropped a gold coin into her hand, which lay, palm up, by her side, and said that her fingers instantly clutched it; then he turned back, and was about mounting his horse, when, impelled by an impulse which he could neither resist nor explain, he asked an old man who the woman was.

"She is Cypris, the—" (what need, he did not write). She's as bad as Cecco.

"She's a woman!" was the grave, brief response of Nemesius, as he rode away.

They all wondered who this officer of rank could be, who had turned out of his way to help of such as they. It was not usual.

"That," said a soldier, who had sneaked into a wine-shop to get out of sight, when he saw that had appeared the scene—"that is the great commander, Nemesius."

It was with a sense of relief that Nemesius got away from the place; he put his horse in a trot, passed within the Ardentina gate, and traversed the streets leading most directly to his destination. But his design was thwarted, for as he turned away from the Via Ardentina, the way was obstructed by a turbulent crowd in advance of him, which surged around some object in its midst, towards which its wrath was directed. A mob in a Roman street was too common an occurrence for notice, but this was not one of the usual sort. It was composed of the worst elements of the population of Rome, although there were also officials and respected citizens. In the centre of the surging human mass, towering above it, appeared the iron helmets of soldiers.

Nemesius had approached, and was now near enough to hear and see from his saddle what it all meant. It was only a Christian Deacon—one Laurence—who had been apprehended a long while ago, who had been apprehended that morning on the Appian Way, and was now being conducted to the dungeons of the Mamertine. They would have goaded him along, but there was no need; for, with head erect, his noble face radiant with serene hope, and his eyes full of serene courage, his steps required no urging. His captors, who were pressed so closely upon him, would have outstripped them in his haste towards the palm and crown of the final victory he had so long hoped for. Their hopes of derision, their threats of the lions, their blows and insults did not move his composure, and he opened not his lips, except like his beloved Lord and Master, to pray for those who thirsted for his blood.

The twirling mob now approached a statue of Jupiter—one of the hundreds erected to this false deity which adorned Rome (Rome had eighty gold statues of Jupiter, and sixty-six of ivory, besides others of marble and bronze—Ampere)—and a thousand roaring voices shouted to the holy captive to make an act of homage to their god, that his eyes over the circle of furious faces that surrounded him; the mad human believing dropped into the silence of expectation, and while every eye watched for the demanded sign, his clear voice ascended like a pean of triumph, and his words fell upon every ear: "The idols of the Gentiles are silver and gold, the work of the hands of men. But our God is in heaven; He hath done whatsoever He would." (Psalm cxxxii.)

In another moment the Christian deacon would have been torn to pieces, had not the soldiers, who had orders to consign him to the keepers of the Mamertine, fearing punishment through failure to obey, dispersed the mob by main force, regardless where or on whom their blows fell; their zeal quick-

ened at the sight of Nemesius, in whose eyes, they well knew, a negligent performance of duty would find no excuse. A few moments later, and the massive doors of the frowning prison closed on their saintly victim.

To look in for a brief moment at his child, see her face brighten with sudden joy at the sound of his footsteps, and give her tender greeting, was all that Nemesius allowed himself on reaching his palace; for, after partaking of refreshments, which he much needed after his fatiguing journey and long fast, doffing his armor, and changing his attire, he was—in obedience to him as he which had been presented to him as he dismounted at the Baths of Sallust.

(These establishments of the ancient Romans were on a grand scale. Some of the baths were like miniature lakes; others—the warm and vapor baths—were smaller. They were fitted up with every imaginable luxury. In apartments adorned with beautiful statuary, mosaic floors, and frescoed walls, and the richest wines and choicest viands were served. There were libraries which contained the best authors, and suites of private rooms, where, uninterupted, the patrician guests could enjoy their secret revels. Gaming was the amusement most indulged in. Of the Emperor at the Baths of Sallust, and of Caracalla, Diocletian, and the Emperor, the favorite resort of Valerian, where his hours of leisure were spent in the enjoyment of pleasures indulged in by debased natures.

The Emperor was in a gay mood, the cause of which, after the usual formal salutation, he imparted to Nemesius with great glee, as wrapped in a loose robe of fine linen, he reposed in his perked bath.

"The commanders," he began, "ordered by us some time ago to examine the military pulse—for one never can be too sure of the soldiery—brought the most favorable reports this morning. Some vague rumors of war had reached the camps, and the prospects of active service had already stirred up the wildest enthusiasm. The Praetorian Guard has spoken, and holds itself in readiness to take its old place in the van when the imperial eagles lead. And, my Nemesius, as a sign that the gods are propitious to the great enterprise on hand, and have accepted the zealous and renewed severity of our efforts to exterminate the seditious followers of the Christus, several of this sect have been taken into custody, and await the punishment their crimes deserve, which, by the gods! shall be neither light nor easy."

"Then wilt rejoice to learn that Emilianus, the edile, who has become the most arrogant, contumacious, and defiant contemner of the gods, is expiating his folly in the depths of the Tullian; and, to crown all, just as we were preparing to come hither to enjoy a little relaxation, a messenger arrived to report to us the arrest of one Laurence, who, it is said, possesses magical power to work wonders, by which he deludes the people, and has a tongue so eloquent that he seduces thousands to his false belief. The destruction of such a leader will strike a heavy blow at the pestiferous sect. By the infernal gods! I shall see some rare sport at the Temple of Mars and the Flavian Amphitheatre before many days!" exclaimed the brutal tyrant, with a hoarse gurgle in his throat, which meant laughter.

Nemesius mentioned having met Laurence an hour or two, as he was being conducted, under guard, to the Mamertine. "And, having seen him," he murmured, "I can readily imagine him to be a dangerous man. One whose face shines like a god's when he addresses the people, as I saw his do, is a dangerous thaumaturgist, the success of whose miracles lies in his power of impressing the imagination of those who listen to him."

"It will be a wonder if by these arrests we don't find the way to their treasures, which they manage to conceal so successfully. By Plutus! our need for money has never been greater than now that another war threatens."

After some time spent in the discussion of secret matters, Valerian sounded a note on his gold whistle to summon his attendants, and, turning to Nemesius with a throaty laugh and wicked leer, remarked:

"Thou wilt find a new group of marble nymphs beyond that curtain; await us there. By the time these slaves are through with us the prandial (corresponding with our lunch) feast will be spread, to which we invite thee."

The invitation was a command. Nemesius signified his assent, and, drawing aside the drapery, passed beyond, into a small, exquisitely fitted apartment, (we use this word, not in its European sense, meaning a suite of rooms, but in the English, which means only one). The statutory to which his attention had been directed, he found repulsive to his severely classic taste, as being suggestive of base ideals; and he turned willingly from it to occupy himself with a volume of Lucretius, which was lying open on a reading-stand of carved vitreous wood.

When Valerian, fresh from his bath, redolent with sweet unguents, arrayed in white and purple, his jewelled solea loosely strapped on his bare feet, his large, fat fingers blazing with superb gems, and a wreath of sweet laurel encircling his brutal head, at last made his appearance, Nemesius was so absorbed in the sophistical arguments of Lucretius, in his attempt to prove that the soul is mortal, he was unconscious of his presence, until he heard him say, in jeering tones: "Philosophy before pleasure is the legend of thy life. We fear our nymphs do please thee."

"Forgive my inattention," he said, rising, and not mouservant of the sarcastic expression of the Emperor's face. "I must confess a preference for a higher idealization. Under certain conditions, if art be too true to nature, its delineations must of necessity be coarse and suggestive. The early sculptors of Greece understood this nice distinction in their chaste and graceful creations."

He replaced the volume of Lucretius

on the reading-desk, thinking that never had he seen Valerian present so repulsive an aspect.

"We fear thy tastes are too severe for the times, and wilt strip thy life of many pleasures. But come; we are as hungry as a German wolf; let us feast and be merry," he said, leading the way to a beautiful apartment, where a luxurious feast of rich viands, rare fruits, and old wines awaited the imperial palate, which already watered at the spicy, savory, odor that pervaded the atmosphere.

Strains of soft music from unseen performers breathed on the air, that was made fragrant by an invisible spray of perfume, which, in gentle dews, moistened and brightened the garlands and flowers that decorated the table. Nothing that could delight the senses was absent. The prandial feast was succeeded by those enjoyments of a baser sort in which Valerian's low nature was accustomed to indulge; and, knowing by past experience that his guest would not participate in them, he graciously dismissed him, little dreaming of the disgust and contempt the latter felt towards him.

As if to purify himself from the contamination of the last few hours, Nemesius immersed himself in a vapor-bath, then plunged into a cold one, and by the time he emerged into the sweet, balmy open air, where every object was tinted with the after glow of sunset, the offended dignity of his noble nature had resumed its usual equipoise. The thought of his sweet, blind Claudia, which, like a sacred bird, had been scared away by the too near approach of pollution, now again folded its soft, sad wings in his heart, speeding him more quickly towards her.

The group that met his eye as he paused a moment on the threshold of the child's richly decorated reception room, bright with lights and flowers, awoke an involuntary smile on his grave face—the Princess Vivia in the midst, a sad smile on her lips, which the merry twinkle in her eyes belied; Claudia on a low, cushioned seat beside her, with one arm thrown across the Princess' lap against which she confidently leaned; Fabian in front of them, telling one of his fabulous stories, full of quips and fancies, which irresistibly moved his hearers to laughter; and Zilla a little apart, regarding them with a sweet, grave expression on her beautiful pale face, which meant: "I would die to have this last!"

Zilla, ever on the watch, glanced around, and caught sight of Nemesius, who laid his finger on his lip, and beckoned her to him. No one but herself and seen him; and, rising, she excused herself by saying, in her soft, quiet tones: "There's a draught; I will close the curtain at the entrance. And she glided past the group without interrupting them; they were so well used to her watchful ways about Claudia."

She stepped out, closing the heavy drapery over the entrance behind her, and stood in the ante-room, where Nemesius was waiting.

"I wished to hear how Claudia is, and how it has been with her during my absence," he said, speaking low. "She is well in health. She has missed thee, and wished for thee, as she always does. Now she will be brighter for thy presence."

"Tell me—I wish to hear if the knowledge of her misfortune has made her unhappy, or how it has affected her."

"It is a new and trying phase in her life, and she can not accommodate herself to all at once. Since she knows that she is in darkness, she longs for the light. When she moves about alone, she is always fearful of striking against something, or of stumbling and falling. She has an insatiable desire to know exactly how everything looks; her questions are endless; then she sighs, and wishes her power, could see; and, she wishes she could not open her eyes, and why they do not pity her. I say what I can to comfort her, but I can no longer deceive her; it is impossible, knowing her own case as she does. I can only try to inspire her with courage, until my words sound almost heartless to myself. She has learned some little airs on my lute, which give her great pleasure. Fabian has been here daily, and the Princess—ever since she heard what happened—has been so kind and motherly in her attentions, that Claudia begins, I think, really to love her."

"Ah!" said Nemesius, with an intonation that expressed pleasure.

"She has one dread—shall I tell thee all, Zilla?"

"Yes, all."

"She can not bear the thought of going to Salerno and Capree; she says it is too far. She has asked a thousand questions about the sea, of which I think she has a secret dread; for distance and vastness are incomprehensible to her mind. The idea of them is absurd; and when she tries to realize their meaning, she gasps for breath, and covers her face with her hands, saying: 'I can not!—it is no use! She would be far happier at the villa. The Jew-healer has seen Fabian, and thinks, all things considered, that the sea-trip should be avoided.'"

"And thou—what is thy own opinion, Zilla?"

"I agree with him, as she is so averse to it, and her health does not require the change," she answered, timidly.

"I may change my plans. A war is impending; if it breaks out I shall have to enter the strife at the head of my legion, and must provide for my child some safe sanctuary, out of harm's way," he continued abstractedly.

A thousand thoughts surged through the heart of Nemesius as he walked away to the other extremity of the long, narrow ante-room, and Zilla re-entered the reception room, just as Fabian brought his story to a most astonishing and ridiculous climax, for which he was rewarded by the merry laughter of his audience, in which he himself joined as heartily as if he had been listening to a first-rate comedy instead of reciting one.

Until to-night, I feared that all the

improvisators of Italy, the Princess Vivia, with her breath, it had her honest laugh; the first twinkled only through all the widowed propriety of face, and put the wretched body in a condition to be in Nemesius came in, forward to greet him joy Claudia's new stant around his neck resumed her wail held out her hand raised to his lips and graceful and delectable ages has been the mo that can be offered woman.

It was a happy eve to Claudia; and who cess—who, who, who with propriety, kept of the Alban hills, Nemesius accompanied a few words, if it were some. In reply, she him to enter, wonder was coming; seated comfortably drawn a chair, and leading a silent that he might a statue of Harp thoughts that were volving in his mind absorbed every faculty "I have a great last said.

"Consider it if it lies my power," she grieved by his ma emotion which he suppress, but which have been apparent woman's.

"I am a man of what I shall ask, if or convenient. Tere this that we foreign power; e comes into Rome information of ag not allow the cont single day. It w legation, I shall g war, I shall g case I fall, with th blind, helpless ch "The gods ava thee!" exclaimed quick tears; "the so order i take thy sweet ch held out her plun he grasped, and kissed her forehead "So we seal t row I will mak arrangements t care, and will guardianship of which would be thee. Receive thy ready acqui and me," said Nemesius meaning more t by most men.

"My Nemesius, thou listen to t turn, have long something which but dare not giv thy promise, m case I fall, with between us, aft It is possible I It will give me should imperati alternative. O then, frankly replied Nemesius "Speaking of her courage—" she saw she wo should, there' should not ce it is not bette and her future It is thy duty mother who wo in the Prince know of her and of high bi—would you p ments, and p thy home—"

"Dear Prince, gathered in a threatened to which I fear means; but m bride of my c can ever fill, sever, but nev such a tie as the mother w has passed be into oblivio visit thee my in The Prince with the en sorry, and ar ing ventured a man so vers as Nemesius and timidly mte appeal there.

The H I do not k stirring an the famous peers in Pr simply. "A the answer Montalemb sometimes lity, to a schoolmaste Nay, it w learned an who will l clared that money," b words, so Louis Aga ary Review

Improvisators of Italy were dead," said the Princess Vivia, when she recovered her breath. It had been two much for her; the honest laugh, that had at first twinkled only in her eyes, had burst through all the restraints of widowed propriety upon her lips, her face, and put the whole of her well-conditioned body in a quiver of mirth. Nemestius came in, and Fabian sprang forward to greet him. With a cry of joy Claudia's arms were in another instant around his neck; and the Princess, who by a violent effort had suddenly resumed her widowed expression, held out her hand, which Nemestius raised to his lips and kissed, with that graceful and deferential air which in all ages has been the most delicate homage that can be offered by a man to a woman.

It was a happy evening, supremely so to Claudia; and when at last the Princess—who, whenever she could do so with propriety, kept the poultry hours of the Alban hill—arose to retire, Nemestius accompanied her to her apartments, and asked her permission to say a few words, if it would not be troublesome. In reply, she cordially invited him to enter, wondering what on earth was coming. When he had seen her comfortably seated in her cushioned chair, and drawn a footstool for her feet, he stood leaning against a pillar, so silent that he might have been taken for a statue of Harpocrates; for the thoughts that were at the moment revolving in his mind concentrated and absorbed every faculty.

"I have a great favor to ask," he said at last.

"Consider it granted, whatever it may be, if it lies within the scope of my power," he gravely answered, impressed by his manner, and a certain emotion which he could not entirely suppress, but which possibly would not have been apparent to any eye except a woman's.

"I am a man of but few words. Promise me to refuse without hesitation what I shall ask, if it be not agreeable or convenient. You must have heard ere this that we may have war with a foreign power; every messenger that comes into Rome is expected to bring information of aggressions which will not allow the contest to be postponed a single day. It is only a question of time. Thus knowest the fortunes of war. I shall go to the front with my legionaries, and may never return. In case I fall, wilt thou be a mother to my blind, helpless child?"

"The gods avert such a fate from thee!" exclaimed the Princess, with quick tears; "but—no—should they so order it, yes: I will indeed take thy sweet child for my own." She held out her plump, white hands, which he grasped, and then, leaning over, kissed her forehead.

"So we seal the compact. To-morrow I will make all the necessary arrangements transferring her to thy care, and will leave to Fabian the guardianship of her fortune—a charge which would be too fearful thanks for thy ready acquiescence in my wishes, and the immense relief it has given me," said Nemestius, his few words meaning more than a hundred spoken by most men.

"My Nemestius, my kinsman," continued the Princess, nervously, "with thee I listen to something which, in my turn, have long wished to say to thee—something which I have much at heart, but dare not give utterance to without thy promise not to be questioned."

"There may be no question of offence between us, after what has just passed. It is possible I may have to refuse thee, but I will give thee my word of honor. Open thy heart to me, then, frankly and with confidence," replied Nemestius, in low, kind tones.

"Speaking of thy lovely child and the war," said the Princess, girding up her courage—for having got thus far, she saw she would have to come, or if it should be necessary, no reason why she should not escape its perils—would it not be better, for thy own happiness and her future, if thou wert married? It is thy duty to give thy daughter a mother who would tenderly care for her, and train her according to her rank. I know of one, beautiful, accomplished, and of high birth—not unknown to thee, and who would fulfill thy highest requirements, and preside with dignity over thy home."

BARONE'S TALISMAN.

Turning up the smoky lamp to its utmost in a vain endeavor to make it fulfill its office of lighting the ten-by-twelve room, Jim Barone proceeded to examine the package which he had picked up on the street.

The removal of the inner wrapping of white tissue paper disclosed a diary elaborately bound in embossed leather, covered with a delicate tracery of gold. The fly leaf bore the inscription: "From Ethel to Jim."

Smiling at the coincidence in names, Barone turned the pages idly, admiring the illuminated order and the design of which changed with the changing months. Then turning back to the beginning, he noticed what had before escaped him, a page for resolutions, and at the top, written in the same girlish hand, was the inscription, "I will not touch wine this year," and after it an interrogation point in lead pencil.

Barone laughed cynically. "So!" he said. "A sting in the tail. Evidently some young woman intent on the reform of her lover. Not a rafter, however, or she would not be satisfied with anything less than a life sentence. Shown her class, too, in taking wine as her symbol. Poor, un-sophisticated Ethel! to start a raid against wine and leave the door open to whisky, brandy and gin."

Jim Barone, sitting with the book in his hand, tried to reproduce in his imagination the sender of the gift and its to-have-been recipient.

Had it been lost by some serious-eyed maiden on her way to midnight service at the church, whose lighted windows twinkled invitingly at him as he fought his way home through the sandstorm that raged outside. Improbable! There was too keen an appreciation for the gilding of life shown in the purchase. Doubtless it was one of the world's people hurrying up town to dance the old year out and the new year in in the good, old-time fashion. Barone sighed.

Time was when he, too, had mingled with wealth and fashion and drank punch from cut glass in company with his elegant debutantes. And perhaps his present dingy surroundings could be traced to that self-same punch-bowl.

But at heart Jim Barone was a gentleman still, and an honest man, for it was his boast that if he dissipated it was not at the expense of his landlady or his washerwoman—a thing greatly to his credit; or was it to the credit of his ancestors, who had provided him with an income, tying up the principal so that it could not be squandered.

Drawing a letter-pad toward him, Barone wrote:

"If Ethel will send her address, the package which she lost on New Year's eve will be returned to her. Address: B. Times' office."

"Too late for to-morrow's issue," Barone thought; "but I will take it over the first thing in the morning."

Pulling a handful of small change from his pocket he looked at it ruefully. A whole week before he could hope for a remittance, and funds were running low. Even twenty cents counted these days—still, Ethel must have her book.

But nothing came of the advertisement, and the diary remained to keep Jim company. Often he took it out, and as he turned the pages he all unconsciously formed an ideal Ethel, endowed her with the attributes he most admired in women and gradually she became an influence in his life.

One morning, awakened out of a heavy sleep by the shrill cry of a news-boy Barone sprang to the window and called loudly for the boy to bring him a copy. He scanned the columns with a feverish haste, until he came to an account of a drunken brawl. This he read eagerly, and then dropped back on his pillows with a sigh of relief. The man was not dead, then—those implications were unknown—by a merciful chance he had escaped being a murderer.

For a long time he lay staring at the ceiling, then, rising, he brought from his hiding place the diary and wrote below Ethel's line, "nor any other liquor, so help me God," and signed it "Jim."

But to determine it much easier than to do, and Jim soon found that if he could keep his resolution he must have some occupation. "But what? A stranger in a strange land with a none too savory past might look long for employment."

Jim bought himself a wheel, and when the thirst was upon him he chose, choosing the most crowded thoroughfares, where every faculty must be on the alert to avoid accidents. Killed he might be, but drunk because he chose, the past by itself now would be to acknowledge himself a slave to the habit.

His old comrades naturally resented his desertion, but he put them off with a "Wait till the year is over boys," in a tone that promised great things. And they concluded that something worth the effort was at stake and left him alone.

"Wise little Ethel! Well you knew the limit of a man," Jim would exclaim, grimly, when the temptation was strongest; and then fall to picturing the long, glorious spree he would have when the year was over.

But before that time things had changed with Barone.

In his long rides he frequently ran across a story or a bit of news that had escaped the regular reporters, and as the editor of a newspaper does not inquire into the antecedents of space writers, but is content if the story be readable and the news accurate, Jim soon became a familiar figure in the precincts of the Times.

But the city editor of the Times was a man of observation. He noticed Jim's dissipated appearance when he first began to turn in copy, and watched with interest the plucky fight he was making. Occasionally he gave him a detail, and finding that he had the newspaper instinct and a good judgment, he offered him the place on the regular force at the beginning of the new year.

Sitting in his room, diary in hand, Barone reviewed the year, contrasting past and present. Then, taking up a

pen, he gaily wrote: "Yours for another year, dear Ethel.—Jim."

At that moment three young men burst into the room, exclaiming: "Come on now, Jimmy! Hurry up! Now for the spree you promised us!"

"Oh, I say, boys," exclaimed Jim, in a tone of regret that was not altogether feigned, "why didn't you come sooner? You are just one half minute too late."

"Oh, come off!"

"Fact. Have just signed the pledge for another year."

In vain he offered them a supper with their own particular and unlimited quantities. If he was to be a death's head at the feast they would have none of it. Gloomily they filed down the stairs, muttering uncomplimentary remarks. Jim knew they had turned their backs on him forever, and for a moment he suffered the loneliness that comes of virtue. Then with a shrug he turned to planning his future. His connection with the paper would give him a standing in the community; his salary would enable him to live better; there should be new surroundings, new interests, new friends.

For four years Jim Barone had neared the pledge, but to-night he hesitated. To-morrow he dined with the Governor, an informal dinner, but there would be wine. It would make him conspicuous. Why not postpone the pledge for one day? But was he sure it would be for only one day? Had he the courage to being the struggle over again if the temptation proved dormant—not dead? He had climbed fast and high; could he afford to risk so much?

Half regretfully he wrote: "Yours for another year, dear Ethel.—Jim."

The Governor's dinner was a small one; a rising young lawyer, a doctor, two men prominent in politics and finance and their wives, two young ladies invited to balance the tables were all, besides Barone and the Governor's daughter, a slip of a girl not yet out of school.

Barone had hoped his abstinence would pass unnoticed he was doomed to disappointment. One of the young ladies challenged, and he was obliged to stand by his colors before the whole company. And the young men, taking advantage of the informality of the occasion, made him the subject of much raillery.

The Governor frowned. His dinner was not going smoothly, and he had no wish to take the helm and guide the conversation into smoother waters. His glance fell on his daughter, who sat gazing at the company with flushed face and indignant eyes. The Governor was reminded of the time he found her with a disabled kitten in her arms, keeping at bay a horde of streeturchins from whom she had rescued it. Suddenly he determined to throw the game into her hands.

"I had intended," he began, "to propose a toast, but as my daughter Ethel" (Barone started at the name) "has today reached her majority, I will allow her to do it in my place."

Instantly the girl was upon her feet. She paused. A look of sweet seriousness replaced the excitement of a moment before. It was a look that the opponents of the Governor, when he was a young man at the bar, had learned to know and to fear. The droop of the long lashes betokened not so much shyness as a wish to hide the thought until the proper moment for denouncement.

Standing with the unconscious grace of one entirely forgetful of self, the girl began in clear, level tones slowly, as one who chooses words with care.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is with pleasure I rise to propose as a toast the man that has the courage of his convictions, the man who, when reason dictates, does not hesitate to cut new paths for himself and to walk in them regardless of criticism. Such men the country needs, and when one is found, the highest gift in the hands of the people is not too great for him."

Looking around the company she continued: "We are fortunate in having found such a man with us to-day," then, for the first time glancing toward Barone she said: "Let us drink the health of Mr. Barone, editor of the Western Review."

She had thrown down the gauntlet. The company burst into applause. Until the end they had supposed it a speech prepared for the occasion, and expecting a toast to Theodore Roosevelt. They marvelled at the young girl's readiness, enthusiasm, even her sorrow, had combined to fit her for the part. Even the Governor looked at his daughter curiously, with the amazement that parents feel when they see their own traits repeated in their children.

Fortunately for Barone, the laughing banter which followed spared him the necessity of responding to the toast. When the party adjourned to the drawing-room Barone seated himself by Ethel.

"You were very kind to me to-night," he said.

"I was so angry—at the others, I could have beat them with my fists."

"But why?" he asked, amazed at her vehemence.

"They make it so hard for a man to be good."

"Do you like stories," he asked, "or are you quite too old for that?"

The impulse to tell her his story was upon him.

She smiled encouragingly, and he began the story of the finding of his talisman.

"Why, it was my book," she exclaimed, when he got to the writing.

"Impossible. You were a child. It was years ago."

"It had an illuminated border all around the leaves," he asked.

"And who was Jim?" he asked.

"Jim was my brother," and her eyes filled with tears.

Then Barone remembered, early in his newspaper career, the story of a bar-room fight, suppressed because in it the son of the Governor had been killed.

"I should like to keep the book," he said, softly; "it has become dear to me."

"Why, of course," she said.

Just then the Governor glanced that way, and seeing the look with which Barone was regarding his daughter, he frowned.

"I must look up that fellow's antecedents," he thought.

But in spite of that some years later a final entry was made in the time-worn book which read:

"Yours until death, dear wife.—Jim."—Georgine T. Bates, in Los Angeles Times.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

NOW IN THE TIME OF TRIBULATION GO IS TO BE INVOKED AND BLESSED.

Blessed O Lord, be Thy name forever, Who has been pleased that this trial and tribulation should come upon me. I cannot fly from it; but Thou mayest help me and turn it to my good.

Lord, I am now in tribulation, and my heart is not at ease, but I am much afflicted with my present suffering.

And now, dear Father, what shall I say? I am taken, O Lord, in these straits. Oh, save me from this hour!

But for this reason I came at this hour, that Thou mightest be glorified when I shall be exceedingly humbled and delivered by Thee.

Lord, I beseech Thee, O Lord, to deliver me; for, poor wretch that I am, what can I do and whither shall I go without Thee?

Give me patience, O Lord, at this time also.

HEARD PIUS X. PREACH.

Archbishop Ryan was among the first in Philadelphia to receive the news of the Papal election. It came over the telephone from the newspaper offices, which somewhat surprised at the choice, the Archbishop was greatly pleased. Chancellor Turner said:

"The election of Cardinal Sarto is a happy choice. The new Pope is an exceptionally good man and no better selection could have been made."

Father Turner stated that the Archbishop had never met Cardinal Sarto, but nevertheless was one of his great admirers.

The news of Cardinal Sarto's election was carried to St. Charles' Seminary at Overbrook, and created some surprise. To one man in particular the news came with added interest. This was Rev. Dr. William Stang, former rector of the American College in Louvain, Belgium, but now rector of the Cathedral in Providence, R. I., and on a tour abroad last year.

Dr. Stang availed himself of an opportunity to hear Cardinal Sarto preach, and was so struck with the character of the man that on his return to this country he expressed his opinion that Cardinal Sarto would some day be Pope.

"At last!" he exclaimed, when told of the election. "There is none more fitted. I have only seen the new Pope once, but in that brief hour I read his qualities. While his election will doubtless prove a great surprise to the world, it seems to me right to me. I have been laughed at for saying that he would be the next Pope."

It was on the 10th of last August that I saw him. I was traveling abroad, and while in Venice was told that the Cardinal would preach on that date in St. Mark's, so I went to hear. Well may St. Joseph Sarto be called the Patriarch of Venice. His very bearing denotes the title.

"He is well proportioned and carries himself with the grace of a prince. His features are clear-cut and imposing, and as he spoke he looked with a pair of the most kindly eyes I have ever seen upon the large assemblage. He seemed to me to be a man of the highest character, as he read from the manuscript before, before him, were clear and resonant and never failed to impress his hearers with the sincerity and nobility of the speaker."

When he had finished and walked back to the altar, his step was as buoyant and elastic as a boy's. He does not look like an old man.

"The surprise to the world will be great because Cardinal Sarto is so little known in comparison with Cardinals Rampolla, Gotti and his brother Cardinals. He is an outsider, you might say, little known in Rome, where he seldom visited. It has been no secret that the late Pope Leo favored Sarto as his successor, and this was further emphasized by a remark the latter made to the Cardinal in the course of one of the infrequent visits to Rome."

"My dear Sarto," said the Pope, "why don't you come oftener to Rome; you know you might some day be Pope." For a reply Sarto only smiled.

Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, in speaking of the new Pope, said:

"So far as known Cardinal Sarto, now elected Pope, is a man of deep learning and recognized prudence of action. He administered the important Diocese of Venice in a manner to draw him universal praise. He seldom visited Rome. He enters into the Pontificate free from all entangling alliances, free in every way to carve out for himself his own career."

"The election is not a surprise. It was evident from the beginning that it one outside of Rome was to be chosen. That one would be Cardinal Sarto, is not uncommon course of conclaves is to take as its candidate one outside the Eternal City, so that his future administration may be from the beginning entirely and manifestly inspired by his own wisdom and knowledge of affairs. This is exactly what happened when Leo XIII. himself was chosen."

A GOOD NAME IS TO BE PRIZED.—There have been imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil which may have been injurious to its good name, but if so, the injury has only been to the purveyors, and always come to the front and throw into the shadow that which is worthless. So it has been our electric oil. In imitation can maintain itself against the genuine article.

IT IS A LIVER PILL.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, and peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Farnell's Vegetable Pills. Their operation through gentle is effective and the most delicate can use them.

Young Plants

Every farmer knows that some plants grow better than others. Soil may be the same and seed may seem the same but some plants are weak and others strong.

And that's the way with children. They are like young plants. Same food, same home, same care but some grow big and strong while others stay small and weak.

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OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

The month of September is dedicated to Our Blessed Mother of Sorrows, in the chronicles of the life of St. Elizabeth, so well known to us all by her wonderful charity and sweetness to the suffering and the poor, it is recorded, that it was revealed to her that, after the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into heaven, the beloved disciple St. John, to whose care she was entrusted more to see her. The prayer of St. John was heard and granted. In vision Our Blessed Mother appeared to Him accompanied by her Divine Son. In that apparition, as if Mary's soul travelled back, so to say, over that life of sorrow through which she had passed, for sixty years, the evangelist heard her recount her Divine Son's bestow special grace on those who in life should be devoted to her labors. In answer to it, St. Elizabeth tells us that He promised four marvelous graces. The first was that those who before death earnestly invoked the help of His Blessed Mother under the title of Her Sorrows should obtain the true repentance for their sins. In the second grace, He promised that those who died in His devotion should be protected by His love in their own deaths, and especially in the sorrows of death. In the third, that, in recompense for their sympathy for His Blessed Mother in her grief, He would impress on their souls the remembrance of His own Passion, and bestow on them a corresponding glory in Heaven. And, lastly, that in His Divine countenance He would confide such devout clients of His Blessed Mother's sorrows that He would confer upon them, in His own special keeping, to dispose of them as Mother's love for her adopted children would suggest, and, moreover, that He would enrich them from the treasury of His love with all the graces she should ask for them. The feast of the Seven Dolours is celebrated on Sunday, the 29th September.

The firm, steadfast bosom, upon which many a past full of tortures has weighed in vain will, many a time like a piece of ice that has been overpowered, break down beneath the gentlest footstep of destiny.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

STICISM.

been at once drowned in abominable idolatry . . . by the space of eight hundred years and more" previous to the English Reformation.

ENCYCLOPICAL LETTERS OF LEO XIII.

The Encyclopedists of Leo XIII. make the best possible memorial of the deceased Pontiff. Not only do they reveal his character and views in the most important events of his reign, but they also help us to trace the origin of his style and influence as a writer.

A LAWYER WELL WORTHY OF RECOGNITION.

A number of judges will shortly be appointed in different sections of the Dominion owing to the fact that under a new law there will be many retirements on account of age.

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

Amusing anecdotes frequently arise out of the strange creeds of modern times. A few days ago, Mrs. Elwell Thomas of Binghamton, N. Y., applied for a divorce from her husband on the ground of cruelty.

A MAGNIFICENT EDITION.

We congratulate our esteemed contemporary the Catholic Union and Times on the magnificent issue gotten out in honor of His Lordship Bishop Colton, the new Bishop of Buffalo.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

THE CATHEDRAL, WILMINGTON, DEL. The success which attended the mission to non-Catholics at St. Peter's was beyond the most sanguine expectations of clergy and people.

AN IRISHMAN'S COMMENT.

The Question Box is very often a seven days' wonder to many of the old folks in country parishes who have been accustomed to the routine ways.

IRELAND'S GREAT ASTRONOMER.

Ireland's great astronomer, Sir Robert Ball, is sixty-three years old, and though he has been an astronomical professor at Cambridge for a decade, he remains a thorough Irishman still.

DIocese OF LONDON.

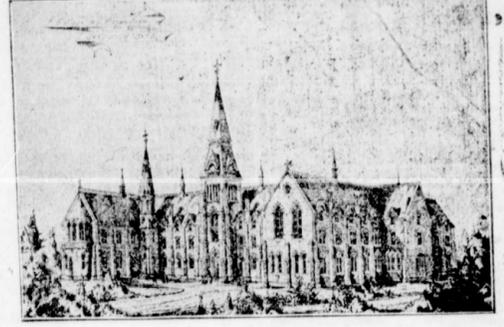
ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, BALEIGH. The work of finishing the new church in Ballegg is now progressing rapidly.

THE POPE'S PET.

Pius X. has adopted Leo XIII.'s pet, a white dove, which the late Holy Father used to feed at a certain hour every morning.

Don't go to a place where there is neither priest nor church.

Don't go to a place where there is neither priest nor church. This is a warning to those who are indifferent to the faith and the Church.



ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONT.

The building, which up to 1875 had been large enough to supply the needs of the Catholics of Western Ontario for higher education, was erected at Sandwich in 1875 by the Jesuit Fathers.

IRELAND'S GREAT ASTRONOMER.

Ireland's great astronomer, Sir Robert Ball, is sixty-three years old, and though he has been an astronomical professor at Cambridge for a decade, he remains a thorough Irishman still.

TO SUCCEED CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

London, August 21.—The Right Rev. Francis Bourne, Bishop of Southwark, has been appointed Archbishop of Westminster, to succeed the late Cardinal Vaughan.

DIocese OF LONDON.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, BALEIGH. The work of finishing the new church in Ballegg is now progressing rapidly.

THE POPE'S PET.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

At a recent meeting of the Society of the Holy Name, Oyster Bay, U. S. President Roosevelt spoke as follows:

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Such a pathetic little letter "Aunt Bride" had the other day from one of her nieces girls.

AUNT BRIDE'S TALK.

Such a pathetic little letter "Aunt Bride" had the other day from one of her nieces girls.

THE BENEVOLENT DYNASTY OF PETER.

Hyacinthe Ringrose, writing from Dieppe, France, to the New York Sun, says that all Christians should rejoice at the tolerance, charity and Catholicity of spirit displayed by Protestants on the death of Pope Leo XIII.

A BROAD-MINDED BISHOP.

Bishop Thornton, Vicar of Blackburn, answering the protest of a parishioner against the hoisting of the church at half-mast for the late Pope and the question whether he would do it for General Booth, says that the Pope was the venerated representative of the most numerous communion of Christians in the world, and its representative in a way no individual is of Protestantism.

FATHER SHEEHAN'S WORKS.

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PRIESTS' NEW RITUAL.

FOR THE GREATER CONVENIENCE OF THE REV. CLERGY IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENTS AND VARIOUS BLESSINGS.

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THE TRUE CHURCH APOSTOLIC.

The fourth and final distinguishing characteristic of the true Church is its Apostolicity. That is to say, any Church which today lays claim to being the Church founded by our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, must show an unbroken line of descent from the Apostles. It must also be able to show clearly and conclusively that it teaches the same doctrines taught by the Apostles.

The reason is quite evident. The Apostles it was to whom our Lord taught His sacred truths in person. Consequently they alone possessed them free from error. It was to them He issued His divine commission to go forth and teach these doctrines among all nations. As they, however, were to die, this meant that they passed the power of appointing their successors in the work. Hence those who to-day profess to teach God's doctrines must show that their powers to teach come in uninterrupted succession from the Apostles.

Let us now make the application. Which of the many religious systems to-day is able to verify these requisites? Is it that represented by the name Lutheran, which came into existence in Germany in the year 1524? Is it Episcopalianism, which Henry VIII. established in 1534? Is it the Old School Presbyterianism of the Scotch General Assembly of 1590 or the New School of the Philadelphia General Assembly of 1846? Is it the Congregationalist started by Robert Browne in England in the year 1583? Is it the Baptist of Roger Williams, inaugurated in Rhode Island in 1639? Is it Methodist Episcopalism of John Wesley of England in 1739? In fine, is it any of the many come into existence at much more recent dates?

Reason in each case prompts a most emphatic No. And why? The very dates of their establishment and the names of their founders disclose that all came centuries too late to have association with an apostolic succession. All retrace their steps to the founders, and there cease. In point of time, therefore, they cannot be apostolic. Their doctrines, the doctrines of their human instructors, hence cannot be the doctrines of the Apostles. None teach the doctrines of the Apostles in their entirety, hence none are truly apostolic. None have their dogmas by unbroken succession from the Apostles, therefore none possess this mark of the true Church.

Finally, as to the teachers. These possess no power to teach God's doctrines. Our Lord gave such powers to His Apostles and their successors. Those, therefore, who have not been ordained to teach by a successor of the Apostles have no apostolic authority to teach. Being outside the direct line of succession, Christ's commission to truth as His successors, they do not possess. They cannot, therefore, be teaching apostolic doctrines by their own authority. Hence they are not apostolic.

On the other hand, the Catholic Church, by distinct steps, traces her origin back to our Lord Himself. She alone is able to show her apostolic succession, proving by unbroken line of Supreme Pontiffs her establishment by Jesus Christ Himself. She alone teaches in their entirety the same doctrines taught by the Apostles. By the same line of succession she possesses the power to consecrate her clergy, who thereby receive properly their commission to teach. In point of time, in matter of doctrine and in her ministrations, she alone possesses this mark of the true Church. Therefore, the Catholic Church is the only true, apostolic Church.

"SAID OF THE CATHOLIC PAPER."

Some one has said: "The Catholic paper is an insurance policy to the faith of every member of the household." A Jesuit Father calls it "the catechism of the nineteenth century." The catechism of the nineteenth century, from another writer: "The Catholic paper is the priest's assistant." Bishop von Ketteler intimates that if St. Paul should come to life, he would publish a Catholic journal as a means of doing the most good.

These are, indeed, the days of "an apostolate of the press." In an age of indifference, "the Catholic spirit" by which is meant "an interest in things Catholic"—can only be preserved by reading a Catholic paper.

Both the Second and Third Plenary councils of Baltimore advise Catholic families to "read regularly a good Catholic paper." In a country like ours, the son of the man who says "I don't read a Catholic paper," will say: "I don't go to church." There is a meaning, therefore, in the expression, "The providential mission of the press." "No Catholic family," says Archbishop Ireland, "should be without a Catholic paper."

A Broad-Minded Bishop.

Bishop Thornton, Vicar of Blackburn, answering the protest of a parishioner against the hoisting of the church at half-mast for the late Pope and the question whether he would do it for General Booth, says that the Pope was the venerated representative of the most numerous communion of Christians in the world, and its representative in a way no individual is of Protestantism.

"Controversy," he adds, "is too much with us. It is sweet to have her harsh voice hushed awhile beside a good man's grave.—London Daily News, July 31.

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

If attacked with chills or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Bickel's Dysentery Cordial and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

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A CHAPTER ON DRINK.

The natural cravings of the human body for liquid nourishment are, in the absence of any previously formed habits, abundantly satisfied by cold water.

Dr. George Henry Fox, professor of diseases of the skin in the New York College of Physicians, says: "It is quite certain that few people drink too much water and I feel sure that many unpleasant feelings and symptoms of actual disease would quickly disappear if the sufferers appreciated the value of the best and cheapest of all remedies (pure water)."

Dr. Charles L. Dana, professor of nervous diseases in the New York Post-Graduate Medical school, in an article on diet in nervous disease says: "Water should be drunk between meals or before meals, and a moderate amount of tumblers, should be taken daily. American neurotics do not drink water enough. They have half desiccated nerves and desiccation increases nervous irritability."

In some countries it is still heresy to doubt the usefulness of wine and beer. But even the German doctors are ranging themselves on the side of cold water.

Dr. A. Baer of Berlin says: "Alcohol is not a food in the sense that it gives one the power of endurance or preserves strength and health. It rather produces the opposite effects, for it destroys the body and ruins its health."

To ask a man long accustomed to wine and beer to abstain totally from such beverages is to require quite a sacrifice. But it seems prudent in view of what the doctors say, to train up the new generation in such manner that, not having formed the habit of beer drinking, they will experience no craving for alcohol.

The doctors say alcohol does not do a man any good; the moralists say that it leads him into temptations. Wisdom would therefore urge that our boys be brought up total abstainers.—Catholic Citizen.

A woman, married, with six children, was arrested in Boston last week for shoplifting. The papers faithfully gave her name and address, noting the fact that she was the wife of a poor laborer. Another woman was taken into custody on the same day, for the same offence. The newspapers, however, did not give her name. They simply said she was the "wife of a well-known citizen." Why is it that the wife of the poor man is named but the wife of the well-known citizen is carefully concealed? Are not the reputations of the poor woman and her laborer-husband and her six children just as dear to them as the good name of the "wife of a well-known citizen"? This is the kind of journalism that makes us weary.—Sacred Heart Review.

We have made a law to prevent architects from becoming citizens of this country, but the worst anarchist, up to date, is the lyncher, a strictly home-made American product.—Sacred Heart Review.

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture cause. Pain with your bowels on, pain with them, pain in the head, but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.

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